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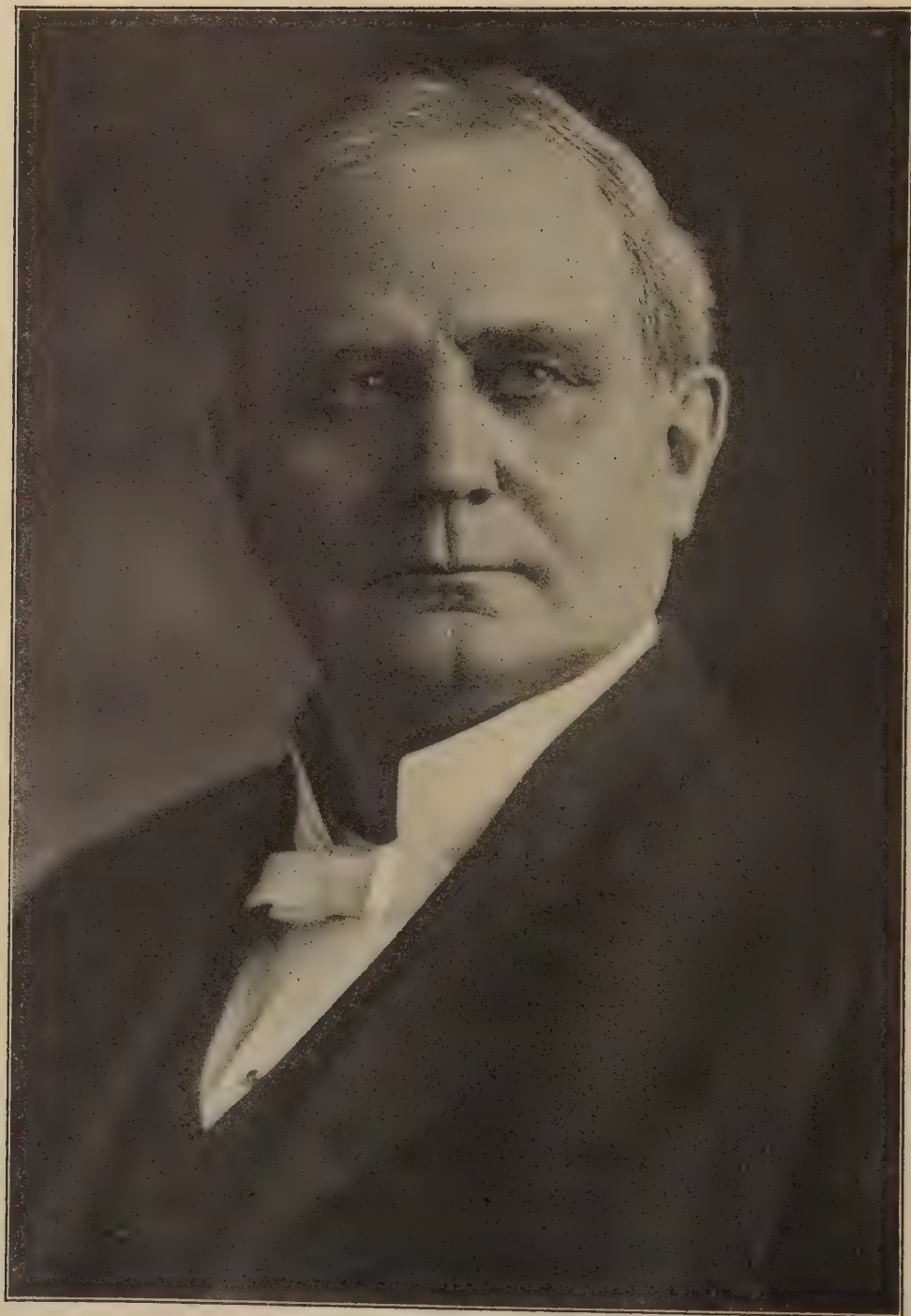
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THE NEW LEADER OF THE MINORITY

Champ Clark, of Missouri, who succeeds John Sharp Williams as leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, has a large body, a big voice, a great personal popularity, and an aggressive disposition, happily combined with unlimited good-humor. He can flay an enemy and make him laugh even while the operation is being performed.

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A Review of the World



HE policy of President-elect Taft is promptly differentiating itself from that of President Roosevelt. This differentiation is not at all a process of antagonism. Nothing that Mr. Taft has said or done has indicated that he is any the less loyal to the "Roosevelt policy" than he was six months or a year ago. But it is already apparent that Mr. Taft is not to be a mere echo of his predecessor. He is to do something more than "stand pat" on the policy laid down during the last seven years. His personality is already beginning to impress itself upon the political situation, and almost without our recognizing the change a shifting of emphasis has been effected in the last few months that is almost startling. His wooing of the South and his insistence on tariff revision are two things that have given in the last few weeks a new direction to the nation's thought—a direction not at all hostile to the Roosevelt program, and yet markedly distinct from it. There has been no interruption in the drama of events. The actors are the same. The audience is the same. And yet there has been a quiet shifting of scenes, and we find ourselves thinking and talking of new political prospects apart entirely from those that were a few months ago engrossing the attention of the nation, and which seemed certain to engross it for years to come. The alchemy of Mr. Taft's ingratiating presence, which acted in such a pacific and effective way upon perilous situations in Manila, Havana, Colon and Tokio, has already been at work in this country with equal effectiveness.

MR. TAFT'S appeal to the South for a more normal political division in its voting population has a directness and frankness that are seldom encountered in politics.

It is in line with his visit to Southern states during the campaign, and with his notable speech about a year ago to North Carolina Republicans. It is evidently in pursuit of a policy that is very close to his heart, and which will give color to his whole administration. The selection of a Southern man for secretary of war by President Roosevelt is attributed to Mr. Taft's influence. Under the circumstances it seems not improbable that the keynote of the coming administration is found in the concluding words of his recent address before the North Carolina Society of New York: "Nothing would give me greater pride, because nothing would give me more claim to the gratitude of my fellow-citizens, if I could so direct that policy in respect to the Southern States as to convince its intelligent citizens of the desire of the administration to aid them in working out satisfactorily the serious problems before them and of bringing them and their Northern fellow-citizens closer and closer in sympathy and in point of view. During the last decade, in common with all lovers of our country, I have watched with delight and thanksgiving the bond of union between the two sections grow firmer. I pray that it may be given to me to strengthen this movement, to obliterate all sectional lines, and leave nothing of difference between the North and the South, save a friendly emulation for the benefit of our common country."

IN LEADING up to this conclusion, Mr. Taft touched upon the question of slavery, the bitter memories of reconstruction and the present status of the blacks. But he touched upon the past in order to deprecate further controversy, not to stir it up afresh. "We are not concerned," he said, "with whose fault it was that there was such an institution as slavery." He admits the probability that the Northern-



WIPING OUT THE SECTIONAL LINE

—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*.

ers would have done just as the Southerners did if they had had the same pecuniary interest in slavery. It is sufficient now that we all realize that the institution of slavery was a bad thing, and that it is a good thing we are rid of it. The history of reconstruction he refers to as "painful," but he declines to rehearse it, wishing, instead, to come at once to the present situation. The proposal to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment he characterizes as "utterly impracticable," and it "should be relegated to the limbo of forgotten issues." The fear that social equality will in some way be enforced by law or brought about by political measures "has no foundation except in the imagination of those who fear such a result," inasmuch as the federal government has nothing to do with social equality, which is something that grows not out of the law or the Constitution, but "out of voluntary concessions by the individuals forming society." The situation regarding political equality he describes in the following measured words:

"In all the Southern States it is possible, by election laws prescribing proper qualifications for the suffrage, which square with the Fifteenth Amendment, and which shall be equally administered as between the black and white races, to prevent entirely the possibility of a domination of Southern State, county, or municipal governments, by an ignorant electorate, white or black. It is further true that the sooner such laws, when adopted, are applied with exact equality and justice to the two races, the better for the moral tone of State and community concerned. Negroes should be given an opportunity equally with whites by education and thrift to meet the re-

quirements of eligibility which the State Legislatures in their wisdom shall lay down in order to secure the safe exercise of the electoral franchise. The negro should ask nothing other than an equal chance to qualify himself for the franchise, and when that is granted by law, and not denied by executive discrimination, he has nothing to complain of."

MR. TAFT recognizes that the feelings engendered in the South in the past can not be expected to pass away as soon as the causes that produced them disappear; but he points out that it is now forty years since the South became politically solid, that a marvelous industrial growth has taken place in Southern states since 1890, and that the Democratic party has of late years failed to preserve inviolate its traditional doctrines as to State's rights and other issues, so that many Southern men now find themselves "supporting a platform and a candidate whose political and economic theories they distrust." The movement away from political solidarity he believes has started, and ought to be encouraged, and one way to encourage it is to have the South understand "that the attitude of the North and the Republican party toward it is not one of hostility or criticism or opposition, political or otherwise; that they believe in the maintenance of the Fifteenth Amendment, but that, as already explained, they do not deem that amendment to be inconsistent with the South's obtaining and maintaining what it regards as its political safety from domination of an ignorant electorate." At the same time, Mr. Taft is careful to point out that there can be no desire on the part of Republicans, in their zeal for new political relations with the Southerners, to exclude from the party those white men who have supported it in the days when support meant social ostracism, or to exclude those colored voters who by education and thrift have made themselves eligible under the laws of the Southern States to exercise the electoral franchise. The solution of the race question he believes to be "largely a matter of industrial and thoro education," and the incoming of white European laborers into the South will be an aid, not a detriment, to the negroes, just as it has been on the isthmus of Panama, where the tropical blacks now do much better work because of the spirit of emulation that has been introduced among them by the coming of Spanish, Italian and Greek laborers.

PRIOR to Mr. Taft's speech, the president of the North Carolina Society, Mr. Walter H. Page, editor of *The World's Work*, in his

introductory remarks touched upon the same subject, likening the political solidity of Pennsylvania and some of the New England states to that in the South. Too long a dominance of one party, either North or South, Mr. Page thinks, results in stagnation or corruption, and the breaking of the solid South he would welcome, not for the sake of either party, but "for the sake of openmindedness and of freedom of political action, so that all men there may walk by thought and not by formulas, and act by convictions and not by traditions." What constructive influence, said Mr. Page, have the Southern states in our larger political life? He answers as follows: "From some of them, where parties have fallen low, we have seen men go to one national convention as a mere unthinking personal following of a candidate even then clad in garments of two-fold defeat; and to the conventions of the other party we have sometimes seen office-holding shepherds with their crooks drive their mottled flocks to market. We are tired of this political inefficiency, this long isolation, and these continued scandals, and we are tired of the conditions that produce them. We aspire to a higher part in the Republic than can be played by men of closed minds or of unthinking habits or by organized ignorance. We aspire again to a share in the constructive work of the Government in these stirring days of great tasks at home and growing influence abroad."

FROM still another direction has this wooing of the South been seen of late. The address made in Richmond, in the closing days of the presidential campaign, by Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, takes on additional significance by reason of these later developments. Mr. Adams is not a politician, and is not a Republican. He is an independent Democrat, and a man well fitted, by reason of his intellectual equipment as well as his financial and social standing, to voice the sentiments of an influential section of the New England of to-day. His speech before three thousand citizens of Richmond was termed by Mr. Egbert G. Leigh, Jr., who introduced him, as an epoch in the history of the South. Mr. Adams also spoke with an appearance of unflinching candor, and he also laid stress on the position of political ineptitude which he thinks the South occupies to-day. "In the eyes and minds of the party managers," said Mr. Adams, "they [the Southern states] are a mere recognized appendage of one political party—a species of



PROSPERITY A LA TAFT

—Maurice Ketten in San Francisco Bulletin.

bob, so to speak, on the tail of its kite." Mr. Adams proceeded to analyze the political situation, and while admitting that he himself could see little that attracts him and nothing to admire in the recent conduct of federal affairs, yet he proceeded to plead for the Southern voters to support Mr. Taft as against Mr. Bryan. The part of his speech, however, that is of special interest now that the election is past is what he had to say concerning the race question and the change of Northern sentiment in regard to it. Hitherto the Northern view has been that in this country everything depended upon the amalgamation and assimilation and absorption of the different races coming to live under the American flag. That theory has, in the case of the negroes, "plainly broken down." The fact has become obvious, as undeniable as it is hard, that the African "will only partially assimilate, and that he cannot be absorbed. He remains a distinct alien element in the body politic."

MR. ADAMS asserted that in the North and in the community to which he belongs, this "great change of opinion" has been going steadily on for many years. It is a change of the utmost political importance to the South—both to whites and blacks. He does not himself profess to be able to advance a solution of the race problem, but on certain points he is clear in his own mind, and he thinks he speaks for a mass of growing Northern opinion. These points are thus stated: "I recognize the fact that forty-nine years—the full lifetime of one generation and the half



AN ITALIAN THEORY OF THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION

The flying machine "Roosevelt II," inflated with Teddy's hot air.—*I'ischietto* (Turin).

of the lifetime of a second—a period longer by nine years than that assigned for the sojourn of God's chosen people in the Wilderness before Israel entered on the Promised Land—close, I say, upon a full half century has now elapsed since Lincoln issued his epoch-marking proclamation. The African has thus passed through his full period of probation. Already the third generation of freedmen is coming forward, and from this time on it is but reasonable to demand of those composing it that they work out their own destiny. It is for the Afro-American, as for the American descendant of the Celt, the Slav, or the Lett to shape his own future, accepting the common lot of mankind. He must not ask to be held up, or protected from outside, in so doing."

IT IS too early to register any adequate expression of Southern opinion in response to all this courtship of the North; but that it is exciting interested attention may at least be safely said. Certain significant results are thought to have been manifested in the presidential vote. In Georgia, which gave Parker a plurality of nearly 60,000 four years ago,

and Bryan a plurality of 46,000 eight years ago, Bryan last November received but a plurality of 30,000. In other states of the South there has been not so much a change in party allegiance as a marked indifference among voters. Texas, for instance, polled hardly one-half as many votes as in 1896, tho the population is estimated as one million greater. The *Houston Post* has been rabidly anti-Roosevelt, but it has given to Mr. Taft, since his election, the following appreciative response: "The South has long groaned under the burden of discriminative legislation, and if Mr. Taft will make it plain that the whole influence of his administration will be directed against such legislation in future, he may count with confidence on receiving the active assistance of Southern representatives in Congress in every movement that he may inaugurate looking to genuine reform." The *Fort Worth Record*, strongly Democratic, welcomes Mr. Taft's endeavor to proselyte the South, believing that while he is winning "the few converts to which he is entitled" the Democrats will win converts in the North. A "well-known Georgia lawyer" is quoted in the press as saying that the Southern men who remember the days of reconstruction can not become Republican. The very name is odious. But he advocates, in the *Savannah News*, a plan for a sectional party in the South on new lines. He would have the presidential electors elected by the legislatures "absolutely without instruction." The East and the West, he thinks, being commercially natural enemies, would soon be found coming into the electoral college with their hands on each other's throats, while the South, free of all entangling alliances with either party, having the balance of power, could command any terms. This plan is endorsed by the *Spartanburg, S. C., Journal*, and is exciting considerable interest.

THE *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, commenting on Mr. Adams's speech, denied emphatically that the Southern men have been voting against their convictions. On the contrary, they have been registering honest and wise decisions, not only upon economic questions, but upon political, social and moral questions as well. It sees no reason why the support of the Democratic party "should now give way to sudden surrender for the hope of Benjamin-messes at the government banquet board," and while it concedes that Mr. Taft's attitude is kindly and well meant, it accuses him of a lack of tact and of subtlety. "One



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THE STRUGGLE OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

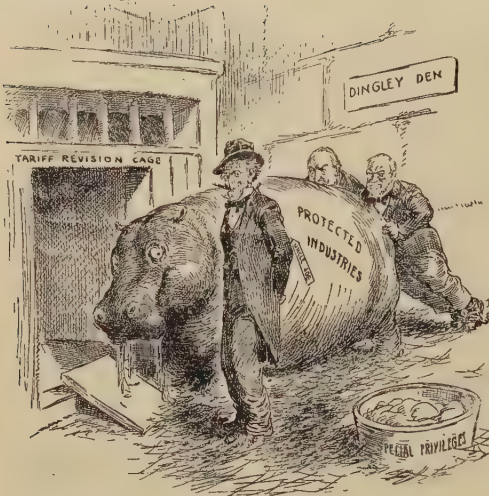
This is one of its hearings on the tariff. Before it come business men from all sections of the country to explain why the tariff rates should be lowered, but not on their particular item. The industrial conditions of the country depend in large measure upon the wisdom of this committee's course and the integrity of its members. Only two of them, Payne and Dalzell, have had any previous experience in revising the tariff schedule.

of his arguments presupposes a want of intelligence on the part of the South; the other presupposes a want of principle." Educators and emissaries, propagandists and proselyters are all declared to be "distinctly unwelcome," since the progress of the South in the last twenty years shows that it knows very well how to take care of its own affairs. This paper comments in the same vein on Mr. Taft's speech, but it credits him with the best of motives, and with a warm and sincere affection for the South. The *Atlanta Journal* thinks his endorsement of the franchise laws of the South is "almost too good to be true," and the South feels grateful for it. The *Florida Times-Union* thinks he means well, and tries to be fair; but he does not understand the South yet when he assumes that any considerable number there are voting contrary to their convictions.

IN THE press of the North are found many words of praise for Mr. Taft's effort and of hope for its success. If he succeeds in breaking up the solid South, the *Boston Traveler* thinks, it will be a feat that will rank as second in importance, in our nation's history, only to the emancipation of the slaves. It will free the Republican party from a lot of Southern "blacklegs" who conceived and executed the barbarities of reconstruction, and it will free the Democratic party from Southern domination and from "the race and religious

bigotry and archaic intolerance which are the most marked characteristics of Southern Democracy." The *New York World* is sure that Mr. Taft expresses the best sentiment of the North in his commendation of the franchise laws of the South. The *New York Evening Post* is unduly prodigal with its praise of his speech and of the temper in which it was made; but it has words of distrust for its effect upon the condition of the Southern negro. If the negro could be treated squarely on his merits he would be happy indeed; but that is not the case, says *The Post*, and everybody knows it. It adds: "Mr. Taft deceives himself if he thinks that education or anything else than simple political and racial justice can free the South from its present morass; or that this can be obtained by a mere delicate statement that the negro should have his rights, at a time when his fellow citizens and even the courts seem in a conspiracy to take them away."

"EPOCHAL," is the word applied to Mr. Taft's speech by a number of journals, among them the *Philadelphia Ledger* and Mr. Hearst's *New York American*. The novel feature of it, in the *Ledger's* opinion, was "the perfect frankness with which it recognizes the South's peculiar and perplexing problems, and the courage with which it pledges support and sympathy in their wise solution." *The American* devotes to it a two-column editorial, and



ANOTHER STUBBORN HIPPOPOTAMUS

—Macauley in *New York World*.

says that the movement thus inaugurated "will proceed with the sympathy of the entire country," and the speech "must exercise a convincing and converting influence upon the future political action of the Southern States." Here is its analysis of the situation:

"The South is ripe for change. It has been ready for years to align itself with new policies and different creeds, and has not dared to do it. It has crushed conviction under the iron heel of a supposed expediency, and under the imagined terror of the race problem has gathered and followed the most motley collection of political theories that were ever marshalled and misnamed under the banner of Democracy. The South of to-day is not at heart or in its conditions a Demo-

cratic South. It is Democratic in name only. It is devoted to the name of Democracy and to the spirit of Republicanism.

"In point of fact, the new South is more Republican than Democratic. It is even more Republican than the Republican party of to-day. The Democratic Congressmen from the South differ only from the Republicans in that they are more Republican than the Republicans are. They are more conservative, more reactionary, more disposed to be in sympathy with the great financial interests than the Republican Congressmen. This statement will be protested, but it is none the less true.

"If Mr. Taft shall do what he is setting out to do, he will do unwittingly an even better thing. He will liberate conviction all along the line. He will make two real parties of real conviction, so that all those who believe in the conservative and republican idea and whose interests lead that way will fall in, North and South behind the Republican party, and that will leave free the great army of the 'Progressives,' North and South, to form ranks under sincere and honest leadership, and to press their great popular interests and ideas to success in the Government."

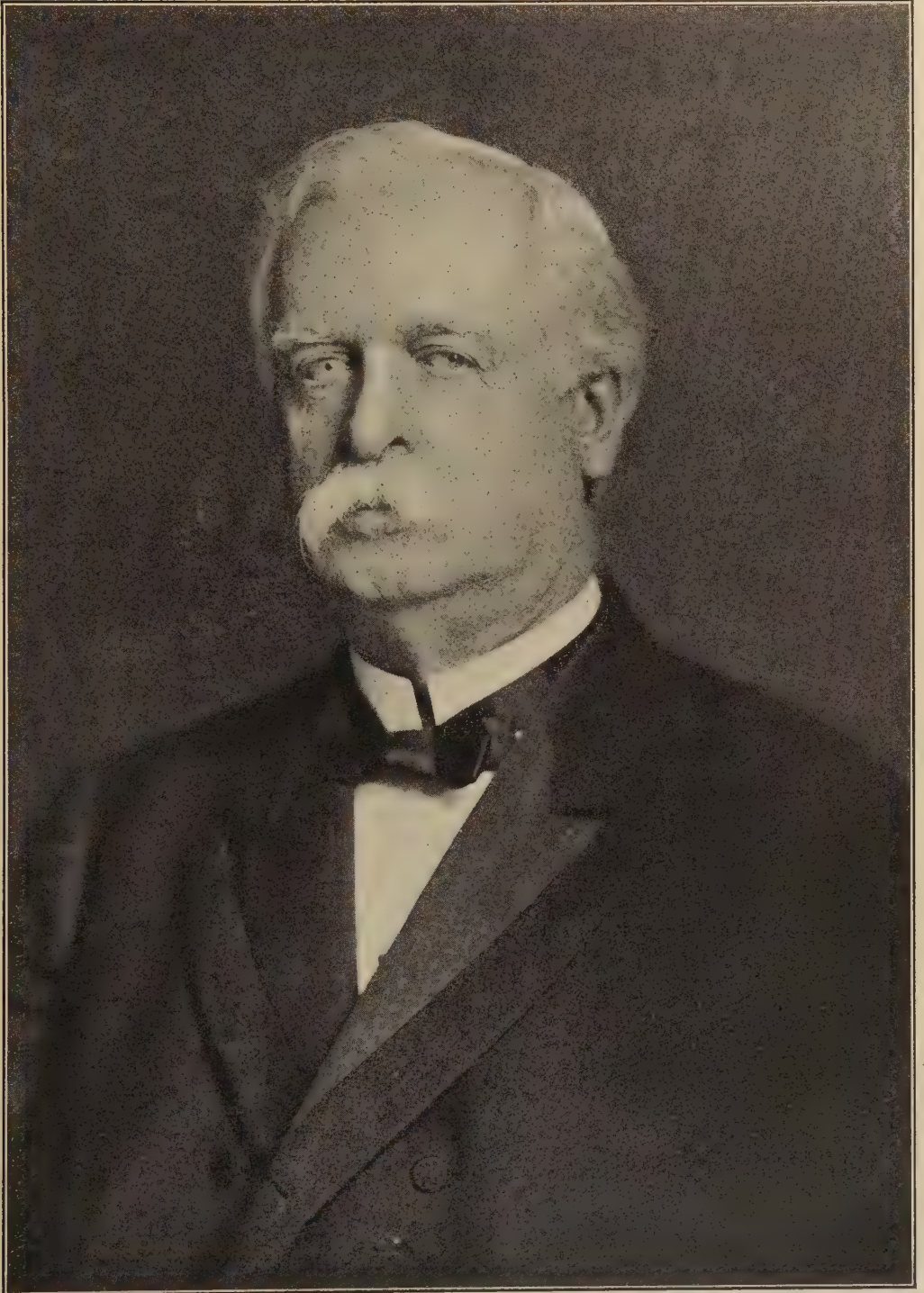
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ONCE again the country is plunged into a sea of statistics on the tariff question. It happens about every ten years, and for months we all go floundering our patriotic way through interminable figures about wool-tops and steel billets and pickled goat-skins, and grow passionate in our discussion over ad valorem duties and differentials—after first consulting a dictionary to make sure that we know what the terms mean. It is, of course, a necessary and more or less educative process, but the average citizen approaches it with about the same feeling of hesitancy as that manifested by the small boy who creeps unwillingly to school with his mind on some glorious swimming hole. There are about four thousand items in the tariff schedule. Each particular item is of vital interest to some section of our busy industrial life. And when the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives begins its hearings preparatory to a revision of the schedule, all the selfish interests of eighty millions of people seem to converge upon their place of sitting and every politician begins to play for points. It is not an edifying spectacle, and there are signs of a growing dislike for it. There is an increasing demand for some scientific method of adjustment along the lines of equity and reason. The demand this year comes not so much in the way of a renewed assault upon the system of tariff for protection, but from avowed protectionists who wish to see the



CARNEGIE: You may turn off the tap, Uncle; I've got all I desire.

—Morrison in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



A MAN WITH THE HARDEST OF ALL HARD TASKS

Sereno Elisha Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives, has the unenviable job of directing the revision of our tariff schedule, with its four thousand and more separate items. It is a job that ought to elicit sympathy, but which seldom does elicit anything but harsh words and harsher suspicions. But he has been prepared for that. He had a hand in framing the present Dingley tariff and the preceding McKinley tariff.



THE RECRUIT: HE HAD TO COME IN

—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Leader*.

rational application of some general industrial principle rather than a general scramble of special interests.

ONE of the signs of this feeling is seen in the unusually strong pressure that is made—in vain, thus far—for a permanent non-partisan tariff commission. Such bodies as the Merchants' Association of New York, the Chicago Association of Commerce, and the National Association of Manufacturers are exerting their power in this direction. It is pointed out that the latest revision of the tariff in Germany was the result of six years of special investigation. The French tariff is now in process of revision after six months or more of special investigation by a commission appointed for that particular purpose. Our ways and means committee has, entirely aside from its relation to the tariff, perhaps the most important duties to perform of any committee in Congress. And it is not constituted with any special reference to the knowledge of its members regarding the labyrinth of details involved in a revision of the tariff. Moreover, the members of that committee are not and can not be expected to be free from direct personal interest of a financial sort in

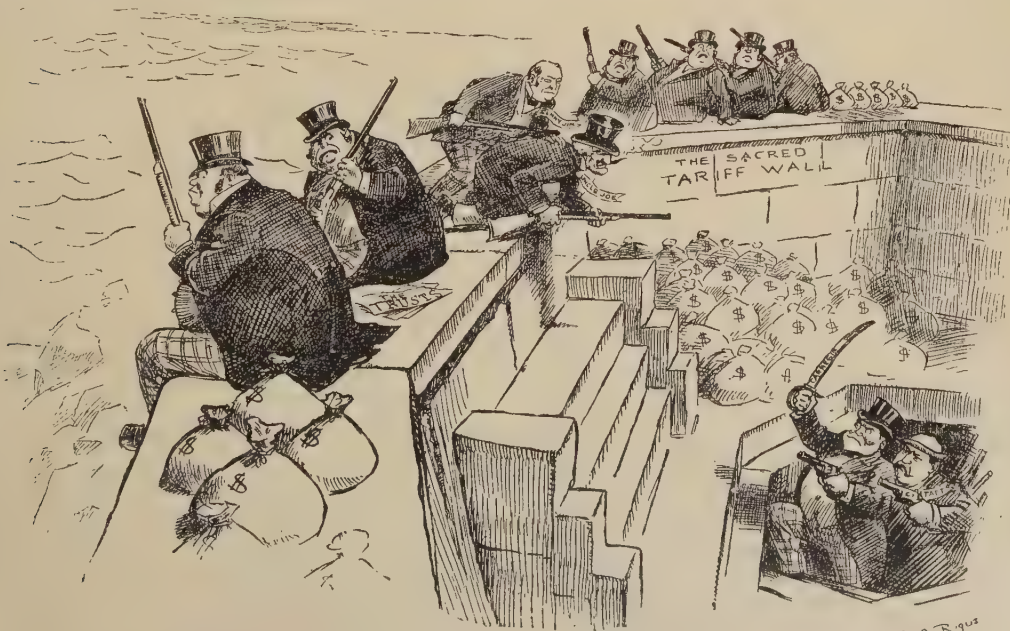
the results of the committee's deliberations. It is no reflection, for instance, upon Congressman Fordney, of Michigan, that he is engaged in the lumber business in Missouri and on the Pacific coast, and at the same time one of the members of the ways and means committee that will pass upon the important question of free lumber. Many other Congressmen of both parties are directly interested in other forms of industry involved, and are appearing as special representatives of these interests in the hearings. "The offence of the disgraced Senator Burton, of Kansas," remarks the *Springfield Republican*, "was that he violated the statute forbidding members of Congress to act as attorneys for private interests before government departments at Washington. But here we have cases of members acting as representatives of their own private interests before the very tribunal upon which they hold official place. And we have other cases of senators and representatives appearing at these hearings on behalf of special private interests in their respective states which are seeking the special favor of the government. Can it be fairly said that Burton is a worse offender under any tolerable law of political morals than these specially interested

tariff congressmen? Yet we hurry Burton off to prison and think nothing of the performances of the latter."

A PLEA for a tariff commission is made by President Van Cleave, of the National Association of Manufacturers, in *American Industries*, the organ of that body. The present plan of gathering information in a few weeks of public hearings he holds to be "radically, absurdly, fatally wrong." He disavows any intention of reflecting upon the members of the committee, but they are inevitably "impeded by their associations, by their general environment, and by their lack of experience and special training for the task." Of the twelve Republicans on that committee who will presumably draft the revised schedule not one of them is a manufacturer, and but two of them, Payne and Dalzell, ever before had a hand in the framing of a tariff bill. This clinging to old, inadequate methods, on the part of a country which prides itself on its alertness in rising to meet new demands, "would be incredible if it were not taking place before our eyes at this moment." It would be better to leave the tariff unchanged for a year or two longer, he thinks, until a commission could lay out the lines for a scientific revision, than to have the work again done in "the old haphazard, blundering way."

THESE views were also presented before the committee by another officer of the National Association of Manufacturers, Herbert E. Miles. The chairman of the committee, Sereno E. Payne, protested that the creating of a permanent tariff commission would result in constant agitation for changes in tariff duties, and would bring about a blight on business second only to that which would be caused by free trade. One of the Democratic members of the committee agreed with Mr. Payne, asserting that the idea of a commission is not practicable, and Congress will never consent to delegate its duties to such a commission. Mr. Miles replied to this that there is no intention to have a commission usurp the functions of Congress. All that is desired is that such a commission be permitted to sit with the committee, in order that accurate information might be available. The information as now secured, he charged, is *ex parte*, dishonest and unfair. "The manufacturers of this country," he continued, "want written over your desks these words: 'No proof, no protection.' I say this as a believer in the principle of protection. The people's money should not be given without proof that it is needed."

ONE striking disclosure was made about the same time that gives special point to the references to our present "haphazard, blunder-



AN ATTACK FROM THE INSIDE

—W. A. Rogers in New York Herald.

ing" methods of revision. It came in the form of a little pamphlet published in Boston by Frank P. Bennett, publisher of a trade journal. His pamphlet was distributed in the committee, has been widely republished in the daily papers, and has excited general comment. It is entitled, "How Tariff Laws are Framed," and it presents a series of letters that passed between S. N. D. North, now chief of the Census Bureau, and William Whitman, president of the Arlington Woollen Mills, of Lawrence, Mass., at the time the Dingley tariff was being made eleven years ago. At that time Mr. Whitman was the chief factor in the National Association of Wool Growers. Mr. North was its secretary. After the then new tariff bill had reached the Senate finance committee, of which Mr. Aldrich was chairman, Mr. North was given a place in the executive sessions of the committee, as a clerk, his services being still paid for, however, by the Wool Growers' Association. In the first of the series of letters published, Mr. North states that because of his confidential relations to the committee, he being "the only person which the committee allows in its meetings," he is not at liberty to keep Mr. Whitman posted as he would like to; but that he will telegraph if it becomes desirable for Mr. Whitman to come on to Washington, and the latter will then doubtless have no trouble in finding out for himself what is wrong. Mr. North asks for information in regard to the proper rate on wool-tops, but says, "I do not want you to intimate to any senator that I have written you on this subject."

IN Mr. Whitman's reply he says that he supposes that there is nothing to do but accept the situation, "altho I had supposed that, in reference to the interests you represent, you would be at liberty to communicate freely with your associates." Another of Mr. Whitman's sentences is: "I depend upon you to look out for my interests in this regard"—that is in regard to wool-tops. Two months later Mr. Whitman wrote again, as follows:

"My dear Mr. North,—We all depend upon you to watch closely our interests, to see that nothing is overlooked or neglected by our friends on the committee. I have no doubt they will do all they can do, but with so many interests to look after, our special representative must see to it that our interest receives proper attention."

Mr. North then wrote a letter expressing his anxiety over the situation that had ensued because of Senator Aldrich's sickness. "What

will happen," he writes, "when the textile schedules are reached (which ought to be by next week) I cannot say. I will do the best I can with Mr. Allison when the time comes, but he knows nothing about the understanding I have with Aldrich on the worsted yarn schedule." Again, a few days later, he writes:

"Dear Mr. Whitman,—It is lucky I was here, and just in the position I am. It has given me a whole day to work on the matter, and get it right, and with Aldrich away, there is no one on the committee who knows anything about it. But Allison and Platt trust me, and I expect they will both agree to what I have asked. I went all over the matter with them last evening."

AS A result, according to Mr. Bennett's sensational little pamphlet, the duties in the wool schedule were so manipulated that the rate on wool-tops was made higher than upon the more advanced product, yarns. In consequence the large Arlington mills, making tops as well as spinning the yarn, were enabled to control the price of the former to the small spinners, while keeping the price of yarn just below the importing point, thus driving the small spinners out of business. Mr. North received later a present of \$5,000 from Mr. Whitman and his associates. Mr. North now writes a letter of some length to explain all this. He admits that he served as confidential clerk to the Senate finance committee, and that he received the sum of \$5,000 later from Mr. Whitman and his associates; but he asserts that he did not influence Senator Aldrich or the committee, and "had no knowledge of a single rate on a single article agreed upon by the sub-committee until the night before the bill was reported to the Senate." Neither he nor Mr. Whitman, however, denies that the letters published are genuine. Mr. Whitman admits, in fact, that they were copied from his letter book by Mr. Bennett's stenographers, the latter having obtained possession of the letter-book as a result of a court order issued in a suit.

NO UTTERANCE on the tariff has in recent years created a greater sensation than that produced by Mr. Carnegie's article in the December *Century*. It is variously termed a "bombshell" in the camp of the protectionists, "one of the most remarkable contributions to the economic literature of the day," "the heaviest blow yet delivered in behalf of honest revision," and an exposition that "illuminates the whole question of the tariff more interestingly and suggestively than

could a whole library of text-books." Mr. Carnegie is generally regarded as the greatest beneficiary of the protective tariff that this country has seen. When he says, therefore, that the time has come for a "tariff for protection" to give place to a "tariff for revenue," and prophecies that in a short time America will become "the foremost apostle of free trade," the effect may be readily accepted as prodigious. And yet he denies that he has changed one iota since he first formed a clear and definite idea about protection. It is the only policy available for new countries with natural but undeveloped resources. He still believes that the McKinley tariff bill was, all things considered, the wisest tariff reform measure ever framed. But the infant we have nursed on protection approaches the day when it should be weaned from tariff milk and fed upon the stronger food of free competition. He does not advocate any revolutionary step in the present revision of rates, believing it is better to go a little too slow than a little too fast; but even to-day it would be safe, in his opinion, to make a radical revision along the lines of a tariff for revenue. The final step must come before long, for "nothing can keep the republic from dwarfing all other nations industrially if she only frowns upon great navies and increased armies, and continues to tread the paths of peace, following the truly American policy of the fathers."

WHAT Mr. Carnegie means, however, by a "tariff for revenue" is not so widely at variance as one might at first suppose with our present system. Already, he thinks, our tariff has ceased to be primarily beneficial as a measure of protection, but has become of vast importance as a revenue measure. As such, too, it has become a potent engine for lessening the contrast between our multi-millionaires and the laboring classes, and may be made still more potent for that purpose. In 1907, out of \$332,000,000 derived from customs duties, \$216,000,000 was derived from "luxuries of the rich." As most of our internal revenues—all but two millions, in fact—are derived from the taxes upon liquors and tobacco, it follows that the workman who neither drinks nor smokes is, in Mr. Carnegie's judgment, even now "virtually free from national taxation either through tariff or internal revenue, except upon sugar, which is the only important imported taxed article of general consumption by rich and poor alike." This statement concerning the poor man's freedom from tariff

taxation, it may be pointed out, does not take into account the enhanced prices of home-made products caused by the tariff, and which are always reckoned in by opponents of protection as the biggest part of the tax caused by that system. Mr. Carnegie makes no reference to this, but goes on to show the contrast between our present system and that in Germany and France. We supply our own food products and tax chiefly imported luxuries, while those two countries must import their food products, and hence their tariff taxes fall upon rich and poor alike. "Thus does the American tariff, in happy contrast to others, almost exempt the poor and heavily tax the rich, just as it should."

ALL this is more or less general. But Mr. Carnegie becomes very specific before he finishes. His real "bombshell" is exploded in what he has to say of the tariff on steel. He is very positive in the belief that steel manufacturers no longer need any protection—unless, perhaps, on some new specialties of which he does not know—"because steel is now produced cheaper here than anywhere else, notwithstanding the higher wages paid per man." Nowhere in the world, he says, is steel produced at so small a cost for labor—not even in Germany. This fact is due to our cheaper ores and cheaper coke, and to the large standardized orders obtainable only here, our specialized rolling mills, and other advantages. Last year we made more steel than was made by Germany, Britain, France and Belgium combined. If there were free trade to-day in iron and steel between Europe and America, only a few orders would go abroad when our mills were fully occupied and prices were high. The day has passed when any foreign country can seriously affect our steel manufactures, tariff or no tariff. The republic has become the home of steel and this is the age of steel."

TO WHAT extent the men still engaged in the manufacture of steel support Mr. Carnegie's view remains to be seen. But it was stated before the Ways and Means committee, by Willis L. King, vice-president of the Jones & Laughlin Company, Pittsburg, that he had just attended a meeting of steel men in New York, and it was agreed by them to support a request for a general reduction in iron and steel duties. Even such a pessimistic journal as *The Evening Post*, of New York, always is on tariff revisions by Republican Congresses, is now persuaded that there is to be a real re-



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THE NEW COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION

The members were appointed three months ago to investigate on the conditions of rural existence and how it may be improved. They are seeking light from rural residents and encountering some opposition from farmers who resent being made the subject of inquiry.

vision. The steel men are willing to accept a reduction; the boot and shoe men are willing to have their products go on the free list if hides and leather are placed there; and the independent sugar refiners are willing to have the duty on refined sugar removed entirely if raw sugar comes in free. "There has been much uncontradicted testimony," it quotes one

of the "stand patters" on the committee as saying, "that many articles now highly protected can be placed on the free list without doing serious harm to legitimate industry. There has been much uncontradicted testimony that a material reduction in many other schedules can be made. You will observe that I use the word 'uncontradicted,' and its use is important in defining my position when it is remembered that most of those who came before us were representatives of special interests asking for the retention of present rates. In other words, their own testimony proved the case against them."

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"NEVER MIND, WILLIAM, I'LL CROAK FOR BOTH OF US!"

—Porter in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE last annual message of President Roosevelt and the last session of the sixtieth Congress came together with a crash. It was not quite a case of an irresistible force and an immovable body, but it was near enough to that to make things interesting for a while. Every session of this Congress has during the last two years furnished, at its opening, an exhibition of some such conflict with the President. Like a bucking bronco, Congress has snorted and plunged

every time the President vaulted into the saddle, but the end of every session has witnessed a subdued and compliant steed fairly obedient to the rein, but still nursing its grudge and hoping against hope for a chance to even up the score. There was little expectation that this wild west exhibition would be repeated this year. But habit is a strong thing, and neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the sixtieth Congress has been able to overcome it, tho both are so near the end of their official existence. The first thing the President did was to dig his spur again into a sensitive part of his steed's anatomy, and, of course, the first thing Congress did was to go up in the air again.

THE message had a harmless look, too. It was a reaffirmation of the Roosevelt policy in most of its details. It is generally described as a "reassuring" message, "less combative" than usual, of "more moderate tone." It was, in fact, a valedictory message, summing up the points of previous messages, but raising no new points of a startling character. One-fourth of it was taken up with a discourse on the necessity of our judiciary's keeping abreast with the vital sociological changes in our national life, especially those that pertain to corporate activity. The message was read by Congressmen at first hastily and without excitement. Then somebody found



THEODORE TO THE BAT

—Brewerton in Atlanta Journal.

a passage three-fourths of the way through that he called to somebody else's notice. In a few minutes Congressmen were returning hastily from their cloak rooms and picking up the printed copies they had hastily perused and calmly laid down. The exciting passage pertained to the secret service bureau of the treasury department. That bureau was originally designed to aid in unearthing and punishing violations of the currency and customs laws.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

THE WORKING MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL CONSERVATION COMMISSION

These gentlemen constitute the executive committee of the new commission that has attracted such wide attention. Their purpose is to co-ordinate the action of the states and federal government in developing and conserving our waterways, our forests, our mines, and our irrigable lands. The third man from the (reader's) right is Gifford Pinchot, chairman. On his right are: Woodruff, McGee, Shipp and Gannett; on his left, Price and Holmes.



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THE WIFE OF THE NEW SECRETARY

Mrs. Newberry, whose husband is now secretary of the navy, was once Miss Harriet Josephine Barnes, of Brooklyn, when young Newberry, then but twenty-four years of age, but general passenger agent of a Michigan railway, came a-wooing. She is one of the popular women in Washington. The gentleman in the picture is the new secretary himself.

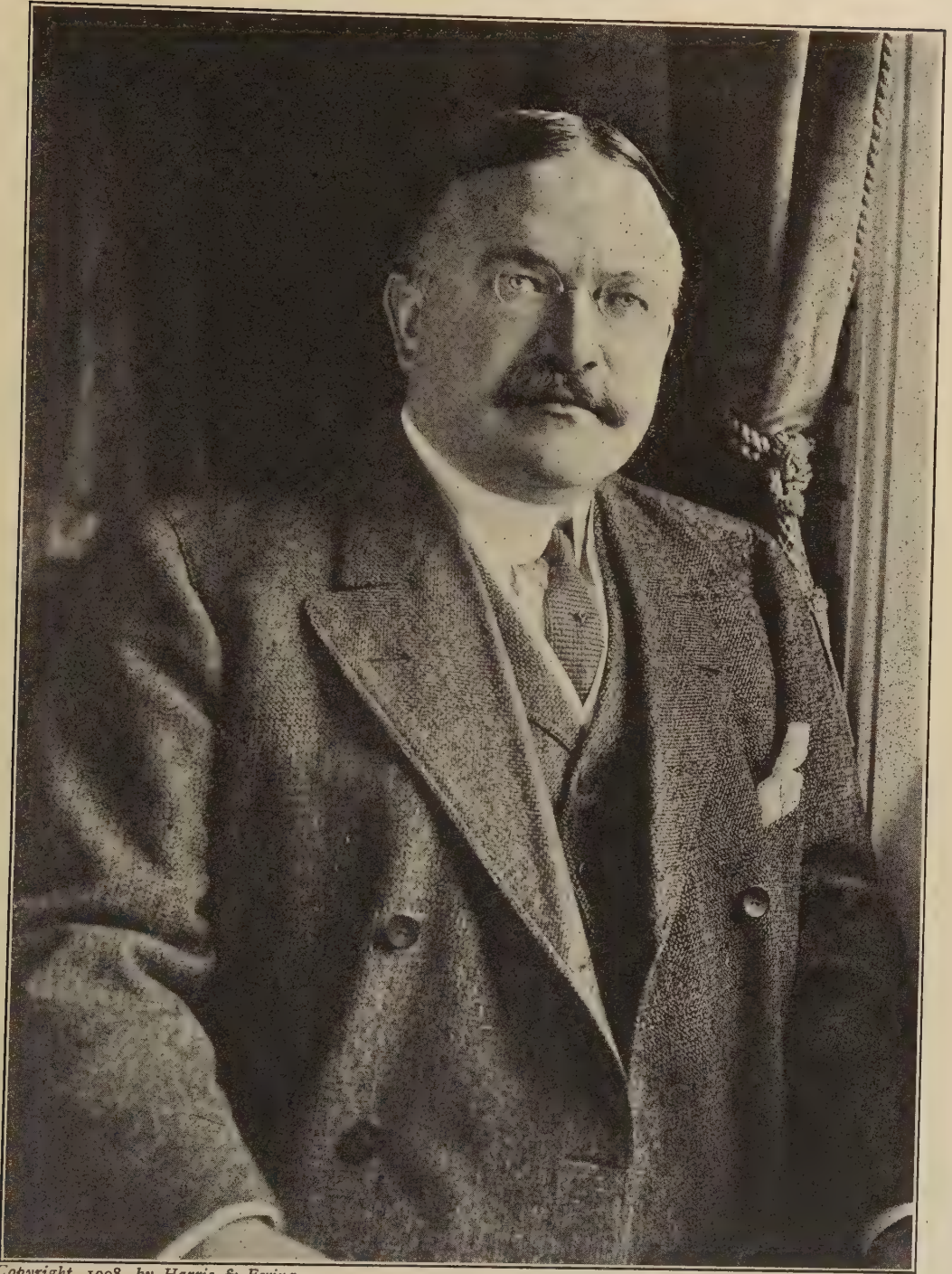
Under Mr. Roosevelt, the bureau's activities have been greatly extended, and it has been used to help the attorney general secure the evidence necessary for his prosecutions of law-defying corporations and to help the secretary of the interior secure evidence of land and timber frauds, in some of which a Senator and two Congressmen have been implicated. Congressmen perceived, or professed to perceive, danger that a grave abuse was being developed. It was asserted that the number of agents on the secret service rolls had increased from 155 to over 3,000, and that they were used to shadow various Senators and Congressmen to whom the President is hostile, among those named being Senator Foraker and Congressman Tawney, chairman of the appropriations committee. Letters to members of Congress were opened by these agents, it was charged, and one agent had been used to procure evidence against the wife of a naval officer, to enable him to institute divorce proceedings. So in a clause inserted in the appropriation bill last year it was provided that there should be no detail from the secret service hereafter, and no transfer therefrom.

THIS clause, the President now asserts, has been and can be of benefit to the criminal classes only, and "it seriously hampers the government in the detection of crime." Then comes this stinging passage:

"The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by Secret Service men. Very little of such investigation has been done in the past, but it is true that the work of the Secret Service agents was partly responsible for the indictment and conviction of a Senator and a Congressman for land frauds in Oregon. I do not believe that it is in the public interest to protect criminals in any branch of the public service, and exactly as we have again and again during the past seven years prosecuted and convicted such criminals who were in the executive branch of the government, so in my belief we should be given ample means to prosecute them if found in the legislative branch. But if this is not considered desirable, a special exception could be made in the law prohibiting the use of the Secret Service force in investigating members of the Congress. It would be far better to do this than to do what actually was done, and strive to prevent or at least to hamper effective action against criminals by the executive branch of the government."

"All the rest of the message put together," says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, "did not arouse the interest or the excitement this reference to Congress did. It made the Congressmen hot, mighty hot. It made others smile as they saw what a crack between the eyes the President had hit some of his special antagonists at the Capitol." At once there were consultations and deliberations that resulted in the introduction of a resolution referring this part of the message to a special committee for consideration. The possibility of a joint resolution by both houses of Congress condemning this passage in the message, and excluding it from the journal, is agitating the newspaper correspondents. If the special committee takes any action whatever, it is reasonable to suppose that it will first call upon the President for whatever facts he has in his possessions warranting the reflections upon Congressmen. The President is represented as waiting with eagerness for just such a request.

THIS incident served to distract attention for the time being from other interesting developments that attended the reopening of Congress. The announcement by the secretary of the treasury of a deficit last year of \$58,000,000, in spite of an increase of revenues over the preceding year, when there was a surplus of \$84,000,000, was one of these features. The secretary's estimates indicate a further probable deficit for the year 1909 of \$114,000,000. The President takes comfort in the fact that in the seven years of his administration the operations of the treasury



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THE NEWEST SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Truman Handy Newberry, successor to Mr. Metcalf (who resigned a few weeks ago because of ill-health), has, unlike many secretaries of the navy (and there have been a great many of them of late), been personally in the navy. He served on the U.S.S. *Yosemite* through the Spanish-American war, commanding as lieutenant, in the junior grade. He is a manufacturer of importance, a director of many important corporations, and a member of the Institute of Naval Architects.

show a net surplus of \$99,000,000. But it is pointed out that the expenditures of the last four years have exceeded those of the previous four years by \$1,358,400,000—"a sum greater by \$90,000,000 than the total public debt of the country," and "exceeding by \$33,000,000 the expenditures during the four years of civil war." These figures are likely to be of great importance in the revision of the tariff, for it is evident that in spite of the strong situation of the treasury, the scale of expenditures must soon come down or that of the revenues raised. As if to emphasize the difficulty of doing the former, there were held in Washington, coincidently with the assembling of Congress, the National Rivers and Harbors Congress (designed to co-ordinate and extend operations along this line), the Deep Waterway Congress, the National Conservation Commission, the Farmers' Investigation Committee, and the National Council of Commerce (designed especially to extend our foreign trade). All these are likely to make demands upon the treasury that it will be hard to ignore. One of these bodies alone, the National Conservation Commission, is calling for a bond issue of half a billion dollars to provide for the work it contemplates doing.

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WHILE our army engineers detailed to build the Panama Canal are "making the dirt fly" three times as fast as was even "hoped for" when the decision to undertake the project was reached, certain newspapers in the United States have been making the mud fly at a rate almost equally phenomenal. Toward the close of the presidential campaign charges of jobbery were made in connection with the purchase of the canal from the French companies. The charges appeared in the *New York World*, and were taken up, as the *Chicago Post* puts it, "not by the decent Democratic press, but by those Republican journals which sought to save their 'regularity' by knifing the party candidates in the back instead of fighting them face to face." One of these papers was the *Indianapolis News*, which has continued to repeat the charges since the election. Disturbed by them, an eminent civil service reformer of Indiana, William Dudley Foulke, wrote to President Roosevelt asking for a statement. He got one. It is of the sizzling, boiling sort, and its recent publication is serving to turn inside out the transactions concerning the purchase of the canal. Mr.

Roosevelt left Mr. Foulke free to use his discretion in publishing the statement, but expressed the opinion that such publication would do no particular good, saying he would rather make no answer whatever to the charges. The publication may result in another Congressional inquiry, and in a suit for criminal libel, by the President, against *The World*.

WHO got the money? is the burden of the charges, referring, of course, to the \$40,000,000 paid by the United States for the unfinished canal. A syndicate, it is alleged, was formed in this country, and incorporated in New Jersey, by William Nelson Cromwell, the New York attorney, which secured the rights of the French companies for a comparatively small sum, and then sold those rights to our government for forty million dollars. The brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, Douglas Robinson, and Charles P. Taft, brother of President-elect Taft, were, it is charged, members of this syndicate. The money for the French rights, so it is said, was paid to the New York bankers, J. P. Morgan & Co. Some of the documents in the case, it is intimated, have been destroyed, and as a result "the people have no official knowledge concerning the Panama Canal deal." All these statements and a great many more are categorically denied by President Roosevelt, and the editor of the *Indianapolis News*, Mr. Delevan Smith, is pilloried as guilty of direct lying. The President, having his hand in and surplus energy left, proceeds to put the same brand upon Mr. Laffan, publisher of the *New York Sun*, for similar mendacity in relation to the *Prairie Oil and Gas* case in Oklahoma. Here are the President's words in part:

"The fact is that these particular newspapers habitually and continually and as a matter of business practise every form of mendacity known to man, from the suppression of the truth and the suggestion of the false, to the lie direct. Those who write or procure others to write these articles are engaged in the practice of mendacity for hire, and surely there can be no lower form of gaining a livelihood. Whether they are paid by outsiders to say what is false or whether their profit comes from the circulation of the falsehoods is a matter of small consequence. It is utterly impossible to attempt to answer all of their falsehoods. When any given falsehood is exposed they simply repeat it and circulate another."

Mr. Delavan Smith's reply is that his paper merely copied the charges from the *New York World*, and the editorial comments were made when he was absent. Mr. Laffan's reply is

that he declines to enter into controversy with Mr. Roosevelt because of the latter's "complete freedom from any sense of personal obligation in respect of the truth." There the personal part of the controversy stands.

AS FOR the facts concerning the payment of the money for the canal, Mr. Cromwell makes a statement at much detail. He was the counsel, in this country, for the French companies, and negotiated the sale to the United States. His statement is that no American was the recipient of any of this money. The forty millions were paid to the bank of J. P. Morgan & Co., as agents to effect the exchange. The entire sum of \$40,000,000 was transferred to the Bank of France, producing \$206,000,000 francs. The liquidator of the old Panama Canal Company received 128,000,000 francs, and the liquidator of the new Panama Canal Company—also a French company—received 77,400,000 francs. The first liquidator paid out his share to 226,296 different stockholders, the average amount to each being \$156. Complete records of the transactions, with the name and the receipt of each person, are, Mr. Cromwell is informed, on file in the liquidator's office at 50 Rue Etienne Marcel, Paris. The second liquidator paid out his share of the purchase price in three separate payments (July 15, 1904; February 3, 1905; and June 15, 1908), through four leading banks of Paris, and all the facts concerning the payments were published, covering a period of four years, in official papers under the direction of the French courts.

MR. CROMWELL also denies that he or any one connected with him ever had the least pecuniary interest in the Canal (barring his fees as counsel), asserts that he is positive no public man in this country ever had any such interest, and that he never has known of any American citizen who has ever dealt in any of the stocks or bonds of the French companies. There never was an American syndicate; but the French company, over two years before the sale was made to the United States, had a project for the Americanization of the company, which it submitted to President McKinley and the rivers and harbors committee of the House on February 27, 1899. Initial steps were taken by Mr. Cromwell, acting for the French board of directors, to form a company for this project under the laws of New Jersey. A certificate of incorporation was obtained, the capital being the mere nominal sum

of \$5,000. The French board of directors then submitted the project to their stockholders, it failed in December, 1899, to receive their approval, the board of directors resigned in a body, and the project then and there ended, "over two years before the company finally yielded to the pressure of the American government to sell at \$40,000,000." In the meantime, the sinking of a part of the Gatun dam has revived again the discussion by engineers and newspapers as to the comparative merits of a sea-level or a lock canal.

COMMENTS on the President's letter in this matter are as varied in their nature and as passionate in their tone as they always are when any of the President's utterances are under discussion. Thus the *Richmond News-Leader* sees in the letter evidence that he is "unable to learn any sense in some matters or to absorb any idea of good taste, and his personal responsibility to the public." The Providence *News-Democrat* blames him for using the coarse words of the bully or costermonger instead of the simple words of gentlemanly discussion. The *Atlanta Journal* takes about the same view. The *Pittsburg Post* thinks he has "prostituted not only his personal dignity—if he ever possessed such a thing—but that of the high office he has been permitted to hold." On the other hand, the *Cleveland Leader*, characterizing his language as "extremely virile," thinks that "the main thing is that he struck with telling force at a very grave source of evil." Says the *Boston Globe*: "The habit some newspapers have of regarding the President or President-elect as a defendant who should be considered guilty until proved innocent is one that cannot be too severely condemned. There is no excuse for it." The *Pittsburg Gazette Times* thinks that the danger he has pointed out is "all the more insidious and to be deplored because it comes under the cloak of superior editorial attainments and newspaper management." The *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks that it is difficult to see how any man could have remained silent under the circumstances, and it describes his answer as "just as destructive as if a tornado had lifted the offender as so much chaff and whirled him beyond the ken of men." The *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* has disapproved of Mr. Roosevelt's epistles more than once; but in this case what he said as well as the manner of saying it suit the editor precisely. The *Springfield Republican* has a sympathetic word for the *Indianapolis News*. It attributes the



LUKEWARM
—Macauley in *New York World*.

intensity of feeling in the Roosevelt letter to the fact that *The News* incurred the President's displeasure by its political course during the campaign in refusing to support the Republican national and state tickets. "Such is the background of the affair," it says, "as nine out of ten journalists see it." The *New York Herald* censures the President for his "intemperate personal attacks," and says the episode will not render the American people any better disposed toward the Panama Canal, which it considers from every point of view, military, naval and commercial, useless to the United States.

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NO BETTER illustration could be asked of Champ Clark's description of President Roosevelt as a man who can not express an opinion about the weather without dividing people at once into two fiercely contending camps, than the result of his recent letter about woman suffrage. "Personally I believe in woman suffrage," said Mr. Roosevelt, "but I am not an enthusiastic advocate of it because I do not regard it as a very important matter." He can not see that woman suffrage has improved the position of women in the Western States, where it prevails, and he thinks most women care little or nothing for it. When they take any special interest in it they will have the ballot if they desire it. He believes in it for the reason that he believes in an equality of right between man and woman. That, however, does not mean an identity of function. The more he thinks about it the more certain he is that the one

indispensable field of usefulness for women is as the mother of the family. Now for Mr. Roosevelt this is a very moderate and tepid utterance. But it has done more than anything that has happened recently on this side of the sea to stir up animated discussion on the subject. One reason for that is that it came at the psychological moment.

ON THE day that letter was read in public, three women's organizations held meetings in New York City to express views more or less hostile to each other on the question of the ballot for women. The National League for the Civic Federation of Women held the first. It is endeavoring to marshal the women in opposition to the ballot. It had for presiding officer of its meeting Mr. Gilder, editor of *The Century*, and all the speakers on its program were men, including President Butler, who read a letter from Secretary Root, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook*, who read the letter from Mr. Roosevelt. Immediately at the close of this meeting the suffragettes started an outdoor meeting at the end of the block, Mrs. Boorman Wells, of England, introduced as a fresh arrival from Holloway Jail, being the chief speaker. In the evening there was a third meeting, which was held by the suffragists in Carnegie Hall, with Mrs. Philip Snowden, of England, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, and Rabbi Wise as the speakers. The same difference between the suffragettes, who are for a militant campaign, and the suffragists, who are for moral suasion, that is manifest in England is also making itself apparent here. One of the speakers at the suffragette meeting characterized the suffragists as "mostly rich women, sitting in comfortable parlors and halls, don't you know, wagging their heads and declaring that it is really a shame how men monopolize the vote." Mrs. Snowden in her turn was apologetic for the suffragettes in England. "Some women," she admitted, "have done things on their own initiative that have been unwisely done. My desire is to separate the cause from the weakest advocates of it. What cause under God's heaven may hope to stand if you judge it by the weakest of its advocates? We should judge a cause by its strongest advocates." At the same time she pleaded in extenuation of the scenes on the other side the treatment given to women there. There would be some lynching done, she thinks, if women received the same treatment here for small offences. "There is no insult that you can imagine that



A CRUSADER IN BEHALF OF VOTES FOR WOMEN

Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of a Socialist member of the British Parliament, has been making an effective campaign in this country in behalf of woman suffrage. She is a suffragist, not a suffragette, and the audience she recently addressed in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, was so fashionable and wealthy that it reminded one of the opening night of grand opera. She has an attractive presence and remarkable persuasive power as a speaker. Mr. Carnegie has recently expressed his regret for unintentionally misrepresenting her position on marriage in his new book.

is gross enough to describe some of the insults that have been offered Englishwomen in their fight. The things cannot be put in print for decent people to read."

ALL London was perfectly well aware that the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, the fiery David Lloyd-George, would not be permitted to make his speech at Albert Hall without violent interruptions from the class of women known now as "suffragettes." The two mutually antagonistic factions into which the advocates of votes for women are divided in Great Britain could not compromise their differences sufficiently to avoid a blowing of horns, a screaming demonstration, and the tearing of clothes as one suffragette after another was put into the street. Mr. Lloyd-George did not take any of it very seriously. When several women in the agitated audience threw aside their cloaks and revealed the stripes of a prison garb beneath, the Chancellor of the Exchequer threw up his hands with the cry: "Encore!" The pandemonium was synchronous with the right honorable gentleman's announcement that he had come to make known the ministry's plan with reference to votes for women. "We want deeds, not words!" shrieked a chorus in the galleries. When the police tried to throw the disturbers out, they were found to have padlocked themselves to their seats. Not a few had come with whips, as the officers of the law ascertained when they came too near. Thus was the militant section of the suffragist movement making good its boast that no member of the Asquith cabinet, from the Prime Minister down, should speak in public anywhere throughout England until the fight for votes had been won by the women who want them. At last Mr. David Lloyd-George made himself heard to the effect that a woman suffrage clause would be put into a franchise bill—on the eve of the dissolution of parliament.

NOT many days prior to these events, two vans, preceded by a band of music, drew up in front of Holloway Jail. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, so famous for her climb through the Prime Minister's window, and Mrs. Flora Drummond, invigorated by a term in prison herself, led the expedition. Five unmarried young ladies were let go by the Holloway Jail turnkeys, while the band played the *Marseillaise* and a crowd which had assembled in spite of the rain cheered and groaned by turns. Mounting upon a wagon

wheel, Mrs. Drummond waved the tri-colored emblem of the French Revolution and called for three cheers for Emmeline Pankhurst and three more for Christabel Pankhurst. By this time the police had begun to arrive in hundreds. Mrs. Drummond was invited by the inspector in charge to go away. She replied that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was undergoing torture "within those very walls," that her "heroine daughter" had been reduced to "a condition bordering on madness," and that "the women of England are here to protest." Mrs. Drummond was thereupon lifted down from her place on the wheel of the wagon. Four police constables performed the feat.

SUCH militant tactics, attaining a climax at a public meeting that same night in the course of which fresh violence was threatened for the immediate future, proved most aggravating to those advocates of votes for women who call themselves constitutional. Among them is Millicent Garrett Fawcett, one of the eminent publicists of England, who over and over again in public and in private has eulogized the courage and the self-sacrifice of the Pankhurst ladies. But the Pankhursts, Mrs. Fawcett now declares, have abandoned their first principle of concentrating on their own persons the suffering caused by their unconstitutional methods. The Pankhursts and their followers in the society they control are making the innocent suffer through their peculiarities of propaganda. Hence the time has come when suffragist societies "standing for lawful and constitutional methods" must plainly say so. Mrs. Fawcett adds that she does not sit in judgment on those who, like the Pankhursts, "believe that injustice can best be met by violence." They have a good deal of history on their side, Mrs. Fawcett ventures to think. But when suffragists, however earnest and self-sacrificing, adopt methods "wrong in themselves," those who think so are compelled to dissociate themselves and their societies from them.

THUS it came about that by the time the Chancellor of the Exchequer was ready to speak at Albert Hall, the advocates of votes for women found themselves divided more fundamentally than ever before. That most brilliant of the non-militant suffragist leaders, Agnes Grove, avows her belief that the vast majority of woman suffragists do not belong to the Pankhurst movement at all. They repudiate it and condemn



A SUFFRAGETTE COUNCIL OF WAR IN LONDON

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who has been in jail so many times, is standing beside the table, with her hand on the shoulder of her mother, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. On the reader's left is Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Kenny being at the reader's right. The picture is from waxwork figures at Madame Tussaud's.

its characteristic tactics. Be that as it may, the non-militant suffragists "officially" implored the militant suffragists to refrain from cat calls, groans and padlocking on the occasion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's appearance. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, temporarily in command during the incarceration of two of the Pankhursts, replied that it would be treason to the noblest of the sex to consider such a request for a moment. News of the cleavage on this subject had got abroad days before Mr. Lloyd-George spoke at Albert Hall. The moral effect was great, opines the *London Standard*, if only because it revealed that the Pankhursts have not behind them a majority even of those women who think they ought to vote in national elections. Indeed, if the rumors of the month be true, the undaunted Miss Christabel Pankhurst may have to face a rebellion against her authority—to say nothing of the sentiment evoked within the militant ranks against her mother—by the time Holloway Jail opens its doors again. At last accounts Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter had endured additional rigors for violating the prison rules against whispering. Miss Pankhurst had expected to write a refutation of Schopenhauer in the jail, but the Home Secretary, when appealed to, declined to grant the necessary permission. Nor would that gentleman permit Miss Sylvia Pankhurst to take cake to her aged parent, who had to put up with the ordinary bread provided.

MILITANT suffragette indignation was still feverish at such inflexibility of discipline when the Countess of Jersey presided over the demonstration of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League. The followers of Mrs. Pankhurst intended at first to rush this meeting in somewhat the same fashion adopted outside the House of Commons, but the plan of campaign was prematurely revealed by a militant suffragette. When the Pankhurst contingent arrived in Covent Garden they found platoons of police drawn up before the gate leading into the hall. The scrutiny of ticket holders was too suspicious to enable the militant tacticians to get inside, whereupon they surrounded the motor cars that sped up one by one with such prominent anti-suffragists as Mrs. Frederic Harrison, the Viscountess Lifford, Lady George Hamilton, Hilaire Belloc, and Comyns Carr. There was much disappointment at the failure of Mrs. Humphry Ward to appear, as her automobile was to have been surrounded with shrieks of "Traitor!" Should the eminent novelist fulfil her engagement to speak in public against the suffragist cause she will be howled down, according to threats made by the Pankhursts' "organizers."

IF THE statements made by Lady Jersey in the course of the crowded meeting be true, the wives and mothers of England are for the most part opposed to any extension of the



1909!

Study of an Eminent M. P. Taking a Constitutional.

.—Baumer in *Punch*.

franchise to their sex. This titled lady put the advocates of woman suffrage to some confusion by quoting the late Queen Victoria, of whom the Pankhursts make so much, in a sense antagonistic to the propaganda of the militants. What lesson did the Queen herself draw from her unique experience as to the place of women in the body politic? The answer is to be found in the following sentences from two consecutive letters to the late King of the Belgians: "We women are not made for governing, and if we are good women we must dislike these masculine occupations." And again: "I am every day more convinced that we women, if we are to be good women, feminine and amiable and domestic, are not fitted to reign." These citations have had a considerable effect upon public opinion. Even more effective, the *London Times* says, is the fact that the series of anti-suffrage meetings held in various large towns in the course of the month have been attended by immense numbers of locally prominent people.

A PETITION to parliament, in opposition to the proposal to give the suffrage to both sexes equally, has already received a half

million signatures of women, according to the reports of the *London Telegraph*. Mrs. Humphry Ward has been made head of the press bureau of this anti-suffrage organization, which has now local branches in half the constituencies, and seems likely to be represented locally in all of them by next month, when "the monster demonstration of the women of England" occurs in London. No tactics of violence will be permitted in this counter-movement, but a leaf or two has for all that been taken out of the militant book. Thus all candidates for parliament are hereafter to be asked if they favor woman suffrage. Should the reply be in the affirmative, the anti-suffragists pledge themselves to compass the candidate's defeat by "every honorable method." It is also proposed to have women on hand at all political meetings addressed by members of the Asquith cabinet. Should the "militants" interrupt, they will be ejected, when they resist, by members of their own sex. For the time being, as the *Yorkshire Post* points out, the suffragist movement has been converted into a struggle between two female factions, one of which is torn by internal dissensions. The immediate future of the agitation depends wholly upon the

course adopted by those of the Pankhurst ladies whose release from prison is impending.

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IN THE pursuance of his determination to concentrate all power in his own person, Prince Chun, the new regent of the Chinese Empire, summoned the mandarins of the grand council to his presence after the entombment of the late sovereign and delivered what seems to have been a constitutional disquisition. The mandarins, if we are to accept the reports from Peking, heard the regent with profound respect, for he has had time to manifest the decision of his character and the strength of his will to rule. What Prince Chun had to say is available in two or three versions as the correspondents derive it from the gossip of the forbidden city. The son of heaven, declared Prince Chun, is, like the Czar in Russia, sole, absolute and autocratic sovereign. Yet absolute as his power is and must remain, it is not arbitrary. Prince Chun conceives the power to which his three-year-old son has succeeded to be that of a dictatorship "for the realization of the liberal ideas of modern times." It is impossible, Prince Chun is quoted as having said, to free China unless her ruler is permitted to wield an absolute power over those who are not yet sufficiently enlightened to "act in harmony with the new spirit of freedom." Hence Prince Chun intends to brook no interference with his own powers as regent, for if he did so he could not free the country. The effect upon the grand council of mandarins is described in the *London Post* as "bewildering"; but as Yuan-Shi-Kai has placed his troops unreservedly at the disposal of the regent, there is a tendency to permit Prince Chun to develop these constitutional theories of his until the command of the soldiery passes to some person disposed to challenge them.

THE vigor of Prince Chun's policy has disconcerted those mandarins, says the *Paris Figaro*, who welcomed a long regency, because it would afford them opportunities. The moment the Empress Dowager had passed away, Prince Chun showed his metal. His very first act was to take personal charge of the hoarded wealth lying unproductive within the limits of the forbidden city. It is mainly in the form of uncoined bullion amounting in value, says the *London Times*, to the enormous sum of forty-five million dollars. This hoard was

for a time under the protection of our own General Adna R. Chaffee, who turned it over to the English General Sir A. Gaselee, by whom it was in time duly made over to the Empress Dowager. The mandarins seem to have taken it for granted that the hoard would be at all times subject to their decision and appropriation, but Prince Chun announced, at the time of his constitutional disquisition, that his absolute power as regent extends to the treasure in the palace, over which his body-guard keeps a stern vigil night and day. The money—or rather the bullion—will be invested, it seems, and not allowed to lie idle as heretofore.

IT IS owing to his possession of the immense treasures within the forbidden city, says the Peking correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, that Prince Chun was enabled to assert himself with such success. While many of the palace eunuchs fled, carrying off such valuables as they could lay their hands on; while one of the imperial widows, perceiving that she was not to become empress dowager, swallowed poison; while Prince Ching knelt within the mausoleum on the eastern hills, whither her late Majesty had sent him to make an offering in the hope of propitiating the ghost she thought was beckoning her to those heights, Prince Chun was sending letters to the members of the diplomatic corps announcing the accession of his little son. The part played by that progressive statesman, Yuan-Shi-Kai, in the palace revolution which led to these developments remains quite obscure to the dailies of Europe. There is a hint in some German papers that Yuan-Shi-Kai betrayed a clique of mandarins with a quite different candidate for the throne. Others, on the contrary, assert that it was Yuan-Shi-Kai's intervention, prompted by old feelings of gratitude for his first patron, Prince Chun's father, that made the three-year-old Pu-Yi sovereign of the realm. Yuan-Shi-Kai, that is, threw his support to the victorious faction in the grand council, but he did so with a patriotic and pure intention. At any rate, the first edict issued by the new regent confirmed Yuan-Shi-Kai in his honors and dignities. We are not to infer from this, says the *London Standard*, that Yuan-Shi-Kai had anything to do with making the little Pu-Yi—now referred to officially as Hsuan Tung—son of heaven. When Prince Tuan's son was degraded months ago on account of his father's complicity in Boxerism, there was no



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THE GREAT REACTIONARY AT THE COURT OF PEKING

Prince Ching was long influential with the late Empress Dowager, and is accused of having accumulated an immense private fortune by peculation of one sort and another. His advice is the antithesis of that offered the throne by the more progressive Yuan-Shi-Kai. Prince Ching, as the picture makes evident, is quite an old man.

competitors, we are told, to a remarkable dream of his great aunt's, who thought she saw him in heaven.

WHEN the late Empress Dowager revealed her dream to the late Emperor, according to this story, it transpired that he had had a dream very much like it. Pu-Yi was now but two years old, yet his selection to succeed Kwang Su was determined upon then and there. Ever since last February, therefore, the destinies of Pu-Yi have been fixed, notwithstanding a rumor that this selection was not made by the late Empress Dowager until she was lying upon her death bed. The adherence of Yuan-Shi-Kai to the arrangement was assured at the time by imperial approval of a strongly worded memorial he had addressed to the Empress Dowager, urging the absolute necessity of further reforms in the government. This great Chinese statesman, who had only recently set up a system of representative local government at Tien-Tsin, expressed the opinion that a national assembly for all China ought to be summoned to Peking. Education, he urged, ought to be modernized and extended to the remotest regions of the empire. The national finances must be taken in hand and reorganized to the last detail, and the national confidence in the good faith of the government must be nourished by a progressive policy. This memorial from Yuan-Shi-Kai was read to the grand council immediately after the approval by that body of Prince Chun's little son as the Emperor Kwang Su's successor. Prince Chun himself was present. He immediately arose, runs this authoritative account, and not only endorsed every one of Yuan-Shi-Kai's representations, but further advocated the right of free speech.

HERE, then, is the basis of the co-operation between the new regent of China and the most enlightened of all the grand mandarins. The alliance between them made it easy for Prince Chun to keep his head while confusion reigned around him. The scenes of disorder were immensely magnified and exaggerated in the despatches that went out from Peking when Kwang Su was robed for death in imperial yellow. Astonishing telegrams reached Peking, says the London *Times* correspondent, from London, Paris, and even New York, anxiously inquiring if it were true that Peking was surrounded by rebels or threatened by Mongol hordes, that many high personages had committed suicide or been assassinated, or that Yuan-Shi-Kai had taken

heir to the throne. The Dowager Empress thereupon ordered all eligible princes to be presented at the palace on the ensuing new year. She selected four of the brightest children among them, keeping them within the limits of the forbidden city for many weeks together to select from their number the successor of Kwang Su. Only princes of a generation below the Emperor were eligible, the tiny Pu-Yi owing his triumph over his



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THE BEARER OF CHINA'S GRATITUDE TO THE UNITED STATES

Tang-Shao-Yi, the wearer of many buttons bestowed for service to the state, went to the White House and in a graceful speech thanked President Roosevelt and through him the American people for the remission of that share in the gigantic Boxer indemnity which was to have gone into the national treasury at Washington.

refuge in the British legation. "We on the spot wonder whence originated those fantastic inventions." Even the lotus-life at the Chinese court within the forbidden city went on its way and is still idyllic. The glorious gardens, the glittering palace, the sunlit lakes, the fragrant flowers in the conservatories, the beautiful birds and beasts all about, the magnificent and stately court itself with its immemorial dignities and ceremonial pageantry, the loyalty of mandarins and the devotion of menials—these things are undisturbed except for the presence of a three-year-old Emperor who is the object of a refined and abject veneration. Whatever the western world, misinformed, may surmise, things go on in just the same Chinese style.

ON PAPER, at any rate, the reforms urged by Prince Chun before he was regent have advanced considerably since the supreme power became his, a circumstance attributed by the London *Times* to the tactful reminders of Yuan-Shi-Kai. An imperial decree is to be issued soon, it even seems, on the question of

constitutional government. Nothing but good is said of the impending document, as far as it goes, by the Peking representative of the daily just named. It is described as "excellent in tone and very sensible, and likely to create a very favorable impression." It sums up the deliberations of the grand mandarins who have been sitting at the capital upon the reports of those innumerable delegates sent to Washington, London, Berlin and even Rio de Janeiro to study western ideas. This "committee of review" was appointed by the late Empress Dowager herself, but the decisions at which it arrives will be promulgated in the name of the baby emperor, whose howls for his nurse tone so many recent despatches. The importance of the forthcoming decree attaches rather to its pledges for the future than to any practical outline of reform.

HARDLY any attention was paid by Americans generally to last month's reception by President Roosevelt of that special ambassador who came all the way from Peking to thank our government for its remission of our

share of the Boxer indemnity. Tang-Shao-Yi, who bore the official letter in which the late Kwang Su expresses his gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt personally, is a well-educated Chinaman whose impressionable years were spent in this country, who speaks English fluently, and who has done much to banish anti-American prejudice from the Chinese mind. All that he said regarding the friendly feeling toward our country reflects the official mind only, thinks the *Kreuz Zeitung*. The remission of the indemnity, it adds, did nothing to lighten the toil of the average Cantonese coolie or the field-laborer in Hu-Nan. These proletarians are ready, we are assured, to massacre every foreign devil in China to-day, "being held in check only by the more intelligent, who counsel delay." The history of the Chinese exclusion act "makes the native blood boil," nor will the remission of some millions of dollars of indemnity cool that fluid. The real significance of the change of rulers at Peking, our German contemporary thinks, is that all the old hatreds will be emphasized by a new efficiency. Prince Chun intends to cherish the ideals of his late aunt, but his methods are those of the strong man.

NOTHING could be more absurd, proceeds our Teutonic contemporary, than the American impression that the Chinese feel friendly. "Most of all they hate the citizens of the great republic." It may be fairly asked, observes this authority, whether there does not exist at Peking just now a more than usually elaborate conspiracy to make fools of the Americans. The idea derives support from some impressions transmitted through its Peking correspondent to the *London Times*. Tang-Yao-Shi belongs to a class of natives who wittingly or unwittingly are used to promote the misapprehensions in America of what the Chinese are really like. "The imperial commission which is leaving China for an extended tour in America has for its ostensible object the systematic collection of information. Its real purpose is without doubt to impress the nations with the sincerity and efficacy of the reforms China is making, and thus engage their sympathy for the abolition of extra-territoriality." That would make it impossible, we read, for Europe or America to give any real protection to western people in the dominions of the son of heaven. "From the picturesque standpoint, the commissioners and their suites can not fail to attract attention. Their intelligence and culture are also likely to give

America a high and erroneous notion of the system which produces such results." If so, says the German daily, the object of the mandarins will have been accomplished.

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MID the frenzies prompting all the newspapers of Paris to fill column after column with details of the Steinheil mystery last month, dailies outside France discern the fact that no clerical faction has yet connected the present government of the third republic with what is the most celebrated case since the affair of the Queen's necklace. Should the unlooked-for occur, and if responsibility for the Steinheil murders can be brought home to officials suspected of screening the criminal, then, infers the *Berlin Post*, the crisis must become acute. As long ago as last May, Steinheil, the artist, and Madame Japy, his mother-in-law, were discovered strangled in adjoining bedrooms at his residence in the Impasse Ronsin, in the Montparnasse neighborhood. "The double crime was discovered," runs the official account, "by Remy Couillard, who lived at the top of the house and had heard nothing during the night." His first discovery was that of Madame Steinheil herself—the central figure in the present sensation—tied hand and foot and gagged. She lay bruised and scratched in her bed, but was otherwise uninjured. The body of Madame Japy—mother, not stepmother, of the Steinheil woman—lay in the bed of the next room. She had been strangled. "In a third bedroom on the floor was the dead body of the artist Steinheil, huddled up as if he had tried to cope with his assailant." The murderer seems to have got at his victim from behind, and to have suffocated him with a handkerchief tightened about the neck. The two victims of the crime and Madame Steinheil were, with Remy Couillard, the only occupants of the house on the night of the murder. So far, all versions of the facts are substantially agreed.

FOR a comprehension of the political side of this double murder, one must go back to the sudden death of that most remarkable of all the French Presidents, the late Felix Faure. The story of his taking off just ten years ago was published in detail for the first time in the press of Paris last month. The versions are many, but that of the *Paris Journal* agrees so exactly with that of the very

accurately posted *London Telegraph* that the two may be taken together. In the course of a military tour of inspection in the Alps, the then President met the Steinheils. He was at once profoundly impressed by the personality of Madame, whose magnetism is described as irresistible. When Felix Faure returned to Paris his relations with Madame Steinheil assumed a character which the *Figaro* refers to as "inspirational." She had persuaded the President that his mission was divine, and that through the blending of their respective souls he would be brought to a perception of paths to even higher and more stable glory than France has yet attained. It can be affirmed, upon the authority of the *Gazette de Toulouse*, that there was "nothing immoral" in these "exclusively mystical" relations. Madame used to call upon the President clandestinely at the Elysée, entering by a side door. "At the same time her husband received orders for pictures, and finally the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor." News of the soul communion between the executive and the painter's wife reached his colleagues of the Society of French Artists,

and, as Steinheil continued to live with his wife after the circumstances were duly laid before him by some friends, "painters began to fight shy of him."

ONE night, about ten years ago, Madame Steinheil was having an inspirational conference with the chief magistrate of the republic when loud screams became audible in the direction of his apartments. Rushing into the room, the servants, always numerous in the corridors of the Elysée, discovered President Felix Faure in an apoplectic fit. Madame herself had fainted away upon the floor. Something like a controversy has been precipitated among Paris dailies on the subject of the details of Madame's attire when she was lifted in the arms of the maitre d'hotel and deposited upon a neighboring sofa. The President himself was carried out at once to "his other apartments," and in an hour he was dead. Madame had by this time, to quote the *République Française*, "descended from the spiritual to the personal plane," and was hurried away in a cab. The death of Faure was concealed from the public until arrange-



HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHTS

JAPAN (to American Eagle): "But how sweet of you to come all this way on purpose to see me!"
EAGLE: "Why, yes, I thought you'd be pleased!"

—Punch.

ments to suppress these essential facts had been matured. Of the subsequent history of Madame, involving the sovereign of Cambodia, the present King of the Belgians, and others over whom her influence was inspirational, it is difficult to speak definitely, because the versions of the clerical *Gaulois* contradict those of the anti-clerical *Action*, and, even if they agreed, as the *Lanterne* says, they would be irrelevant. The various persons accused by Madame of the murder of her husband and her mother, the inquisitions into her actions on the night of the double crime, and the fury of recrimination between organs of various French factions derive their importance, says the *London Truth*, from the political consequences latent in every hour's developments. Whether or not France is on the eve of one of those memorable "affairs" which, like that of Dreyfus, or the Panama scandal, may bring the republic within measurable distance of extinction, or whether the whole sensation is to die away through its own sheer artificiality, may have become apparent by the time these lines are in the reader's hands.

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HEN that discreet little Japanese gentleman who acts as his sovereign's ambassador in Washington told a reporter that the correspondence between himself and Secretary of State Root on the status quo in the Pacific spoke for itself he evinced an unconscious humor most tickling to the *Paris Aurore*. Of course, reflects our French contemporary, "the notes exchanged explain themselves fully," because they "prove by internal evidence that they are destitute of significance." But the Americans generally, "except those behind the scenes," will think the notes exchanged by Takahira and Root "possess a certain significance," and thus the object of "the pair of clever diplomatists" will have been achieved. But this tendency to belittle the understanding arrived at between Washington and Tokyo seems to the *Paris Temps* to incur the very rebuke of being exaggerated which it attributes to the American interpretation. The Americans, explains the semi-official organ of the Paris foreign office, are new to world politics, and they can not be expected to understand that these exchanges of notes "bind nobody to anything," being couched in general terms. Why, then, is the correspondence published at all? To demonstrate, we are told, that the Japanese minister in Peking

and the American minister in Peking are co-operating. That intimation will not be pleasant to the German foreign office, but it will be most welcome in Downing Street, and British organs may be expected to proclaim that the United States has become an unofficial party to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. That, observes the *London Standard*, is a little far-fetched. The English are perfectly well aware that "an exchange of friendly notes is in no sense a treaty or even an agreement." The exchange of such notes has become to some extent a matter of form, "but this is the first instance in which Tokyo and Washington have officially belied the rumors of friction between them."

THER dailies abroad tend to interpret the notes rather as fruits of the visit of the sixteen battleships to the shores of Japan than as a bit of "great diplomacy." The *Berlin Tageblatt*, disposed, like most German dailies, to deem the matter one "of the greatest importance," is scornful of the insinuation that the cordiality of the Japanese minister's tone does not reflect the state of public opinion in Japan. The welcome given to Sperry and his ships ought to settle the matter once and for all. No American can appreciate, perhaps, the significance of the personal reception of our officers by Mutsuhito, nor the effect which the occasion must have had on the native mind. Sperry has derived, in the minds of the Mikado's subjects, some flavor of the divinity which hedges the potentate himself. That, explains the *Berlin Vossische Zeitung*, was the effect intended. The Tokyo government went "the extreme length" in its effort to put an end once and for all to speculations regarding the possibility of war. The deep religious feeling with which the devout worship Christ—this seems an exaggeration, but it is a fact, says our commentator—is felt by the Japanese for their Emperor, while the man who eats with that Emperor becomes sacred.

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HOSE intimate friends of Cipriano Castro, the regenerator of Venezuela, who witnessed his departure three weeks ago for that old world with which he has picked so many quarrels were quite startled by the physical condition of the celebrated man. His malady is said to be a form of locomotor ataxia, asserting itself in the most violent shooting pains and an incapacity to walk with-

out the aid of a cane. As he boarded the steamer Guadeloupe, Castro's efforts to walk were "painful to witness," his limbs flying wildly from under him and the crutch he wielded tending to drop from his palsied fingers. Of the once jaunty and defiant Castro there was no trace at all in the green-visaged, trembling little man who was literally carried to his berth the moment he had boarded the vessel off shore. There is much confusion in the month's press despatches regarding the other members of the dictator's elaborate suite. One story is that Castro has gone to Europe solely to consult specialists. Another account makes him one of the wealthiest men in the world, with prodigious balances in London, Berlin and Paris, who has gone abroad for the purpose of spending his declining years in the luxuries he can now so well afford. Nothing definite has been said by Castro himself, for an interview in the *Paris Matin*, purporting to give his own version of what he went to Europe to accomplish for Venezuela, has been repudiated. French newspapers have been full of Castro for some little time, the news of his possible arrival in Paris in disguise, to avoid "complications," having elicited spirited comment in the *Temps* and *Gaulois*, which have led the European chorus of protest against his system.

THE delicacy of the situation at Caracas after the departure of Castro was mainly attributable to the arrival of three Dutch warships, bent upon securing for the inhabitants of the island of Curacao a redress of those grievances which are ruining the local trade with Venezuelan ports. The Dutch admiral, it is said, at first went to the length of threatening to bombard one of the ports. It was all, explains the *Matin*, a "bit of bluff." The Dutch will not risk killing French and English subjects, to say nothing of destroying the foreign shipping and laying in ruins various warehouses owned in Europe. There is the middle course, urged by the Amsterdam *Weekblad*, of blockading one or more ports, and of seizing the revenues, as has been done on various occasions with Turkey. "But how is this to be managed?" queries the *Paris Temps*, "when other powers already have claims on the customs revenues?" The Dutch government, thinks the French daily, is decidedly on the horns of a dilemma. "It is acting very rightly in consulting the United States government." Nothing will be done by the Dutch squadron to which Washington could object.

ALL negotiations between the Dutch off the coast and the government left behind by Castro were eased by the graciousness of Vicente Gomez's personality. This Gomez is described in the despatches as the acting president of Venezuela, an eminence for which he is indebted to his tactful management of the departed dictator. Vicente Gomez is accused in the *Paris Matin* of blending the predatory appetite of Castro with the subtle indirection of Talleyrand's methods. He has been brought up in that political school of Venezuelan culture which looks upon the national exchequer as the President's pocket, into which taxes, customs receipts, and local revenues pour themselves appropriately, and out of which come simply the most necessary running expenses and the cost of executive whims and fancies. The balance is the emolument of office. Thanks to the efficiency of Vicente Gomez, it is hinted, Castro has been able to remit to Europe something like fifteen million dollars in gold, upon which he may henceforth rest from the cares of patriotism. Acting President Gomez is already pocketing the larger fraction of the state revenue, while his followers scramble for what is left.

WERE it not for the official difficulties he has inherited from Cipriano Castro, the acting Venezuelan president, according to French dailies, would content himself by establishing his own power, remitting to Europe and defying the world. Vicente Gomez is much better educated than Castro. He is better born, better bred, polished through a more intimate association with Europeans and the better class of his own countrymen. His magic word will be arbitration. The suggestion will relieve his position immensely. "He knows that the Delagoa Bay arbitration lasted as long as the siege of Troy," to quote the words of Walter Seymour in the London *Times*. "There may be many presidents to make their fortunes before the award. Then will come the enforcing of it, more gunboats to sink and custom houses to burn—or is the blockade to endure until the award?" Acting President Gomez is quite indifferent to a Dutch advance on Caracas from La Guayra. The distance in a direct line is about six miles. By road and rail it stretches out to some twenty miles along a precipice which few men would tempt. There is the Indian path along which Drake, guided by a traitor, advanced, took and burned Caracas, hanging his guide subsequently to a tree. It is of extreme tenuity, yet not impassable.



A NIGHT OF TERROR IN PORT-AU-PRINCE

—Hy. Mayer in *New York Times*.

Vicente Gomez will not leave it undefended, however, for the Dutch to climb. But if they did get to Caracas, what then? The reply of the *London Times* correspondent is: "a wild goose chase."

THE key to the new Venezuelan situation is made out in Europe to be that the acting president of the republic is a business man who is eager to line his pockets. The members of the diplomatic corps at Caracas are already adopting that view, and they are approaching him in the most business-like way. In the course of the splendid reception given by Vicente Gomez at Mira Flores last month, the German minister, Baron von Benckendorff, made a somewhat eulogistic speech. No Venezuelan statesman, he affirmed, is so well and so favorably known to the chancelleries of the old world as Vicente Gomez, the progressive administrator. There was a general clapping of hands, say the despatches, on the part of the assembled diplomats, all attired in uniforms and decorations. Even the Dutch squadron off the coast had its representative in the gathering, his presence inspiring felicitous references by the Baron to the impending change in the relations between Holland and Venezuela. Senor Gomez told his guests they may rest assured that while he exercises the functions of chief executive he will strive for friendlier and more cordial relations between "the great republic of Latin America" and the powers of the old world. At that very moment the steamer Guadeloupe, with the palsied Castro aboard, had arrived off Bordeaux, where the dictator's friends assembled and greeted

him with the announcement that he must give satisfaction to official Paris before he could set foot on the soil of France.

RIGHTLY or wrongly, many French politicians suspect that Germany is behind the events of the past six weeks in Venezuela. As the *Paris Débats* hints, it is possible that France may discover Germany in Caracas just as she found her at Fez and elsewhere, hampering her movements. According to the theory of most French dailies, William II, in this form of diplomacy, is not aiming at war, but is trying to precipitate embarrassments for the third republic. Wherever the diplomacy of Paris receives a check, and wherever the influence of France can be checked, there, insinuates the *Paris Débats*, one finds the emissaries of Emperor William II. That is all the explanation needed, affirm some Paris organs, of the extreme cordiality of the relations so suddenly brought about between the acting executive at Caracas and the resident German minister. It would not at all surprise the *Echo de Paris* were Castro to become something of a lion at Berlin, where, it appears, he intends to do much diplomatic business. Castro in Europe may, this daily fears, intensify existing antagonism between Germany and France by adopting the familiar tactics of the Sultans of Morocco.

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FOR the third time in his very long career, the venerable General Nord Alexis finds himself an exile from that ungrateful republic of Hayti which he has swayed with such stern pomp for nearly seven consecutive years. All that was left of this Tiberius of the Antilles, to use the phrase of the *Paris Débats*, when he set his enormous foot on the soil of Jamaica is described as six feet of bone encased in an ebony skin. The soul of the man found expression in his declared purpose to compose in a philosophic spirit the memorable history of his own career interpreted as the foundation of the present greatness of Hayti. That commonwealth is recuperating for the moment, under the military administration of its provisional executive, General Antoine Simon, whom the aged exile at Kingston characterizes in his most vituperative French as the tool of the American white. The allusion is to the United States minister at Port-au-Prince, H. A. Furniss, who came from Washington, according

to the suspicious insinuations of several candidates for the chief magistracy of the republic, to colonize and annex the Haytian dominions. Yet it was by the defeated and ruined General Nord Alexis himself, insist his scattered partisans, that the designs of the Washington government were repeatedly baffled by artful delays, ambiguous promises and apparent concessions. The victorious legions under General Antoine Simon denounce both Alexis and Furniss as alike conspirators against the liberties of Hayti. "Citizens!" runs their proclamation, "the danger is supreme. We risk our independence if we do not take good care. The old man"—this is Alexis—"would have given up already were it not for the advice of a diplomat"—Furniss—"who is preparing for our annexation."

THE one aim of Hayti's present ruler—he ruled her a fortnight ago, at any rate—General Antoine Simon, is set forth in his own proclamation to his countrymen as "the salvation of the republic from the invading Americans." The private life and public career of this patriot are often alleged in Port-au-Prince as a rare example of human greatness. As black as the ace of spades, his birth is noble and illustrious, since he is descended from one of the ornaments of the court of the greatest emperor Hayti ever had. The dignity of General Simon is supported by an adequate patrimony not only in fruit trees but in cash on hand. These advantages of fortune are enhanced by the liberality of his education and the decency of his manners, the whole flavored by genius and virtue. Insensible to the common allurements of ambition, he gently but firmly rejected the crown of palms pressed upon him as he emerged from the cathedral in the capital, and, instead of taking refuge in the palace just vacated by the humiliated Nord Alexis, he subsided into a private house on the field of Mars and went to bed, while the bells of the capital rang out, drums beat, and trumpets sounded.

BARELY a month prior to that "Te Deum" in the cathedral which celebrated the consummation of these things, General Antoine Simon, then in comparative obscurity at Aux Cayes as governor of the department of the south, where he had always pitied and often relieved the distress of the provincials, learned that the republic was in peril. That very evening he was bidden from the capital to place himself at the orders of a customs



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE HAYTIAN CATASTROPHE

General Nord Alexis, the deposed President, who fled from Port-au-Prince last month, is past ninety, and has ruled his country with an iron hand for nearly seven years.

inspector, a tool of those conspirators who, in the neighboring republic of Santo Domingo, are exploiting the revenues of the state for the advantage of European bond holders. Reluctantly obeying the divine Plato, who enjoins every virtuous citizen to rescue the state from the usurpation of vice and ignorance, General Simon began to collect the customs revenue himself, whereupon President Nord Alexis summoned him to the capital. To this admonition, Simon, disposed to suffer an infirm old man peaceably to end his days as chief magistrate of the republic, paid no attention. The next despatch from Port-au-Prince brought news of Simon's summary removal from the post, to which he retorted by alleging the right of a free people to remove or punish a traitor in the chief magistracy. Incensed by the attack upon their ancient liberties involved in the attitude of the central power, the neighbors flew to arms.

THE haughty spirit of General Nord Alexis was incapable of submission to what he deemed the insolence of a subordinate, whose vanity was suspected to aspire to even a regal dignity. Unfortunately for the aged executive in the presidential palace, his own minister of war, the subtle General Celestin Cyriaque, if we may credit Haytian rumors of the past month, was enacting the part of Catiline. However, the prodigious age of General Nord Alexis and the soreness of his tremendous feet did not subdue the splendor of his faculties. He retained such confidence in the valor of troops which under his egis had invariably been successful that he was on the point of taking the field against the advancing General Simon when General Hippolyte Marcelin, the Minister of Finance, communicated the intelligence that the government troops were in revolt for arrears of pay, and that the balance in the national treasury was nowhere to be found. The intoxication of the public joy when news reached Port-au-Prince that General Simon was encamped thirty miles away at the head of six thousand men dispelled whatever hopes the aged Alexis may have founded upon his own popularity.

SENDING for the military governor of the now besieged capital, that General Jules Coicou who just a year ago ordered the decapitation of his own brother and his two cousins for their participation in the foiled insurrection of this distracted period, the president of Hayti learned of a fresh catastrophe. General Coicou was hiding in the cellar of the German legation, to which he had fled with precipitation. Meanwhile through many an obscure but sanguinary shock of battle, General Simon fought and vanquished, until at last he descended from the Haytian Alps and displayed his glorious banners on the confines of the metropolis. The clamors of the populace beneath the windows of the presidential palace assailed the ears of the now impotent ruler with the appellation of tyrant, imputing to cowardice his persistent seclusion from the public view. Surrounded by the members of the diplomatic corps, all uniting in respectful entreaties that he quit the soil of the republic forever, the lofty stature and black countenance of the patriarch emphasized his heroic negative.

ON THE heights overlooking the roofs of the conquered capital, General Simon was imploring his legions not to tarnish the

glory of their arms by rapine, and to reflect that while Alexis and his minions had proved the oppressors of the Haytians, they themselves were the deliverers of their countrymen. Thus the troops of General Simon, flushed with victory, paraded the thoroughfares in serried ranks, on the alert to cope with the foe had any supervened. The greatness of their commander kept within bounds the passions of his victorious hosts. Far different was the spectacle presented in the gardens of the presidential palace, where a carriage and pair wended its way tortuously through whirling mobs of blacks, clamoring for the life of Alexis. It was late in the afternoon when he emerged with the French minister at his side and the French flag swathing his physique. Negresses shrieked. A negro hit the aged Alexis in the eye.

THE trot to the wharf was a hot one; an old portmanteau containing ten thousand dollars being there snatched from his hands and the funds distributed among the citizenry. Alexis was put aboard the French cruiser *Duguay Trouin*, while the United States cruisers *Des Moines* and *Tacoma* afforded him whatever solace could be extracted out of salutes of twenty-one guns. As this last leaf in the book of the Alexis period closed for Hayti, another volume of her history opened with the arrival at Port-au-Prince of General Antenor Firmin, the veteran of so many revolutions in the island, who declares his intention to succeed to the presidency of the republic. Firmin has already recruited his forces. Strong as the position of General Simon has become through his undisputed command of an army estimated at no less than eight thousand, the advent of the able Firmin portends, if we may accept the judgment of newspaper correspondents on the spot, a new interval of revolutionary ferment. There are also the claims of General Leconte to consider, to say nothing of the aspirations of General Fouchard, both supported by a following more respectable in size than in funds. Nothing could be more unanimous than the chorus of appeal in such European dailies as comment upon the situation in Hayti to the effect that Washington take the black republic in hand without delay. One president of Hayti after another, we are told, turns out a barbarian, rioting in wanton luxury in the executive palace until his health is ruined by dissipation or his administration is terminated by some fresh revolt.

Persons in Foreground

ELIOT THE INSCRUTABLE



HERE are two kinds of inscrutability. One kind is that cultivated by poker players, business men, politicians and diplomats for purposes of concealment. Most of us have occasion to conceal our designs at one time or another, and we train our countenances into a certain degree of impassivity. That is a cultivated inscrutability, assumed and thrown aside at will even as the mime puts on or off his mask. The other kind of inscrutability—President Eliot's kind—goes deeper. It is an inevitable part of one's nature. It can not be put on or off at will. Some men may struggle all their lives to overcome it, and struggle in vain. There is a certain department deep in the center of their souls that simply can not be laid open even to their best friends by the ordinary methods of personal intercourse. Emerson was such a man. Nathaniel Hawthorne was another. Such men almost invariably have the creative instinct. They may be poets or artists or captains of industry or inventors or statesmen or generals, but they are sure to be originals, and when they really find themselves we are apt to call them geniuses.

President Charles William Eliot, of Harvard, who is all too soon to become, by his own act, ex-president of Harvard, has the inscrutability that all great men have who pursue new lines of thought and create new institutions. His countenance is not impassive. There is nothing Sphinx-like in his bearing. He greets the stranger genially and converses easily. Yet all the while you feel that whatever facts you may present or whatever ideas you may advance, he must take them down into the laboratory of his own mind and test and analyze them by himself before he reaches a conclusion. "No one knows Eliot," says a writer in *Collier's*—Richard Watson Child. "Many know him well, but they do not know him all. Some have seen his character grow and ripen. They have been side by side with him. They have seen the little change after change in the lines of his face, which show in the comparison of his photographs of years ago and of now. They know better than the younger men how truly a drama is represented

in these pictures. Better than others they see the significance of a high-raised head that has lifted higher and higher with age; a mouth that was firm in youth—the mouth of a judge of the Supreme Court—that the years have made more firm. But there is something within that they did not know when Eliot was a boy in college. They do not know it now. That inner character is as far from them, as undefinable, as mysterious as the personality of Zoroaster."

This does not mean, however, that he has held aloof from life and its hurly burly. He was called "shy and retiring" as a college boy, but he was, all the same, one of the crew that won the first boat-race that was rowed between Harvard and Yale. He is just as fond of "mixing" now as he was then. At the age of seventy-five he loves to run to a fire, and he takes a bicycle ride nearly every pleasant morning because he enjoys it. He is ready for the give-and-take of discussion, and does not manifest the slightest impatience or irritation at opposition. He has none of the pontifical air in his way of expressing his views, and he is content to win not by the weight of his name but by the weight of his arguments. Being one of the best-poised men this country has produced, the view he takes is usually the view that finally prevails.

Forty years ago he took charge of affairs at Harvard, being but thirty-five. What Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to John Motley at that time has been quoted often, but it is good enough for frequent repetition. Dr. Holmes wrote:

"King Log has made room for King Stork. Mr. Eliot makes the corporation meet twice a month instead of once. He comes to the meeting of every faculty, ours among the rest, and keeps us up to eleven and twelve o'clock at night discussing new arrangements. He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the university, and presides with an aplomb, a quiet, imperturbable, serious good humor that it is impossible not to admire. We are, some of us, disposed to think him a little too much in a hurry with some of his innovations, and take care to let the corporation know it. I saw three of them the other day, and found that they were on their guard, as they all quoted that valuable precept, *festina lente*, as applicable in the premises. I cannot help being amused at some of the scenes

we have in our medical faculty—this cool, grave young man proposing in the calmest way to turn everything topsy-turvy; taking the reins into his hands and driving as if he were the first man that ever sat on the box.

"How is it, I should like to ask," said one of our members the other day, "that this faculty has gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs and doing it well, and now within three or four months it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school? It seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens."

"I can answer Dr. —'s question very easily," said the bland, grave young man. "There is a new president."

"The tranquil assurance of this answer had an effect such as I hardly ever knew produced by the most eloquent sentences I ever heard uttered."

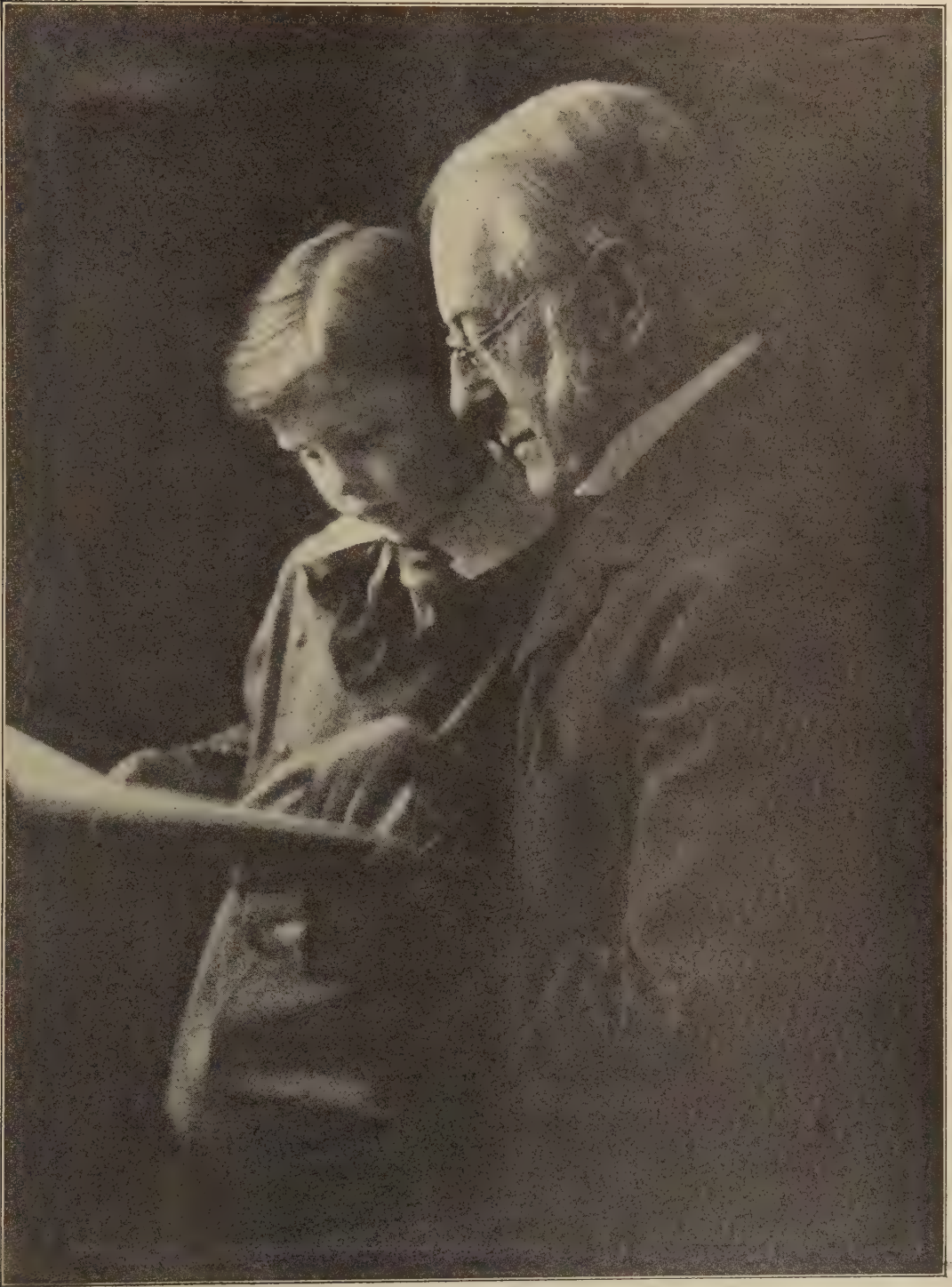
Well, the bland young man's innovations do not seem to have done much harm to Harvard. Her financial resources have been multiplied by ten since that time. The number of her students has been multiplied by five, and her teaching force now amounts to about 580, whereas it was, but 58 forty years ago. President Eliot had his way then, and he has had pretty much his own way ever since. He may be said to be the real head of the educational system of our country. His influence has wrought vast changes not only in the higher institutions of learning, but down to the schools where the littlest tots begin to learn their letters. The middle-aged father and mother who notice how different is the way in which their little ones are handled and taught to read and write and figure from the way in which they themselves were taught will be interested in knowing that the sweeping change is chiefly due to President Eliot. Not that he invented or discovered the new methods; the credit for that belongs on the other side of the sea. But when President Eliot took the new views down into his mental laboratory for analysis, and found them good, the confidence in his judgment was so great that the fight for the reforms was then practically won. Says the writer in *Collier's*: "It was his idea that the common-school education ought to be flexible enough to reach every child's personality, and come to that child with common sense and with the expectation of creating a real efficiency. In 1890 the Committee of Ten with their sub-committees followed the impetus of this new idea into an actual revolutionary reform of public school education. There is not a boy or girl who will be scrubbed and sent to school to-morrow morning, and on mornings and mornings for a long time to come, who might not look upon

this home [the home of President Eliot] up that slope yonder, with gratitude for a new training of eye and ear and hand, and a better molding of the mind."

The same idea of flexibility in education, in order better to fit the individual, when carried into the colleges and universities, has given us the large development of the elective system. For that development Dr. Eliot is also more responsible than any other one man. It has been called by one enthusiast "the most important idea applied to education that ever proceeded from a single mind."

The elective system is still the subject of attack, but President Eliot is as firm as ever in his championship of it. In his lectures before the Northwestern University, recently published (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) in a volume entitled "University Administration," he says: "It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of an elective system for the lowest quarter of a college class. It not only gets much more work out of that quarter, but also offers them their only chance of experiencing an intellectual awakening while in college." The same system, he insists, has changed the whole aspect of the teaching profession in our higher institutions, resulting in a competent training in some specialty for every teacher, and in "the arrival of the American scholar, not as an accidental product outside the teaching profession, but as a well-equipped professional man, systematically produced in and for the higher institutions of education." To President Eliot is chiefly due, also, the fact that our college presidents are now so largely chosen from the teaching profession instead of from the preachers.

In his early life, he was offered a good salary to become superintendent of a cotton mill, and he gave the offer careful consideration. It is interesting to speculate on the difference that would have been made in America had he given up the educational field for mercantile pursuits. Mr. Edward S. Martin, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, gives thanks that he was not turned aside from his career for money-making, for we should now miss the stimulation of an example much needed. "When President Eliot," says Mr. Martin, "with his modestly sufficient income and undisclosed but probably modest accumulations, dwarfs the merely rich people who are measured up against his stature, it helps a little to offset the results of a process which has been obtrusively noticeable in this country for the last twenty-five years—the dwarfing of the



THE BEST POISED MAN IN AMERICA

At the age of seventy-five, after forty years' service as President of Harvard University, Charles William Eliot has handed in his resignation. But in his case resignation probably means not retirement from active life but a wider usefulness in public service. The boy in the picture is his grandson and namesake.

practitioners of all the learned professions by the captains of industry. The men who are most in the public eye nowadays, who excite the most awe and interest and stand most definitely for success, are not the judges, not the lawyers, doctors, preachers or teachers, but the millionaires and the masters of great business. And so to have a great figure grow up in one of the unremunerative callings and stand the peer, even in popular renown, of any other man whatever, helps appreciably to correct the popular estimate of successful achievement, and win for valuable public service the honor that is due it."

But President Eliot has not obtained the position he occupies in public esteem simply by success in his profession. He has devoted his mind to great civic problems as well, and is a great citizen as well as a great teacher. "Nobody," he once wrote, "has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome." He has taken an active part in many public movements—the race question, the movement for

international arbitration, the relations of capital and labor, and various others. He was one of the Committee of Fifty that investigated a few years ago the liquor question and published the results in a series of books. His action a few weeks ago in joining the ranks of the total abstainers is an evidence of his open-mindedness. Recent scientific research convinced him that even moderate drinking is a physical detriment, and so, at the age of seventy-five, he has become a teetotaler. He is an officer of the French Legion of Honor and a member of the Institute of France. The king of Italy has appointed him Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown. He quits the presidency of Harvard with his mental and physical powers in splendid condition, and one may safely hazard the prediction that instead of joining the ranks of the superannuated he will enter a new period of enlarged usefulness. He can still, he explains, go upstairs two steps at a time, and a man who can do that is not ready to be laid on the shelf, especially a man who is declared by Owen Wister and by many other men to be "the first living citizen of America."

THE GUARDIAN OF THE SON OF HEAVEN

O CIRCUMSTANCE of splendor and solemnity seemed omitted from the preparations made by the new regent of the Chinese Empire, Prince Chun, for the recent installation of his three-year-old son, Pu-Yi, as head of that Manchu dynasty of Tsing which overthrew the Mings at Peking in 1644. Behind the twenty-two foot crenelated tower and the sixty-foot ditch enclosing the sacred purple and forbidden city, Prince Chun has reduced to subjection not only the somewhat assertive widow of the late Emperor, but even Yuan-Shi-Kai, the greatest statesman in the land. Chun, won another victory, it seems from the month's despatches, when the grand council of the empire consented to "worship" the little son of heaven and bless the new era all over again during the celebration of the Chinese new year about three weeks hence. There is to be absolute cessation from work of all kinds on that historic day, which begins officially the era of Hsuan-Tung, or "proclaimed succession" of Pu-Yi. All the mandarins have been given to understand that they

must appear in the Emperor's temple in their richest robes and decorations. The great court in front of the temple has already been weeded, swept and garnished. The two bands of mandarins required by etiquette, the civil on the one side and the military on the other, are to fall down and worship and beat their foreheads on the cold flag stones three times in succession. Huge braziers of resinous, dry pine wood are beginning to accumulate outside the temple doors to throw their light over the scene.

Behind the walls of the purple city—which is only some three thousand feet square—the tiny Pu-Yi, meanwhile, is the object of the regent's most paternal solicitude. The small boy-emperor is described in the *Kokumin Shimbum* as a typical Manchu in appearance, very white-skinned, very blue-eyed, and very fat-limbed. He was born, this authority says, in one of the small palaces of precious wood dotting the shores of the lake in the forbidden city itself. His mother, altho of noble birth, and, indeed, a royal princess, is not to be confused with that Yehonala who has won, through the late emperor's death, whatever of

eneration now attaches to the dignity of dowager empress. Yehonala insists upon superintending the education and physical training of her young kinsman, a privilege which cannot be denied her in view of the ancestral code of Chinese family law. Nevertheless, she is made to understand that Prince Chun sustains the relation of father to this child. The mother is of quite secondary significance officially, but practically Prince Chun, it is said, defers to her opinion to an unwonted degree.

The different ages assigned to Pu-Yi, one version of his age rising to the height of five while another sinks as low as two, are due to confusions of western chronology with that recognized by Chinese astronomy. We may rest assured, according to the *Kokumin Shim-bun*, that he is three. He is to be trained to arms. Prince Chun communicated that intention to Yuan-Shi-Kai—who holds the rank of junior guardian to the son of heaven—as soon as his own authority as regent had been recognized by the grand council. He is likewise to be taught English and French, mechanical engineering, and the art of wearing western European clothes. This last particular seems well high incredible to the Tokyo journal reporting it, altho it publishes a well authenticated story to the effect that the late Emperor of China once appeared before his late aunt in a high silk "stove pipe" hat and a long frock coat, once the property of the slain Ambassador from Germany to Peking, Baron von Ketteler. But that was a mere prank, the now deceased Kwang-Su not being invariably rational in his deportment.

Unless the epileptic tendency understood to assert itself occasionally in the dynasty should thwart his plans, Prince Chun, as the Paris *Figaro* opines, will have his own way not only as guardian of the son of heaven, but as regent of the Chinese Empire. The clue to his character was afforded when he was but twenty-five, and at the crisis in which the late dowager empress, accompanied by the late emperor, attended by a gorgeous retinue of mandarins, and guarded by a double row of kneeling soldiers, made her solemn re-entry into the pink forbidden city. The aged lady had quitted the place in ignominious flight seventeen months before. As she paused to burn incense at the shrine of her ancestors, "not all the display of pageantry blinded her to the humiliation of her plight," and she wept profusely. Prince Chun, stepping to her side, begged his kinswoman to assuage her anguish



CHINA'S NEW MASTER

This characterization is deemed by all who know Prince Chun, the new regent at Peking, to be both apt and accurate. He is the father of the new boy emperor.

for yet a little while until he had repaired the ravages wrought by the foreign devil.

All the devastated palaces and every desecrated pagoda were made to look imposing by Prince Chun's directions. The wall which the foreign troops had violated received a fresh coat of red in the night. The gates through which the squadrons marched into the deserted halls of the imperial home were made to glitter afresh with gold leaf. Full scope was given to the empress dowager's love of sham and her faith in her favorite principle of "look see." Prince Chun was not content to make the evidences of the late struggle and of the foreign occupation as unobtrusive as he could. He boldly replaced massive brick and stone, dating back to the most glorious era of the middle kingdom, with columns of painted cloth and elaborate defenses of paper. The few objects of art found and preserved in the summer palace after it had been evacuated by the troops of the Russian Czar were arranged by Prince Chun in the bare halls of the imperial buildings to the best advantage. Paper

counterfeits of the astronomical instruments which now adorn the Hohenzollern museum at Berlin were erected on the walls where the originals used to stand. The delight of the aged female in these transformations was the foundation of that favor, it seems, upon which Prince Chun ascended, degree by degree, to the summit of Chinese power.

Now in his thirty-second year, Prince Chun is described as typically Manchu in appearance, as was his brother, the late Emperor. Prince Chun, that is to say, has his late brother's almost pure white skin, his luxuriant, glossy black hair, heavy lidded eyes and delicate feet and hands. These physical characteristics he seems to have transmitted likewise to his little son, Pu-Yi, who promises to grow up the image of his fond parent. As a boy, Prince Chun was reared with his brother, Kwang-Su, whose diversions he shared. He was extremely fond of steam engines. In one of the gardens of the imperial palace he enjoyed the railway track laid for the pleasure of the imperial princes there. But he displayed no such passion for mechanical pursuits as characterized his brother, the late Emperor. Nor did he take to literature. Alone of his family he has no verses to his credit in any of the native Chinese universities, altho his two surviving brothers are reckoned ornaments of Chinese poetry.

The essential traits in his character, as given in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, are social. Prince Chun has excellent reasons for knowing the Germans, and they have the best right to pass judgment upon his personality, for he was chosen, on account of his exquisite tact, to head the mission that went in such pomp from Peking to Berlin to make amends for the slaughter of Emperor William's ambassador during the Boxer uprising. An acrimonious controversy arose on a point of etiquette when Prince Chun got to Potsdam. An emperor, according to Chinese rules, is entitled to the "kow-tow." That is, an ambassador to his court must kneel at the imperial feet and touch the floor with his forehead. William II demanded that Prince Chun perform the kow-tow. His Majesty pointed out that this form of homage had been accorded to Napoleon III as Emperor of the French, and to Louis XIV when the sun king was in his glory at Versailles. But Prince Chun refused to yield the point. The assertion in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* that the Manchu actually kow-towed in the end is flatly contradicted by the *Figaro*, which says that while

the German Emperor waited and waited for Prince Chun to kneel and knock the floor with his head, that scion of the Manchu dynasty bowed and smiled with such "heavenly distinction of manner" as to make the gold sticks at Potsdam ashamed of their desire to humiliate him.

Prince Chun greatly astonished the Germans by his apparent familiarity, during his stay in Berlin, with the aspects of western civilization. It was noted that he ate roast beef, drank coffee and smoked cigarets. He spoke French with some fluency, and occasionally used a few words of English. He reads both languages readily, the *Figaro* says, altho court etiquette requires him to affect complete ignorance of any European tongue. During his stay in Berlin he favorably impressed the local crowds by a good humored tolerance of their curiosity. At the theatre, in the cafés and along the thoroughfares his appearance in the flamboyantly decorated robes of his exalted rank created one sensation after another, but he never held aloof. His clear white skin, rather high and well shaped forehead, and smooth, oval face won him much praise as the best looking Chinaman ever seen in Europe. His expenditures in the shops of the German capital amounted, it is estimated, to several hundred thousand dollars, a circumstance which made him prodigiously popular with the tradesmen, because he paid spot cash for everything, and was an easy customer to satisfy. He ate so much pastry in Berlin that he became quite sick. On one occasion his motor-car collided with a baker's wagon, whereupon he alighted and presented the driver of the vehicle with a bejewelled belt of sufficient value to make good the damages ten times over. This spontaneous and graceful generosity is said to be Prince Chun's most conspicuous characteristic.

The friendship which has long existed between Prince Chun and that most progressive of Chinese statesmen, Yuan-Shi-Kai, is interpreted favorably in foreign dailies, when they inquire into the tendencies of the new reign. It is assumed that Prince Chun will favor the liberal element in the grand council, as opposed to the reactionaries. But this he will do, the Paris *Figaro* suspects, in a tactful rather than a masterful manner. Prince Chun is of the amiable and quiet rather than of the stern and forbidding type of firm character. He is unyielding when his mind is made up, but he never ruffles the susceptibilities of those whom circumstances oblige him to foil. There

is no trace in his manner or his methods of that cruelty which led his late august aunt to have an editor whipped to death and some reformers boiled in oil. On one or two occasions he deferentially but quite determinedly declined to become the instrument of her policy as a member of the grand council. Prince Chun owes his favor with his late aunt to his comprehension of the Chinese female character. In a western world, according to the *Figaro* again, he would be called "a ladies' man," and that in no sinister sense. He is a past master of the intricacies of Chinese etiquette, which he long studied when a mere youth, and which he follows in his intercourse with the innumerable princesses of the dynasty. He is perpetually sending presents of confectionery and flowers to his female relatives, not directly—for decorum forbids—but through those intermediaries whom propriety indicates. Of propriety, in the Chinese acceptance of that word, he is a species of slave. His dress reflects this aspect of his temperament, for it is ever neat and simple, and composed of the silk prescribed by his exalted rank. He can play with facility a number

of Chinese musical instruments, but he does not share that taste for theatrical performances which rendered his late brother so assiduous in his attendance whenever a play was presented at court. The Prince is said to deem all drama trivial.

Prince Chun's tact will all be needed, say the gossips at Peking, when the widow of the late Emperor, the new Empress Dowager, undertakes to exercise those rights which the ancestral code of the dynasty obliges him to recognize. Prince Chun already faces a delicate situation between his brother's widow and his only wife. Those who have followed his brilliant career at court predict for him a stormy time from which he will emerge the master of every situation, the deviser of a solution for each crisis. He is fairly worshipped by his three influential half-sisters, his nine female cousins and his rather delicate Manchu wife, who is his companion in a truer sense than the majority of his countrymen could understand. For, as the *Figaro* observes, the ladies of the Chinese court are far more influential than the outside world realizes, and they are all on the side of Prince Chun.

THE NEW LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS



YOU have probably never heard of a gentleman by the name of James Beauchamp Clark. But drop the first name and the first half of the second name and you have a cognomen left—Champ Clark—that is tolerably familiar to most of us. If not, it will soon become so, for the gentleman with that abbreviated appellation is now the leader, on the floor of Congress, of the Democratic minority. John Sharp Williams, who has been the leader of the minority, has been elected to the Senate. He does not take his seat there for some time to come, but he has already yielded the post of leader to his successor. As the President-elect has declared his intention of calling an extra session of Congress immediately upon his inauguration, for the purpose of revising the tariff, we may soon see the two parties in Congress back upon their old historic battlefield, with Champ Clark leading one of the armies. He will have a great chance to reunite the erstwhile broken Democracy with the old banners and the old war cries, to open up a new future

for the party, and, if successful, to make himself its national leader.

Champ Clark, therefore, is worth knowing.

He has a personality that is picturesque, aggressive and winning. "He is about the size of an average mountain," says a Washington correspondent, "and as little to be irritated. Big of frame and slow of speech, he has the characteristics that go with that make-up. You couldn't worry Champ, and you couldn't budge him for a second." But if it is difficult for some one else to budge him, it is not difficult for him to mobilize himself. "It is but the simple truth," says another hyperbolic Washington correspondent, "that Champ eats 'em alive. He crunches 'em and hunches 'em and munches 'em. Every time he goes into action he fills the hospitals, overcrowds the ambulances, and sends a few scattered ones, too badly mangled to be identified, to the morgue." Furthermore: "One would think, if one thought of it at all, that Champ, from his mild, not to say benign appearance, his white tie, his beaming eye, his long frock coat, was of ministerial tendencies. But be not de-

ceived, be not deceived! You shall learn the truth. That white tie, that benign appearance, that beaming eye, are parts of his elaborate decoy. Many a person, misled thereby, has picked out Champ for a kindly and complaisant person, has prodded him a bit, trod on his toes and jerked at the tail of his coat. Thereupon it immediately began to rain human fragments in that vicinity, and Champ was the rainmaker. Fierce? Geminy! he is so fierce he is scared of himself!"

There is a faint suggestion of exaggeration in this description given by the *Saturday Evening Post*, but, eliminating that, we get the idea that Congressman Clark, of Pike County, Missouri, is built on aggressive lines. One is not surprised to see in the dispatches, therefore, that he has promised to make an aggressive fight as minority leader.

Before he got into Congress, Clark did various kinds of work in his climb up the ladder of fame. He got himself born in Kentucky, and stayed there until he went to Bethany College, in West Virginia, for an education. At different periods he hired out for farm-work, he clerked in a country store, he taught in a district school, reading law in the evenings. He was at one time principal of a high school, and even became, for a short period in the seventies, a college president, Marshall College, West Virginia, being the favored institution. It is said that he was the youngest man ever made a college president up to that time, but that is said of so many men that we feel like calling for affidavits and birth certificates before giving the statement the stamp of our endorsement. He went to the Cincinnati law school for a year or two, and finally hung up his shingle in Bowling Green, where his home has been ever since. He soon became prosecuting attorney, and for a time was editor of a country newspaper, to wit, *The Riverside*. Then he went to the state assembly. From that to Congress the road was straight, but not easy-going. He had hills to climb and mud holes to wade through and deep ditches to climb out of before he reached his goal, all owing to the fact that there was another man who was already on the job and wished to stay there. It took two campaigns for Clark to dislodge him. But finally, in 1893, the "Big Piker," as he is sometimes called, dawned upon Washington and began making speeches. He did not need to make more than one-half of a speech to wake Congress up to the fact that here was something new, racy and genuine come to light. The

country at large has seen to it that he has had plenty of opportunities for speech-making since.

"The gentleman from Missouri is recognized for one hour," says Speaker Cannon. At once there is loud applause on the Democratic side and alert interest on the Republican side. Mr. Clark, broad of beam, clean shaven, with a fighting jaw but a good natured eye, rises to discourse in a voice that soon begins to rumble and roar. In the course of that hour he quotes Shakespeare and Lord Bacon and Byron and Tennyson and Pope and Scott and the Bible, with side references to Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, to Cæsar's Commentaries, to Hannibal and the Rev. Mr. Chadband. He begins his address by paying his respects to the President, whom he calls "Colonel Roosevelt." Here is a sample extract of his oratory, and one that helps place him politically. It is taken from a speech made several months ago:

"In my county there was a lawyer who so frequently urged courts and juries to take 'a reasonable view' that his saying passed into a proverb. That is exactly what should be done touching the President; but that is precisely what has not been done as a rule. He is such a belligerent personage that his slightest word is a challenge to mortal combat, and he can not express an opinion on any question under heaven, even on a subject so prosaic and threadbare as the prospective state of the weather, without precipitating a row, his extreme admirers declaring that there never has been such a weather prophet on earth since Adam and Eve were driven with flaming swords from Paradise, and his extreme enemies vociferating that he knows no more about the weather than does the ground hog. . . . His whole public life has been one long succession of spectacular fights. No man was ever more viciously assailed by men of his own party, and none was ever, while still in the flesh, so lavishly lauded by some of the opposing party. But the truth is that this extraordinary man has waxed stronger and stronger by waging battle. Even defeat has made him a larger and more commanding figure. Never in his militant career was he more savagely abused or more extravagantly praised than at the present juncture.

"So, amid the swirl of things, the deluge of words, the shoutings of the captains, the beating of tom-toms, the groans of crippled and wounded Republicans, the furious yells of friend and foe, one who is the personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, the man; who is the opponent of Theodore Roosevelt, the politician or the statesman, as the case may be; and who desires to take a 'reasonable view' of the saying and doings of Theodore Roosevelt, the Chief Magistrate of a mighty people, perhaps has little chance to be heard in this Babel of voices. But I will have my say, and here it is: Personally I like him. He has treated me well and I have tried to treat him well. After the manner of strong men he has pronounced virtues and glaring faults of char-

acter. I have never abused him. I have never grown hysterical in admiration of him. When he is right, I support him cordially. When he is wrong, I fight him tooth and nail. This line of conduct I have pursued steadfastly in the past, and I shall adhere to it without shadow of turning even unto the end. It seems to me that that is the way in which he would desire to be treated. He must entertain ineffable contempt for the invertebrate sycophants who grovel before him on all occasions, and who, no matter what he says or what he does, throw high their sweaty caps in air, shouting: 'To! Triumphe! To! Triumphe!'

The speech is full of direct personal references to Republican leaders in the way of good natured gibes and ridicule. It is entirely a speech of the opposition, with no particular attempt to construct a policy or lead a party, but simply to worry the enemy and cheer up his own political household. Whether as leader of the minority he will be statesman enough to do the constructive work demanded of a Democratic leader at this time, and hold his followers to the line of march remains to be seen.

Being asked once for an autobiographical sketch of seven hundred and fifty words, Champ Clark responded in part as follows: "When I was a boy back in the hill country of Kentucky, I heard a man preach who knew much more about theology than about grammar. After reading his text he said: 'Brethren and sisters, the whole Gospel is squz up in that one little verse.' When Abraham Lincoln was asked by the compiler of the Congressional Directory for particulars of his early life, he replied: 'They may all be compiled in one poetic line—"the short and simple annals of the poor"'—an answer literally true and full of pathos. If my biography were 'all squz up' in a few words it would run thus: Forty odd years of unremitting toil. I can't remember back to a time when I was not at hard labor of some sort—on a farm, in a store, teaching school, editing a newspaper, practising law, serving as a legislator. I began teaching before I was fifteen, and was president of a college at twenty-three. The happiest hours of my life were when I graduated, when I married, and when my children were born; the saddest when two of them died. A sweet baby is the greatest luxury in nature."

In Champ Clark's Congressional district, it is said, there are scarcely a hundred brick houses. You may travel for miles and see nothing better than one-story log houses, many of them with mud floors. At least, this was so a few years ago. Conditions may have improved since then. Montgomery City, the coun-

ty seat of Montgomery county, with a population of 2,000, has unpaved streets, its water supply is drawn from wells and cisterns, cordwood is piled in front of the stores, and most of the houses are of one story. Bowling Green, where Clark lives, is about the same sort of place. The professional men wear broad-brimmed felt hats, long coats, and flat, broad-toed shoes. The others are apt to be seen in corduroy jackets and corduroy trousers tucked into red-topped boots.

Drawing a contrast between Williams, the recent leader of the minority, and Clark, the present leader, Thompson, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, says that Williams has a voice that can reach across the House of Representatives, but is lost in a convention hall as soon as it gets beyond the desk. Clark has a voice that would scare a Numidian lion into flight, and put a Bengal tiger's tail between its legs. Williams is so little beautiful that horses have been known to shy as he came down the street. Clark is a sort of cross between George Washington and the favorite creation of Charles Dana Gibson, with a slight dash of Richard Harding Davis. They are the best two speakers in the House, says the same authority, but their oratory is entirely different. Williams plays with a rapier; Clark smites with an axe. Williams's wit is keen and cutting; Clark's sarcasm crushes like a bludgeon. Williams fights with the scimitar of Saladin; Clark with the heavy broadsword of Richard Cœur de Lion. Clark can command where Williams can only request.

Clark likes to display his power and to banter his opponents. Upon one occasion, after having flayed a rash Republican who had called him into encounter, Clark concluded as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, a few years ago a tenderfoot went out West looking for grizzly. He was all togged out in the newest style of hunting suit, and dawned like an incredible vision on the astonished inhabitants west of the Missouri. He asked them where he could find a grizzly, and they told him reverently that at a certain place not far from there grizzlies were numerous, and would come if you whistled. Light-heartedly he took his way to the place indicated, and two days later they buried his mangled remains in the local cemetery. Over his innocent young head they erected a tombstone, whereon they rudely carved this epitaph:

"'He whistled for the grizzly, and the grizzly came.'"

Leaving his opponent to make the proper application of the story, Clark took his seat.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY IN THE BALKAN CRISIS



EVER was royal personage the object of a scrutiny more baffled than that which all Europe now concentrates upon the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne—the elusive, reticent, little known Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who is held responsible, in all well-informed organs abroad, not only for the new aspects of the old Balkan crisis, but for the progress of those subterranean negotiations portending more serious events in the immediate future. But for the Archduke, avers the *Paris Figaro*, there would have been no revolt of Bulgaria, and but for him, the *London Mail* insists, the Emperor Francis Joseph would never have repudiated the treaty of Berlin. To the intrigues of the Archduke the *Paris Débats* attributes the passivity of official Berlin in the matter of the forthcoming congress of the powers. His personality is the key, according to the *London Standard*, to every contemporary riddle of diplomacy, for he has subdued to himself not only the will of the aged sovereign of the dual monarchy, but that of Emperor William himself. Many and varied as are the diplomatic issues with which dynastic Europe is bemused, they resolve themselves one and all into a question which every newspaper from London to St. Petersburg asks in one form or another: What will the Archduke Franz Ferdinand do?

The mystery of what this man will do is not greater than the mystery of what he is. Heir to one of the most conspicuous thrones in the world, possessor of one of the finest private fortunes in Europe, hero of the most romantic love affair that ever resulted in a morganatic marriage, a diplomatist of such subtlety that no great decision can be taken in any part of Europe without his prior sanction, his royal and imperial highness, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, heir apparent to the throne of Austria and to the allied crown of St. Stephen, lives in such aloofness from the world—altho his points of contact with it are most intimate—that he remains the one man of mystery in the existing European crisis. The fantastic ambitions ascribed to him, the splendor of the scale on which he lives, the fame of his great art collection, the intimacy of his relations with the Vatican, the unalloyed happiness of his life as a husband and father and the enthusiasm of those privileged few who have gained through personal contact some idea of his radiant charm result from

time to time in character sketches of the man by those who profess to know what he is like, but who invariably merely whet the curiosity they attempt to appease. He is still the great unknown.

In deportment and in personal appearance the most aristocratic of all the princes in Europe is precisely what the heir to a great throne ought to be. Tall, oval-faced, clean-cut, the regular and fine features of the Archduke define themselves all the better for a pair of bluish gray eyes, set quite deeply beneath the brows. The roundness of the countenance and the erectness of the figure contradict flatly all reports that tuberculosis has eaten into his lungs, and that early dissipation robbed his constitution of its vigor. The short hair is turning gray, like the somewhat fiercely up-turned mustache, and it is worn in an aggressively bristling pompadour; but the face has few wrinkles, and reveals the pinkiness and freshness of complexion for which the Hapsburgs are famous. The Archduke has had the good luck to escape that Austrian lip which disfigures the face of the Spanish monarch, but he has not evaded the scrofula descending to him by right of birth, and tending at times to swell the neck unduly. However, he is a strikingly handsome man, rather pale but seemingly healthy, according to Miss Edith Sellers, who has seen much of him, and who conveys her impressions in *The Forinightly Review* and other magazines. Temperamentally, some Paris papers assert, his Highness belongs to the nervous type, inclining latterly to insomnia and to what we Americans know as hay fever. In the earlier years of his manhood the Archduke was an almost chronic invalid, but since his marriage he has been so devotedly cared for by the mother of his children, with whom he spends all his leisure—in private life his Highness would be called a reformed rake—that his physical condition is excellent.

For the foundation of the Archduke's character we are referred in the London dailies to what they deem his cold and instinctive dislike of all that is not nobly born and royally bred. For the masses of mankind, Franz Ferdinand is said to entertain an aversion. He cherishes a positively Horatian hatred for the profane vulgar. His aloofness and that shy demeanor which renders him a marked man whenever official duty imposes a public appearance upon him are attributed to his constitu-



THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE BALKAN UPHEAVALS

Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, is believed in the chancelleries of the old world to have caused that series of events which, beginning with the revolt of Bulgaria from the Sultan and the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the dominions of Franz Joseph, is apparently to conclude with a conference of the powers.

tional incapacity to feel the slightest sympathy with any popular aspiration. He has not merely the manners and appearance of an aristocrat, but the soul of one. This, says the *London News*, is the secret of his loathing for Americans, whose women he particularly abominates because of their lack of reverence for wifehood and maternity, and whose men he despises for their lack of delicacy and pursuit of things material. Nothing delighted him more, on the occasion of his visit to the United States several years ago, says Miss Edith Sellers, than the promptness of his departure from the country. His disgust at the boldness with which young American girls crowded about him is one reason, it seems, why he vehemently opposes the union of any member of his suite with an heiress from this side of the Atlantic. The possession of an American wife, we are told, will be fatal to all prospects of advancement at the court of Vienna when Franz Ferdinand ascends the throne of the Hapsburgs.

Of all Americans, then, the Archduke disapproves, to employ Miss Sellers's word, "fundamentally." Never, he opines, according to this lady, "was there such ruthlessness as theirs," and never such colossal egotism. "The way they dance around the golden calf and sacrifice without scruple lives by the thousand that they may add to their wealth is," the Archduke is quoted as affirming, "quite horrible." He condemns, too, the "humbug," as he roundly characterizes it, of the American rich. "Corruption prevails among them upon a scale unparalleled." He finds the American rush odious. "They have not time even to greet one another when they meet." Our off-hand ways "jarred" him while he was crossing from San Francisco to New York, and ran counter to those aristocratic ideas of his own rank in which he has been nurtured. He quitted the land more than ever confirmed in that doubt of the virtue of the American woman which prevails so generally abroad. The last straw was an invasion of his state-room on the eve of his departure by a young girl crying: "Where is Franz?"

His prejudices, however, include something besides this marked one against Americans. Vast as is his fortune and endless as are his fads, the Archduke is somewhat sensitive on the score of personal expenditure. He actually counts the pins in his wife's pincushion, we are assured, lest any of them be stolen by his wife's ladies of honor. He certainly prosecuted a coachman whom he accused of stealing

a curb chain worth less than a florin, and he was unable to prove a case in court. His manner to those about him in the domestic circle is of the "pins and needles" description, the fussiness of the Archduke transcending, in fact, all bounds until his wife takes him in hand. It is to this lady, who was the Countess Sophie Chotek von Chotkova and Vognin, that the complete transformation of the rakish character of his Highness must be ascribed, and she is now so much part and parcel of himself as to call for some independent consideration.

The Princess Hohenberg, to give this lady her courtesy title, is one of the seven daughters of that brilliant diplomatist of Czech origin, Baron Chotek, who so long represented Francis Joseph at the court of St. James's. Sophie very early went to court, where she happened to be maid of honor to one of the archduchesses when first she attracted the notice of Franz Ferdinand. This was a dozen years ago and more. His Highness, altho already heir to the throne in consequence of the tragic death of the Emperor's only son, was not the material out of which a fond husband and devoted father could normally be expected to evolve. He had acceded to the vast estates of the last Duke of Modena just as he had acceded to the sickly constitution of his late father, the Emperor's younger brother, Archduke Karl Ludwig, famed for his clerical views and his gloomy disposition. Franz Ferdinand lost his mother when he was eight years old, and when he was nine he had a stepmother, who, contrary to what, perhaps, might have been anticipated, completely won the little boy's affection in the shortest time. It would be the idlest platitude to remark that nobody then had the remotest idea that Franz Ferdinand was actually destined to ascend the throne of the Hapsburgs, and he was educated with a view to his ultimate entry into holy orders. By the time he was fifteen, his piety was far from robust, and it was decided to make a soldier of the lad.

Long before he had attained the age of twenty-five Franz Ferdinand achieved unparalleled fame as the wildest young rake in the whole archducal circle at Vienna. His predilection for the society of ballet dancers, the quantities of champagne he could consume in the course of a single evening, and the flagrance of the garrison scandals with which, one after another, his name was associated, wrecked not only his military career, but whatever remnants of the Hapsburg constitu-

tion he had taken into the service with him. His stepmother hurried him to Egypt, where he spent a whole year out on the desert in the first stages of what was undoubtedly tuberculosis. The family scrofula ravaged his face and a nervous breakdown kept him in bed for weeks.

It was when this young man had returned to Vienna and was showing an inclination for a return to the wild life that had banished him from court that he formed the acquaintance of the Countess Chotek. Admirers of the matronly charm with which the Princess Hohenberg dispenses the hospitality of her husband's palaces of Konopischt in Bohemia and of the Belvidere in Vienna can form no idea, observes the *Paris Matin*, of the scrawny sallowness of this lady when, as a quite mature maid past thirty, she attracted the vagrant fancy of her present husband. Sophie Chotek could never manifest any other traits than sweetness of disposition, purity of heart and piety of mind. Her features have always been regularly passable. Her education was good. But she was undoubtedly an old maid of the maternal mood. She mothered Franz Ferdinand and from the start, giving him works of devotion to read, and suggesting to him the effects of a sinful life upon the soul. The whole court of Vienna witnessed the origin and progress of this love affair with sentiments akin to panic. One of the most brilliant and most beautiful of the archduchesses had been reared in the expectation of becoming the bride of the heir of the dynasty. The devoted stepmother exercised her powers of gentle suasion in vain. The Countess Sophie Chotek herself left the court for a time.

Now was effected that miraculous transformation which ultimately won for the wildest profligate in Europe his present renown as the model of all that a husband and father ought to be. For three years Franz Ferdinand never touched a card or bet on a horse race or visited an actress. For three years the aged Emperor Francis Joseph held out against the union which brought a prim and precise old maid out of the obscurity that had been her lot as a portionless daughter into the effulgence of that divinity which hedges a Hapsburg. Nearly nine years have come and gone since the day when, abjuring all rights to the throne for his children, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, erect in front of a crucifix, his right hand on the Scriptures, vowed eternally to deem this marriage of his a morganatic one—"one on which no claim to a share

in his rights as a member of the reigning house could ever be founded either by his wife or by any child she might bear him." Yet before the Princess Hohenberg, as she became by grace of the sovereign, had borne her first child, the politicians at Budapest were vowing she would be Queen in Hungary.

Into the constitutional aspects of the interminable debates precipitated by the possibility that the lady may be legally a sovereign in one capital of the dual monarchy even if she be only a morganatic wife in the other, it would be inappropriate to enter here and now. Her life is a secluded routine of fulfilled duties to her husband and their three children. The gambling, drinking, rioting Franz Ferdinand of old is extinguished in the serious, subtle and shrewd man of mystery at whom the world marvels to-day. He manifests in this, his forty-fifth year, all the great talents and all the great virtues of his late father, that Archduke Karl Ludwig of whom it was said that his life was wasted completely because he was out of touch with his times. Of the son the same complaint is heard. Had he lived in the fifteenth century his name would be revered by a happy people. In the twentieth century he seems an anachronism. Even in Austria the Archduke's father was looked upon askance owing to the way he had of railing against all things modern, and it seems as if the present heir to the Hapsburg dynasty had caught the paternal point of view. From his tenderest infancy Franz Ferdinand was taught to look on constitutionalism as the curse of modern times and on religious toleration as a Satanic device for the promotion of heresy.

The old Emperor-King, in spite of himself, has become an instrument in his nephew's hands. There seems no doubt whatever that the court of Vienna is ruled by Franz Ferdinand and through the men he has about him. The statesmen in both capitals are for the most part his creatures. The source of all this personal domination is again the wife, it would seem, who has determined that in spite of the pragmatic sanction and in defiance of the oath her husband swore when she married him, the son they both love shall ascend the throne of the Hapsburgs and wear the crown of St. Stephen. The ambition of the maid-of-honor is the explanation of that series of events which has just convulsed Europe from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, and which now threatens to revive on a far more ambitious scale than history has yet recorded the old war of the Austrian succession.

Literature and Art

IS HONEST JOURNALISM POSSIBLE?



RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S recent onslaught on newspapers that "habitually and continually and as a matter of business practice every form of mendacity known to man, from the suppression of the truth and the suggestion of the false to the lie direct," has served to emphasize a critical attitude toward American journalism that grows more and more marked as time goes on. Lord Northcliffe told a New York *Times* reporter the other day that in certain important respects the "American newspapers are getting worse and worse every year—most of them"; and not long ago Charles Whibley, an English writer of some distinction, stated in *Blackwood's* his conviction that "no civilized country in the world has been content with newspapers so grossly contemptible as those which are read from New York to the Pacific Coast." Criticism of this sort is far from being confined to foreign visitors. John A. Sleicher, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, believes that the newspapers of this country are "not as accurate as they were fifty years ago"; and Frank Munsey, with reference more particularly to the Sunday papers, says: "Nothing new has been discovered for fifteen years. Since that time we have had only copies of copies. All you can say is that some of them are worse than others. Few of them are bad enough to be really bad, but none of them is good enough to be really good." Mr. Munsey is trying to mitigate this condition, in some measure, by radically changing the character of the Sunday edition of the Washington newspaper he owns, and by issuing it on that day as an evening, instead of as a morning, paper. No less than three other American publicists—one of them President Hadley, of Yale—have lately taken occasion to formulate severe indictments of our press.

William Marion Reedy, the editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, in an address delivered before the Missouri Press Association and printed in pamphlet form, declares flatly that there is no such thing as a "free press" in America:

"The prizes of journalism are not for those who can think soundly or write well. The man

who writes has no chance to reach the real top-most power in journalism. He can only become an employe of some rich concern, writing not what he believes, but what his employers order him to think. What editor to-day controls his paper? I can think of but one—dear old Henry Watterson, a relic from the golden age. Where is there an editor to-day like Dana, Greeley, Halstead, McCullagh, Hyde, Joseph Medill, Raymond—a man who makes his paper's policy the expression of himself alone? . . . The owners of newspapers are 'business men. They want dividends. They want the business, the commercial ideal, upheld, at all hazards. They must get the money from the men who have it, they must cater to please the men who run the community, and such men are out for their own pockets first, last and all the time. All the rest is 'leather and prunella.' The great intellectual personality no longer dominates the great paper. The supreme headship of a great newspaper is not the man who may be turned out in a school of journalism, but a money-maker. The journalist proper can never be more than a hired man on a great paper. So a school of journalism does not promise the sort of success that means the exercise of the real power of journalism. . . . Everything in this country has been regulated, more or less, except the daily press. The daily press has participated, more or less, in the regulation, but there are reasons for believing that one of the greatest evils in the United States is this same daily press itself."

In support of this contention, Mr. Reedy cites the cases of the New York *Sun* and *Evening Post*:

"The two best written papers in the United States, in the opinion of journalists generally, are in the city of New York, and both of them are hopelessly committed to plutocracy. I refer to the *Sun* and to the *Evening Post*. Of these papers it was once said by a wit, that 'the citizens of New York, finding vice so attractive in the *Sun* in the morning, and virtue made so repellant in the *Evening Post* in the evening, there was nothing to do but take to one of Beadle's dime novels.' Unfortunately, the literary merit of both papers is such that they are in demand in the editorial sanctums of every other daily paper in the country, and there is very little written in comment upon any serious, vital general topic, for any of the great dailies outside of New York, that is not based upon the opinion of one or the other of these New York dailies on that subject. The papers in 'the provinces' may occasionally traverse the opinion expressed in the *Sun* or the *Evening Post*, but always the influence of the underlying thought in the editorial betrays the color of its origin in one or other of the two papers I have mentioned. Each of them

is an organ of special interests, with some academic exceptions. Their inspiration is found in Wall Street, and their attitude is always one of antagonism to any of the proposals for changes in the social or economic system of the country, that emanate from any quarter not approved either in the office of Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller. Once in a while they make some concession to the cry of reform when some particularly glaring case of plutocratic or corporation crime is brought to notice, but in the main they stand for the situation as it is, and for the perpetuation in power of the franchise corporations that make up the great aggregation of wealth that dominates the cities and States, and eventually the whole country."

These cases, Mr. Reedy argues, are typical, and conditions everywhere are much the same. "The independence of the press," he avers, "is a joke." He adds:

"In every city the papers may appear to fight one another upon the surface, but in every case they have a business combination to shut out the new comer. The established daily papers in any city are as much a trust as the steel trust or the Standard Oil—while the Associated Press is another national trust—and it is exceptionally rare that anyone can break in upon the combination and fight it; and if one does, it must be solely through the possession of financial support, great enough to fight to a finish the established newspaper wealth of the community, controlling and owning carriers, newsboys and newsdealers absolutely. Of course, when a new paper so backed succeeds in establishing itself, it is not to be expected that the paper will take up the cause of the people against the interest of the men of great wealth, who have put their money into the new journalistic enterprise. The newspapers of any city will always be found a unit when there comes up any matter in which the public service interests and the interests of the advertisers are a unit."

An anonymous "New York Editor," who writes in *The Atlantic Monthly*, takes much the same position. He says:

"A newspaper is a business enterprise. In view of the cost of paper and the size of each issue, tending to grow larger, every copy is printed at a loss. A one-cent newspaper costs six mills for paper alone. In other words, the newspaper cannot live without its advertisers. It would be unfair to say that there are no independent journals in the United States; there are many; but it must always be remembered that the advertisers exercise an enormous power which only the very strongest can refuse to recognize.

"If a newspaper has such a circulation that complete publicity can be secured only by advertising in its columns, whatever its editorial policy may be, the question is solved. Nevertheless, within the past three years the department stores have combined to modify the policy of at least three New York daily newspapers. One of the most extreme and professedly independent of these newspapers, always taking the noisiest and

most popular line, with the utmost expressed deference to labor unions, withdrew its attack upon the traction companies during the time of the Subway strike, on the threatened loss of its department store advertising. It has never dared to criticise such a store for dismissing employees who attempted to form a union. In other words, this paper is not independent, and in the last analysis is governed by its advertisers."

President Hadley, of Yale, in a widely discussed article in *The Youth's Companion*, has this to say about present journalistic conditions in America:

"Most of the men who edit newspapers will give the people the kind of newspapers they want. There will, of course, be exceptionally good editors, who will make their papers better than their readers demand, and try to educate the people up to a higher level; just as there will be exceptionally bad editors, who will make papers worse than the readers want, and be the instruments, whether they try to or not, of educating the public down to a lower level.

"But the average editor will work for the average reader. He cannot be any more independent of the man who buys his goods than the manufacturer or merchant can be. A manufacturer who refuses to produce things that the people want, because he thinks they ought to want something better, will be driven out of business, and so will a newspaper editor. People sometimes talk of 'yellow journalism' as if the editors of the yellow journals were solely responsible for their existence. They are responsible to some degree; but to a still larger degree the responsibility lies with the public that will buy and read their news.

"There were a number of papers which, during the Spanish War, published extras giving details of battles which had never taken place, in order to have the chance of selling one edition that told of the battle and another edition that denied it.

"One of the most discouraging things in that whole war was that people cared so much for sensations and so little for evidence that they would keep on buying such extras. 'If a man fools me once, shame on him; if he fools me twice, shame on me.' The editor is responsible for the first offence; the public is responsible for encouraging him to repeat it.

"If the public cares more for sensations than it does for facts, more for excitement than it does for evidence, it is obvious that its opinion will be based on wrong data and often on dangerous ones, and that its conclusions will be unwise and irresponsible. And as long as public opinion is unwise or irresponsible, the government of the country will be bad."

When it comes to suggesting a remedy for acknowledged journalistic shortcomings, each of the writers quoted takes different ground. Mr. Reedy inclines to the view that "we shall have to return to the use of the pamphlet, if we are to have any such thing as free utterance of heretical opinion." He declares:

"Heretical opinion in this country is always

and everywhere nothing but the idea that this government has departed from its original principles, in that it has built up through privilege an oligarchy of wealth, and in doing so has necessarily done most outrageous violence to the principle of equal rights for all. There can be no privileges if there be not an expropriation of the rights of others, to the holder of the privilege. Every privilege is built upon an arrogation of the rights of some individual, or of the community at large. With the great newspapers closed to the man with the new ideas, there is no place for him to turn, except to the pamphlet. The liberties of England, of France, and of Germany, so far as they have liberties—and, indeed, in some respects they have more liberty than we have ourselves—were gained through the dissemination of ideas by the pamphleteer; but for the pamphleteer—Tom Paine, for example—there would have been no American Revolution, and no liberty for ourselves."

On the other hand, Mr. Sleicher and the New York editor who writes in *The Atlantic Monthly* are hopeful of reforming existing daily papers. The former pleads for "a daily newspaper that shall print less and better news; that shall exercise such censorship over its columns that no one's character shall be assailed, no institution's standing be discredited, no vested right be jeopardized, and no man or woman's motives impugned until the editor has justified his statements"; and the latter says:

"Here is what the public wants: a newspaper which treats its reader not as a child or a sage, neither as a hero nor as a fool, but as a person of natural good instincts and average intelligence, amenable to reason, and one to be taught tactfully to stand upon his own feet rather than to take his principles ready-made from his teacher. What an ideal! A paper which gives the senator and the shop-girl what they both want to read and are the better for reading. A comic cut, if its moral lesson is true, is an editorial with the blessing of God.

"Only millionaires can start newspapers. It is perhaps the best of all ways to avoid dying rich. It should be possible, however, to take a newspaper of standing, and remodel it gradually up these lines. The market for excellence is inexhaustible, and this country is plainly beginning to see the sterling market-value of common honesty. Allied with brains and common sense, it is the mainspring of moral progress."

President Hadley feels that the real remedy lies in the awakening of a more enlightened public sentiment on the part of newspaper readers. "Each one of us," he observes, "is given a share in governing the country, because it is supposed that he will take an intelligent interest in facts which affect its management. If he reads his newspaper primarily for the sake of murders and prize-fights, and

only looks at the columns of public news when they are made as much like reports of murders and prize-fights as possible, he fails to do his duty as a citizen."

In the next place, President Hadley urges, "the newspaper reader must get into the habit of seeing whether the statements of fact in his paper are supported by evidence or not." President Hadley reminds us:

"There is one group of men who, whenever they see a statement of fact, inquire carefully whether it is true. There is another group of men who inquire only whether it is agreeable. One set accepts or rejects a fact according to the evidence. The other accepts or rejects it according to their own prejudices. The former class includes the men who succeed; the latter includes the men who fail, and then wonder why.

"It is, unfortunately, the case that the newspapers are chiefly run for the benefit of the latter class."

Our country can never be well governed, President Hadley maintains, unless the people who do the reading are in the habit of weighing evidence. He concludes his argument as follows:

"If every boy can understand that it is a political duty to give to the public business of the country the same kind of treatment that a successful man gives to his private business, and to adapt his conduct to the facts instead of trying to adapt the facts to his conduct, our public business will quickly be brought up to the same level as our best private business. And there is no way in which this can be done so surely as by beginning at the bottom and reading newspapers in that spirit.

"We may apply this spirit not only to the news columns, but to the editorials. The boy who wants to have the country well governed should demand of the editor that he give him more logic and less rhetoric than he does at present. What passes as a well-written editorial to-day is usually one which is so constructed as to excite the feelings of the reader. This is rhetoric. The result of rhetoric is that a man gets into such a mental state that he is ready to act without knowing fully what he is doing.

"There is another type of editorial which does not arouse the reader's feelings so much or give him such pleasant assurance of what he ought to do, but which enables him to find out what the facts really mean. This is logic. The man who is governed by logic will not hit nearly so many blows as the man who is governed by rhetoric; but those which he does hit will tell.

"Rhetoric produces a vast exercise of power with very little result. Logic is what really gets things done in the way people intend. The boy or man who is governed by rhetoric becomes the tool of somebody else.

"On the other hand, the boy or man who is governed by logic is a force to be reckoned with on his own account. A nation composed of such men is irresistible."

THE REAL WHISTLER



NE does not need to believe, as Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell do, that Whistler was "the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century," to find enduring fascination in their newly published volumes* on his life. The story they have to tell is one of rare interest and far-reaching significance. The name and fame of the man they celebrate has gone to the ends of the earth. His best pictures are a universal possession, and his influence is felt wherever artists work.

Moreover, this may be said to be a "psychological moment in connection with the posthumous fame of Whistler. His memory has just been honored by no less a personage than Auguste Rodin, the greatest living sculptor, whose new memorial of the artist is soon to be erected in London, as well as in Whistler's birthplace in this country.

At the present juncture, nothing can be more important than to separate the real from the fictitious elements in his career. Already, within five years of his death, a legendary Whistler is being created by the very class of irresponsible scribblers who, during his lifetime, aroused his most sarcastic ire. The great value of the present volumes lies in the fact that they have Whistler's own sanction. Out of all his friends he selected the Pennells as being best equipped to write his Life. He talked to them constantly of the project, and put at their disposal all the data he possessed. Unfortunately, since his death, his letters have been withheld from publication by his heir and executrix, Miss Birnie Philip. Yet, even lacking these, the biography is intimate and revealing in a peculiar degree.

It was Whistler's complaint that the world never understood him; but he himself was largely to blame for this. "In surroundings of antagonism," he once confessed, "I wrap myself in a species of misunderstanding." Again and again he took deliberate pleasure in befuddling people. Even the matter of his birthplace was the subject of a *bon mot* which wrapped the whole subject in obscurity. He was born in Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1834. But when an article in a French magazine gave Baltimore as his birthplace, and the mistake was many times repeated, he did not take the

trouble to deny it. "My dear cousin Kate," he said to Mrs. Livermore, "if anyone likes to think I was born in Baltimore, why should I deny it? It is of no consequence to me." To an American who introduced himself by saying, "You know, Mr. Whistler, we were born at Lowell, and at very much the same time. You are sixty-seven and I am sixty-eight," he replied: "Very charming! And so you are sixty-eight, and were born at Lowell, Mass.! Most interesting, no doubt, and as you please. But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born at Lowell, and I refuse to be sixty-seven!"

Something of this same fantastic spirit ran through Whistler's whole life. He refused to treat people—and especially people whom he did not like—seriously. He delighted in banter and persiflage. He loved to tantalize. He was something of a braggadocio. But these attitudes, we are coming to see more and more clearly, were the expressions not of a shallow nature, but of a man ultra-sensitive and intensely in earnest, who found in them his readiest weapons of defence against a Philistine world.

No one could read the new biography without being impressed by the almost fanatical sincerity that underlay Whistler's career. He was conscious from the first of unique gifts, but for long years the art-world would not or could not recognize them. He was not an artist who obtained results easily. On the contrary, he had to labor incessantly, and often with the barrenest and most disappointing results. We hear of seventy sittings for one portrait, and models driven to desperation by his demands upon them. There were some things—hands and feet were among them—that, to the end of his life he painted only with great difficulty. He could not get them as he wished.

When Whistler first began to work in London, about 1859, English art was at a low ebb. Rossetti, it is true, was still living there, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. But Pre-Raphaelitism was on the wane, and no younger movement had appeared to take its place. "It was the great era of the subject," said Whistler, and the typical Academy picture of the day was sugared with sentiment and labeled with a moral. In such an art-atmosphere Whistler was an alien. He withdrew into himself, and concentrated, with single-minded intensity, upon his pictures.

*THE LIFE OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. In Two Volumes. By E. R. and J. Pennell. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.



WHISTLER'S FIRST PICTURE IN AN ENGLISH EXHIBITION

"At the Piano" was accepted by the Royal Academy in 1860, and was regarded as the work of "a youth no one knew about, who had appeared from no one knew where." Its first price was £30; its last, £2,800.

For a while he lived in an inn by the river-side, evolving his matchless set of Thames etchings. It was a rough place, frequented by skippers and bargees. "He saw the river," say the Pennells, "as no one had seen it before, in all its grime and glitter, with its forest of shipping, its endless procession of barges, its grim warehouses, its huge docks, its little waterside inns. And, as he saw it, so he rendered it, as no one ever had before—as it is. It was left to the American youth to do for London what Rembrandt had done for Amsterdam. There were eleven plates on the Thames during this year [1859] alone. To make them he wandered from Greenwich to Westminster; they included etchings like 'Black Lion Wharf,' which he never excelled at any period; and in each the warehouses or bridges, the docks or ships, or whatever incidents of river life appealed to him by the way, are worked out with a mass and marvel of detail. The Pre-Raphaelites, in their first ardor, had never been more faithful to nature and more minute in their study of her. The series was a wonderful achievement for the young man of twenty-five, a wonderful achievement for an artist of any age."

At first he painted the Thames in the grey day. Then he began to paint it in twilight and in darkness. The public are never likely to know how many nights of wandering and of observation, how much hard work and study, went into even the simplest of his "Nocturnes." Whistler, be it remembered, was the first to paint the night, and in no other paintings was he as successful in concealing every trace of effort and toil. As the Pennells feel:

"One touch less in some of the Nocturnes, and you feel that nothing might be left; in others, one touch more and the spell might be broken, and night stripped of its mystery. To give the silhouette of bridge or building against the sky; the lines of light trailing their gold into the water and leading to infinite distance; the boats, ghosts fading into the ghostly river; the fall of rockets through shadowy air—to give all these things, and yet to keep them enveloped in the transparency of darkness, to preserve the feeling of the London night, was the problem he set himself and solved in the Nocturnes in blue and silver, blue and gold, grey and silver, opal and silver, that were painted in a little second-story back room at Chelsea. . . . Whistler made people look at his pictures until it has become impossible to look at nature at night without remembering the Nocturnes."



From "The Life of James McNeill Whistler." Published by J. B. Lippincott Company

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

"What strikes one in Whistler's biography," says Laurence Binyon, the London critic and poet, "is the extraordinary amount of time, trouble and energy he expended on things and people that did not matter, the record of his squabbles, the fanatical loyalty of his enmities, the rage of his egoism." This is the Whistler that the world knew. But there was another Whistler, Mr. Binyon suggests,—*"a man of singular sensitiveness"* who "shunned the vulgar daytime and stole abroad at twilight . . . bent always on revealing to his fellow-men the loveliness that lurks in familiar sights and among the dingy aspects of a modern city."



"THE LIVERPOOL MEDIC"

Whistler's portrait of Frederick Leyland, the Liverpool ship-owner who was one of the first to recognize his genius. It was for Leyland that Whistler designed the famous "Peacock Room."

Then there were the large canvases, on which Whistler expended an infinitude of pains. The famous portrait of his mother was made in 1871, and Swinburne was not alone in seeing in it "intense pathos of significance and tender depth of expression." But this was not what Whistler intended any one, save himself, to see. He said:

"Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an 'Arrangement in Grey and Black.' Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?"

And yet sometimes the professional was

merged in the man. Mr. Harper Pennington recalls an occasion when Whistler revealed himself "with the paint off, with his brave mask down."

"Once standing by me in his studio, in Tite Street, we were looking at the 'Mother.' I said some string of words about the beauty of the face and figure, and for some moments Jimmy looked and looked, but he said nothing. His hand was playing with that tuft upon his nether lip. It was perhaps two minutes before he spoke. 'Yes,' very slowly and very softly; 'yes, one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible.'"

Not long after this, Thomas Carlyle fell under the spell of the "Mother," and sat for his own portrait. As Whistler told the story to the Pennells:

"I used to go to Madame Venturi's—I met



A PORTRAIT THAT REQUIRED SEVENTY SITTINGS

Whistler's portrait of Miss Cicely Alexander reduced its little victim to tears. One day as she was entering the studio she met Carlyle, who was also sitting for his portrait. "Puir lassie! Puir lassie!" he said.

Mazzini there, and Mazzini was most charming—and Madame Venturi often visited me, and one day she brought Carlyle. The 'Mother' was there, and he seemed to feel in it a certain fitness of things, as Madame Venturi meant he should—he liked the simplicity of it, the old lady sitting with her hands on her lap—and he said he would be painted. And he came one morning soon after that and he sat down, and I had the canvas ready and the brushes and palette, and Carlyle, looking on, said presently, 'And now, mon, fire away!' I was taken aback—that wasn't my idea of how work should be done. Carlyle realized it, for he added, 'If ye're fighting battles or painting pictures the only thing to do is to fire away.' One day he told me of others who had painted his portrait. 'There was Mr. Watts, a mon of note. And I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn 'round the easel, and curtains were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then, at last, the screens were put aside and there I was. And I looked. And Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to



A "PRINCESS" THAT ROSSETTI ADMİRED

"La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" is Whistler's portrait of Miss Christine Spartali, daughter of the Consul-General for Greece in London in 1863. Her father did not like it; but Rossetti did, and sold it from his own studio to help Whistler along. Later it came into the possession of Frederick Leyland, and was used to decorate the "Peacock Room."



"THE YELLOW BUSKIN"

This portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell illustrates one of Whistler's most characteristic traits as an artist—his power of conveying the way in which a solid form emerges from, or recedes into, a mysterious background.

me, "How do ye like it?" And then I turned to Mr. Watts and I said, "Mon, I would have ye know I am in the habit of wurin' clean lunen!"

Carlyle soon grew impatient in the studio, especially when he saw Whistler working with small brushes, so that Whistler, to quiet him, either always worked with big brushes or pretended to. Of the whole episode a friend of Carlyle's has left the amusing record:

"Carlyle tells me he is sitting to Whistler. If

C. makes signs of changing his position, W. screams out in an agonized tone, 'For God's sake, don't move!' C. afterwards said that all W.'s anxiety seemed to be to get the coat painted to ideal perfection; the face went for little. He had begun by asking two or three sittings, but managed to get a great many. At last C. flatly rebelled. He used to define W. as the most absurd creature on the face of the earth."

However "absurd" Whistler may have been, it is clear that he was deadily in earnest, and that he put the very best of himself into his pictures. His life with his mother in Chelsea was simple—almost austere. Always, we learn, he retained his *coeur de femme*; and most of his friends were women. He did not marry, however, until long after the period here described. Many wondered, with Val Prinsep, who thought Whistler "always acting a part," whether "behind the *poseur* there was not quite a different Whistler. Those who saw him with his mother were conscious of the fact that the irrepressible Jimmy was very human. No one could have been a better son, or more attentive to his mother's wishes. Sometimes old Mrs. Whistler, who was a stern Presbyterian in her religion, must have been very trying to her son. Yet Jimmy, tho he used to give a queer smile when he mentioned them, never in any way complained of the old lady's strict Sabbatarian notions, to which he bowed without remonstrance."

By the year 1874 Whistler had become a well-known figure in London. His pictures were not as yet taken seriously, but his personality was much in evidence. He was invited to the homes of fashionable people, and the fashionable world began to throng his doors. Whistler "invented" Sunday breakfasts for the entertainment of his friends, and nothing like them has ever been seen before or since. According to the Pennells:

"Whistler took with them infinite pains. He designed the card of invitation, he arranged the table, and he saw that everything placed on it was beautiful: the blue and white he was years in collecting, the silver, the linen, the Japanese bowl of goldfish, or the jar of flowers in the center. If his own resources failed, he borrowed from Lord Redesdale, two doors off, or, after his brother was married, from Mrs. William Whistler, whose beautiful pieces of Japanese lacquer were his admiration. He prepared the menu, partly American, partly French, and wholly bewildering to joint-loving Britons. His buckwheat cakes are not yet forgotten. He would make them himself, if the party were quite informal, and he never spoke again to one man who ventured to dislike them.

"Sometimes eighteen or twenty sat down to breakfast, more often half that number. All were people Whistler wanted to meet, people who

talked, people who painted, people who wrote, people who bought, people who were distinguished, people who were royal, people who were friends. . . . His wit was quick, spontaneous. 'Providence is very good to me sometimes,' he said once when we asked him how he found an answer. He has been compared to Degas, who, it is said, will lead up the talk to a witticism prepared beforehand; Whistler's wit met like a flash the word or the challenge he could not have anticipated. And he loved to tell a story, making more of the best than any other man. He loved gossip, and treated it with a delicacy, a humor that was irresistible. He could be fantastic, malicious, audacious, serious, everything but dull or gross. He shrank from grossness. No one, not his worst enemies, can recall a story from him with a touch or taint of it. The ugly, the unclean, revolted him."

Whistler's circle at this time included some of the most brilliant men in London—Swinburne, Henley, Edmund Gosse, W. M. Rossetti, Oscar Wilde. If he quarreled so often with so many of his friends, it was, in part at least, because of his jealousy for the integrity of his art, and because he could not tolerate insincerity or cant or dilettantism. His friendship with Oscar Wilde is a case in point. For a while the two were inseparable. Wilde spent hours in Whistler's studio, came repeatedly to the Sunday breakfasts, and presided at Whistler's private views. Whistler went out and about with him everywhere. At social functions one could count on finding the company divided into two groups, one gathered round Whistler, the other round Wilde. But Whistler gradually came to feel that Wilde, in spite of all his genius, lacked fundamental purpose. Wilde talked constantly about art, but in the end Whistler concluded that he knew very little about it. In a certain glittering and paradoxical brilliancy the two men met. But behind their masks each was a different man, and Whistler was the serious man. A London *Times* critic has neatly summed up the difference between the two in the following words:

"With a mind not a jot less keen than Whistler's, Oscar Wilde had none of the conviction, the high faith for which Whistler found it worth while to defy the crowd. Wilde had poses to attract the crowd. And the difference was this, that while Whistler was a prophet who liked to play Pierrot, Wilde grew into a Pierrot who liked to play the prophet."

Behind practically all of the broils and quarrels in which, at various times, Whistler was involved, the Pennells discern the same strain of idealism. He insulted Swinburne because the latter asked, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, "how far the witty tongue may be

thrust into the smiling cheek," and insinuated that Whistler was a "tumbler or a clown." In his law-suit against Ruskin, who branded him as an impostor asking two hundred guineas for "flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public," he fought the fight of many another poor and struggling artist, before and since. His book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," was, in its deeper aspects, the record of a crusader fighting with all his might in behalf of truths that were dearer to him than life itself. We read:

"The book is really an artistic autobiography. Whistler gave the sub-title 'Auto-Biographical' to one section; he might have given it to the volume. He had a way, half-laughing, half-serious, of calling it his Bible. 'Well, you know, you have only to look and there it all is in the Bible,' or 'I am afraid you do not know the Bible as you should,' he often said to us in answer to some question about his work or his experiences as an artist. He was right; 'it' all is there, if 'it' means his belief in art and his steadfast adherence to this belief. The trial, the pamphlets, the letters, the catalogues, take their place and appear in their proper relation to each other as one long deliberate sequence, instead of the independent, inconsequent little squibs and the elaborate bids for notoriety they were supposed to be. 'The Gentle Art' may be read with pleasure for its wit alone. But it is much more than a jest book. The collection begins with the reprint of the Ruskin trial, which was his brave effort to fight the battles of artists against critics, tho few have yet grasped the fact that he was fighting not only for himself but for all artists. It contains his two serious essays, 'Whistler v. Ruskin,' 'Art and Art Critics,' written in order that the meaning of the trial might not be missed. . . . The several shorter 'Propositions' are included, for these were his statements, in a few vigorous words, of the technical principles upon which his practice as artist was based. His letters were gathered together because, light, witty, 'wicked,' as they seemed, many were records of episodes he thought important, while scarcely one is without some underlying truth he wished to express, even if it remain undiscovered by his contemporaries in their conviction of his levity. Finally, he reprinted the 'Catalogue' of the Exhibition of Etchings at the Fine Art Society's in 1883 for no other than the reason already set forth in the motto, 'Out of their own mouths shall ye judge them.' . . . His object was to expose for all time the stupidity and ridicule which he was obliged to face, so that his method of defence should be the better understood."

The real Whistler, then, as his closest friends saw him, was a man impulsive, quixotic, erratic, if you like, but, above and beyond everything else, an artist of genius who fought a losing battle for a quarter of a century; jested through it all; and finally triumphed magnificently. His smaller aspect was illumined by the flare of newspaper polemics; his greater

side was too often obscured by lack of comprehension. Yet there were times when Whistler gave of his best simply and sincerely to all who had the perception to receive his gift. Such an occasion was that on which he delivered, for the first time, his immortal lecture on art, "Ten O'clock." He chose this title because he did not wish people to rush to him from the dinner-table, as to the theatre. Ten o'clock was early enough. The audience and critics who greeted him in Prince's Hall, London, on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, were puzzled by what they chose to regard as Whistler's "new pose." As a matter of fact, he was not posing at all, but had called them to him that he might impart to them, out of his very heart, the standard of artistic faith by which his life was ruled. The Pennells summarize his confession as follows:

"'Art and Joy go together,' he said, and the world's masters were never reformers, never missionaries, but, content with their surroundings, found beauty everywhere. There was no great past, no mean present, for art, no drawing of lines between the marbles of the Greek and the fans and broideries of Japan. There was no artistic period, no art-loving people. Art happened, and, in a few eloquent words, he gave the history of its happening and the coming of the cheap and tawdry, when the taste of the tradesman supplanted the science of the artist, and the multitude rejoiced. Art, he held, is a science—the science by which the artist picks and chooses and groups the elements contained in nature, that beauty may be the result. For 'Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong.' . . . He laughed at the pretence of the State as fosterer of art—art that roams as she will, from the builders of the Parthenon to the opium-eaters of Nankin, from the Master at Madrid to Hokusai at the foot of Fusi-yama. . . . He meant, not that a certain period might not produce more artists and more people to appreciate them than another, but that art is independent of time and place—

"seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions and in all times, as did her high priest, Rembrandt, when he saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks.

"As did Tintoret and Paul Veronese, among the Venetians, while not halting to change the brocaded silks for the classic draperies of Athens.

"As did, at the Court of Philip, Velasquez, whose Infantas, clad in inesthetic hoops, are, as works of art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles."

He might have added, say the Pennells: "As did Whistler, whose Thames, flowing through London, is lovelier far than the rivers of any imaginary Garden of Eden, and whose men and women are as stately as the Venetian's or the Spaniard's."

THE BAPTIZED PENGUINS: ANATOLE FRANCE'S SATIRE ON CIVILIZATION



THE greatest stylist and foremost man of letters of France was never more himself, never more witty, humorous, felicitous and exquisite than, according to all critics, he is in his latest work, which is a burlesque history of France brought down to our own day. "*L'Isle des Pingouins*" (The Isle of the Penguins) is the talk of all literary and intellectual France—the sensational success of the season. It has eclipsed the scholarly and "monumental" biography of Jeanne d'Arc, and the author good-naturedly says that he is neither surprised nor grieved at that fact. The satire, he observes, need not be taken seriously, as people are free to think that there is not one word of sober truth in it, and none can object to a purely fantastic, whimsical, playful comedy. But these amiable remarks do not prevent admirers of Anatole France from comparing his satire with the masterpieces of Rabelais, Voltaire and Swift. The underlying seriousness, not to say the pessimism, of the "*Isle of Penguins*" is apparent to the more discerning, but there are few touches of malice in it. If the author laughs at his opponents in politics, religion, art, history, he also laughs at his friends and co-disciples. He writes as a resigned philosopher who sees all human weaknesses, but who has no essential quarrel with humanity.

The preface to the book is amusing. It tells us that before writing his history the author went to consult an aged historian. And this is what the historian said to him: "Why, my good sir, put yourself to so much trouble, and why compose a history when you have only to copy the best known, as is the custom? If you have an original view, a new idea, if you show men and things in an unexpected aspect, you will surprise the reader. And the reader does not like to be surprised. In a history he only looks for the nonsense which he has learnt already. If you try to instruct him, you will only humiliate and vex him. Do not attempt to enlighten him, he will cry out that you are insulting his beliefs! . . . One word more. If you want your book to be well received, neglect no opportunity for exalting the virtues on which societies repose: devotion to riches, pious sentiments, and especially the resignation of the poor, which is the foundation of order. Affirm, sir, that the origins of property, of the nobility, and of the police will

be treated in your history with all the respect which these institutions merit. Let it be known that you admit the supernatural when it presents itself. On this condition you will succeed in good company."

According to Anatole France's satire, the French are metamorphosed penguins. Many centuries ago, Saint Maël, a zealous Christian missionary, half blinded by his sufferings, labors and adventures in the arctic regions, struck an island inhabited by those curious birds. He found them sitting and deliberating with an air of dignity worthy of a Roman Senate. He mistook them for a rather diminutive race of human beings, preached the gospel to them, found them acquiescent, and finally baptized them all.

When this strange mistake became known to the virtuous and learned shades in Paradise—the saints, the seers, the doctors and martyrs—a great debate was held to decide what should further be done. Should the baptism be ignored? Should the penguins be given immortal souls? Should they be made half-human? All proposals were finally discarded in favor of the most merciful and benign—and Saint Maël received authority to transform them into human beings. That done, the saint attached the whole island to his miraculous boat, and brought it to the coast of Brittany, where it was to remain for ever as a part of Christian and civilized Europe.

Of course, the new "humans" were naked and knew not shame, or modesty, or morality. It was necessary to teach them the need of clothes, and that was the first step. With clothes came, alas! vice, hypocrisy, temptation, feminine charm, masculine license; but the moral benefits of dress overbalanced these unfortunate drawbacks.

Equally of course, Pinguiania knew nothing of private property—of mine and thine as to land. One day Saint Maël, accompanied by another man of God, found dozens of the Pingouins furiously attacking and bludgeoning one another. Women, like men, were fighting, bleeding and disfiguring each other. "Why this massacre?" asked Saint Maël, in alarm and sorrow.

"On account of the spirit of association, my father, and of care for the future," answered Bullach, his companion. "For man is naturally social and provident. Such is his character; he cannot imagine himself without a certain

appropriation of things. The creatures you behold, O Master, are appropriating the earth."

"But can't they appropriate with less violence? And, while fighting, they are exchanging epithets and threats. What they are saying I can't make out, but there's irritation in their tone."

"They are accusing each other of robbery and usurpation. . . . In thus biting and cudgelling one another they are creating law, they are founding property, they are establishing the principles of civilization, the basis of the state. In fixing boundaries for their fields they are performing the most august functions. Their work will be consecrated during the coming ages by legalists and confirmed by magistrates."

"To blame the strong for trampling upon and felling the weaker Pinguins is to attack property in its origin and principle. To cultivate the earth is one thing; to possess it is another. These two things should never be confounded. In regard to property, the right of the first occupant is uncertain and ill-founded. The right of conquest, on the other hand, reposes on solid foundations. It is the only respectable right, because it alone can make itself respected. Because property is based on and maintained by force, the proprietor may justly be called noble. In killing the humble worker, the strong Pinguin is founding a noble house on this earth. I must go and congratulate him."

The first assembly of the new community grew out of these events, and Saint Maël suggested taxation for public purposes in accordance with ability to pay. But one of the richest men of the island easily demonstrated the unsoundness of such a naive idea.

"No," he said. "The public good demands that not too much be asked of those who possess much, for otherwise the rich would be less rich and the poor still poorer. Wealth is sacred because the poor live on the generosity of the rich. Besides, there is little profit in taking from the rich, as they are not very numerous. But if you ask a little help from each inhabitant, without regard to his possession, you will obtain enough for all public needs, and you will not have to resort to inquisitorial investigations, which are regarded as an odious vexation."

This speech was applauded, and it was ordered engraved on steel. There was further applause when the founder of a noble house, hand on sword, exclaimed: "Being noble, I pay nothing. Taxes are for the *canaille*."

The story of ancient times in Pinguania is continued by the author. He tells of many pious and grand kings and queens. One, Brian, loved letters and fostered religion. "Equitable and magnanimous, but fired with an ardent love of glory, he could not restrain himself from putting to death those who sang better than he."

Terrible times came, with sanguinary wars between the Pinguins and the Marsouins, their neighbors. But the former kept their faith through all these ages of woe. One cannot admire too much the unity of their beliefs, but "a constant practice of the church doubtless contributed to maintain this happy communion of the faithful—every one whose thoughts differed from those of the majority was immediately burned."

The history of modern times opens with a series of religious massacres and a great national cataclysm. The nation dispossessed the nobles and clergy, and turned the land over to the bourgeois and the peasants. The Republican government passed Draconian laws to protect property in the new hands; the beneficiaries of the revolution were afraid of the revolutionary ideas, and were determined to secure greater stability for the new institutions than the old had enjoyed. But all this was vain. The Republic carried its murderer within its own womb. This murderer was Trinco, a warrior [Napoleon]. He conquered half the world and annexed it, but he destroyed liberty. He eventually lost all that he had annexed; he left the country depopulated and impoverished. When he died there were none but lame and deformed persons in the country. "But he gave it glory, and no price is too high to pay for glory," still say the inhabitants.

After more wars and vicissitudes a new and simple republic was established, with a modest man at its head. But the so-called democracy did not govern itself. "It obeyed a financial oligarchy which made public opinion through newspapers, and held in the hollow of its hands the deputies, the ministers, and the president."

Terrific and crushing armaments were maintained by the democratic republic, and wars were perpetually carried on in distant parts of the planet—cotton wars, coal wars, iron wars. The inhabitants considered this perfectly natural, for, they said, how can an industrial nation be pacific? It needs markets, and countries must be devastated, thousands killed, to secure orders for umbrellas and rubbers.

One of the severest crises of the republic

was caused by the Pyrot Affair, or the affair of the 80,000 bundles of hay. Pyrot was a mediocre Jew, who, desirous of serving his country, had entered the army. The war minister, Gretauck, could not endure him. He blamed Pyrot for his zeal, his hooked nose, his vanity, his love of study, his exemplary conduct. When anything went wrong he would exclaim, "It must be Pyrot!" One morning General Panther informed him that 80,000 bales of hay destined for the cavalry had disappeared. He at once said, "Pyrot must have stolen them!" He thought a few minutes, and decided that it could not be otherwise. Pyrot had stolen the hay, and had no doubt planned to sell it to the traditional enemy. Infamous treason! Now that the thing is certain, nothing remains except to prove it.

Pyrot was arrested, tried, and secretly condemned. Everybody believed in his guilt. "There was no doubt in anybody's mind, because the thing had been repeated everywhere, and as regards the public, to repeat is to prove. No one doubted, because they wished Pyrot guilty, and one believes what one wishes to believe."

Proofs? There were no proofs. The best proof was confession, and Gretauck insisted that the prisoner must confess. He refused. He vehemently denied his guilt? So much the worse. Desperately to deny is to confess. "Pyrot has confessed," decided the minister; it is necessary to find witnesses of the confession; "justice demands it!"

But 700 pyrots, detested by the public, raised the cry that Pyrot was not guilty. Every day two or three of these would be beaten, thrown into the river, killed. But they persisted, and their audacity had to be repressed. Anti-pyrot societies were organized, and citizens and soldiers by hundreds of thousands, by cities, provinces, armies, joined them. General Panther went to work to manufacture proofs against Pyrot. Rooms and buildings were filled, floors gave way, elevators groaned under the weight of these proofs. Panther proudly declared to the minister that he was getting proofs from every corner of the world. False, forged documents? he was asked. "Appropriate ones," he smilingly replied. "As proofs," he reasoned, "false documents are worth more than true ones, because they are made expressly to fit the requirements of the case, to order and according to measure." They are preferable, because with them you soar into an ideal world and turn away from reality, which, alas! is never without admixture.

The minister was afraid of too much proof. He felt safer with none. You cannot attack the non-existent, while the more proof you have the more chance there is for controversy, for exposure, for mistaken use of it. He advised discretion. But this advice was not followed, and the use of the "proof" overwhelmed the army of anti-pyrots.

The author tells the story of the Affair at great length. He does not idealize his friends. Zola, Picquart, Clemenceau, the scholars and intellectuals who fought for Dreyfus—all are gently satirized for their vanity, their optimism, their exaggerated faith in Right and in Reform. These chapters are followed by an arraignment of the advanced Republicans now in power, who are represented as too plutocratic and false to liberty and to labor. The apogee of the Republic is painted in gloomy colors, as a riot of intrigue, license, petty amours, rivalry, stupidity and ignorance. The "enlightened" rulers blunder into a war with Germany that embroils other great powers, and all Europe is reduced to a desert, to desolation, and the "place" of extermination.

Not satisfied with this, M. France devotes a section to the future of Pinguania and of civilization at large. "History without end," he calls it, and history without end, it appears, is a futile, senseless succession of cycles of development succeeded by cycles of war, civil and external, and of destruction. The triumph of industry and culture means rapacious and all-powerful trusts, enfeebled, degenerate workmen, corrupt governments, and the disappearance of art and virtue. But chemical discovery goes on, the manufacture of explosives is perfected, and in the end a small revolutionary minority blows up the gigantic factories, the public offices, the billionaires and their palaces. The centers disappear, grass grows on the site of Paris, and simple shepherds guard their flocks there. Pestilence and carnage carry off the bulk of the population and their industries and achievements.

But no sooner is this stage of retrogression reached than another industrial civilization begins to develop. Invention, wealth, science and art flourish again, and the great centers are rebuilt, with skyscrapers, magnificent homes, colossal shops and factories, bourses, theatres, etc. Trusts are again formed, the few exploit the many, governments become the tools of greed and injustice, and the proletariat is again forced into rebellion and the use of explosives.

Is this, critics are asking, Anatole France's

real view of social and industrial evolution? Does he despair of humanity and of its ideas and ideals in politics, economic organization, law and morality? Is he a confirmed pessimist, who blames none and trusts none? If

the book is merely a *jeu d'esprit*, how are the final chapters—"the history without end"—to be interpreted? M. France smiles at such questions, and is pleased with the success of his satire.

THE POSTHUMOUS GROWTH OF KEATS'S FAME

HE tragedy of "Johnny Keats"—the little "cockney" poet of the Beautiful and True—like that of starved Chatterton, is almost too well known to bear repetition; yet his latest biographer, Prof. Albert E. Hancock, of Haverford College, has added substantially to our knowledge of both his life and poetry.* Once for all he "lays the ghost" of any lingering fiction that Keats was a weakling killed by abusive criticism, interprets anew his poems, recounts the growth of his fame (which has increased most rapidly within the past ten years), and attributes Keats's final triumph over death and his enemies to the universal quality of his genius.

Keats's youthful "Endymion," and all his succeeding work, was the object of stupid brutal attack from the political opponents of his friend, Leigh Hunt. The "Cockney School," with Hunt as its centre, was Liberal in politics; its enemies were Tory; and they found in the experimental creative genius of Hunt's young friend a convenient butt for their most dastardly ridicule. Even Sir Walter Scott was not blameless in the matter, giving the sanction of his smile (when "a chuckle from Scott, in the blaze of his reputation, was all that men needed to instigate them") to Lockhart's infamous attack in *Blackwood's*. Years afterwards, in Rome, Keats's devoted friend, the artist Severn, showed his portrait of the poet to Sir Walter, then old and enfeebled. "Yes, yes," he muttered in distress, "the world finds out these things for itself at last."

While Keats was supposed to be going insane, rupturing blood-vessels, and threatening suicide under the fire of Tory ridicule and slander—"snuffed out by an article," according to Byron's sarcasm—he was steadfastly at work (altho nursing a dying brother, and in the shadow of his own death struggle), projecting and writing all the poems on the strength of which his high fame rests. "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," the odes to "Psyche," the "Grecian Urn," and the "Night-

ingale," "Lamia"—all these and more were written in that one short year which followed the attack on "Endymion." "How woefully his genius had shriveled and how completely his soul had been snuffed out by an article!" writes Professor Hancock. "The abusive criticism was one of the most fortunate influences in his career. It brought him selfhood and energy from the recoil. . . . It offered the dramatic crisis in which he displayed his strength of character." And he quotes the supposed weakling, who wrote about this time, "I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man—they make his Prime Objects a Refuge as well as a Passion."

Keats's triumph is one of the most perfect things in literary history; but he died in tragic ignorance of it all, requesting in that "great quietness and peace" of death, after the struggle, that on his tombstone might be inscribed the now famous line, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." His indignant friend, Charles Armitage Brown, was chiefly responsible for adding the ill-advised legend: "In the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies." Brown lived to regret it, and desire that the inscription (or rather his part of it) should be removed; but it remains to this day, misrepresenting Keats and the circumstances of his death.

Keats died in Rome, February 23, 1821, of hereditary consumption, in the arms of his faithful friend, Severn; and sixty-two years later, the body of Severn was placed beside his in the ancient Protestant Cemetery on the edge of the Campagna. Near them are the ashes of Shelley, who alone of all Keats's contemporaries rightly appreciated his genius. "The 'Adonais,'" writes Professor Hancock, "is prophecy come literally true."

But the reception of "Adonais" showed that even death could not silence Keats's enemies. *Blackwood's* parodied it with an "Elegy on a Tomcat"; and when Shelley's drowned body was found with a volume of Keats's poems in his pocket, the "ribaldry" continued: "What a rash man Shelley was to put to sea in a frail boat with Jack's poetry on board! Why, man, it would sink a trireme! I lay a wager that

*JOHN KEATS: A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY. By Albert Elmer Hancock. Houghton Mifflin & Company.

it righted soon after ejecting Jack." Other magazines took their cue from *Blackwood's*. "Contemporary England," as Professor Hancock points out, "was stone-blind to Keats's gifts, and the few loyal friends who loved him only faintly foresaw his fame." Even the woman he loved (she does not shine!) wrote, ten years after his death: "The kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him." For years, English travelers in Rome were witty over his grave. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," they said, "and his poetry in milk and water."

The fiction that Keats's death was caused by brutal criticism naturally roused a certain amount of interest, but for a whole decade his good repute, both as man and poet, was confined to a few friends and discerning readers. "Those who had the material to write a biography and defend his character were embroiled with each other and delayed publication," says Professor Hancock. "His notoriety, however, did not die away. In the political quarrels of the magazines his case was a pretext for charges and recriminations. The unhonored, his name was not forgotten." Twenty years later the hostility in *Blackwood's* ceased, "with a querulous apology." It was not intended, it said, to hurt Keats's lungs. But by that time Keats was no longer a safe object of attack. The triumphant growth of his fame is told by Professor Hancock as follows:

"In 1829, very unexpectedly to his friends, Galigani in Paris reprinted Keats's poems with a memoir. English visitors in Rome—those were the years of 'Young England' and Reform—began to hunt up Severn and inquire about the graves of Shelley and Keats. When Severn went to England in 1838 he found some considerable interest in Keats, an increasing interest. In 1840 there was issued a collected edition of his works. Two more soon followed. In 1848 Richard Monckton Milnes, a man of social prestige, tho not yet Lord Houghton, published 'The Life and Letters of John Keats.' This book first lifted the dead poet into distinction, and set his character aright before the world.

"It did its work most effectively. The increase of attention to Keats during the next few years was very gratifying. In 1849 Samuel Phillips reviewed the 'Life' in the London *Times*, and reprinted the article. In 1852 the Earl of Belfast associated Keats with Moore and Scott in a public lecture. In 1853 Keats was included in 'The Lives of the Illustrious.' That same year De Quincey's essay was published and Jeffrey's review of 'Endymion' was reprinted. There are numerous magazine articles about this time. In 1857 Keats found due recognition in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an assurance of dignity for the future.

"For a long time the 'Life and Letters' remained the authentic source-book of information about the poet. A revised edition was issued by Lord Houghton in 1867. This biography has been supplemented by the work of later scholars with ampler materials at command. Of these Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. Sidney Colvin are the foremost in laborious service. A legion of critical essays have been written during the past generation, among which three are worth special distinction. Lowell's gives the best insight into the peculiar quality of Keats's genius; Aubrey Vere's the best interpretation of his type of mind; Matthew Arnold's the sanction of a great critic (sometimes capricious) to his eminence in the natural magic of poetry. Ruskin's tribute, nevertheless, is greater than all others: 'I have come to that pass of admiration for him now that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work.'"

"Great contemporary vogue," says Professor Hancock, "is a sinister gift of fortune, often illusive. The survival of Keats without any vogue, the ever-increasing growth of his fame, are evidences of 'intrinsic value detached from time.'" Keats feeds the permanent hunger in human nature for beauty. Social systems, and the literatures and politics which spring from them, may come and go; the hunger and thirst for beauty remains.

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

was written for all men and for all time.

It is precisely this universality of Keats's appeal which most impresses his American biographer. Edmund Gosse once made the remark that "no poet, save Shakespeare himself, is more English than Keats." This assertion is pronounced "fatuous" by Professor Hancock, "unless," he says, "English be synonymous with universal." He adds, impressively:

"Keats drank inspiration from English poets long dead. He drew a charm from some native landscapes. He had a love for the sea and out-of-doors. But the essence of his genius—the elixir of beauty, concentrated, chemically pure—cannot be claimed as a racial trait. Moreover, his poetry lacks local color. Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson had this local color; but not Keats. He lived in England. He used the English language. Nevertheless, his creative faculty bears no peculiar characteristic of place or time. He was, in the ancient sense, a *maker*. His voice was an oracle, issuing from some impenetrable sanctuary.

"Like King Arthur in the legend, he came mysteriously out of the great deep. And when he departed, after his brief sojourn on earth, the great deep received him again. Yet his figure abides among the imperishable memories. He stands apart, lonely, invested with a mythical radiance, revealing unto mortals a portion of the eternal loveliness behind the veil."

Religion and Ethics

A VINDICATION OF THE INHERENT GOODNESS OF THE UNIVERSE

 NOVEL argument in behalf of an optimistic philosophy has lately been published under the title, "Judge West's Opinion, Reported by a Neighbor."* It takes the form of a series of animated dialogs which are described as occurring at intervals during a summer spent in a New England village. The Judge is sketched as a man of rare personal charm and vast erudition, "a library on legs," with a face suggesting "a cross between the faces of Daniel Webster and Charles Darwin." His neighbor, Thomas Hulbert, is a more negative type, somewhat pessimistically inclined. The two are close friends. They meet in one another's houses; they automobile together; they fish in the streams, or take long walks over the fields and hills; and always they discourse of the deepest problems—the nature of God, the origin and significance of evil, and the meaning of the universal scheme.

One of the first conversations reported takes place as the two wade mid-stream in Sunny Brook, dexterously tickling the face of the waters. It is a dark day, but the dull, leaden sky makes the deep pools and shallow rapids more attractive to the fishermen than any flashing sunshine would have made them.

"So it is in life!" exclaims the Judge. "Cloudy heavens bring us joys that unflecked prosperity never brings,—only we must use brighter flies in dull weather. It takes a gleam in the heart to hook the blessings out of shaded waters."

The old man's cheerfulness is unabated even when he slips on a rock and falls into a deep pool, and it is only after considerable persuasion that his friend succeeds in inducing him to give up the sport for the day. After the rubber waders have been stripped from his legs, Hulbert says, laughingly: "Well, Judge, now at least you look like a pessimist; and I have no doubt that for an hour you will feel like one."

To this the Judge replies: "Yes, Hulbert, and if I continued to wear those waders and

walk every day with the swash about my legs, and sleep in them o' night, and dream that I was an eel or a mud-turtle, I would be as rational a specimen of a pessimist as some who write books on the cruelty of nature, hereditary cussedness, the degeneration of society, and such mole-views of the universe."

The other confesses that recent literature is pretty well soaked with depressing sentiment; but asks: "Isn't there a real hole in the course of things that warrants it?"

Judge West makes the following rejoinder:

"Lots of holes, but the stream of life isn't all a hole. It is a Sunny Brook. . . . Any diltante can find fault. You can see the dark with your eyes shut. You can find stumbling-stones by simply not looking for them. . . . But wouldn't I be a fool if I had stayed in that hole, when I could follow down such a glorious stream as this? How pure the water is! It is liquefied azure. A hundred springs have thrown their diamond drops into it. The sands at the bottom have lain quiet for months, so as not to mar its crystalline beauty with so much as a whirling grain. Yet any amateur from the city who couldn't throw a fly to attract a bullhead could with the butt end of his rod muddy it for a furlong, and make it unfishable for days. That's what your cheap pessimists are doing."

As the couple walk home, the Judge finds a fresh text for a sermon in a curiously ugly weed, black in color, but shot through with a dirty yellow, like smallpox on a negro. "That color," he remarks, "is made by as pure white light as ever dripped from an angel's wing. You see—only you don't see—there is something about the surface of this leaf that rejects all the beautiful rays, and insists on wearing only those wretched colors. I grant you that the leaf shows as poor taste as Fiji Islanders and some Parisians do in the matter of apparel; but it isn't the fault of the light. So, tho there is plenty of evil in the world, it is extracted in some way from the Universal Good, as that wretched hue is due to clean sunlight. Evil is a part of the spectrum of infinite beneficence."

On another occasion the conversation turns on the question of whether happiness or unhappiness preponderates in the world. The

*JUDGE WEST'S OPINION. Reported by a Neighbor. Fleming H. Revell Company.

Judge stoutly maintains that there is far more joy than misery. Taking up, first of all, the state of childhood, he says:

"Childhood is generally happy, tho it goes on crutches or sleeps in the slums. I have been impressed with this as I have watched children rioting in fun among the black tents of the Bedouir and playing 'hide and seek' between the teepees of the Indians. There are hardly more than two things that mar the joy of children: one is the pain of some bodily ailment; the other is the restriction of their free energies in fashionable bringing up, their bondage to fine clothes, or the nagging of parental pride teaching them the steps of pomp and circumstance. The growth of a child is from the overplus of vitality, and this undrained vitality is simple buoyancy of spirit. It always dances and sings, just as springs do when they put their overplus into ripples and spray: and mountain torrents are as frolicsome amid the stones as park fountains are in their artistic basins."

Then childhood passes into youth, and youth has the spur of curiosity; the gratification of advancing knowledge; the spell of world wonders; the charms of new society and new scenes.

"It weaves pleasures thick about itself in friendships, and ordinarily drinks enchantment in romantic love. There is also its joy in ambition when held with stout curb, or spurred by daring enterprise. The competitions of business and society are a fascinating game. Youth has its dreams, too, paints them as it pleases, and is as yet unable to realize that they are not all 'done in oil,' but that many of them will wash out in the first serious storm. Thus youth captures the good of the world by anticipation, and has the joy of the conquest, it may be, for long years before the harder facts of experience wrest it away."

The parental life, too, has its own special joys and privileges. Now comes the time when men and women re-live their own childhood in their children, reviving for them the hopes that have faded for themselves. And, finally, "old age," declares the Judge, "ought to be happy, if, when we realize the changes the years have brought, we would adapt ourselves to these changes." He adds:

"If we cannot do what we did in youth, neither do we naturally have the ambitions and desires of youth. Slower blood is itself restful, unless one tries to force its quicker flow. There is no need for us old fellows to seek excitement in the hurrying activities of the world. We are blessed in the fact that our fires of passion have died down, unless we foolishly feed them with unnatural indulgence. How well Plato puts this in the 'Republic'! I came across it the other day, and it struck me as so true that I think I can repeat it word for word. The

philosopher says: 'Certainly old age has a great sense of calm and freedom. When the passions relax their hold, then, as Sophocles says, you have escaped from the control, not of one master merely, but of many. Regrets are to be sought, not in men's ages, but in their characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age; but he who is of an opposite disposition will find youth and age equally a burden.'"

On a third occasion the two friends take an automobile ride across country. The machine works as smoothly as a watch, the forty horsepower engine making scarcely more rattle of the parts than "if they had been moved by a hair-spring"—as Phil, the chauffeur, remarks. But on the home run something gives out, and the machine has to be hauled to the nearest garage. Hulbert and the Judge seek refuge in a neighboring farmhouse, and while they are waiting begin to discuss once more the problem of evil. "You say that notwithstanding all the evil in the world," Hulbert observes, "there is no evidence that there is any evil in the original design of things. I don't see that." The Judge replies: "Well, then, let that machine of yours honk! honk! the argument through your brain." He goes on:

"You will confess that the auto was built with a splendid purpose; not only to give us fellows much enjoyment, but to help along the progress of the world. The automobile is going to make an industrial revolution—or, rather, another stage in the industrial evolution—of the race. Its mechanical design is according to seemingly perfect rules. That the thing should come to such a dead stop did not belong to the invention, and that we should be stranded here did not belong to the purpose of the builder. The evil, if you call it such—I don't, now that I can have a couple of hours' talk with an old friend—the evil is something that has intervened between the design and our realization of it; that is all."

"I take my providences," continues the Judge, "just as I take my express packages. I admit that the bundle of good arrives at my life sometimes in a soiled condition; its contents disarranged, sometimes broken. But I fail to find any evidence that the original Maker and Sender made these things for the purpose of having them broken. In spite of all defects, the contents of the package of providences verify the label, that, as the Good Book says, God O. K.-ed the whole bundle before He sent it out; for we read that He 'saw that it was all very good.'"

"You forget, Judge," interjects his companion, "that God is not only the manufacturer but has also the monopoly of the transporta-

tion business. He is, therefore, responsible, not only for the goods as made, but for the condition in which they arrive."

"Before I admit that," responds the old man, "you will have to show that we ourselves or somebody else has not interfered with the transportation; that we have strictly observed the lawful processes of nature in getting the goods. That we don't see just where we have erred every time, counts for nothing. Even your thousand-dollar chauffeur didn't know what was the matter with the machine. Like as not, he neglected to fix it all right before we started."

At this point the repaired automobile appears in sight, and the rest of the discussion has to be postponed. "That was a glorious ride," says the Judge, as a few days later he swings himself in the hammock under an apple-tree. "What proved to be the matter with the machine? Your chauffeur was very glum all the way home, and not disposed to talk about the mishap."

"There was nothing the matter with the machine," replies Hulbert. "Phil made a mistake; forgot to release the clutch when he shifted the gear, and so jammed the cogs."

The Judge laughs so immoderately that several half-ripe apples are shaken down. "I wish," says he, "that I had known that at the time. It would have given me a capital illustration for my argument that men are not capable of judging the ways of Providence. If a licensed chauffeur blames the machine for his own blunder, we may expect men to charge their ignorance to the faulty construction of the universe. . . . There is no evil in the totality any more than there is in the design. 'All things work together for good.' Our lives are too brief to see this. We are born to die all within the time of an apparent breakdown. When we have made a full cycle of what is called eternity, and completed the return ride, we may be able to judge its meaning; not now."

There are two ways of trying to understand things, the Judge reminds his friend. "One is by studying the parts, and from them guessing what the whole means. The other way is to study the whole, and from it decide upon the meaning of the parts." The argument proceeds:

"You would never understand light by looking at colors; but you may understand what a color means by analyzing light. You would never guess what a watch is by sorting over a pile of detached wheels; but you will get a fascinating

explanation of the wheels if you have seen them moving the hands and keeping tab on the sun and stars.

"Now that would be so even if you had all the parts of a machine in a heap; still more futile would it be to try to judge the whole from a few of the parts; a watch from a hair-spring; a thinking human being from his hair and toe-nails; or the Northern Pacific Railroad from a snowshed and car-bolt. Far more preposterous is it to assume to know all creation from the tiny bit we see of it; to understand life from our brief experience of it; to imagine that, because our joints ache, the whole world is out of joint.

"It is as if an ant, crawling over a magnificent tapestry picture, should say: 'Don't you see that each stitch comes out of the stitch just before it; the same thread running through many stitches. Therefore, there is no need to assume intelligence directing the fingers that made this picture.' But when a man stands far enough back from the fabric to take in its representation of fountain and nymphs, of robes and sky, he exclaims, 'What genius has wrought this wonder?' The wastes in nature, deserts and barren shores have been instanced as showing neither intelligence nor beneficence in design. So the ant, crawling over a dull bit of color, might think; but a man taking in the whole tapestry sees the dark hue to be the shadow of a mountain, the monotonous blue to be a lake, and the dazzling white to be a dawn over both."

Even death itself, the Judge contends, is beautiful and beneficent, if it be accepted in the right spirit. "Nature is our mother; and she never does a wiser or more regardful thing than when she puts her tired children to sleep." The speaker's optimism reaches its culmination in the following quaint survey of his own life:

"In Chinese theatres one buys a ticket for an hour or so of the interminable performance. When the time paid for is about up, the usher taps you on the shoulder. Death is the chief usher in the drama of life. A most gentlemanly one he is to a well-behaved soul. I may say that he has neither hustled nor threatened me, but trusts that I have enjoyed my part of the show. He asks that, when I go out, as soon I must do, I go out quietly, and be careful not to let in any cold draughts upon those that remain.

"How have I liked the show? Immensely! I can hardly say which part has been most enjoyable, that which I have seen from the benches or that in which I have had to act myself.

"I depart an optimist. This is a good world. True, it is full of shadows, but the sun-patches are many. And keep this in mind, my friend, that a sun-patch always means more than a shadow. Shadows fall from the clouds, the trees, the houses, or from another fellow who gets in the way, like Diogenes' visitor. But sun-glints fall from the sky through an intervening world of light. So troubles belong to the little and the temporary, while joys are related to the great and eternal. The lesson of all my days is a cumulative confidence in the Infinite Goodness."

THE DUTY OF CORRECTING THE CHURCH

CCORDING to Austin Bierbower, LL.D., the clergyman who leaves the church because he cannot agree with all its doctrines is recreant to his duty. It is the business of the clergy, Dr. Bierbower urges, to "keep the church right." No other class is chargeable with this work, and if they fail in it they fail in one of their most important functions. To those who believe that the church is always right, and that the clergy need only learn its doctrines to preach the truth, Dr. Bierbower says: "There is no evidence of this; but much evidence that it has often erred and often changed." Moreover, he thinks, "the church should not be sensitive about heresy in its clergy when it is itself heretical from the viewpoint of all except its own adherents." He goes on to say (in *The Independent*):

"The doctrines of the church are all matters of dispute, and received on faith. None are certainties, least of all the distinctive beliefs of any denomination; and there should always be liberty where matters are so doubtful. The people are trying to settle their doctrines, learning what is true and what not. In mathematics and some sciences, there may be unanimity, but not where inadequate proof exists. The clergyman's attitude should be one of inquiry. No theological dogmas are verified except to illogical reasoning, and man should not be constrained to reason illogically. He should give due weight to every probability, and only due weight. There ought to be no place in the church for prejudice. As its duty is to teach what is true and right, it should not force anything arbitrary to be taken as such. Proceeding only on evidence, if it can establish little with certainty, little should be believed. What are enforced are matters which have never been proven; and clergymen, like others, should have liberty to think on these; and, if they find them false, to attempt their correction."

It should never be forgotten, Dr. Bierbower continues, that the creeds were made by men in ancient times, who could not know as much as we know now. They are "all compromises," in the sense that those who made them differed in opinion, and had to waive their individual views to get uniform action. They have undergone constant modification, and were not thought as important in the early times as they are at the present day. They were not meant for accurate expressions of Christian truth. "Like our political platforms, they were intended to express generally the opinion of the convention which adopted them. As no Republican or Democrat must accept

the whole platform to be a faithful member of his party, so the ancient Christians had not to accept the whole creed to be faithful Christians. The creed expressed merely a passing phase of thought, and that but approximately." The argument proceeds:

"And when the early Christians did accept creeds they did not accept them entire. They rejected some of their declarations, thinking it enough if they believed the bulk of them. Where a dozen articles are given no man who thinks can believe them all; and it should be enough to believe most of them. People are sufficiently harmonious who can accept ten out of twelve points of faith. Greater unanimity cannot be had among intelligent people. If men's present faith were examined a still smaller proportion would be found accepted. So, if a clergyman denies one, or a few, of the teachings of his church he should not be condemned. He preaches substantial Christianity when he preaches the bulk of the doctrines. No one believes all, if he thinks about it. In the secular world men get along well enough together who have not such unanimity. The political, scientific, educational and business enterprises are conducted by those who differ much, and it should be so in religion."

The church seeks to include every one in its membership, and ought to make it possible, Dr. Bierbower holds, for a man "to be candid in the church, and not to have to go out of it to be conscientious." He adds, finally:

"Every clergyman and member, moreover, is one of the church, and if he is heretical then the church is heretical to that extent. If many share his opinion, then the church is heretical to the extent of that number. If he accepts only a few of its teachings, then, to that extent, those few only are the teachings of the church; and if many thus accept only a few of the teachings, then the church doctrines are to that extent limited to those few. And since the majority reject many of its teachings, the majority is heretical, and it is only the minority that would call them to account; and the minority would then dictate to the majority. As we have said, none would believe all the doctrines of the church if they thought about them, and probably none do believe them all; so that in strict parlance the whole membership is heretical, and no class of heretics should single out another class to persecute for heresy.

"Furthermore, every clergyman has some rights in the church, and if there is error in it that error should not keep him out. He loses no rights when he changes opinion. If he thinks the church is wrong and should be set right, he cannot think he is wrong in holding that opinion. The wrong should be conceded to be in the church, not in the one who has the truth. He ought not to have to get out of the church because he is right. He should have a right to try to put the error out."

THE LARGER ASPECTS OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT



WITH the opening of Dr. Worcester's therapeutic crusade in New York, the Emmanuel movement may be said to have passed the experimental stage. It has come to the front as the most vital religious departure now engaging public attention in this country. Since its inception three years ago, no less than fifty churches have incorporated its ideas and methods, in greater or less degree, and judging from the present interest of the ministry and of the general public in its tenets, it has by no means reached its zenith.

One evidence of the inherent vitality of the movement is the number of criticisms it has evoked. These proceed from clergymen, laymen, and, in some cases, from doctors. The *New York Times* has given much prominence and a measure of editorial support to letters written by Dr. Joseph Collins, formerly president of the American Neurological Association, denouncing the claims of Dr. Worcester and his co-workers as unscientific and arrogant. A correspondent of the same paper commends this indictment of what he regards as an Episcopal "flirtation with Mrs. Eddy." The leading organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the *New York Churchman*, prints a paper by the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, Dr. Worcester's predecessor in the rectorship of Emmanuel Church, strongly emphasizing the dangers of the new movement. Where is it leading us? asks Dr. Parks. And what ought the church to do?

These questions have been echoed by a host of others, and sooner or later they will have to be answered. A Virginia rector, the Rev. W. A. R. Godwin, points out, in *The Churchman*, the urgent importance of "carefully considering in what way the life of the church may be permanently enriched and the life of men most largely benefited by the truth to which this movement is bearing witness." If wisely guided, he says, "it will doubtless help many thousands, and will reclaim and save to the church and the truth most of those who are led into error by means of the portion of truth which has made so-called Christian Science and other systems of a kindred nature so 'immensely popular.'" If, on the other hand, the movement is left to the free choice of any clergymen who may wish to try a hand at it, there is danger that "the truth which

the movement emphasizes will be misused, and the church, which seems by its silence to sanction it, will be brought into disrepute." This correspondent goes on to pay a warm tribute to Dr. Worcester as "a man of sane and safe personality"; but "who is to judge," he inquires, "of the ability of others who may, in the name of the church, organize so-called branches of the Emmanuel movement?" He continues:

"Would it not be within the province of the bishop of the diocese to determine and decree as to whether an individual clergyman was sufficiently trained and personally endowed to justify him in undertaking to become the head of such a movement?

"And then, if the movement is decided upon, would it not be in every instance wiser to make the physician, who is responsible to society for the methods of his practice, the person officially responsible? The Christian physician put in charge of the movement would, of course, not be a materialist, and would call upon the minister for his co-operation in the work of suggestion, in the effort to establish self-confidence, in the endeavor to inspire a faith that will lay hold upon God, and in offering prayers for the co-operation of the power of the Eternal Spirit. If hypnotism was resorted to, it would be the method decided upon by a licensed physician who holds a position of responsibility, and who is accountable to the state for the method of his practice.

"In this way the church would take up into herself the consecrated life of the medical specialist, and not run the risk of having an incompetent enthusiast going down into the mazes of mind and laying hands suddenly upon the most delicate and intricate and highly sensitive part of the complex nature of man when it has already become disordered by misdirected thought and prostrated by infirmity or disease."

A correspondent of the *New York Times* has a somewhat similar plan:

"I suggest that in addition to our present three orders of the ministry—bishops, priests and deacons—that a fourth sacred order of M.D.'s be established in the church for the new work of healing, in which I firmly believe. This would relegate to the background that easy, carping criticism of the men interested and earnestly active in a good work, which must necessarily call for sacrifice on their part, in that it requires an expenditure of tremendous amount of nervous energy for the treatment to be efficacious."

But, granting the advisability of appointing "sacred M.D.'s," the problem remains—How far are the spiritual or psychotherapeutic

methods sound, and how far to be trusted in the treatment of disease? In dealing with diseases resulting from moral weakness, the appeal to religion, it is generally conceded, is far more effective than the resort to medicine. "As a physician," says Dr. M. Allen Starr, Professor of Neurology in Columbia University, "I have to admit that the influence of a firm religious belief is the best factor to enlist in the cure of alcoholism." Dr. Dickinson S. Miller, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia, takes similar ground. In the treatment of nervous diseases, he declares (in a letter to the *New York Times*), the most effective "suggestion" is undoubtedly religion, for the reason that "religious ideas are the largest, the most comprehensive, the most adequate ideas that can be found for the purpose. They are not ideas confined to the moment or to the specific ailment. They pertain to a man's whole life, and its arrangement."

Another classification that may be of help in defining the limits of religious healing is found in the different ranking of "functional" and "organic" disorders. Dr. Worcester is yet to be convinced that any single cure of an organic disease, such as small-pox, diphtheria or appendicitis, has been effected by religious or therapeutic means. He has limited the Emmanuel treatments strictly to functional ailments, such as neurasthenia, hysteria, melancholia, etc., and he has worked at all times in close co-operation with doctors. Yet hard and fast lines between functional and organic, spiritual and physical, seem to be breaking down in our day; and the trend of recent psychotherapeutic investigation is all in the direction of emphasizing, to a greater extent than ever before, the intimate inter-relations of mind and body.

More and more it is coming to be recognized that many diseases which have hitherto been regarded as physical in their origin are symptomatic of deeper distresses of the soul. The sufferer from such maladies can not be cured until his character and habits have undergone a change; and religion, oftentimes, is the only agent sufficiently powerful to accomplish the transformation. "Trust in God," says Dr. McComb, of the Emmanuel Church, "draws together the scattered forces of the inner life, unifies the dissociations of consciousness created by guilt and remorse, soothes the wild emotions born of sorrow or despair, and touches the whole man to finer issues of peace and power and holiness. By the sweet constraint of such a faith, the jarred and jangled

nerves are restored to harmony. The sense of irremediable ill disappears, and hope sheds her light once more upon the darkened mind."

Another convincing explanation of the need of religion as a therapeutic agent is offered by Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, in his booklet, "Psychotherapy and its Relation to Religion":

"I think I can best make the matter clear by calling your attention to the distinction between a *pain* and *what we think of it*, or between a suffering or a misfortune of any kind and what we think of it. These two elements always exist, are always separable, and in my opinion they are usually to be dealt with by quite different methods. The pain must be dealt with largely by physical methods, and by the physician, but what the man thinks of it, that goes down deep into his character, involves the whole mental life, his whole point of view, his religion. It is for this reason that psychotherapy is so directly and deeply connected with religion, and needs so constantly the support and guidance of the religious conception of life."

The treatments given by Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, may be cited as illustrating the best sort of religious therapeutics. In his attitude towards his patients he is first and foremost the Christian pastor, and only secondarily the healer. Not long ago there came to him a man utterly discouraged, who had suffered business reverses, felt gravely ill, and was determined to commit suicide. "I took him alone with me into my study," says the Bishop, "talked with him and prayed with him, and he went away literally a new man." The Bishop goes on to say:

"The same day a big, strongly built man came in, and with him were his wife and daughter. The man's face was haggard and his shoulders drooped. In the first few minutes' talk he told me that some years previously a physician in whom he had great confidence had examined him and told him that he had a serious case of heart disease. Other physicians had examined him since without finding traces of the malady. In fact, the diagnosis which I require before I will accept any case, and which he handed to me, said that he was perfectly well except for the trouble that had preyed upon his mind. In spite of these evidences of his health, he assured me that he had felt the symptoms of heart failure developing in him through the years, that he was steadily growing weaker, and in fact had disposed of his property and practically made up his mind to die. 'The last doctor I went to told me to come to you, Bishop Fallows. He told me that he had done all that he could, but that you could speak to me with authority. And so I am here as a last hope. What can you do?'

"With the accent and inflection of utter conviction, I said, 'Through God's grace, I can cure you absolutely. But first you must sit up straight.

You were not made to look down except at certain times, and now is the time for you to look up.' He straightened up for the first time since he had entered.

"Now," I said, 'take fifteen or twenty good deep breaths. The air is the symbol of God's Spirit. Spirit means breath. God has breathed into us His Holy Spirit. There is no more fitting symbol of His Spirit than the free, pure air around us. Fill your lungs full of it consciously every day, for it carries health and life. Your mind and body are wonderfully inter-related; they act and react upon each other. No idea has ever entered your consciousness except through your senses. Every sensation which is caught by your senses is registered automatically upon your mental and also upon your physical being.' And I went on to make clear to him how suggestions of disease may creep into the mind, and, once there, how insidious their action is. 'And now,' I said, 'I have spoken to you. I have told you all that a man can tell you. I am going to stand aside now and let God speak.' And I opened the Word and read to him:

"For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. . . . If thou wilt diligently hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, for I am the Lord that healeth thee. . . . Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction.'"

The "Fallows idea," which is simply the Emmanuel idea reduced to its simplest terms, is still further illustrated in the following "Watchwords of Right Living," selected from Bishop Fallows's new book:*

"You may learn to consume your own smoke. The atmosphere is darkened by the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over non-essentials, the trifles that are inevitably incident to the hurly-burly of the day's routine. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity, and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints." WILLIAM OSLER.

"The wisest thinkers of all times have seen that worry, apprehension and fear condemn the many to futility, to real or imaginary disease, to premature death, to everything that is the negation of abundant life." C. W. SALEEBY.

"See that all the hours of the day are so full of interesting and healthful occupations that there is no chance for worry to stick its nose in." LUTHER GULICK.

"The true religion, and the truths perceived by present and past religion, are cures of worry and prevention of its consequences." C. W. SALEEBY.

"Do not go about repeating the statement that nothing affects the temper like diseases of the stomach; it would be better to say that nothing troubles the functions of the stomach like moody tempers." PAUL DUBOIS.

"If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in, but always keep your leg and body muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that—what mental mood can you expect to be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?" WILLIAM JAMES.

"Try?" I repeat to him. 'That is no good. The word "try" implies an idea of doubt in the result, and doubt always diminishes our fervor.' Say 'I will do it.'"

PAUL DUBOIS.

"You teach a man to control or restrain himself as soon as you teach him what to do in a positive sense." JOSIAH ROYCE.

"Life is not for work, but work is for life; whilst life itself is for happiness—the higher the better, but whether high or low, happiness." HERBERT SPENCER.

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

ROBERT BROWNING.

Bishop Fallows, it will be observed, gets reinforcement from all quarters. He claims no originality for his method. And it is characteristic of the Emmanuel movement as a whole that it is far-visioned and broad-minded. It breaks down sectarian barriers and tends to unite men of every creed in enthusiastic effort to achieve the highest possible physical and spiritual health. As Paul Geirasch, associate editor of the new "Course of Reading" in psychotherapeutics now being published in New York, puts it:

"While the Emmanuel movement is the feature of the efforts to put psychotherapy to popular use now most prominently before the public, it represents, of course, only one application of psychotherapy, the method of religious suggestion. It is only a part of a more general tendency now noticeable in the public to get results of practical benefit from the newer knowledge of the relationship of mind and body. It is right that the demand for such results should be met.

"Some one said recently that 'the public is on a new road toward health,' and summed up the public attitude in the remark: 'There is a tendency to-day to shift the stress from the last words to the first in the old maxim, *Mens sana in corpore sano*.' It is now coming to mean to an increasing number of persons, 'If the mind is healthy the body will be sound.'"

From Mr. Geirasch's point of view, the great need of the day is not so much to educate a class of mental healers, in the ranks

*HEALTH AND HAPPINESS; OR RELIGIOUS THERAPEUTICS AND RIGHT LIVING. By Samuel Fallows, D.D., LL.D. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

of the clergy or outside, as to make clear to the public mind the truths of mental life that are applied in the practice of psychotherapy. He says:

"Clear thinking in this regard can do much toward perfecting a rational personal hygiene of the mind. Such clear ideas, however, can only be formed on the basis of genuine knowledge, and this knowledge is at present lacking to the average man, who becomes enthusiastic over the Emmanuel movement or its less reasonable popular developments in mental healing. The effect of emotions on the body, the meaning of 'habit,' what is known of the workings of the 'subconscious' or 'unconscious' mind, the nature and effects of 'suggestion,' the psychological or neurological side of such troubles as nervousness, sleeplessness, worry and the like—these are things in

which psychotherapy plays a part and about which the public might well be informed with great benefit.

"It is by no means necessary to restrict the popular application of the truth of psychotherapy to a religious movement, as is done by the Emmanuel workers. The moral side of psychotherapy is not limited to creeds or to cults. It is apropos here to quote from Dr. Paul Dubois, who has based his treatment on the broadest conceptions of morality and religion. 'In spite of their different points of view,' says Dr. Dubois, 'there is a communion of soul between intellectual rationalists and truly religious people. They defend the banner of the ideal against the unconscious attacks of crowds that are more indifferent than hostile. Believers and sincere freethinkers can practise the same religion—that which consists in wanting to be to-day better than they were yesterday.'"

OBJECTIONS TO THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER ON RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE



RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S recent letter on the subject of religious tolerance, in which he denounced as "narrow bigotry" the refusal to "vote for any thoroly upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed," and expressed his conviction that "there will doubtless be among the Presidents of this Republic Protestants and Catholics, and very probably at some time Jews," has started a lively controversy in the religious world. By Roman Catholics and Jews, it goes without saying, the President's views are enthusiastically greeted. The *New York Freeman's Journal* has only commendation for "the noble letter which goes on record to a great and good ruler's immortal honor"; and *The American Israelite* (Chicago) says: "It is the most ringing pronouncement of religious liberty and of political equality that has ever been made in the history of mankind by the official head of a great nation."

But among adherents of other religious beliefs quite a different attitude prevails. The leaders of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in New York concede the sincerity, while attacking the logic, of the President's utterance. "In full agreement with you as to the fundamental principle of the separation of church and state," they say, in an open letter addressed to Mr. Roosevelt, "members and pastors of our church, and other churches as well, have been amazed to see the indiscriminate and self-contradictory application you make

of that principle itself." Particularly these Lutheran ministers object to "the stricture made on those who might refuse to vote for a Roman Catholic for the highest office in the gift of our people." They argue:

"Of course, it is subversive of the basic principle of a real separation of church and state to permit the religious belief or non-belief of any candidate for public office to determine the casting of one's vote for or against such candidate, except when that very religious belief or non-belief antagonizes this principle of complete separation of church and state, and all those rights and liberties which are included therein and safeguarded thereby. We agree with you, therefore, that those citizens are to be severely criticized who vote against a man merely because he is a Unitarian, a Jew, a Methodist, or any other religionist.

"But were you not aware of the fact that the Roman Catholic church has again and again, for centuries back and down to modern times, through its official head and other authorities, denounced as wholly wrong and as things to be tolerated only so long as they cannot be changed the complete separation of church and state, full religious liberty, freedom of conscience, of speech, and of the press, and that, moreover, it proclaims its teachings and principles to be unchangeable, and boasts of being 'semper idem'?"

The Lutheran ministers go on to quote official declarations of the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in support of their contention. They recall that Pope Pius IX, in his syllabus of 1864, condemns as an error the proposition that "the church must be separated from the state," and that Leo XIII, in his encyclical of 1888, condemns what he

terms "the fatal theory of the right of separation between church and state." In the same encyclical, Leo writes further: "From what has been said, it follows that it is quite unlawful to demand, to defend, or to grant unconditional freedom of thought, of speech, or writing, or of worship, as if these were so many rights given by nature to man." Have these declarations, ask the Lutheran ministers, ever been revoked by the Roman Catholic Church? "If so," they aver, "we have gained no knowledge thereof. All that we have read by Roman Catholic writers was merely an attempt either to justify these declarations or to take the edge off of them in order to meet attacks from those who maintain that the Romanist, if he be a loyal adherent of his church, its official teachings and principles, is in irreconcilable conflict with the principles set forth in the Constitution of the United States."

Coming nearer home, the Lutheran ministers cite the following passage from Cardinal Gibbons's book, "The Faith of our Fathers":

"The church is indeed intolerant in this sense that she must never confound truth with errors; nor can she ever admit that a man is conscientiously free to reject the truth when its claims are convincingly brought home to his mind. Many Protestants seem to be very much disturbed by some such argument as this: Catholics are very ready now to proclaim freedom of conscience because they are in the minority. When they once succeed in getting the upper hand in numbers and power they will destroy this freedom because their faith teaches them to tolerate no doctrine other than the Catholic. It is, therefore, a matter of absolute necessity for us that they should never be allowed to get this advantage.

"Now, in all this there is a great mistake, which comes from not knowing the Catholic doctrine in its fulness. I shall not lay it down myself lest it seem to have been gotten up for the occasion. I shall quote the great theologian Becanus, who taught the doctrine of the schools of Catholic theology at the time when the struggle was strongest between Catholicity and Protestantism. He says that religious liberty may be tolerated by a ruler when it would do more harm to the state or to the community to repress it. The ruler may even enter into a contract in order to secure to his subjects this freedom in religious matters, and when once a contract is made it must be observed absolutely in every point, just as every other lawful and honest contract."

On this the comment is made: "What are these obviously mildest declarations but a confirmation of the charge that the Roman Catholic Church does not stand for full and perfect religious liberty, as understood by all Americans and defined in our Federal constitution?" The argument proceeds:

"Is there any comment necessary on the cardinal's quotation from Becanus to show that it in nowise commits the Roman Catholic church to the principle of religious liberty, but most clearly decries that principle as an evil to be tolerated only by reason of necessity, 'when it would do more harm to the state or to the community to repress it?'"

"Are we not, then, compelled to maintain that a loyal Roman Catholic, who fully understands the allegiance required of him by the pope, can never sincerely subscribe to the Federal Constitution, nor, if he does subscribe to it, never can be expected to abide by it, enforce and defend it? Papacy and Vaticanism cannot be separated from the Roman Catholic religion.

"How, then, could we, as firm believers in the principle of complete separation of church and state, and the liberties based thereon and safeguarded thereby, conscientiously and consistently help to elect to the Presidency a member of the Roman Catholic church, so long as that church does not officially, through its pontiff or church council, revoke its diametrically opposed declarations?"

The Baptist *Watchman*, of Boston, takes the same view. "A vote for a Roman Catholic," it affirms, "is a vote for the Roman Church, and is a vote for the subversion of the very principle President Roosevelt was defending, that no one should be discriminated against because of religion." The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* expresses agreement with this argument, and the Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) goes one step further. The "long instilled dread of a Romanist chief magistrate in this country," it intimates, is chiefly due to "the papacy's failure definitely to renounce the claim of 'temporal sovereignty.'" It continues:

"To be sure, the pope is careful not to assert that right in America, but he still holds to it theoretically with a stubbornness that argues no intent to suppress the claim in any place or time where it might be possible to make it good again as it was made good in the centuries before the Reformation. It is not an idle dread which prompts shrewd Americans to suspect that a Catholic President would have no sooner entered the White House than he would be challenged from over-seas to listen to the counsels of the 'holy father' in the policies of his administration. The personal religious faith of the President may be admitted to be as far from political importance as the personal religious faith of any private citizen. But if his religion should bring the President within the sphere of external political influence, that could no more be tolerated than foreign influence deriving from any other source."

The leading organ of Methodism in this country, the New York *Christian Advocate*, is also decidedly critical in its attitude toward the President's letter. To quote:

"It is easy to imagine circumstances which would require a limitation of his views, so far as expressed. For example, the Mormons have more than 200,000 members in this country. Mormonism is a religion. It is well understood that if the laws did not prohibit it they would now openly practice polygamy; and that for many years they systematically resisted and violated the laws of the country.

"If a Mormon—however good he might be individually—were nominated for a national position of an *executive* character, involving the interests of all the people, his religious connection should be a reason for Christians to vote against him.

"Again, Spiritualism is a religion; not that all professed believers in Spiritualism make of it a religion, but at certain periods since the delusion arose in this country in 1847 there have been, and still are, Spiritualist churches with doctrines and teachings based upon so-called 'communications.' If a Spiritualist were to be nominated for the *presidency*, and it was known that in pursuance of his religion he had surrounded himself with mediums, *a la* the Czar of Russia, and placed full reliance upon their supposed intimations from the supernal world, it would be a complete reason for voting against him, whatever might be his natural abilities, and however strong his patriotic spirit.

"Also, if a man publicly attacked the Bible, held it up to ridicule and scorn, was everywhere recognized as its hater and opponent, who blasphemed the God of Israel and the God of the New Testament offensively, affirming the whole to be a relic of ancient superstition, even tho he

might admit the possibility of an incomprehensible Being, his general conduct on the subject of religion would justify refusing to vote for him for the presidency—even tho his abilities were transcendent and known all over the world, and he had fought for his country, lost an arm and leg and risen to the height of major-general—and to vote for any ordinary decent man who would respect the moral foundations of the country and the feelings of a vast majority of its inhabitants.

"If any great form of religion now existing should turn itself into a political organization, form secret societies for the control of the government, command its votaries how to vote, call down the curses of heaven upon them if they dared to vote otherwise than as instructed, and subtly, as an organization, endeavor to ensnare every candidate nominated for election, and require every one of its members in every sphere of life to take instructions from it as to voting, and conducting themselves in public office—we mean if any religion, Jewish or Christian, should thus become a controlling force which demanded the diversion of the public funds to its own purposes, either upon the direct line with arrogance and publicity or obliquely by personal seductions, it would be a proper thing for all other religionists and all citizens with no religion to refuse to vote for a candidate thus enchained.

"But in the absence of any of these things, or such like things, we should agree with the President that it is equally superfluous and narrow to 'refuse to vote for any thoroly upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed.'

THE NEW SOCIALIST MORALITY



SOME of our leading public men have lately been having their fling at Socialism. President Roosevelt set the ball rolling, and Senator Lodge followed. Now it is President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, who has been telling a Kansas City audience that Socialism will "dry up at their source the well springs of progress," and "starve to death those splendid traits of benevolence, human kindness and charity which have marked the upward path of civilization since the religion of Christ became one of its most potent forces."

This pessimistic prophecy throws into marked contrast the alleged results that Socialism would bring about, and the moral passion that undoubtedly inspires much of its propaganda to-day. John Spargo's newly published volume,* "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism," is aflame with this passion.

"The torch which all the prophets from Moses to Jesus bore aloft," he says, "is to-day being borne onward by Socialist agitators."

The Socialists believe that their philosophy affords a key to the correct interpretation not merely of economic, but also of moral, development, and a growing body of Socialistic literature in all parts of the world sustains their claim. Within recent years a number of scientific treatises on the subject, such as "The New Morality," by Anton Menger, an Austrian writer, have appeared. There are pamphlets and magazine articles, too; and their number is legion.

One of the most notable of recent studies in this field appears in *The Albany Review* (London) from the pen of the Socialist poet and essayist, Edward Carpenter. He thinks that a recognition of "the Common Life" will finally become the foundation-element of all morality. "The method of the New Morality," he declares, "will be to bring children up—and so indirectly all citizens—in such condi-

*THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MODERN SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. B. W. Hue bsch, New York.

tions of abounding life and health that their sympathies, overflowing naturally to those around them, will cause them to realize in the strongest way their organic part in the great whole of society—and this not as an intellectual theory, so much as an abiding consciousness and foundation-fact of their own existence." The same writer continues:

"Make this the basis of all teaching. Make them realize—by all sorts of habit and example—that to injure or deceive others is to injure themselves—that to help others somehow satisfies and fortifies their own inner life. Let them learn, as they grow up, to regard all human beings, of whatever race or class, as ends in themselves—never to be looked upon as mere things or chattels to be made use of. Let them also learn to look upon the animals in the same light—as beings, they too, who are climbing the great ladder of creation—beings with whom also we humans have a common spirit and interest. And let them learn to respect *themselves* as worthy and indispensable members of this great Body. Thus will be established a true Morality—a morality far more searching, more considerate of others, more adaptive and more genuine than that of the present day—a morality, we may say, of common-sense; but a morality without a code, without definite and limiting formulæ."

But Socialism, as every student knows, was cradled in Germany; and from Germany its authoritative interpretations still come. *Die Neue Zeit*, of Stuttgart, is probably the most scholarly Socialist journal in the world, and its editor, Karl Kautsky, is regarded as the ablest Socialist scholar since Marx. He has published works dealing with various aspects of Socialism. The latest is entitled "Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History."*

The phrase, "materialist conception of history," or "economic interpretation of history," as the same idea is sometimes expressed, dates back to Marx, and is explained in a pregnant sentence in his work on "Capital." This is the sentence: "In every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch." Kautsky tries to show that this statement is equally applicable in connection with the development of ethics.

According to Kautsky, morality is as much subject to the laws of evolution as the physical and animal world. He points out that

a crude form of morality exists among practically all the animal species that have advanced far enough to realize the advantages of association. His argument here supplements that of Kropotkin in his study of "Mutual Aid" among the animals. Self-sacrifice, bravery, fidelity, subordination to the will of the collectivity, truthfulness, susceptibility to the praise or blame of others—all, argues Kautsky, exist in germinal form in the animal world; and these are the essence of morality. But it is not until a distinctively human society emerges that these virtues can be developed to a high degree of power; and the fundamental difference between the group-life of human beings and that of animals lies in the fact that men use tools, while animals do not.

The tool of production, in its broadest sense, is the determining factor, so Kautsky contends, in shaping the moral standards of man. Progress, he tries to show, depends on the improvement of the tool and the manner in which it is used. Classes are created by the different methods in which it is owned. Epochs are made and unmade by the different transformations it undergoes.

In Kautsky's reading of history, war arose from the material necessities of primitive man, but acted as a unifying force among the members of nomadic and shepherd tribes. Thus, while it produced savagery and ferocity on the one hand, it promoted solidarity within the tribe and fostered social virtues by encouraging self-sacrifice and service. Even later, when war was no longer necessary for obtaining food, or for self-defence, it continued to exert a good social influence so long as the tribes held their possessions in common, and the object of war was the enrichment of the tribe. But when classes were created, based on private ownership of the means of production, war became more and more a dividing influence. It represented the effort of the ruling classes to enlarge their fields of exploitation or to supplant other ruling classes. In such wars the interest of the exploited classes was not taken into account at all. It was merely a question of who should be rulers. At this stage war ceased to be a school for the development of social impulses. It rather tended to sharpen the distinctions between the different classes by creating an arrogant attitude in the military leaders and ruling classes toward all the rest of the population. Thus war, from being originally a strong unifying social factor, tends more and more to widen the gulf between the classes in society.

*ETHIK UND DIE MATERIALISTISCHE GESCHICHTSAUFFASSUNG. By Karl Kautsky. J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart. Translated into English and published in America by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

This evolution of war follows the development of private property, which in turn is conditioned by the progress in technical discovery. Technical advance, by increasing the productivity of society, and by giving rise to an ever greater division of labor, made it possible for one part of the population to live on what the others produced. Different classes developed, and primitive communism gave way to competition. The new system inevitably modified moral standards. The primitive commune, with property held in common, had promoted the social instincts. But in the war of competition it was found that the individual who was most reckless of the interests of society as a whole became most powerful. This accounts for the view so generally prevalent nowadays that egoism is the only natural instinct in man, and that the so-called social instinct is either a refined egoism or a sheer invention.

While competition had an evil effect on social morality, Kautsky's argument proceeds, it was necessary for the development of the natural resources of the world. In creating different classes, moreover, it gave common interests to the various classes, and produced new moral forces which differed according to the different interests. Henceforth progress was worked out through the conflict of classes, and the victorious class was usually able to impose its views of morality on the masses, as did, for example, the bourgeois class after the French Revolution. Yet after each defeat the masses, spurred on by economic necessity, developed a new morality in opposition to that of the ruling or possessing classes.

Hitherto the victory of one class has meant the subjugation or exploitation of another class. The feudal lords had their serfs; capitalism has its exploited proletariat. The world has never emerged from the condition of class morality. Just as in the primitive commune the laws of morality were confined to members of the tribe, and did not apply to outsiders, so the capitalist system has produced moralities which do not extend beyond the limits of one class. At the present time, the burning economic conflict, breaking out at times into actual warfare, is the struggle between the capitalist class and the working class. It is based, so the Socialists claim, on the fact that the capitalist class is an exploiting class, and that the workers receive in wages only a small portion of what they actually create. The rest, the surplus, goes to swell rent, interest and profit. This is the "surplus-

value" about which Marx talked so much.

The capitalist class, from Kautsky's point of view, determines the prevailing moral codes, and the workers have no alternative but to accept them. But now Socialism comes into the world as the champion of the workers' interest. Its motto is Marx's: "Working-men of all countries unite! You have a world to gain, and nothing to lose but your chains." It would teach wage-workers their power. It seeks to educate them to the necessity of appropriating, by political and constitutional methods, the whole machinery of production and distribution. Land, factories, the means of transit, are to be owned and operated in the interest not of the capitalists but of the workers. Yet this victory, when achieved, will differ from every other class-victory in the history of the world; for it will bring about the abolition of all classes, and wipe away all conflicting economic interests. Then for the first time, says Kautsky, a universal morality will become possible, that universal morality which Christianity has preached for centuries, but which has remained impossible thus far because of the lack of the material basis which is now supplied by modern capitalism. By the introduction of Socialism, too, war will be ended, since there will no longer exist that necessity of obtaining foreign markets which is responsible for so many modern wars. Thus Socialist morality will embrace not only the entire population of each country, but will be international.

"Where is there an ethical ideal that opens up more glorious prospects?" asks Kautsky. "Yet this ideal is obtained through the sober investigation of economic facts, and not through enthusiasm for the moral ideal of liberty, fraternity, equality, justice, humanity." He adds:

"This ideal is not the expectation of conditions which *ought* to come, which we merely *desire* and *yearn for*. It is a forecast of conditions which *must* come, which are *necessary*. Not necessary, however, in the fatalistic sense, in the sense that a higher power will bestow them upon us, but necessary and inevitable in the sense in which it is necessary and inevitable that the inventors should improve technical processes, that the capitalists in their greed for profit should revolutionize the entire economic life; in the sense in which it is inevitable that the wage workers should endeavor to obtain shorter hours of work and higher pay, that they should organize and fight the capitalist class and its political power, that they should strive to obtain political power and to destroy the capitalist rule. Socialism is inevitable, because the class struggle and the victory of the proletarians are inevitable."

WHAT THE BUDDHIST MEANS BY NIRVANA



HERE is a story that Emerson was stopped in the street one day by an excited member of the now forgotten sect of Millerites, who exclaimed, "Mr. Emerson, do you know that the world is going to be destroyed in ten days?" "Well," said Emerson, "I don't see but we shall get along just as well without it." The incident is cited by Dr. William S. Bigelow, the latest of the Ingersoll lecturers at Harvard University, in his book, "Buddhism and Immortality,"* and he uses it to illustrate the Buddhist attitude toward life. The very essence of Buddhist thought, as Dr. Bigelow interprets it, is the idea of limitless spiritual growth culminating in a state that transcends the material. And this spiritual transcendence, he tells us, is to be attained through the enlargement of that consciousness which is in us all, and which is divine because it is infinite.

Man may be defined as a body or as a soul, or as a body and soul; but the Buddhist definition employs none of these terms. "Man," it says, "consists of states of consciousness."

Now the states of consciousness that we recognize in every action of daily life may be divided into two main classes, namely, those that originate from without and those that originate from within. In homely illustration of this fact, Dr. Bigelow says:

"Each of you had breakfast this morning. While you were eating it you were conscious of it, how it looked and tasted, and these states of consciousness were imposed on your minds from the outside by the action of matter on matter,—the matter of the breakfast on the matter of your nerves of sight and taste. This action is as constant as any other purely mechanical action, and if your sensory and nervous machinery is in normal running order, the resulting states of consciousness are as constant as the cause that produces them. All these forms of consciousness were imposed on your minds from without in the form of distinct sensations, as we call them, sensations existing at that particular time and place."

But supposing we *think* of breakfast, what is the result? If our mental machinery is in good working order, we can recall the breakfast exactly as it was. This we call *memory*. Or, if we like, we can increase or diminish or alter it in any particular. This we call *imagination*. In either case a state of

consciousness is induced which is quite different from that previously experienced. It is both past and present. It is here and now, in the sense that our thought is here and now. But it also belongs to the past, in the sense that it re-creates the sensations of the morning. In other words, something has come into being which transcends the limitations of time and space.

By way of still further contrasting these two states of consciousness, Dr. Bigelow says:

"Matter is conditioned by space and time. Direct sensory consciousness, being based on matter, is necessarily equally so conditioned. But states of consciousness not based on matter are not.

"Now, the space and time relations of matter may be summed up in one word, separateness; those of consciousness in the opposite term, unity.

"This seems too obvious to be worth stating. One chair is separate from another chair, one tree from another tree, one animal body from another animal body,—nor can you, by any means, make two into one. But with consciousness the exact contrary is true. Unity, not separateness, is the essential characteristic. Two men cannot sit in the same chair at the same time, but any number of men can think of the same chair at the same time. This seems a proposition of childish simplicity, and so it is, but it is the turning-point of the whole matter."

If thought is not conditioned by either time or space, the question inevitably arises: By what is it conditioned? Dr. Bigelow replies: "By your will—the act of volition that calls the thought into being." Here we touch the most mysterious, yet most important, factor in the psychology of the human being. How can it be defined? Sensations originate outside and inside the body; emotions inside. The will is deeper than either. As Dr. Bigelow points out:

"We cannot classify it with anything else. We cannot describe it in terms of any other form of consciousness. We are conscious through our bodies and of our bodies, but the consciousness of the will is direct. We cannot separate ourselves from it. We cannot stand off and examine it. We cannot modify it by anything else. It itself modifies everything within its scope. Other forms of consciousness are objective in their relation to it, but it is never objective to them. It may be overpowered by sensations, emotions, or passions, through its own weakness or their strength. It often is. But its attitude towards them, whether resisting or directing them, is always essentially and necessarily active. It exists in no other form than the subjective form. It is inconceivable in any other form. If it is not active, it is not will. There is nothing in our

*BUDDHISM AND IMMORTALITY. By William Sturgis Bigelow, M. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

consciousness deeper. It underlies and overlies and permeates all other forms, and, moreover—what is of immeasurably more importance—it can, if need be, *create them*."

The consciousness of man, directed by his will, is co-extensive with the universe. In fact, it is larger than the universe, and indefinitely larger. It could take in a dozen universes, or a million. It has no dimensions; it is continuous; and it is one. If our wills are not free, the limitations must be attributed to our separate, material personalities, and the first step in the direction of a larger selfhood is to realize, despite appearances to the contrary, that we are all one. "The difference in beings," Dr. Bigelow declares, "is how much they realize of this universal consciousness. The process of evolution is the process of increase of the amount realized. The only thing that prevents a man from realizing the whole of it is the accumulated habit of countless generations of thinking in terms of self, that is, of the material self." We read further:

"This universal consciousness is what all existence started from and is returning to. How easily it can be reached by organized beings depends on their place in the scale of evolution. The fish is farther from it than the dog, and the dog farther than we, and we farther than higher beings. The important thing to us is that, having evolved to the stage of human beings on our road to it, we can now see where we are going, and can greatly increase our speed if we like."

This reasoning tends toward something that the mind, in its present stage, cannot grasp. But there are analogies by which it can be dimly realized. Says Dr. Bigelow:

"You are all more or less familiar with that extraordinary entity upon whose inferential existence the lines of modern scientific research seem to converge, the interstellar ether, which seems likely to prove the ultimate form of matter out of which everything comes and into which everything must eventually return. You know the seemingly contradictory qualities that the hypothesis of its existence involves—how it is perfectly rigid and perfectly elastic, perfectly dense and perfectly penetrable, hot and cold, heavy and light, and so on as far as we like to go. But . . . all this simply means that the ether is unconditioned, an entity of no properties but of all possibilities, or, more exactly, not an entity at all, but an infinite possibility."

"To our minds it may serve as a symbol of an idea we cannot well grasp without a symbol, the *idea of unconditioned consciousness*."

"From this the universe has come. To this the universe and everything in it returns. We have come a long way up the scale of evolution guided by natural selection. We have come to the point where we can begin to do our own selecting. We can understand something of the rules

of the game, and see something of the board in our immediate neighborhood, altho our consciousness is so cramped and shriveled and atrophied by long contact with the limitations of material existence that we can barely and dimly realize the immensity of that which is at once our origin and our goal."

The important point is that we have a choice. We may take as much or as little as we choose. We may take the smallest part or the whole. But only the whole is free. Emerson has expressed this thought in his memorable lines:

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them
all.

"Never, perhaps," Dr. Bigelow comments, "has the choice been better stated." Bread, the symbol of the evanescent needs of daily physical life; kingdoms, of power; the stars, of the highest knowledge of material things; and the sky that holds them all, of the last and great alternative, the ultimate expansion of consciousness that knows neither limit nor boundary. "Only in this expanded consciousness," we are reminded, "is the will free. Only in limited forms is its freedom hampered. The so-called necessity that seems to oppose it is made up of the limitations of personality and material existence." The argument concludes:

"There is a Japanese proverb that says, 'There are many roads up the mountain, but it is always the same moon that is seen from the top.' The Japanese themselves, with a liberality worthy of imitation, apply this saying to different forms of religious belief. The mountain may well typify matter, and the summit the highest accessible point on which a climber can stand and maintain his separate individual existence in terms of consciousness drawn from the material world. This peak may be accessible by any religion, or without any religion; but Buddhism and its genetically associated systems look beyond. The mountain top is the apotheosis of personal existence, the highest form of consciousness that can be expressed in terms of separate individuality—a sublime elevation, where many a pilgrim is content to pause. Below him are the kingdoms; above him are the stars; and kingdoms and stars alike are his. But it is not the end. Deeper than the kingdoms, and higher than the stars, is the sky that holds them all. And there alone is peace—that peace that the material world cannot give—the peace that passeth understanding trained on material things—infinite and eternal peace—the peace of limitless consciousness unified with limitless will."

"That peace is NIRVANA."

Music and the Drama

HENRY IRVING AS ELLEN TERRY SAW HIM

HE quality which most distinguishes Ellen Terry's autobiography,* aside from its honesty, good-will and fun, is her critical acumen in all matters related to her art. She understands the "science" of acting better than most of her fellow-actors, and she is gifted with an extraordinary power of critical detachment. To no one of her stage comrades does Miss Terry naturally give such long and sympathetic analysis as to Henry Irving (we omit the title, for Miss Terry does not seem to consider it worth mentioning), and the result is a living presence in her pages. "Nothing yet written can compare with this book as a portrait of Henry Irving," says Mr. A. B. Walkley in the *London Times*. "Just as she reveals herself, so Miss Terry reveals her great chief, in his strength of character, of brain, and, above all, of will; in his childlike simplicity and his equally childlike subtlety; his remoteness and reserve, and the life-long loneliness that these brought him; his hesitations and his greatness; his fine courtesy and his domineering self-assertion. . . . For those in the future who want to know Henry Irving the man, her book will be a necessary document." One should add the actor also, for Miss Terry definitely pictures each character impersonated by him during her quarter of a century at the Lyceum Theatre. Henry Irving, indeed, was no happier in his great "leading lady" than in his present interpreter.

The dominant personality of Irving "looms across" those years at the Lyceum, writes Miss Terry, "reducing all events, all feelings, all that happened and all that was suggested, to pigmy size." Before that time she had seen very little of him, and he less of her. "I never thought that he would become a great actor," she tells us. "He had no high opinion of *my* acting." They had played together during one short engagement, in Garrick's "boiled-down version" of "The Taming of the Shrew," not successfully. Irving, as Petruchio, was in fact a melancholy failure. He was "stiff with face, and he was good as a naturally good

vanity and self-consciousness; his eyes were dull and his face heavy." Yet he had then been "toiling in the provinces for eleven solid years." Only his "fierce and indomitable will which showed itself in application to his work" impressed Ellen Terry at the time. "I think this was the peculiar quality in his acting afterwards," she writes, "a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel, produced by the perpetual fight against difficulties. Socrates, it is said, had every capacity for evil in his man could never be. Henry Irving at first had everything against him as an actor. He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not *look*. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned, and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free." Irving's peculiar "genius of *will*," she describes as follows:

"For years he worked to overcome the dragging leg, which seemed to attract more attention from some small-minded critics (sharp of eye, yet how dull of vision!) than all the mental splendor of his impersonations. He toiled, and he overcame this defect, just as he overcame his disregard of the vowels and the self-consciousness which in the early stages of his career used to hamper and incommode him. His *self* was to him on a first night what the shell is to a lobster on dry land.

"Even up to the last five years of his life, Henry Irving was striving, striving. He never rested on old triumphs, never found a part in which there was no more to do. Once when I was touring with him in America, at the time when he was at the highest point of his fame, I watched him one day in the train—always a delightful occupation, for his face provided many pictures a minute—and being struck by a curious expression, half-triumphant, half-despairing, asked him what he was thinking about.

"'I was thinking,' he answered slowly, 'how strange it is that I should have made the reputation I have as an actor, with nothing to help me, with no equipment. My legs, my voice—everything has been against me. For an actor who can't walk, can't talk, and has no face to speak of, I've done pretty well.'

"And I, looking at that splendid head, those wonderful hands which he was holding out in a despairing gesture toward me, thought, 'Ah, you little know!'

In Miss Terry's opinion, Hamlet was Henry Irving's greatest impersonation, altho he him-

*RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS. By Ellen Terry. The McClure Company.

self would never admit it. He seems to have lacked almost entirely her critical detachment, and to have suffered the blindness of many a creative artist in regard to the relative value of his own performances. In playing with Edwin Booth, for instance, each actor alternating weekly the parts of Othello and Iago, Irving, whose Iago received "unanimous praise" (the first time such a thing had happened in his career!) was determined to play Othello, regardless of the fact that he was condemned in the part almost as much as he was praised in Iago. "He screamed and ranted and raved," writes Miss Terry, "lost his voice, was slow where he should have been swift, incoherent where he should have been strong." But not until the very last night of the production did he "roll up the clothes that he had worn as the Moor, dash the bundle into a corner of the dressing-room, and say 'Never again!'"

In her description of Irving's Hamlet, on the contrary, Miss Terry almost despairs of doing justice to his achievement in words. "What is it to say," she exclaims, "that the cardinal qualities of his Prince of Denmark were strength, delicacy, distinction? . . . When I read 'Hamlet' now, everything that Henry did in it seems to me more absolutely right even than I thought at the time." She pictures him vividly in the part as follows:

"His first entrance as Hamlet was what we call, in theatrical parlance, very much 'worked up.' He was always a tremendous believer in processions, and rightly. It is through such means that royalty keeps its hold on the feelings of the public, and makes its mark as a figure and a symbol. Henry Irving understood this. Therefore, to music so apt that it was not remarkable in itself, but a contribution to the general excited anticipation, the Court of Denmark came on to the stage. . . .

"At its tail, when the excitement was at fever heat, came the solitary figure of Hamlet, looking extraordinarily tall and thin. . . .

"He was weary; his cloak trailed on the ground. He did *not* wear the miniature of his father obtrusively round his neck! . . .

"The hair looked blue-black, like the plumage of a crow; the eyes burning—two fires, veiled, as yet, by melancholy. But the appearance of the man was not single, straight, or obvious, as it is when I describe it, any more than his passions throughout the play were. I only remember one moment when his intensity concentrated itself in a straightforward, unmistakable emotion, without side-current or backwater. It was when he said:

The play's the thing,

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king, and, as the curtain came down, was seen to be writing madly on his tablets against one of the pillars. . . .

"I have seen many Hamlets—Fechter, Charles Kean, Rossi, Friedrich Haase, Forbes-Robertson, and my own son, Gordon Craig, among them, but they were not in the same hemisphere. I refuse to go and see Hamlets now. I want to keep Henry Irving's fresh and clear in my memory until I die."

And yet Miss Terry admits that at all its best points Irving's Hamlet was unfortunately "susceptible of absurd imitation"; adding in shrewd defence of his eccentricities:

"Think of this well, young actors who are content to play for safety, to avoid ridicule at all costs, to be 'natural'—oh, word most vilely abused! What sort of naturalness is this of Hamlet's?

O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!

Henry Irving's imitators could make people burst with laughter when they took off his delivery of that line. And, indeed, the original, too, was almost provocative of laughter—rightly so, for such emotional indignation has its funny as well as its terrible aspect. The mad—and all are mad who have, as Socrates put it, 'a divine release from the common ways of men'—may speak ludicrously even when they speak the truth. All great acting has a certain strain of extravagance which the imitators catch hold of and give us the eccentric body without the sublime soul."

Miss Terry is willing to count as failures Irving's Petruchio, his Othello, his Macbeth, and his Romeo. But even here she qualifies, writing of his much ridiculed Romeo—"which had more bricks thrown at it than even my Juliet":

"I am not going to say that Henry's Romeo was good. What I do say is that some bits of it were as good as anything he ever did. In the big emotional scene (in the Friar's cell) he came to grief precisely as he had done in 'Othello.' He screamed, got slower and slower, and looked older and older. When I begin to think it over, I see that he often failed in such scenes through his very genius for impersonation. An actor of commoner mould takes such scenes rhetorically—recites them, and gets through them with some success. But the actor who impersonates, feels, and lives such anguish or passion or tempestuous grief does for the moment, in imagination, nearly die. Imagination impeded Henry Irving in what are known as 'strong' scenes. . . . He was a perfect Hamlet, a perfect Richard III, a perfect Shylock, except in the scene with Tubal, where I think his voice failed him. He was an imperfect Romeo; yet, as I have said, he did things in the part which were equal to the best of his perfect Hamlet."

Irving's egotism, his complete absorption in his own achievements, possibly to the detriment of her own, Miss Terry touches upon with characteristic delicacy and generosity. "He was an egotist," she writes, "an egotist

of the great type, *never* 'a mean egotist,' as he was once slanderously described; and all his faults sprang from egotism, which is, after all, only another name for greatness. . . . Perhaps it is not true, but, as I believe it to be true, I may as well state it: It was never any pleasure to him to see the acting of other actors and actresses. Salvini's Othello I know he thought magnificent, but he would not speak of it." She attributes this, however, not to jealousy, but to a simple disinclination to waste himself in appreciation of others. Miss Terry does not agree with Bernard Shaw or any of her critical would-be rescuers that her own art was sacrificed to Henry Irving's ambition. She thus puts herself on record quite unmistakably in the matter. "I have sometimes wondered what I should have accomplished without Henry Irving. I might have had 'bigger' parts, but it doesn't follow they would have been better ones, and if they had been written by contemporary dramatists my success would have been less durable. . . . Henry could never have worked with a very strong woman. I should have deteriorated in partnership with a weaker man."

Henry Irving was considered by many, especially here in America, a great stage-manager who could not act very well. In Ellen Terry's memories he lives a very great actor who was a failure in stage management. That Irving made puppets of the members of his company (with the one great exception of his leading lady) can hardly be denied after reading her description of his methods of production. The Lyceum plays were *Irving* from beginning to end, and not the work of an association of players. "Heaven forbid I should attempt to instruct him," said Molière of one of his comedians. "Nature has given Mons. B. an instinctive comprehension of the part, which I should spoil in attempting to mend it." Henry Irving, after three months' solitary study of a new play, called a rehearsal and read the parts to the company (omitting Miss Terry's) exactly as they were to be acted on the first night! "These readings," writes Miss Terry, "which took place sometimes in the green-room or Beef-steak Room at the Lyceum, sometimes at his house in Grafton Street—were wonderful. Never were the names of the characters spoken by the reader, but never was there the slightest doubt as to which was speaking. Henry Irving swiftly, surely, acted every part in the piece as he read." He next permitted the company to "compare parts," after which came regular re-

hearsals, Irving sole despot over every word, movement, or quiver of an eyelash. And this gentle despotism extended to every department of the theatre. His assistant stage-manager would call black white, white black, as Henry Irving dictated. Like all despotisms, it had within itself the seeds of failure.

One notes, moreover, that Henry Irving in his choice of plays was "always attracted by fustian," and that as more and more pictorial clap-trap followed Shakespeare at the Lyceum, Miss Terry grew uneasy until, quoting from her note-book after the production of the ridiculous "Medicine Man," she tells us: "If 'Manfred' and a few such plays are to succeed this, I simply must do something else."

Yet she lingered at the Lyceum until Irving lost his hold on the management, a "farcical syndicate" replaced him, and, "Faust" being revived as a money-maker, someone (*not* Irving) suggested that, as she was too old to play Margaret, she might try *Martha*! Irving, as a syndicate star, was a changed man, writes Miss Terry. "I mean," she adds, "he gave the whole thing up to a producer. As an actor he worked as faithfully as ever." But his health had begun to fail. And she points out to those critics who were always urging him at this time to undertake new plays by new playwrights: "In the face of the failure of most of the new work, and of his departing strength—and of the extraordinary support given him in the old plays . . . Henry took the wiser course in doing nothing but the old plays to the end of the chapter." Once for all, to do away with misconception and idle chatter, she states: "Henry Irving did not treat me badly. I did not treat him badly. He revived 'Faust' and produced 'Dante.' . . . I could not act in either of these plays. But we never quarrelled. Our long partnership dissolved naturally. It was all very sad, but it could not be helped."

The autobiography closes with the death of Henry Irving, told simply and movingly, in part as follows:

"I realized how near not only the end of the chapter but the end of the book was when he was taken ill at Wolverhampton in the spring of 1905.

"We had not acted together for more than two years then, and times were changed indeed.

"I went down to Wolverhampton when the news of his illness reached London. . . . I found him sitting up in bed, drinking his coffee. He looked like some beautiful gray tree that I have seen in Savannah. His old dressing-gown hung about his frail yet majestic figure like some mysterious gray drapery.

"We were both very much moved, and said little.

"I'm glad you've come. Two Queens have been kind to me this morning. Queen Alexandra telegraphed to say how sorry she was I was ill, and now you—"

"He showed me the Queen's gracious message.

"What a wonderful life you've had, haven't you?" I exclaimed, thinking of it all in a flash.

"Oh, yes," he said quietly, . . . 'a wonderful life—of work.'"

Irving disregarded the Wolverhampton doctor's warning never to play Matthias in "The Bells" again—a part which put a great emotional strain on his weak heart; and within twenty-four hours of his last stage death as Matthias he was dead. Ellen Terry writes:

"Yes, I know it seems sad to the ordinary mind that he should have died in the entrance to an hotel in a country town, with no friends, no relation near him; only his faithful and devoted servant, Walter Collinson, whom—as was not his usual custom—he had asked to drive back to the hotel with him that night, was there. Do I not feel the tragedy of the beautiful body, for so many years the house of a thousand souls, being laid out in death by hands faithful and devoted enough, but not the hands of his kindred either in blood or in sympathy?"

"I do feel it, yet I know it was more appropriate to such a man than the deathbed where friends and relations weep.

"Henry Irving belonged to England, not to a family.

"England showed that she knew it when she buried him in Westminster Abbey."

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE"—A PLAY ON THE POWER OF CALUMNY



HE corroding power of gossip furnishes the theme of one of the most powerful plays that has been given in New York this winter. Its title suggests that "the world and his wife" delight in nothing so much as in talking scandal; and the burden of its message is that unfounded suspicions may in time breed their own justification. The play is an adaptation* by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger of "El Gran Galeoto," a Spanish drama written more than fifty years ago by José Echegaray. The present production signalizes Mr. William Faversham's first appearance in the dual role of manager and star, and according to Louis V. De Foe, of the *New York World*, is the season's most hopeful sign. "It has been a long time," the *New York Times* adds, "since a play of more genuine power has been produced here, or one in which the general character of the production has been more evenly sustained."

The action of the drama takes place in the gossipy diplomatic circles of Madrid, and involves the inevitable triangle of husband, wife and one other. The novelty of Echegaray's treatment lies in the fact that he makes the "other" a charming and poetic youth who adores the wife, but is guiltless of actual offence against the marriage law. "This woman's soul was pure as the sunbeams—my heart as clear as the skies," he cries, in

the eloquent utterance with which the play closes.

In the opening scene, the husband and wife, Don Julian and Donna Teodora, are shown in their home environment. It is a summer afternoon, and strains of music float in through the open window. Preparations are under way for a night at the opera, and Julian's brother, Don Severo, and his wife, Donna Mercedes, have been invited to dinner. When Julian tells Teodora of the expected guests she pouts for a moment. "I was thinking," she says, "we'd be all by ourselves this evening—just you and I—and Ernesto."

During the course of conversation it transpires that Julian is seeking an appointment as Ambassador to the United States. For some mysterious reason the appointment has been held up. In talking the matter over with Teodora he declares: "I really don't mind so much about myself, but won't Ernesto be disappointed?" "You asked he be made First Secretary?" inquires the wife. "Not only asked—stipulated," responds Julian. "And they agreed?" she says. "Yes," he replies; "a little dissent at first—his youth and lack of diplomatic training—but I reminded the Minister the Government owed something to the son of Don Florio, whose devotion to Spain cost him his fortune. Had he made cause with her foes he would not only have saved his vast investments in Cuba, but increased them tenfold. The least they can do is to start Ernesto on a diplomatic career."

*Soon to be published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

Ernesto, it is evident, occupies a unique and favored place in this household. Julian has all sorts of unselfish plans for his future. He wants to help him financially, but is afraid that the young man's pride will interfere. "You've been kindness itself to Ernesto," says Teodora. "Why, if he were your brother—" "I've tried to, as if he were my son," avers Julian. "No, no," quickly responds Teodora, "'brother' will do—quite well enough." Soon Ernesto enters.

JULIAN. Hello, Ernesto.

ERNESTO. (*Bowing.*) Julian—and Teodora—you got the book?

TEODORA. (*Holding it up.*) Thanks.

ERNESTO. Any news, Julian?

JULIAN. Nothing certain. We're waiting for Severo. If our plans fell through—would you mind very much?

ERNESTO. On your account, yes. On my own, not at all.

JULIAN. Why?

ERNESTO. For one thing, I'm too poor for the post.

JULIAN. Legation secretary? Nonsense! Nothing's expected of you. You don't ask people to dinners and dances—

ERNESTO. No, but other people ask me to *theirs*—and gloves and cravats cost something—and cabs don't grow on trees.

JULIAN. If you'd only look at matters sensibly and realize that whatever I may do for you—

ERNESTO. (*Interrupting.*) Oh, yes, I know you were loyal friends—but, my dear Julian, I can't accede further to your chivalrous, almost quixotic, memory of a favor long since passed. The companionship of all these months has more than repaid it. Without it I don't know what would have become of me. My father and I were great chums, you know, and I didn't think anything could ever begin to take his place in life, as you have. But now, I beg of you, offer me nothing more that I *must* refuse.

After a while, Julian goes to his room, and Ernesto and Teodora draw together to read the book that he has given her. It tells the story of the opera they are to see together that night.

TEODORA. When the story gets lost in the maze of the music, you can set us right—you must know it by heart!

ERNESTO. (*Pointing to the book which Teodora holds.*) Yes—as it's told there—in the "Inferno." I read it very often.

TEODORA. (*Looking at the pages.*) Yes—this page shows—thumb-marked—and notes everywhere—in the margin. Here you've written—(*Peers at the page.*) "Poor Francesca!" "Poor Paolo!" And here—

ERNESTO. (*Reaching to take the book.*) Don't, Teodora—you'll hurt your eyes.

TEODORA. (*Retaining the book.*) No, I want to see the rest. (*Starts toward the balcony.*)

ERNESTO. Some other time; it's getting dark,

TEODORA. (*At the balcony window.*)—Light enough *here*—by the window. (*Reading.*) "Blameless—both"—what does that mean?

ERNESTO. I forget now—idle, vagrant thoughts—scrawled, as I read. (*Turns to take the book.*)

TEODORA. (*Drawing it away.*) But why "Poor Paola"—"Poor Francesca"? You *pity* them?

ERNESTO. And don't you?

TEODORA. No—I—yes—*pity*, perhaps. But "blameless"—No!

ERNESTO. They loved—greatly—"God-like" is Dante's word.

TEODORA. And "God-like" they should have kept it—up there with the stars!—and not drag it down to earth—forgetting—disdaining—faith—loyalty—gratitude—pride. *That* was not "God-like"!

ERNESTO. You are right, Teodora; but, now and then, Fate leads two weak humans, face to face, and says, "You twain are mates"—"You belong together body and soul." And when that happens—as with Francesca and Paolo—faith, loyalty, pride are vain words. Love doesn't heed them, nor hear them. When that happens—not only in poet's fancy, but the humdrum of everyday life—the maid, nobly bred, guarded like a priceless pearl, runs away with the picador; a princess of the line takes up with her street fiddler; the queen leaves her throne for her ballad-monger—

TEODORA. And they are "blameless"?

ERNESTO. Yes, because *helpless*.

The room has been growing gradually darker, and at this juncture Don Severo and Donna Mercedes quietly enter. They overhear some of Ernesto's remarks, and shake their heads significantly. "Together—as usual," exclaims Mercedes. Severo goes into the next room to see Julian, and Mercedes asks for a word with Teodora "alone." She reproaches Julian's wife for her recklessness and indifference to "what everyone thinks." When Teodora asks for an explanation, Mercedes replies: "Is it possible you don't know what they are saying—everybody in our world—and half Madrid besides? They say you are making a fool of Julian." Teodora affirms that such talk is "ridiculous." "Then you care *nothing* for Ernesto?" asks the sister-in-law. "I like Ernesto," says Teodora, "like him better, I believe, than anyone else in the world. But I *love* Julian." The conversation proceeds:

MERCEDES. You know, perhaps, Julian's appointment has been held up?

TEODORA. Yes, he told me.

MERCEDES. And the reason?

TEODORA. He doesn't know—

MERCEDES. But Severo does—learned it just now at the Foreign Office. The gossip you make so light of—that you ridicule and despise—well, *there* they take it more seriously. You understand?

TEODORA. I begin to.

MERCEDES. At first they would tell Severo no—

thing—the usual diplomatic excuses and evasions. “A mere delay”—they put it. When Severo insisted—there were intimations, none too nice—shoulder shrugs—lifted eyebrows; and then an attempt to make a *joke* of it all!

TEODORA. I can imagine that was enough for Severo!

MERCEDES. Yes. He demanded that they come out into the open and tell him exactly what this treatment of his brother means. He demanded the truth—and he got it!

TEODORA. (*Contemptuously.*) The truth?

MERCEDES. Well, what they believe the truth. And in plain, blunt terms, without disguise or delicacy. Is that enough, Teo?

TEODORA. No; go on.

MERCEDES. The capital to which Julian would be accredited, they explained, prides itself on its prim and precise social order. They told of an ambassador, from a power much greater than Spain, practically given his *congé* because of some vague doubt regarding a member of his household. The Ambassador showed his Emperor's decree that proclaimed his protégée princess by title and heiress to all his estates. But even that didn't satisfy his straight-laced censors; and *Monsieur d'Ambassadeur* had himself transferred. Now do you understand?

TEODORA. (*Bitterly.*) More and more. Well enough!

MERCEDES. Why did Julian insist on Ernesto's appointment—and why did you let him? Without that everything would have gone well. They told Severo relations with the other country were still awkward, and the Government could not risk a *contretemps*. If here in Madrid, where we are not squeamish, this *ménage* is misunderstood, what chance to escape scandal over there?

TEODORA. If Julian should know!

MERCEDES. He must know. Severo's come to tell him.

Julian and Severo enter, talking vehemently. Soon Ernesto joins the group. “What's happened?” he asks. “It is the matter of Julian's appointment,” Severo replies; “they threaten to withhold it entirely. *And because of you.*” Then follows this dialog:

ERNESTO. That trouble's easily removed. I never wished the post for which Julian urged me—all along intended to refuse it.

SEVERO. Then why didn't you?

ERNESTO. One doesn't decline a diplomatic post until it is *offered*; and I knew it would never come to that. I knew Don Alvarez' influence would prevent it.

SEVERO. He says your father ruined him in prestige and fortune.

ERNESTO. Yes, he did. That's one of my proudest memories. Alvarez was of that precious crew of army contractors who sent our soldiers to Cuba and the Philippines with guns of tin instead of steel, with sand for powder, and stole their poor rations until they starved. My father brought him to book for it. Everyone knows that.

SEVERO. Yes—and if it were *only* Alvarez—

ERNESTO. Who else, then?

SEVERO. A thousand others—half the town—

every man and woman who has taken note of your position in this house. Surely, you have not been left in ignorance.

ERNESTO. Oh, no.

SEVERO. (*To Julian.*) You see. (*To Ernesto.*) Then, even to you—?

ERNESTO. Yes.

SEVERO. And you didn't strangle the wretch?

ERNESTO. I should have—only it was your son, Pepito.

SEVERO. Better he than another.

ERNESTO. (*In a threatening tone.*) Better, perhaps, for you.

SEVERO. What do you mean? What do you mean?

ERNESTO. I mean, Don Severo— (*At a glance from Teodora, as she goes out, he softens his tones.*) I mean that what I heard from Pepito—some absurd, some petty—and all infamous—might better come from anyone else than one of Julian's kinsmen. If I did not thrust the lie down the throat of him who only *repeated* it—carelessly, I know—half in jest, and with no conscious evil—it was because he *was* Julian's kin. I could not be so patient a second time, even with Julian's kinsmen. That's what I mean, Don Severo.

JULIAN. And he's right. (*Severo starts as if angry. Julian continues more gently.*) Oh, I know, your devotion to me—the honesty of your motive; but if out there shameless persons make a gutter frolic of the reputation of an innocent woman and two honest men, at least let us shut our door against it. Here, under my roof, I have my own eyes to look after my own affairs. And if need arises I have steel and my own right arm.

SEVERO. And it will come to that if we let it go on. Stop it, I say—stop it where it is!

JULIAN. (*Tensely.*) That we shall, you may be sure! And in a way all Madrid will ring with.

SEVERO. (*Appeasingly.*) No, no, no—that's just what we must avoid. With calmness and prudence we must order this affair—like sensible men of the world—and not precipitate a new embarrassment. There is no need here of passion or violence—the matter is not beyond repair. (*Lightly.*) As yet, it is nothing—*really* nothing!

ERNESTO. (*With sardonic laughter.*) “Nothing”? “Nothing,” indeed! To nag and torture him with doubts and suspicion—that is *nothing*? You hurry to him with every new invention of scandal and slander—but that is *nothing*! You din into his ears the malicious prattle of club, café, the very street corner—and that is *nothing*? You tell him he is threatened with shame and dishonor—destroy his peace of mind—kill his faith in everything he holds dearest and sweetest—the wife adored—the friend cherished—and that is *nothing*! You drag into his house the mire of the streets—stamp it on his hearthstone, and when you have maddened him by the infamy, you bid him to calm because it is *nothing*—*really* nothing! Look— (*Pointing to Julian.*) —his face drawn by anguish—and the tears we saw in Teodora's eyes—these are *nothing*?

Ernesto decides to relieve the situation by departing from Madrid, and the second act shows him in his rooms “packing up.” He happens to speak of the fact that he has an

appointment with a steamship agent at the Alcazar Café, and he is warned against keeping it, on the ground that "Alvarez and his crowd" are always there, and likely to make trouble. Despite the warning Ernesto goes. The expected happens. He is publicly insulted by Alvarez, and challenges the man to a duel. During Ernesto's absence from his rooms, Julian and Severo call. They find on the mantel a sealed letter from Teodora which Severo hints may be an appointment for a "rendezvous." As a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind, but Severo's constant insinuations are beginning to make an impression on the husband. "I'm not afraid of Teodora—of her love—her loyalty," he says, "but I am afraid of myself—of you—and Mercedes—Pepito—afraid of what all this fear and doubt—suspicion—and questioning may work with her." These depressing reflections are dispelled by the entrance of Pepito and his story of the altercation in the café. Julian immediately decides that the vindication of Teodora's honor is *his* work, not Ernesto's. He rejoices at the opportunity afforded him. "Good God," he exclaims, "think of the relief—the relief! Until this moment the calumny that was all about me, dogging my footsteps, invading my home, seated at my table, stalking by my bed, pursuing me, asleep, awake—every minute of the day and night—until this moment, I could not reach it or lay hands on it. It was nothing—no one! Because it was *everyone*. But now, this subtle, elusive, poisonous mist—the will-o'-the-wisp that stung me, escaped, and mocked me—now it has taken a body, shape and being, whom I can lay hands on and hold face to face! It is no longer a ghost—it's a *man*—Alvarez! Do you wonder I am overjoyed?" Julian rushes off in search of Alvarez, and insists on immediate redress. Ernesto, however, is kept in ignorance of these important developments.

While the duel is taking place in a studio adjoining Ernesto's rooms, Teodora, who is also completely misinformed, and who imagines that a duel is impending between Ernesto and her husband, and that she is the cause of it, appears at the door of Ernesto's apartment. He has only just had time to read her note, which exhorts him at all costs to be patient and not to quarrel with Julian. "Where is Julian?" she cries. "I must speak with him—and you." Ernesto tells her she is indiscreet in coming unattended, but she replies: "There was no other way—and I *had* to come." The two are engaged in earnest conversation

when suddenly a hubbub of voices is heard outside the door. Then comes this sensational *dénouement*:

PEPITO. (*Outside.*) Open, there, Ernesto! Ernesto!

TEODORA. Pepito! It's Pepito! (*Looks about, as if to rush off.*)

ERNESTO. (*Stopping her; opens door leading to corridor.*) No, no, no—remain where you are! It's only Pepito. (*Disappears into corridor. As he opens door at other end of corridor, a number of voices are heard in confused babble. Teodora, in panic, rushes into the bedroom.*)

(*Re-enter Ernesto, followed by Pepito. Voices of others heard distinctly from end of corridor.*)

PEPITO. They will bring him here—they fought like fiends.

ERNESTO. You betrayed me! You told me—you— (*Advances threateningly.*)

PEPITO. Didn't mean to—he made me tell. He flew to Alvarez's house. Dragged him here—with your seconds—forced him to fight!

ERNESTO. And Julian—how badly?

PEPITO. Mortally, I believe. (*Looking around.*) You're alone?

ERNESTO. Yes, yes! (*To himself.*) Thank God!

(*Enter Julian, supported by his brother and the duel surgeon, followed by the two seconds, Acedo and Sanches, who remain by the door that leads to corridor.*)

ERNESTO. Julian, that was *my* work.

JULIAN. Never mind, my boy. It is still for you to do—and better than I. (*Supports himself against table.*)

SURGEON. A couch, quick. He must not move another step.

SEVERO. (*Pointing to bedroom.*) In there.

ERNESTO. Yes, here. (*Opens door—sees, to his astonishment, that Teodora is there. Closes door abruptly, stands with back at door, obviously panic-stricken, and as if to bar entrance.*)

SEVERO. (*As if to lead Julian to bedroom.*) Come, brother.

JULIAN. (*Takes a step toward door; stops; gasps, as if in great pain; stops.*) One minute, please—I can't.

SURGEON. (*Indicating a large chair.*) Here—for the moment.

JULIAN. Yes, that's better. (*As he reaches the chair he utters a cry of pain; falls into the chair, as if in a faint.*)

TEODORA. (*Rushing from room, impelled by Julian's cry.*) Julian!

(*Julian pulls himself together at the sound of her voice; stares at her as if dazed.*)

TEODORA. (*On her knees before him.*) Julian, don't you see me—Teodora, your wife?

JULIAN. (*Staring, as if into space.*) My wife, here—No!

SEVERO. Yes, brother, your wife! (*Pointing to Ernesto.*) And your friend!

At the opening of the third act we learn that a second duel has been fought between Ernesto and Don Alvarez, and that the latter has been fatally wounded. Julian is hovering between life and death. Ernesto comes to

the house, frantically seeking an interview with him and with Teodora, who is in an agony of vacillation. Don Severo insults them both, and in the midst of a heated argument Julian enters from the sick room. His face is deadly pale; his eyes are glittering with fever. He sees Teodora and Ernesto standing together, and cries out in frenzy: "Together—as usual! I knew I heard them. Why does everyone lie to me? Where are they going? Who stopped you—you traitors! You accursed—" He makes a threatening step toward them, but almost collapses. Ernesto passionately asserts his innocence of any wrong-doing, but Julian now is beside himself with jealous fears. Finally he strikes Ernesto a stinging blow in the face; then totters and goes all to pieces, and is led back to his bed by his brother. This action quickly leads up to the culmination of the drama.

TEODORA. It was the madness of fever. You must forgive Julian.

ERNESTO. I love him for it; it makes the rest so easy. Only, to leave you here, alone with those pitiless—

TEODORA. Where are you going—what will you do?

ERNESTO. What is left me to do?

TEODORA. You'll not—

ERNESTO. After that blow—you wouldn't have me live?

TEODORA. Kill yourself—no, no! Fate took one life because of me—and for nothing, nothing, nothing! It shall not have another. Here—you remain—under my eyes—until this horror ends! Come! (*Takes his hand. Ernesto drawing back.*)

ERNESTO. Where?

TEODORA. To Julian.

ERNESTO. (*Proudly turns.*) No.

TEODORA. With me—in the clear light that comes with the end to guide every soul to its Maker he will see the truth—and tell us so. (*Ernesto shakes his head.*)

TEODORA. He must tell us. (*Taking his hand, leads him up to door.*)

SEVERO. (*At the threshold.*) Where are you going?

TEODORA. To Julian!

SEVERO. You shall not.

TEODORA. Don Severo, it is my right!

SEVERO. (*In measured tones.*) You have no more right in this house.

TEODORA. But you will let me see him—my husband.

SEVERO. (*Grimly.*) Oh, yes. (*Motions to door.*) You may see what you have done. (*Teodora passes him, stands long time, realizes Julian's death, staggers back and falls on her knees.*) And now—out with you! Pepito!

PEPITO. Yes, father.

SEVERO. You have my orders.

PEPITO. But, father—

SEVERO. Show this woman the door! (*Enter Mercedes. Pepito hesitates.*)

SEVERO. Do you hear me?

PEPITO. (*Turning to Mercedes, who has entered.*) But my mother would rather—

SEVERO. Since you won't—then the servants! (*Places hand on bell cord.*)

MERCEDES. Severo—the Donna Teodora was Julian's wife.

SEVERO. If you prefer, then I shall— (*Approaches Teodora.*)

ERNESTO. (*Stepping between, in a quivering frenzy of wrath.*) If you dare! If you dare so much as touch this woman! Since death itself cannot shame you—nor stop you. You've had your way—your dull, stupid, cruel, pitiless way. In your ignorance, your folly, your vileness, you dared dishonor Julian's wife. You shall not dishonor mine. Brave, noble gentleman tho he was, he could not guard his wife from you. You shall see how I can guard mine.

SEVERO. (*Turning triumphantly to Mercedes.*) You hear—"mine!" No more need of lies now.

ERNESTO. Yes, because now, now, for the first, it is the truth! And, wonder of it all, your lies have made it the truth. Now, but never till now!

. . . If love had burned its way into my heart I'd have strangled it, or strangled myself, before a word passed my lips. I'd have plucked out my eyes before one gleam should betray me. Not even to myself, in the loneliness of night, would I have owned to such disloyalty. And so it would have gone to the end of life—to the end of time—so that we could face him—we two—through all eternity, unflinching, tho our very hearts shriveled with passion. (*Turning to Teodora.*) Come, Teodora! (*She shrinks back as if frightened, hesitant, toward Mercedes.*) Come! Now you are mine. Mine! mine! mine!

SEVERO. Ah, now we have the truth. It is as we said—just as we said.

ERNESTO. Yes, now it is as you would have it. Never until this moment was there thought of love between us. This woman's soul was pure as the sunbeams—my heart as clear as the skies. Teodora loved none but Julian. I was his loyal friend, ready to serve him to the death. (*With uplifted hand.*) And that I swear to the great judge before whom Julian is now gone to arraign her and me. So, too, it would have been to the end. But now! Now we are as you would have us—conscious of guilt, bold in shame. When the life warmth fled from the body of the slain Julian it kindled in our hearts the flames of the accursed passion. (*Rushes to balcony and flings the doors wide open.*) Go! Cry it from the windows and the housetops to all your neighbors—you and your kind. Say to them "Yes, we were right, they are lovers, Teodora and Ernesto—they confess it, without blame or blush." And when they ask you who has wrought this—this marvel and infamy—you may answer them, "You have done it—and I, and that man there, and that one and that one—all of us, everywhere. We mixed the subtle poison and scattered it to the winds so that these two might breathe it in—to stifle conscience and stain the soul." Yes, the triumph is yours—and you've done your hellish work well. Come, Teodora; they have given you to me, my sacred love, my eternal life. Henceforth you rest in my arms, that strain to clasp you. They willed it so. They willed it so—and may all righteous heaven judge between them and us.

(CURTAIN.)



THE SPELL OF PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

"Now and then," says Ernesto, in "The World and His Wife," "fate leads two weak humans face to face, and says, 'You twain are mates'—'You belong together body and soul.' And when that happens—as with Francesca and Paolo—faith, loyalty, pride are vain words. The maid, nobly bred, guarded like a priceless pearl, runs away with the picador; a princess of the line takes up with her street fiddler; the queen leaves her throne for her ballad-monger."



LAUDER THE OPTIMIST

At bottom Harry Lauder is "a gentle humorist who coaxes the squalid facts of life into something beautiful."



"I LOVE A LASSIE"

Harry Lauder in the costume in which he sings his most popular song.

A KING OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

THE music-hall has its triumphs no less than the regular stage; and Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, has come to America to show us that a vaudeville performer can be a true artist. One must go back to the days of Albert Chevalier and his coster songs to find a parallel to the phenomenal success that Lauder has achieved. He started his career as a boy in a coal-pit, and has won his way to the top of the ladder by sheer grit and talent. Last September he appeared, by royal request, before King Edward. Andrew Carnegie is another of his admirers. In London to-day he is a vaudeville idol, and can fill two or three houses in a single evening. His vogue in this country is no less marked. He

has set all New York humming his tuneful ditties.

What is the secret of Harry Lauder? it is often asked. One astute expert who has his finger on the pulse of the public declares that it is in his Scots blood. Wherever he sings, Scotsmen rally round him, and the rest follow. "This may be a part of the truth," says James Douglas, in *M. A. P.* (London), "but it is not sufficient to account for the vogue of Harry Lauder." Other Scottish comedians have failed to charm the fickle music-hall public, and Lauder himself, when he first appeared in London, was laughed at, and forced to fight against anti-Scottish prejudice. What, then, is the secret of his success? Mr. Douglas replies;



"SHE'S MY DAISY"

Harry Lauder as the rollicking soldier who sings a rollicking ditty.



"THE SAFTIE OF THE FAMILY"

An unforgettable characterization of a half-witted Scotch boy.

"In the first place, it is the man's personality. He possesses that strange quality which Mr. Barrie calls 'bloom.' Just as the charm of a woman may be called the bloom on her, so the charm of Harry Lauder may be called the bloom on him. You feel the bloom on him as soon as he comes on the stage. He is queerly different from other comedians, just as Dan Leno was queerly different. He has the something more which distinguishes the great artist from the small artist. Other singers have the technical gifts, the voice, the gestures, the eccentricities of dress and make-up, but they lack the indefinable magic that transfigures them out of the commonplace. Other singers can achieve grotesquery, extravagance, caricature, drollery, whimsicality, mannerism, but they miss the strange beauty which fills these superficial artifices with meaning. There is a power in Harry Lauder . . . resembling the power you find in Albert Chevalier. But it cuts deeper than Chevalier's genius. Lauder lacks the plastic variety of Chevalier, the wonderful gift of painting character in various ways. But in some way he is more intensely human. He rouses in

you deeper emotions. He utters a more moving heart-cry."

In the art of Chevalier even at its best, Mr. Douglas continues, there is a touch of staginess. His effects are cunningly veiled, but you feel that they are skilfully prepared. Lauder, on the other hand, is simple and spontaneous. His effects seem to arise from a natural vitality of the emotions. He fills you with a fresh sense of reality. He puts you into touch with life. "He is poignantly human, just as Robert Burns is poignantly human. There is in his features and in his voice the common tumult of the common heart, the vague homely disturbance and trouble and tears and laughter of the ordinary man with his ordinary work and his ordinary affections and his ordinary failings. Harry Lauder comes straight from the people, and he



"THE SINGER WITHOUT A VOICE"

So Ludwig Wüllner, the great German lieder singer, is sometimes called. His American recitals are taking the musical world by storm.

sings the rough feelings of the people straight out of his heart." To quote further:

"He might serve as a model for a sculptor—a model of the great, rough, genial, good-humored multitude. He is the epitome of homeliness. His face is large and loose-featured, every part of it clumsily exaggerated, and yet heavily balanced and harmonized with the other parts. There is no stupid beauty in it, no symmetry, no softness. It is the face of a peasant or a laborer, with the robust rudeness of the earth in its uncouth angles and corners. In this way rocks and hills are made with a magnificent carelessness and brutal extravagance. His face is ludicrously original, as are the faces of peasants. You feel the horseplay of life in it. You know that it is not a copy but an original sketch, left unfinished and unsophisticated by the vigorous hand of nature. The features are quite primitive in their enormous simplicity of huge protuberances and fleshy wastes. The nose is more than a nose, it is a headland. The mouth is more than a mouth, it is an abyss. The cheeks are more than cheeks; they are prairies that laugh in a thousand furrows. The eyes are also built on a large scale, and the wrinkles of laughter radiate from them in an explosion of drollery. The ordinary face is small, and timid, and toned down. His face is gigantically shameless, immensely naked, uproariously nude. It offers itself boldly to the eye. When it

smiles it smiles like a county or a hippopotamus. It is hard to resist a smile that rolls across acres, that billows over miles of creased flesh. The joviality of the earth breaks loose and comes out of it. The roaring fun of the eternal jest of life sounds in its convulsions. As you watch Harry Lauder you feel something rising inside you that warms you, and exhilarates you, and mellows you. It is the very sap of good humor which is the milk and honey, the sweetness and the light of life. It is the jolly force that makes the lambs gambol, and the kids frisk, and the colts scamper, and the puppies play the fool. It is humanity in touch with human nature, man in touch with life."

Finally, Lauder is an optimist. He paints life as a jolly business. There is not a breath of cynicism in his body. As Mr. Douglas puts it:

"He sings the elemental simplicities with tremendous vigor—love, friendship and conviviality. His hold on the people is based chiefly upon his homely clean sentiment. His most popular song, 'I Love a Lassie,' is a folk-song that has not a taint of sensuality in it. It is a lyric of homely love, the love of the peasant lad for the peasant lass, fresh and clear as the wind that blows across the bonny purple heather, 'pure as the lily in the dell.' The music-halls adore this simple love-song, for they are sworn worshippers of youth and the ideals of youth. They are children with a childish innocence of heart which eagerly responds to a picture of innocent love and romantic sentiment. They joyously turn from lower thoughts to the sweet image of 'Mary, my Scotch Bluebell,' which the singer has put into their hearts by some magic witchery of music. Harry Lauder has a wonderful gift of wistfulness. He can breathe a gentle yearning tenderness into the smoke-laden air of the tawdriest music-hall.

"His humor and his tenderness are blended in a very curious way. Take, for instance, his new song, 'He was very kind to me.' He appears dressed as a poor Scots widow, grotesque in her bonnet and shawl. He paints her character to the life, and shows you her grief in the arms of her absurdity. There is no mawkish or maudlin sentiment in this queer creature, but somehow or other he fills her with the pathos and the humor of life. 'He was very, very, very, very kind to me.' Into each 'very' he slips a new note of pathetic reminiscence, infinitely compassionate and delicate, until you do not know whether to laugh or to cry, and end in doing both. The subtlety with which he draws out of the commonest and tritest words a deeper meaning is extraordinary. It is the perfection of emotional hypnotism. At bottom Harry Lauder is a gentle humorist who coaxes the squalid facts of life into something beautiful. His laughter laughs with human nature, not at it. He makes you feel that life is queer but good, grotesque but glorious."

Lauder writes all his own songs. "The words an' music," he says, "always come to me together. I never took a music lesson in my life. But I'm always hearin' tunes."

LUDWIG WÜLLNER'S ASTONISHING ART


 HERE has come to America this winter, almost unheralded, a German singer whose performances are taking the musical public by storm. His name is Ludwig Wüllner, and he stirs his audiences not so much by his power as a singer as by his dramatic and emotional intensity. He has come to be known, indeed, as "the singer without a voice," which is only a way of saying that he triumphs in spite of the evident limitations of his singing voice. He started his career as an actor.

Dr. Wüllner has a repertory of seven hundred songs. He sang at upward of a hundred recitals throughout Europe last season. His farewell recital in Berlin, a few weeks ago, was attended by three thousand people. In this country the appreciation of his art has been rising in a steady crescendo. His reading of Ernest von Wildenbruch's "Witches' Song," to the accompaniment of the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, created a veritable sensation. Marcella Sembrich and Louise Homer attended his second recital in New York, and "storms of applause like that at a Paderewski recital," says H. T. Finck, of *The Evening Post*, "greeted each song." *The Musical Courier* declares: "Nothing of the kind has ever been heard here, nothing with such intellectual control, with such exhaustion of technical detail."

When Dr. Wüllner appears on the stage, the audience sees a unique figure. "Tall, slender, strong, his smooth-shaven face surmounted by fluffy hair of a sandy-blond color, he presents in his dark frock coat a picture that would attract attention anywhere." He begins to sing. The first impression is one of disappointment. His voice seems far from adequate. Then the *mind* of the man, his masterly understanding and interpretation of the song, begins to communicate itself to every hearer. It is a wonderful victory of mind over matter. As H. T. Parker, of the *Boston Transcript*, puts it:

"He can conduct and vary the long melodic line; he has learned the secrets of phrasing that breaks no tonal contour and yet adds significance and color to each sub-division of it; he is expert in the general design of a song; he sees and adjusts the end from the beginning and sets each intervening detail in its true and characteristic place. Above all, he is a master of the highest and the finest art of the singer—that by which he colors and shapes his tones to the mood or the

passion of music and text, to whatever qualities give them poetic and emotional life and poetic and emotional individuality. He has searched deep into the emotional, the pictorial, the dramatic contents of his songs. He has analyzed them seemingly with the penetration of intellect; he has stirred them with the susceptibility of emotion. And the fused result of this analysis and this susceptibility he communicates to his hearers with an extraordinary power until the content of the song is to them as it is to him. His means thereto are the imparting and kindling qualities of his tones, and the force, intellectual, emotional, and purely personal, of the man behind. Now and then his features change with the mood, the atmosphere or the passion of a song; often his body seems tense with the feeling he would impart. But actor that he is, he keeps himself within the limits of the art he has chosen. He acts with his tones."

Dr. Wüllner is a modern of moderns. Some of his greatest triumphs are won in the songs of Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss. But he also reveres and interprets in his unique fashion the songs of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. Mr. Parker's tribute proceeds:

"And Dr. Wüllner can be vivid and almost precise in tonal characterization. The ear of the body and the ear of the imagination heard the voices of the two soldiers in Schumann's song of 'The Grenadiers,' heard them in a speech that was at once exalted and homely. Schumann's musical tale of the soldier, whose bullet shot his friend, when all the others of the firing party had missed, sounded in Dr. Wüllner's tones as tho Guy de Maupassant were recounting it. It was pictorial, for the listener saw the execution. It was wrenching, for he entered into the soldier's passion of duty and regret. Are these things in Schumann's music? We do not know, but Dr. Wüllner put them there, and answering emotion justified him. And the singer can be purely, innocently pictorial. He sang, for example, Hugo Wolf's truly lovely song of the princess, 'fair as the May' going with her train from the castle; her hood dances, her eyes dance, too—and how they dance in Wolf's accompaniment!—and for rapturous love of her the gardener would fling his whole garden at her little feet. Dr. Wüllner beyond even Wolf's *piano*, wrought the picture, wrought the mood. And so through much of his long list of songs to new emotions, new moods, new pictures, new characterizations, and all imparted by the puissant expressive quality, the visualizing force, the truly creative impulse of his tones. Heard through them the man, the intellect, the emotions, above all, the power behind, were irresistible. He caught the audience into himself."

No small part of Dr. Wüllner's success, it should be added, is due to his gifted accompanist, the Dutch pianist, Coenraad von Bos, a player who seems to be unaware of technical difficulties, and who follows every mood of the great singer with unerring instinct.

THE NOTED NEW SINGERS OF THE SEASON

THESE are the days of phenomenal operatic progress in America. New York now has its two opera-houses; Philadelphia has one; Boston is building its own; and there are rumors of more to come. The very flower of European musical culture is contributing to our advance. We despoil La Scala, of Milan, of its director and conductor. We take it for granted that Caruso and Bonci, Melba and Calvé, Tetrazzini and Mary Garden, should return to us season after season. And year by year we lure to our shores an increasing throng of new singers.

This winter, Italy sends us Maria Labia; Spain, Maria Gay and Florencio Constantino; and Germany, Emmy Destinn. Of these Miss Destinn is undoubtedly the most gifted. As Mary Garden was the new, eminent, and striking singing actress to appear in America last season, so now is Miss Destinn.

For several years there have been plans to engage Miss Destinn. As long ago as the

days of Maurice Grau a contract was talked of. Nothing came of his design; but under Mr. Conried's régime she was pre-empted for the Metropolitan, and now, in the first year of Gatti-Casazza, she actually comes. Miss Destinn is thirty years old, and in the prime of her powers. The number and variety of her parts is remarkable, ranging from Mignon to Salome, from Carmen to Donna Anna, from Madame Butterfly to Meyerbeer's Valentine. She has sung for the most part in the Royal Opera in Berlin and Covent Garden in London, but has also appeared in Paris, in Monte Carlo, at Prague in her native Bohemia, and in other European cities.

Emmy Destinn is described by a writer in the Boston *Transcript* as "a singing actress, in the truest and finest sense of the words." That is to say, "she accomplishes her operatic characterizations, she discloses moods and emotions, traits and passions, she emphasizes, shades, and imparts by the art of song." The same writer continues:



A GREAT INTERPRETER OF PUCCINI

Maria Labia, the new dramatic soprano at the Manhattan Opera House, has won some of her biggest stage successes in "Tosca" and "La Bohème." She was chosen to open Mr. Hammerstein's season both in New York and Philadelphia.



THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTIC VISITOR SINCE MARY GARDEN AND TETRAZZINI

Emmy Destinn has come to America with a reputation as the leading German soprano, and she is living up to it.

"She has the precious and unique resource of the operatic actress, the exalted and puissant speech of expressive song, and thereby she imparts what she would. No such mistress of the art of coloring true song with the suggestion and definition of character, with the qualities of mood, with the forces of emotion has come to our stage since Mme. Calvé appeared in it in her nearly forgotten prime. The voice with which Miss Destinn sings is the voice of Aida, of Nedda, of Carmen, of Butterfly, of Senta, of Donna Anna, of whatever is her part for the night. It has the same changeful and individualizing quality that is one of Miss Farrar's best traits. In Miss Destinn's tones, by the miracle of operatic acting as she, as Mr. Renaud, as Miss Ternina and a few others have practised it in our time, is the clear denotement of character, the clear impartment of communicating mood and moving emotion."

At the Manhattan Opera House the reigning attraction among the new-comers is Maria Labia. She hails from Venice, and during the past four years has been singing at the Komische Oper in Berlin. Her first appearance was made in "La Bohème," and some of her greatest successes have been won in Puccini's operas. Of her art in "Tosca," as revealed on the opening night at the Manhattan, a writer in *The Theater Magazine* says:

"She made the audience realize that she is a young woman—she is but twenty-five—with remarkable temperament, with unusual histrionic ability, and with 'brains'—that quality which enters so rarely into the makeup of most opera singers. The voice is not flawless by any means, but it has the ring of youth, and it is made the vehicle for dramatic expression. The sheer making of pretty tones is not the aim of this singer—so much was obvious—the aim and intent seemed to be the voicing of the meaning of the words of the text. She even resorts to the spoken word at times in order to carry home her intensity of purpose. Maria Labia undoubtedly has great talent, and she is a welcome addition to the list of artists singing here. Dramatic sopranos are rare as the proverbial molars of hens, so let us rejoice that we have one new singer who commands attention and admiration. This artist is to be reckoned with seriously, and she will doubtless prove her claim to further greatness before the season ends."

Among the new tenors of the season, Florencio Constantino stands out most prominently. He has been a star of the San Carlo Opera Company, but has never sung in New York until the present winter. His debut in "Rigoletto" has been greeted with enthusiasm. "He has a voice of lovely quality," says the *New York Sun*, "and he sings in the style most popular with the Italians of to-day, with periodic alternations of full and mezza voce, with many charming morendo effects and other ornaments of lyric art." The *New York Times* adds: "Oscar Hammerstein has



Photograph by Mishkin.

CONSTANTINO—MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S NEW TENOR

obtained a tenor of whom New York may expect much. His voice, tho not in volume as large as that of Caruso, is pure in tone, brilliant, and of a peculiar caressing quality that eminently fits it for lyric roles."

Science and Discovery

A NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR'S INDICTMENT OF THE BIG BATTLESHIP

THAT most eminent of living naval constructors, Sir William H. White, who for years was the chief designer of Great Britain's warships, has lent the weight of his name to an attack upon the universal policy of building monster floating forts of the Dreadnought type. This type of naval unit, he insists, is the result of a fundamental fallacy detrimental alike to such essential features in a squadron as homogeneity, mobility, offensive armament and power to remain at sea on blue water for a great length of time. Bad as the outlook is, according to this naval expert, it is made worse by the circumstance that underlying the recent increase in size of battleships is the assumption of a necessity for successive additions to the size and cost of individual units. Yet, says Sir William White, cooler heads, familiar with naval history, express doubts of the wisdom of recent changes, refuse to accept as conclusive the present universal adoption of the big-ship idea, and urge reasons for reconsideration of a policy hastily adopted and sure to involve "most serious consequences" if it is followed too slavishly.

The all-big-gun-battleship policy, we are told, is based on the assumption that the concentration in each "capital" ship of an exceptionally powerful armament, in association with strong defense, high speed and great coal endurance, is essential to success in future naval engagements. But, notes Sir William, it involves immensely increased expenditure on each unit, while "it fails to provide safeguards against some of the most serious risks incidental to modern naval warfare." It makes it difficult to provide the number of ships required for national defense.

To avoid the inference of prejudice, Sir William endeavors to state fairly altho briefly, the "case for monster warships." Two ideas, he points out, dominate all recent warship design. The first is that higher speeds than those hitherto accepted must be secured in battleships and armored cruisers and that for both tactical and strategical reasons this increased speed, associated with large fuel supplies, will add to fighting efficiency. The second dominating idea in warship design now is that armaments should embody the single-calibre big-gun principle, each "capital" ship carrying eight to twelve heavy guns, widely



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AMERICA'S REPLY TO THE BRITISH CHALLENGE

The United States battleship North Dakota is the most powerfully armed and armored vessel ever laid down for an American squadron. She represents the all-big-gun-battleship theory of naval architecture, although Sir William White, the expert in construction, affirms his skepticism on the subject of her offensive power. It is a great mistake, says this eminent authority, to build battleships of such immense size.

distributed, adequately protected and placed high above water. Defense against the attacks of torpedoes is to be provided by means of numerous small guns which are given only shield protection in most cases but in others are placed in lightly armored batteries or casemates. But to realize either of these fundamental ideas, complains Sir William, it is necessary to accept a serious increase in size and cost as compared with preceding types of warships. To give effect in a single ship to both these ideas inevitable exaggerates that increase.

Considering, now, the instance of the Dreadnought, reports of her trials all indicate that the intentions of the designers, as regards the points mentioned, have been realized. These trials, it must be noted, were made at normal draught and at a displacement of about 18,000 tons. If the ship had been tried at a draught corresponding to the same "sinkage" as has been usual in preceding British battleships, her displacement would have been nearly 21,000 tons. For eight hours the Dreadnought is said to have maintained a speed of over 21 knots and for four runs, on the measured mile, to have maintained nearly 22 knots. As she developed about eleven per cent. more horse power on the measured mile than she did on a continuous eight hours' trial, these published results are not discordant. If she had been tried at a displacement of about 21,000 tons the speed for eight hours would have been 21 knots as nearly as can be estimated. Preceding British battleships have attained speeds of nineteen to nineteen and a half knots on their eight hours' trials. The Dreadnought, therefore, has an advantage of one and a half to two knots under similar conditions of trial, and the use of the steam turbine accounts for no small part of this gain. She has also made an experimental cruise of about ten thousand knots with most satisfactory results, averaging about seventeen knots on trans-Atlantic passages. The vessel undoubtedly possesses high speed and very large fuel-endurance; but in obtaining the latter quality and in keeping the normal displacement below 18,000 tons, her sinkage to deep load draught has been made exceptionally great.

Whether the gain of one and a half to two knots in speed gives strategical and technical advantages commensurate with the increase in cost and the drawbacks incidental to an exceptionally deep draught when laden, still remains a matter of doubt. Many high

naval authorities, British and other, contend that it does not. After careful study of what has been written on both sides, Sir William White is of opinion that the case in favor of the higher speed has not been made out, "even on strategical considerations." On the tactical side the argument in its favor he pronounces "relatively weaker." For single ship actions a difference of one and a half to two knots in the maximum speed attainable has been demonstrated to be unimportant in relation to other qualities. For fleet actions its relative importance is less than for single ship engagements.

We now come to the second cause of increase in size and cost of recent warships—the adoption of a principal armament consisting entirely of numerous heavy guns in association with an "anti-torpedo" armament of small guns.

If it were true, as is asserted by advocates of the all-big-gun-battleship, that the type of heavily armed ship were a match in fighting efficiency for two or three ships each carrying four twelve-inch guns, there would, of course, be great economy in the large increase in dimensions and cost of individual ships which the new armament involves: Says Sir William:

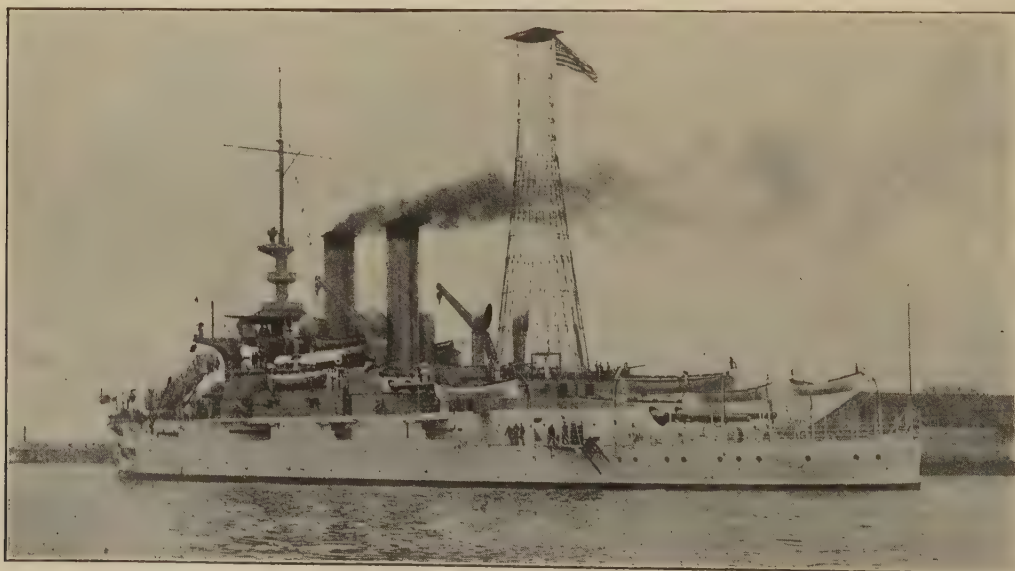
"The arguments used in support of this contention are delightfully simple, and run as follows: Future naval actions will be fought at long ranges—7,000 to 10,000 yards. The swifter ship or fleet can select its range and relative position. A fleet of Dreadnoughts would select a long range at which guns smaller than 12-inch would practically do little harm, because they could not *perforate armor* of even moderate thickness. Consequently only 12-inch guns will count in future, and the number of 12-inch guns carried is a practical measure of the relative gun-power of rival ships. The Dreadnought type can bring eight 12-inch guns to bear on each broadside, four or six directly ahead and astern; their predecessors can only bring four 12-inch guns to bear on each broadside and two directly ahead or astern. Therefore the Dreadnought is to be considered equal in gun power to two or three King Edwards. In fact, all preceding types are said to be disclassed and made obsolete by the advent of the 'big gun single-calibre' type.

"The flatter trajectory and greater accuracy of 12-inch guns at long ranges is used as an additional argument against the adoption of lighter guns, and especially against 6-inch guns. It is undoubted that large-calibre guns surpass smaller guns in accuracy when tried on experimental ranges; it is indeed a scientific necessity that this should be so. On the other hand, facts of experience, gained in battle-practice at long ranges, show that under conditions which prevail in naval gunnery the 6-inch gun proves more accurate than the 12-inch. even at long ranges, and makes a

greater percentage of hits to rounds fired. Individual blows, of course, are vastly lighter than those of the 12-inch, but the numbers of hits made in a given time by the 6-inch guns are very much greater. If 'weights of metal' corresponding to the number of hits made by guns available on one broadside in a given time, in a vessel like the Dreadnought, be compared with the corresponding 'weight of metal' for the number of hits made by a ship of the King Edward class at long range, it appears that the King Edward class has a considerable superiority. It may be granted that this method of comparison is not a satisfactory measure of relative powers of attack. On the other hand, it is equally unsatisfactory to concentrate attention on *armor perforation* as is done by advocates of big-gun armaments, and to throw out of account the greater and more destructive 'volume of fire' from 6-inch, 8-inch, and 9.2-inch guns. Every modern warship, including the Dreadnought type, is highly vulnerable over large areas of the sides, and many vital parts of the armament lie open to effective attack by 6-inch guns. In the Dreadnought, for example, when floating upright in still water at the load draught given by the Civil Lord, the conditions of armor-defence to buoyancy and stability are as follows: Over about three-fourths of the length from the bow there is a strip (or belt) of armor rising about four feet above water; varying in thickness from 8 to 6 inches, and having a total area about 1,600 square feet in each side. From the after end of this belt to the stern there is 4-inch side armor, but at the load draught this thin armor is awash or under water. The sides above the armor are formed of thin steel plating, and are unprotected. The area of the unprotected target to the upper deck (neglecting superstructures) is about three to four times as great as that of the armor, and from its position in relation to still water, the

armor belt is less likely to be hit even when the ship is at rest and upright. When the ship steams or turns in smooth water she causes considerable motion in the water surrounding her, and portions of the narrow armor belt will be frequently under water. At sea, even in moderate weather, the wave motion past the ship and her own rolling and pitching motions will constantly submerge the side armor, and involve the frequent rise of the water high upon the thin sides above the armor. Injuries to this unprotected area must consequently involve the admission of quantities of water above the protective deck, and lead to consequent losses of buoyancy and stability, with possibly disastrous results to the vessel, altho her armored portions may remain intact."

If the heavy guns and their protecting armored barbettes and turrets are carried at a great height above water—as they are in the all-big-gun-battleship—then the centre of gravity is raised correspondingly and the capability of the ship to maintain her stability when the thin sides are damaged in action will be correspondingly reduced. Now, obviously, six-inch quick-firing guns, firing high explosive shells with large bursters, are most effective weapons against unprotected sides and superstructures in a vessel defended in the manner described. Their fire, even at long range, will rapidly wreck the unarmored sides and superstructures, giving free admission of the sea to the interior, and cause serious alterations in buoyancy, stability and maneuvering powers. This is no fancy pic-



THE FIRST BATTLESHIP IN THE NEW NAVY WITH A MILITARY MAST

The Idaho, here shown, is a thirteen thousand ton vessel, and is remarkably formidable for her displacement. She has exceeded her contract speed of seventeen knots, and may be described as the type of vessel between the big battleship school of naval construction and the "fast little boat" theory.

ture, insists Sir William White, for the battle of Tsushima furnished ample illustrations of its truthfulness. All accounts practically agree in this: the heavily laden Russian battleships which were sunk by gun fire foundered because of the entry of water through openings in the thin sides above the armor and not because of perforation of the armor. This lesson, says Sir William White, is a most significant and timely one.

Further, in all modern battleships the side armor is carried only five to six feet below the normal water line. The bottoms below the side armor are formed of thin steel plating. The risk of damage by gun fire to the bottom plating when "emerged" by the rolling or pitching motions of a vessel or by the passage of waves along her sides, is, therefore, common to all ships. It is not negligible, as was demonstrated during the Russo-Japanese war. But experience does not support the view that the dangers resulting from it are comparable with those accompanying injuries to the sides

above water. Projectiles that penetrate below water seem to be an established success. The development of the submarine mine within the past few years is a serious peril to encounter which no adequate facilities are provided in the all-big-gun-battleship.

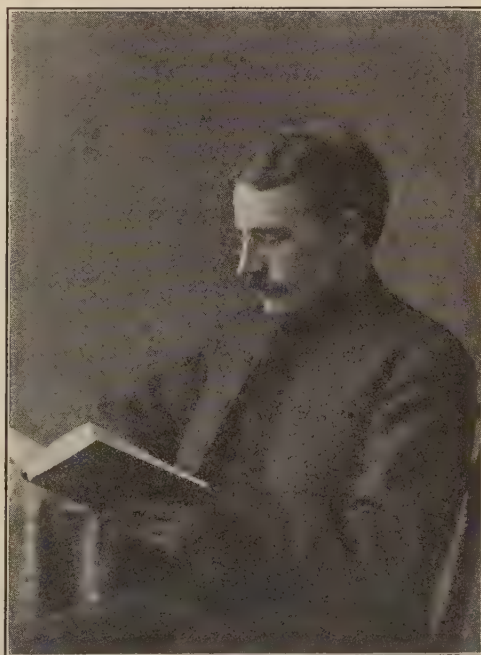
Much, too, that has been written about the all-big-gun-battleship leads to the popular notion that twelve-inch guns are not merely the only or chief means of offense, but that they themselves enjoy immunity from injury in battle. It is important to state, therefore, that twelve-inch guns are permanently exposed outside the armored shields or turrets protecting their loading and working mechanisms. Experience has proved that these exposed portions of heavy guns are liable to serious injury by the fire of six-inch guns. It is on record that splinters from high explosive shells fired by six-inch guns during the Russo-Japanese war wrought havoc in vital parts of armored ships, such as conning towers, and did great damage to signalling apparatus. !

THE "SUGGESTION CURE" OF INSOMNIA

A GAIN and again has the factor to which Dr. Lyman P. Powell refers as reiterated suggestion founded upon faith sufficed to break up the most obstinate insomnia. Dr. Powell has spent several years in experiments with insomniasts. He has studied the science of sleep, or the art of sleep, as he prefers to call it, by means of experiment upon patients whose cases seemed hopeless. Nevertheless, Doctor Powell is not a physician but a clergyman—rector of St. John's Church in Northampton, Massachusetts.

One man on the verge of suicide from insomnia went home from his first treatment by the new technic and slept soundly for several nights thereafter, as appears from Dr. Powell's study of this method. Another man on whom a heart-breaking disappointment had swept down without a word of warning went home to sleep eight hours and a half for the first time in many nights. A trained nurse so long on night duty that she had "slipped her sleep cog," to the demoralization of her entire nervous system, slept normally again after but one visit to the insomnia clinic.*

Now for the specific treatment. Seated at



Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons

A RESTORER OF SLEEP

Rev. Lyman P. Powell, an Episcopal rector in Massachusetts, has become an expert on insomnia through a suggestion method of treatment.

*THE ART OF NATURAL SLEEP. By Lyman P. Powell. Putnam.

ease in the reclining chair before the smoldering fire with curtains drawn, the patient is taught to relax his muscles, the cortical layer of the brain is quieted by soothing suggestions, and then, standing behind the chair, the effector of the cure—he is called an Emmanuel worker—begins his therapeutics somewhat thus in a low monotone:

"You are now relaxed in body and quieted in mind. You are to let your thoughts languidly follow mine expressed in words. Do not offer any mental opposition. I shall say nothing which your mind will not instinctively accept and cherish.

"Fix your thoughts on God. Think of him not alone as the all-Father but also as the universal mind in which your mind exists exactly as each individual thought floats in your mind. Think of him not merely as your Heavenly Father, but also as the Universal Spirit on which your soul depends for every breath of spiritual life just as your body is dependent for its every breath of physical existence on the air you breathe. Believe that in this larger, higher, truer sense, in Him we live and move and have our being.

"Now universal mind or universal spirit is wholeness and love, harmony and power. Realize that when your soul breathes in the atmo-

sphere in which it lives it breathes in wholeness and love, harmony and power. But it is possible, in the exercise of the free will with which you are in the nature of the case endowed, to fill up the soul with morbidness and selfishness, disunity and weakness, so that there is no room in it for God's wholeness and love, His harmony and power."

In most cases, of course, more than one treatment is necessary, and it is unnecessary to say that there is no charge of any kind connected with its administration. But at every stage the patient's co-operation is of the utmost consequence. In fact, the cure can never be effected without it. To faith reinforced by the worker's suggestions must be added the auto-suggestions of the patient. He must will to keep the loving attitude towards God and man. He must cease to worry about sleep. He must never mention his symptoms to anyone except the worker who is treating him. He must cultivate unconcern about himself. He must keep on saying to himself the whole day long: It does not matter at all anyhow.

THE "PREPARATION FOR MOTHERHOOD" FALLACY

OTHING illustrates the prevailing misconception of the law of heredity so lucidly, affirms the eminent British scientist, Sir Ray Lankester, as the idea that parents can transmit to their offspring qualities which they have "taken up" or acquired. This absurd notion, as our authority deems it, even goes to the length of a delusion that the cultivation of "great qualities" at specified times on the part of a father or a mother will tell upon the offspring. The truth is, observes Sir Ray Lankester, that no practice of that kind, continued for indefinite generations, could possibly transmit any sort of quality to any sort of offspring, altho, of course, it is quite useless to say so, for the delusion is quite too firmly rooted to be banished from some types of mind. Much that finds its way into print, for instance, on the subject of preparation for motherhood becomes, in the light of what this scientist says, inane.

It is very difficult, however, adds Sir Ray Lankester, to persuade people to abandon the notion, for instance, that a man who has drunk good wine and conversed with interesting people will, as a direct result, transmit something which he has "cultivated" or ab-

sorbed from the good wine or the good people to his offspring, and that a "faculty for this art or that virtue or the other accomplishment cultivated by generation after generation is increased thereby and transferred as it were into the very vitals of the race—the reproductive germs which each individual has within him. To quote from a study of heredity just issued from the press of the Putnams by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, "nature supplies the stimulus for the expression of the moral inheritance," and education, at best, is a mere development of the qualities brought out and not put in. Hence, to go back to what Sir Ray Lankester says, there is no truth whatever in the "fancies" behind the preparation for motherhood fallacy:

"The only way in which a quality, good or bad, desirable or undesirable, is intensified, made inherent and dominant in a race or strain of family, is by selective breeding—selection due to natural rejection of those individuals not possessing the quality, or to artificial rejection of such individuals by the stock owner and breeder. No human maker of breeds—whether of cattle, horses, birds or plants—ever yet proceeded by exercising, feeding, educating, or otherwise manipulating his sires and dams; he simply selects those as parents which by natural variation have the quality, more or less, which he desires, and he destroys or

sterilizes those which fail to satisfy his requirements. He is perfectly confident that in this way he can ensure the reproduction and exaggeration or dominance of the characteristics which he desires; he knows that he cannot obtain a 'strain' or 'breed' by any treatment, any feeding, or education of those which are born without the natural, innate possession of the desired quality, in a more or less marked degree. Once the characteristic turns up as a congenital variation, it can be intensified by coupling its possessor with a mate of like quality; but both sire and dam have to be rigidly selected with this purpose in view. Such methods are not adopted in human families, even Royal ones."

An ideal instance of the delusion respecting the influence parents are supposed to exert through heredity upon the dispositions of their children is afforded, says Sir Ray Lankester further, by the newspaper paragrapher who refers to "the kingly caste." This caste is presumed to have characteristics peculiar to itself owing to what is mistakenly assumed to be a Darwinian law. A race of men and women who for generations did as they

pleased, always lived on good food, never tasted bad wine, always conversed with interesting people, and were educated morally and intellectually to the utmost, would not, says Sir Ray Lankester, acquire any trait susceptible of transmission to offspring. How vastly more ridiculous is the impression that parents can in a day or a week acquire traits susceptible of such transmission!

"The main doctrine which Darwin and his followers have established is that neither castes nor families of higher or lower living things, including man, acquire any new characteristics by exposure to special circumstances or by consuming finer or coarser food, which can or do become innate or fixed in the race. The individual may be improved or depraved, enlarged or enfeebled, by the conditions of his individual life, but he cannot transmit the qualities—the improvement, the depravity, the enlargement, or the dwindling—which have been thus attained by him to his offspring. The race cannot be changed in this way. All the parents can transmit is the quality which they themselves have inherited of resisting or of collapsing."

THE BAFFLING MYSTERY OF THE ETHER



HERE are few branches of experimental inquiry, observes Professor A. O. Rankine, of the department of physics at University College, London, which have so uniformly failed to disclose definite information as that which has aimed at determining, by wholly terrestrial methods, the motion of the earth through space. It is, of course, possible by means of astronomical observations to find out how the earth moves relatively to the sun or other heavenly bodies; but there is no reason for regarding any one of these more than another as fixed in space. No meaning can be attached to numbers specifying the movements of a body unless the system with reference to which measurements are made is also known. The selection of the particular system of reference is a matter of choice. Nevertheless, when considering stellar and planetary motion, it is surely desirable to choose something less arbitrary than the so-called fixed stars. It has become customary to regard the ether as a suitable and most natural standard structure relatively to which all motion of matter should be defined.

The nature of the ether is at present, in the main, hypothetical. It is postulated in order to account for the propagation of light and

other electro-magnetic waves through space; but of its actual structure and the exact method by which these effects are carried through it, nothing is known with certainty. It is sometimes convenient to think of it as a frictionless fluid filling all space, or at other times to suppose it possessing the properties of a perfectly elastic solid. These assumptions may or may not be true.

If the mere existence of ether is admitted, however, it may be described as "at rest" provided that there is no relative movement between the parts of which it consists. This may not, indeed, be the case. There is considerable evidence of modification of ether in matter and possibly in the near neighborhood of matter. Such modification may amount to a difference of velocity between the parts of the ether affected by the presence of material bodies and the parts not so affected. Furthermore, says Professor Rankine, who writes in *London Science Progress*:

"If relative motion of this kind exists, it is obviously impossible still to take the ether, as a whole, as our standard system of reference. A particular part of it must then be selected. Now, it is extremely unlikely that those parts of the ether which are very remote from all material bodies are in any way disturbed by them, and they can be conveniently defined as stationary.

With respect to this free ether, the earth will, in general, be moving. The possibility of determining its motion by terrestrial observations alone will, however, depend on whether the ether in the near neighborhood of the earth is free or not. For suppose that it is not free—that is, that it is partially, if not wholly, dragged with the earth in its course—then all that could possibly be measured on the earth itself would be the relative motion between it and the neighboring ether; and this would afford no information as to what may be called its 'absolute' motion, *i.e.*, its motion relative to free ether. If, on the other hand, the ether is not modified near the earth and drifts past it as it moves onward, it at first sight seems likely that the velocity of the earth in free ether could be determined without the aid of astronomy.

"The experiments which form the subject of this paper are based upon the assumption that the latter is the case, in the hope that they would afford a means of discovering the resultant motion of the earth through space, and, incidentally, of testing the accuracy of the astronomical estimate. The justification for these attempts is principally based on the well-known phenomenon of the aberration of the stars, first observed by Bradley about 1725. Briefly stated, it is that the stars appear to occupy positions in the heavens different from the calculated positions at various times of the year. Stars on the ecliptic appear to describe straight lines, those at the pole of the ecliptic small circles, and intermediate stars small ellipses about their true positions. These apparent movements can be explained very simply indeed, if it be assumed that the ether near the earth is perfectly free; but no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered accounting for aberration on the supposition that the ethereal medium is dragged either partially or wholly by the earth in its neighborhood. Stellar aberration may be taken, therefore, as at least suggesting that the ether drifts freely past the earth."

It is true that an equally good explanation could be given on the assumption that the whole of the ether is carried with the earth and freely passes the star under observation; but such a conception is obviously absurd. In truth, it probably drifts past both earth and star. It is important to remember, for its bearing on this point, as has been shown by Lodge, that all that the aberration angle measures is the relative motion of the source and the receiver, and not the total movement of the latter with reference to the medium. A uniform drift of the ether past both star and observer would produce no variation in the magnitude of the observed aberration. Hence, altho this observation may be taken as a guide as to the size and direction of the earth's motion, the total motion may be considerably different.

Considerations of this kind are sufficiently weighty to justify completely the attempts which have been made to determine this

motion; but, as has already been pointed out, none of them has succeeded in throwing light on the main question. They have merely afforded ground for speculation as to their non-success—interesting and important speculation, it is true, but, nevertheless, only speculation.

Looking at the subject from another point of view, Professor Rankine considers what is known to astronomy regarding the movement of the earth.

Besides rotating on its axis, the earth is moving in a nearly circular orbit round the sun as centre, with a velocity of about nineteen miles a second. In comparison with this, the rotary motion of the earth is negligibly small, only amounting at the equator to about one sixtieth of the above rate. If then the ether be supposed stationary relative to the sun, the velocity with which it is expected to drift past the earth amounts to nineteen miles per second, or very closely one ten thousandth part of the velocity of light. Now, altho the rotation of the earth does not considerably alter the magnitude of this velocity relative to an observer at a particular point on the earth's surface, it does produce marked diurnal variation of its direction.

"But is there any reason for supposing that the ether is at rest as regards the sun? Long-continued observations of the stars point to the conclusion that the sun itself has proper motion relative to these stars. There is evidence that it is moving with a velocity, not very different in magnitude from the earth's orbital velocity, towards the constellation Vega. If this be the case the motion of the earth relative to those stars the observations of which lead to the above conclusion is the resultant of both velocities. The direction of this, also, will vary with latitude, time of day and time of year; and there is the further consideration that the magnitude will depend largely on the time of the year. Taking the sun's proper motion as being 15 miles per second in the direction indicated, it will be found that twice a year—in March and September—the earth's orbital motion and the sun's proper motion have nearly the same direction; being, however, in agreement in the former case and opposed in the latter. From this point of view, the most favorable time of the year for experiments on the measurement of ether-drift is the month of March, at one period of which a velocity of about 31 miles per second is reached. But it must be remembered that this velocity is merely that of the earth relative to a particular set of stars which may themselves be moving with reference to the ether. Astronomy can only measure motion of bodies visible through the most powerful telescope for the time being in existence. Is it not possible, and, indeed, probable, that the whole visible universe is moving with respect to the ether?"

A PATHOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE "NEW THOUGHT" AS A FORM OF MANIA

IN SPEAKING upon such a theme as the so-called "new thought," it seems impossible, says that famous writer on pathology, Doctor George M. Gould, "to avoid the use of the word crank." The "crankism" of the "new thought" he denounces as "a strange jumble of inconsistencies." Doctor Gould, it may be remarked, has come into contact with the "new thought" not only as a writer on medical themes and as an expert on ophthalmology, but as an original investigator of psychiatric phenomena. As editor of one of the foremost medical periodicals in the land, as an author of text books for physicians, and as a student of mental alienation, he has won wide notice because of the vigor of his campaign against the "new thought" in every form. He denounces it as one of the great obstacles to all progress in science, as, in fact, an impeachment not only of American common sense but of American capacity for thought itself. In his newly issued work, "Borderland Studies,"* he sums up his conclusions in very severe phraseology. "A healthy mind," he insists, "can not read the so-called new thought journals for an hour or two without the overwhelming conviction that these people are really insane. The wonder is that they have preserved so much commercial cunning." Doctor Gould accuses most of the leaders of the cult of charlatanism. "The money aspect, pay-in-advance for reading notices, for absent treatment, for psychometric readings, for books, for vibrations, for insuring success, for shares of mining stocks, for letter pads, for journals and lectures and all that—this is not forgotten." The vocabulary of these "charlatans" is enough, our expert says, to impeach their good faith, for it is replete with jargon about the spirit, the new interpretation, the new insight, and all that suggests the intangible and the indefinite.

"It goes on, however, at the same time and in the same columns with the dreariest waste of words, of reverberating words, words, words—utterly without meaning and utterly without end. There are tons of printed stuff going out every month like this. Unity is non-ethical. It simply is. God is. Energy is. Power is. Light is. Life is. Thought is. Love is. Attraction is. Electricity is. Man is. Existence is the begin-

ning of our search for happiness. Existence is non-ethical. It is a mistake to call God good."

There is nothing directly vicious or nauseating in new thought literature as a whole, says Doctor Gould, but it is all "indirectly morbid." The neurotic woman is especially victimized by "soul quacks," who intensify her morbidity by their "advice," often to the destruction not only of her health but of her happiness. "The people who are ministered to and treated are surely sick, very much so, mentally and socially; but the teachers, the high priestesses and their little 'amen' sayers, the priests, are surely much sicker." The more the soul quack claims, according to Doctor Gould, regardless of whether he has any basis for his claims or not, the more egotism and conceit he cultivates, the more he ignores the facts of pathology and of true science, the more emphasis he lays upon "spirit," the more the victims are inclined to imagine they realize "the God in me." The whole system may be summed up in the term "American crankism," due, Doctor Gould suspects, to the national intellectual idiosyncrasy:

"Our crankism is such a strange jumble of inconsistencies that there is no old word by which it may so well be named. The patient's diseases are old, it is true, but he seems to have all the old quack diseases all at once, and that makes at least a new symptom-complex. The connotations of the term crank are such that the subject is recognized as not actually or entirely insane, and yet always partially so, sometimes and in some ways perilously near, possibly really over the border line. He is also in some respects sane or possessed of a cunning that adroitly simulates sanity. To an extent, or as regards some things, he is sincere, in one or two positively fanatical; but again he shows the previous psychologic contradiction of keeping some parts of his brain normal. His mind is evidently constructed on the watertight compartment plan. All of this is also part of the suggested meaning of the word crank. Again he is as to certain subjects unselfish—in reference to his hobby furiously so. But there is never absent the attribute of a spider-like watching for the main chance, a highly developed astuteness in getting money from the greater fools who trust him. He is intensely ignorant, and as inordinately egotistic, and all of that is latent in the word crank also. Lastly 'he' is often a woman, and the word must be stretched to cover that noteworthy fact."

The "morbid egotism" of the "new thought cranks," as Doctor Gould calls them, is perhaps the most striking thing, he believes, "in

***BORDERLAND STUDIES.** By George M. Gould, M.D. P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.

all the books, periodicals, writings, preachings and doings of these strange people." Aliensists well know how egotism rules the minds of their insane patients. Mentally diseased the cranks, Doctor Gould says, "plainly are," normal cerebration being disturbed and irregular or more commonly undeveloped and atavistic:

"Egomania raves and wantons pathetically, but also ludicrously, in every page of these sorry eddyites, 'vibralogists,' 'mental scientists,' distant healers, and ranters of a multitude of sub-varieties. The keynote of all the teaching is the infinite value of 'I,' the unlimited power of it, the eternal emphasis and repetition of it. In the worst cases and magazines the editor becomes one with God, and his sentences for pages are entirely meaningless drivel and word-swash, and one wonders how soon there must be a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* and a commitment to the asylum.

"An interesting result of this uprush of commingled egotism and ignorance is that it pretends to be new, while in reality it is the living on of the old dirty medievalism which all historians know so well. One of the amusing characteristics of another 'school' of medicine was its claim to be a brand new school, while it affected to look down upon the 'old' school of scientific medicine. What was new was the laboratory, the science of the germ theory of disease, hygiene, scientific diagnosis, and the laws of health. What was 'old' was the itch theory of disease, the mythical supernaturalism of high potencies, and a remaking of the medieval doctrine of signatures. So in the 'New Thought' there is nothing newer than the African's voodooism; in the 'New Christian Science' there is no newness, no Christianity, no science. In vibralogy there is nothing but medieval magic and miracle mongering, and in osteopathy there is only the old English bone setter's ignorance, plus the old impertinence of the old quack of the olden time. In other words, the entire brood of modern medical crazes and crankisms, while furiously contending that each is new, is in every cell of its being the very demonstration of the utter lack of the new or modern spirit, of the mental incapacity to take it on, or even to see it. Every modern discovery in biology, sociology and medicine is ignored. It is the spook of the middle ages ludicrously gibbering in a really new epoch of science, skill and reason. It is atavism pure and simple; the old barbarism freed by democracy. It is a sequel of a rapid growth of the intelligent in many, while the rest, not growing, become the neglected residue of stranded incapables upon our hands. Our punishment is the warning that in the last resort we are responsible for the wreckage. The only way we can abridge the evil is to set about the duty of primary physiologic and social education."

The "new thought," says Doctor Gould, is really a disease. It is a disease asserting itself most virulently when the "misunderstood woman" falls into the clutches of the "soul quack" or the brooding wife with disordered organic functions resorts to "metaphysical

therapeutics." The marked increase in various forms of nervous breakdown among American women of late years seems to Doctor Gould to be due to the havoc wrought by the spiritual quackeries in the minds of the half-educated:

"It is evident that here is a new disease in the world, genuinely epidemic, too. The diagnosis is easily made, but is there any therapist would dare suggest a treatment?"

"When the history of the outbreak of mental disease which its adherents call 'Christian Science,' 'New Thought,' 'Mental Healing,' etc., comes to be written, it will be found that not a little of the responsibility for its existence rests upon New England transcendentalism. As regretfully as one may say it, Emerson is their favorite philosopher, or was once so. Of course, neither this noble man nor that popular movement is entirely responsible for the present-day examples of mental degeneration and disease. So far as one can learn, these people have no care for anything outside the dizzy whirl of their monomaniac ideas, or preferably lack of ideas, and far from knowing anything about so ancient a person as Emerson, they reck not and know not of any interest except 'vibralogy' and the repetition of a meaningless lot of words."

From a somewhat different point of view, *The Medical Record* has recently been warning its professional constituency against "religious therapeutics." While skilled physicians, it says, "appreciate the therapeutic value of religion, and are often glad to send the sick man to the clergyman," the members of the medical profession are not prepared to welcome the priest as a fellow-practitioner, "or even to acknowledge that he can exercise that function in the public and wholesale way of the Emmanuel rectors without the danger of doing far more harm than good." This is, of course, a specific reference to a development of the recent past—the Emmanuel movement—which has already been noticed elsewhere in these pages. To quote *The Medical Record*:

"While it was confined to the Emmanuel Church people in Boston it was generally regarded as a sort of Neo-Eddyism, one more of the many queer fads with which the citizens of that town are wont to amuse themselves, and little more was thought of it. Now, however, two at least of the Episcopal churches in New York are going to adopt the Emmanuel plan of treating disease, and doubtless some of the rectors of other churches in that denomination will be ready to join the ranks of irregular practitioners. It is time therefore to ask what the movement means, and why physicians, even trained neurologists, are to be found lending themselves to the movement and supporting it by voice and pen.

"The first question raised by a perusal of the official book of the Emmanuel movement is, Why?

Why clerical healing, and why the limitation of clerical healing to functional diseases? We do not find either question answered satisfactorily in this book, and we do not see how they can be answered. If the physician is to intrust the care of his patients to the clergyman why not to the lawyer? The latter is as much the confidant of his clients as the minister of his parishioners, and could speak just as authoritatively to the subliminal self of the sick. But the physician ought to be able to speak with much greater effect. When he cannot, the explanation must be found in that curious state of mind which leads the ignorant to trust the confident amateur rather than the professional, to pin greater faith to quack remedies or grandmother's simples than to the prescription of the physician. The skilful physician despises no remedy which may benefit his patient, and if he believes a word from a sincere and tactful minister of the Gospel will help, he is glad to send, and often does send, the sick man to the clergyman. As physicians we should regret indeed to lose the powerful therapeutic force that resides in religion, but it does not follow from this that we are ready to welcome the priest as a fellow-practitioner of medicine, or even to acknowledge that he can exercise that function in the public and wholesale way of the Emmanuel rectors without the danger of doing far more harm than good.

"Clergymen are no more than human, like all the rest of us, and once this movement is well launched it is safe to predict that medical men will have less and less to do with it—not, we fear, because they will become convinced of their folly in committing patients to the care of men ignorant of the rudiments of medical science, but because the clergymen will no longer care for their help. When men speak with the confidence shown by the authors of 'Religion and Medicine,' of matters concerning which their words show them to have only uncertain knowledge, it is but a step to the rejection of all advice and suggestion from the physician. Pride, we are told, is one of the seven deadly sins, and there is no form of it more enthralling and ineradicable than the therapeutic pride of the unlearned."

For the time being the "catchword," as *The Medical Record* calls it, of the Emmanuel movement is "functional disease." The clerical healers will let sufferers from organic disease alone. But what do the leaders of the Emmanuel movement mean by "functional nervous disorders"? Thus queries the medical critic. "Do they really believe that there are two distinct kinds of disease—functional and organic?" If so, or to be exact, if they do not know anything about the subject, their medical advisers should tell them that every day medical therapeutists are shifting so-called functional diseases into the class of organic diseases. "Will these clerical healers abandon a functional disease to the medical healers when it is discovered to be dependent upon an organic lesion of brain, spinal cord or sympathetic nervous system, or will they

simply deny its organic basis and continue to treat it?" Yet once they find themselves treating one disease called organic, why not others? asks *The Medical Record*; why not all?

Another medical periodical, however, *The New York Medical Journal*, does not see in the new therapeutics anything "subversive of the prerogatives of medical men in their daily work," but it limits this observation to the Emmanuel movement in so far as that movement recognizes the legitimate authority of the physician. The appearance of the physician and the clergyman simultaneously at the sick bed, it says, need not occasion antagonism—in fact seldom does.

It is from a standpoint far more general than this that the London *Lancet* attacks the therapeutic principles involved in the "new thought" and its allied healing systems. There has always been, it observes, a tendency in modern minds to revive ancient superstitions. What the world witnesses to-day is a rediscovery of many of the lost manias of the middle ages masquerading as cure-alls. "The imagination and its perversion account for every cure attributed to current quackeries." There can not in the nature of the case, it argues, be anything worthy in the name of cure in such an exercise of the imagination as banishes from the consciousness all physical pain. When the organism fails to react to stimuli it is diseased. Pain is a reflex. Failure to feel pain after a course of "new thought" treatment simply means that an old malady has been complicated by a fresh disease. The fact that new thought "quacks" banish symptoms or claim to do so is suspicious, according to the London organ of the medical profession, which warns all physicians in England to be on their guard against "these superstitions" coming from America. The whole movement, it suspects, is evidence of widespread neurasthenia, affecting more particularly the female population. One source of the trouble from which the American people are suffering, according to a writer in *American Medicine*, is the fact that "we are being doctored to death." All sorts of quacks call themselves doctors, especially those quacks who claim to operate upon the soul. Such men are either humbugs or maniacs. They are greatly aided by the typically American abuse known among our colleges as the honorary degree. "With most thinking people an honorary degree means no more than a bilious headache."

BLOOD TRANSFUSION AND THE TRANSPLANTATION OF HUMAN ORGANS

FANTASTICAL as it must seem to some lay minds, it is quite likely that within a measurable future a patient troubled with defective kidneys will be surgically equipped with a fresh and healthy set extracted from a refrigerator. To this effect commented that most distinguished of living surgeons, Doctor W. W. Keen, at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society, of which he is president. Doctor Keen drew his inference from the remarkable lecture delivered before that body in Philadelphia by Doctor Alexis Carrel, now on the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York. Doctor Carrel is the experimenter who has substituted for the kidneys of one cat those of a healthier feline to the great advantage physically of the animal operated upon in the first instance, whatever may have become of the second. Thanks to Doctor Carrel again, a dog upon which he has experimented is using the limb of a deceased member of its own species to run upon. But these are only representative of the kind of operations described by Doctor Carrel in his address to the scientists assembled at Philadelphia, inspiring the observation by Doctor Keen to which reference has been made.

The success of these operations, according to Dr. Carrel himself, depended upon the time of the operation. The detached organ is apparently dead, and it could not last long without the lesions becoming "unhealable." Immediately after stoppage of circulation cadaveric changes began to take place. It therefore became Doctor Carrel's pressing problem to arrest this degeneration. He looked for the criterion between dead tissues and living tissues. "Aside from the fact of circulation, when shall we say that cadaveric change is sufficient to be denominated death?" In man, replies the eminent investigator, life is distinguished only by its manifestation. But in vegetables and lower animals we have latent life, as manifested in the seed.

This latent life, Doctor Carrel affirms, is really a state of chemical indifference. "Why, by analogy, is it not possible to produce this state of latent life, or chemical indifference, in the tissues of higher animals?" Thus began a series of experiments for the preservation of arteries. Doctor Carrel found that

"desiccation" would not do. It produced a state of absolute death. Then he put the arteries into refrigerators and kept them inclosed in hermetically sealed tubes at a temperature slightly above freezing point. He found that an artery could be kept alive for sixty days and substituted for the artery of a living animal. He has replaced the abdominal arteries of a cat with the carotid artery of a dog. Once when he received a human leg from a New York hospital, Doctor Carrel kept the arteries twenty-four days in a refrigerator and then put them with success into a dog.

Of the numerous applications to which the experiments of Doctor Carrel can be put, the most important for the moment has to do with blood transfusion. As Doctor Keen pointed out when Doctor Carrel had finished his lecture, patients sometimes enter the hospital in such a condition that the shock of an operation would be fatal. Through this new technique—credit for adapting which belongs to Doctor George Crile, of Cleveland—blood has been transfused directly from husband, wife, relative or friend into the body of the patient. During the flow of blood from the veins of the "donor" into the veins of the patient, Doctor Crile has proceeded with his operation. At the termination of the procedure the patient was actually in better condition than at the beginning. Heretofore this transfusion has been impossible owing to the hazard from clotting of the blood. The tendency to clot results from the use of a glass tube in the artery of the "donor" connected by means of rubber with another glass tube inserted in the vein of the patient. A clot, if formed—and the tendency seems decided—would be swept up to the heart. Thence it would go to the lungs, "corking" the pulmonary circulation. The inevitable next phase would be pneumonia with its imminent risk of death. Now Doctor Carrel, by his technique, has made it possible for the surgeon to suture arteries temporarily or permanently. The nature of the temporary suture has just been indicated. A permanent suture becomes necessary in the transplanting of an organ with its blood vessels from one animal to another.

From the purely dramatic point of view, the most remarkable adaptation of Doctor Carrel's technique and theories to a human patient is reported in *The New York Times*

on the authority of Dr. S. W. Lambert:

"On March 4 last a daughter was born to a well known surgeon of this city and his wife. The child weighed 8 pounds and 12 ounces at birth, and appeared to be strong and healthy. In a few hours, however, it developed melaena neonatorum, which signifies hemorrhage of the newborn, a disease of the first two weeks of life, and whose prognosis is extremely grave, the mortality ranging from 50 to 80 per cent. The child bled from the mouth, nose and intestines, and vomited blood. On March 8 the baby was near death.

"In this extremity the surgeon-father invoked the aid of Dr. Carrel, with whose skill and theories he was familiar. Dr. Carrel, assisted by Dr. George E. Brewer, surgeon to Roosevelt Hospital, proceeded as follows:

"The right leg of the child was held firmly and an incision was made in the hollow back of the knee, exposing a large vein, which was severed. An incision was then made in the left wrist of the child's father and the radial artery, or pulse, exposed. This artery likewise was cut, and Dr. Carrel, whose technique in this line of work is described as amazing by his confrères, then proceeded to sew an end of the father's severed artery to an end of the child's severed vein.

"Here was direct transfusion of blood. For some time the father's blood was allowed to

flow into the anemic and impoverished system of the child. In a few moments the baby's skin took on a healthy glow. As if by magic the vomiting and hemorrhage ceased, not to recur. In a word, the child was dying one minute, the next minute was a strong, healthy child. To-day this child weighs six pounds more than another born within a few days of it."

A warning against some too hasty generalizations from these and similar cases is sounded by *The Medical Record*, notwithstanding the sympathy of its general attitude towards the results themselves. Too sanguine expectations must not be based upon any kind of research, it declares. "The zeal of the physician to discover new facts in the art or science of medicine must not run away with his better judgment; and certainly the desire to figure in literary discussions and to be among the first to try every newly recommended procedure must not overcome his sense of duty to the patient and consideration for the health and comfort of the latter." Any other attitude, our contemporary says, is fraught with danger.

ARE THE JEWS "NON-VISUALS?"

IRST through Steinitz and now through Lasker the Jewish race has held the championship of chess almost without interruption for a generation, and in calling attention to this fact the *British Medical Journal* has suggested that the ancient game is peculiarly suited to the genius of a race which has acquired the qualities of patience, stubbornness and deliberation. The explanation is ingenious, but it is not so simple as that the winning of the championship by Jews for thirty years is merely the result of coincidence, according to a correspondent of the same paper. According to still another hypothesis, it is not so plausible as the explanation that as a race the Jews are "non-visuals."

The term needs elucidation. One of the great British authorities on nerve and nerve sensation roughly divides people into "visuals" and "non-visuals." The first are they who, whenever they think of any object—a room, a person, a landscape, a moated grange—see the object in their mind's eye. The absolute "non-visuals" are those who do not picture an absent object, but think of it merely as an abstraction. Such people are rare, but the

degrees of "non-visualization" are many, and, in a large number of instances, people have little power of picturing a person or an object unless it is directly in front of them. It is due to some defect of the brain's memory cells. Thus some people and many scientific men can play chess well because the game is spread out in front of them, but they are quite incapable of playing well a game like bridge whist. A more scientific instance of the theory occurs in mathematics, where there are some men who are great abstract mathematicians, and some who are geometers yet find always a difficulty in dealing with problems of abstract mathematics. It is always asserted, and some authorities believe the assertion well founded, that, altho the Jewish race has produced many fine geometers, it has not been fruitful in exponents of abstract mathematics. It is not necessary to discuss which kind of mathematics demands the higher powers of pure reasoning, altho it is believed that this attribute rests with the abstract mathematicians; but it is evident that the ability which makes a good geometer should also, if the reasoning be sound so far, make a good chess player.

Recent Poetry



NOT long ago, in the city of Boston, a symphony concert was given, by an orchestra described as "perhaps the best in the world." One of the numbers was MacDowell's post-humous work, "Lamia," based, of course, upon Keats's poem. The poem itself was printed on the program, and an unexpected contest between two of the Muses was the result. Here, according to the Boston *Transcript*, is what took place in the audience:

"One scanned the verses with cursory eye; another dipped deeper and longer into them; a third began deliberate reading. The process and every variation of it became tempting, infectious, as such things do in large assemblies. On and on went Beethoven's 'Eroica' symphony; and on and on went the general reading of 'Lamia.' Look up into the balconies, and many a head was bent over Keats's verses. Look around the floor, and on every side were the upraised program books open at the poem. The music to which it stirred MacDowell followed, and for the moment the audience was content to supplement its reading with his imaginings. The prelude to 'The Mastersingers,' irresistible, intoxicating, ended the concert, but for many an auditor there was 'Lamia' still to finish. Sachs and the masters walked in unheeded procession; Evchen and Walther wooed unheard, and apprentices danced and townsfolk sang their chorals in vain against the fascination of Keats. In theory the concert was devoted to Beethoven, MacDowell and Wagner. In actual fact a considerable part of the audience spent the afternoon in the discovery of Keats and his poem of 'Lamia.'"

This incident is used by a writer in the Springfield *Republican* as evidence "that the taste for poetry, however neglected it may be, is as strong as ever." It is the custom to assume that poetry is a "neglected" art, but has the neglect ever been proved? Certainly the number of bards and would-be bards does not seem to diminish. Poetic anthologies continue to see the light, and, presumably, to be sold. All the magazines, particularly the most popular of them, publish numerous poetic contributions. The scrap-books of the country would show, we dare say, that a large part of the literary treasures thus preserved are in meter. And when we have any special public celebration—a monument to be dedicated or an anniversary to be celebrated—we call on our poets almost invariably to help.

Certainly at this season of the year there is no decline in the demand made by editors and publishers for poetic product. During the last month or two there has been the usual number

of perfunctory Christmas poems, and one or two that seem really worth while. The following is commended by the London *Athenæum* for its "sheer, almost brutal, originality." It appears in a new volume entitled "Amaranthus" (Fisher Unwin), and as it has no title, we make bold to give it one:

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST

BY BERNARD CAPES

"'Tis Christ His feast," said Short to Long,
"Let's pass the night in drink and song."

"The liquor must not be too mild
For toasting of that Holy Child."

Said Long, "Them Jews was blind," said he,
"But not so 'blind' as we will be."

They drank Him once and twice and thrice;
The main brace they began to splice.

A child's voice wailed without the door:
"O, let me enter, I implore!"

'Tis freezing cold and dark and dire,
O, let me warm me at your fire!"

"No place for children here," said Long,
And bid him "cut his lucky" strong.

"We're keeping of Christ Jesus' feast.
Clear out," said Short, "you little beast!"

They sang to "David's royal Son,"
And not till all the drink was done

Abstained; then staggered to the door,
And sobered at the sight they saw.

Stark on the snow Christ baby lay.
'Twas Him those sots had cursed away.

Now tell me, what availed them, then,
To keep Christ out and Christmas in.

Mr. Markham's equally brief poem in *Success Magazine* has also an original note, but there is nothing brutal in its originality. It is an agreeable variation of an old theme:

THE MANGER SONG OF MARY

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Hark, baby, hark
To the bells in the dark.
Here are the three that are led by the star—
Melchior and Gaspar and swart Baltazar.
Great are the gifts in the hands of the wise. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your eyes!

Croon, baby, croon,
Like a dove at the noon.

Melchoir with beard reaching down to the knees
Pours you the gold from the hills and the seas,
Brings you a gift for a king to command. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your hand!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
For the shadows are deep.
Gaspar with pearls on his red turban comes,
Bringing you myrrh and Arabian gums.
Wind where he passes is delicate sweet. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your feet!

Dream, baby, dream,
For the star is agleam.
Baltazar kneels by the manger and sings,
Burning white frankincense, rings over rings,
They have brought treasure from mountain and
mart. . . .
Mother has nothing to give but her heart!

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne has gathered up
his poems appearing in many magazines—several
of them in this magazine—and published them in
a volume entitled "The Quiet Singer and Other
Poems" (B. W. Dodge Company). The title
poem is far the best in the volume. It is an
eloquent tribute to Francis Thompson:

THE QUIET SINGER

AVE! FRANCIS THOMPSON

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

He had been singing—but I had not heard his
voice;

He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,
O many a morning long.
But I, remote and far,
Under an alien star,
Listened to other singers, other birds,
And other silver words.
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,
Beg the cold world to hear?
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,
At dawn, or in the blue, mild Summer noon,
Knowing that, late or soon,
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.
He sings, albeit alone,
Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song,
No cadence wild and strong.
But one day, from a friend far overseas,
As if upon the breeze,
There came the teeming wonder of his words—
A golden troop of birds,
Caged in a little volume made to love;
Singing, singing,
Flinging, flinging
Their breaking hearts on mine, and swiftly
bringing
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world woke anew!
How the days broke anew!
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry
I seemed to see,
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.
Hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom,
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom.

Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched
morns—

These, all these I saw,
With that ecstatic awe
Wherewith one looks into Eternity.

And then I knew that, tho I had not heard
His voice before,
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird
At some one's distant door,
Had made my own more sweet; had made it more
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.
I knew then why the days
Had seemed more perfect to me when the Spring
Came with old burgeoning;
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,
And somewhere in the world his heart was break-
ing;

And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking
Beauty more high and noble for his sake,
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet, if the Springs long past
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see
In seasons still to be,
Now that his songs are mine while Life shall last.
O now for me
New floods of vision open suddenly. . . .
Rejoice, my heart! Rejoice
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

Another than Francis Thompson has been
roaming through the streets of London with a
poetic eye for poetic sights. Mr. Arthur H.
Adams is an editor in Sydney, Australia, and he
publishes a thin volume of verse entitled "Lon-
don's Streets" (T. N. Foulis, publisher). It is
a brave effort to extract poetic sweets from
prosaic scenes. Here is one of the most suc-
cessful of his attempts:

EURYDICE

BY ARTHUR H. ADAMS

I am a clerk in prison held,
To a fat ledger manacled,
And she a thing of milk and pearl—
A little pale typewriter girl.
This is her name—Eurydice;
And she and I . . . and I and she . . . !

High over London Town we greet:
Our windows stare across the street;
And from the chasm flung between
Comes up the roar of tides unseen.
This solitude the gods allow
Of birds upon the topmost bough!

And from my high and sheltered nook,
By peering up across my book,
I see her dainty fingers play,
From hour to hour and day to day,
That restless clacking melody
That seems a song of love to me.

And she can lean a little down
And waft a smile back, or a frown;

For love and work a warfare wage,
And in the middle of the page—
(That imp machine must bear the blame!)
The naughty keys will type my name!

And tho to see her I am glad,
The endless columns that I add
Sometimes refuse to add up right;
The figures dance upon my sight,
Till I discover, tangled there,
A straying tress of tawny hair!

And every day at twelve fifteen
She covers up her tired machine,
And like a bird she seems to drift
On drooping pinion down the lift,
And meets me, breathless, at the door:
The wheels of life begin once more.

We dip into a hidden den
Where our own corner waits us; then
I watch her busy with the tea—
One lump for her, and two for me!—
Our hands may touch. Who would not be
In Hades with Eurydice?

And then the afternoon drags on,
Till I look up—and it is gone!
She nods—two hat-pins in her mouth—
And so the end of my long drouth!
For punctually at five past five
In London Town the gods arrive!

And as we saunter, every street
Is a strewn carpet for our feet,
Or golden staircase to a throne;
And all the city is our own!
The traffic chants a wedding psalm:
Each with a dream walks arm in arm!

At last we pause for parting where
A gaping blackness waits for her.
The door upon my longing clangs:
A dragon has her in his fangs!
And she is swallowed up from me—
My little wan Eurydice!

And she is hurried far away
Beneath my feet; then dies my day.
And, lacking just that little face,
The city is a lonely place.
On all a mist has drifted down,
And London Town is—London Town!

But every morn at half-past eight
At those dark portals I await,
Where the pale prisoners of Night
Are spilled again up to the light.
The black earth yields her up to me:
I look not back—Eurydice!

Three new songs of city life are sung by three
New York bards. The first is Mr. Torrence, who
gives us this in *Scribner's*:

THREE O'CLOCK (Morning)

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

The jewel-blue electric flowers
Are cold upon their iron trees.
Upraised, the deadly harp of rails
Whines for its interval of ease.
The stones keep all their daily speech

Buried, but can no more forget
Than would a water-vacant beach
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,
Ghastly, from some torn edge of shade;
A drowning one, a reeling one,
And one still loitering after trade.
On high the candor of a clock
Portions the dark with solemn sound.
The burden of the bitten rock
Moans up from underground.

Far down the street a shutting door
Echoes the yesterday that fled
Among the days that should have been,
Which people cities of the dead.
The banners of the steam unfold
Upon the towers to meet the day;
The lights go out in red and gold,
But time goes out in gray.

Mr. Oppenheim has a point of view that is
ethical rather than esthetic, and he continues to
cling to his octometer verse. His poem appears
in *The American Magazine*:

NEW YORK FROM A SKYSCRAPER

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM.

Up in the heights of the evening skies I see my
City of cities float
In sunset's golden and crimson dyes; I look, and
a great joy clutches my throat!
Plateau of roofs by canyons crossed; windows by
thousands fire-unfurled—
O gazing, how the heart is lost in the Deepest
City of the World!

O sprawling City! Worlds in a world! Housing
each strange type that is human—
Yonder a Little Italy curled—here the haunt of
the Scarlet Woman—
The night's white Bacchanals of Broadway—the
Ghetto pushcarts ringed with faces—
Wall Street's roar and the Plaza's play—a wel-
tering focus of all Earth's races!

Walking your Night's many-nationed byways—
brushing Sicilians and Jews and Greeks—
Meeting gaunt Bread Lines on your highways—
watching night-clerks in your flaming peaks—
Marking your Theatres' outpour of splendor—
pausing on doorsteps with resting Mothers—
I have marveled at Christs with their messages
tender, their daring dream of a World of
Brothers!

Brothers? What means Irish to Greek? What
the Ghetto to Morningside?
How shall we weld the strong and the weak
while millions struggle with light denied?
Yet, but to follow these Souls where they roam—
ripping off housetops, the city's mask—
At Night I should find each one in a Home, at
Morn I should find each one at a Task!

Labor and Love, four-million divided—surely the
millions at last are a-move—
Surely the Brotherhood-slant is decided—the So-
cial Labor, the Social Love!
Surely four millions of Souls close-gathered in

this one spot could stagger the world—
O City, Earth's Future is Mothered and Fathered
where your great streets feel the Man-tides
hurled!

For the Souls in one car where they hang on the
straps could send this City a-wing through
the starred—

Each man is a tiny Faucet that taps the infinite
reservoir of God!

What if they turned the Faucet full stream?

What if our millions to-night were aware?

What if to-morrow they built to their Dream the
City of Brothers in laughter and prayer?

Mr. Bynner gets his poem out of the unlovely
demolition of a building that is making place,
perhaps, for Mr. Oppenheim's skyscraper. We
reprint from *McClure's*:

THE BUILDERS

BY WITTER BYNNER

Where that corner-house then stood,
Where your room was, and our talks,
Laths and doors and tumbled bricks
Pile their dust upon the walks.

No slow touch it is of time,
No quick blast of magic fire,
But the sure, destroying hand
Of the builders, building higher.

Yet these builders with their derricks,
They shall never reach so high
As a blue-ascending tower
We were building in the sky,—

Knowing not of us who builded
Higher than in all the lands,
Seeing nothing on this corner
Where a topless tower stands.

We always look for unrestrained extravagance
of expression in a woman's love-poem, and we
seldom look in vain. It is certainly to be found
in the lines below, but there are melody and
charm accompanying it that redeem the poem.
It is taken from the St. Louis *Mirror*:

THE SONG OF THE SUM OF ALL

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I have loved many, the more and the few,
I have loved many that I might love you.

All of my life was but loving and proving
The near and the far, the constant, the roving.

The sad and the joyous, the shadow, the part,
With signs of their lacking marked down in my
heart.

For never the goal and the whole were for me;
They were handle and hint, they were crutch,
they were key,

They were bramble and bud, but never the flower;
They were dawn, they were dusk, nor ever noon
hour;

They were soil-of-life, spoil-of-life, symbol and
clue,
But the soul-of-life, whole-of-life, waited for you:

They were wave, they were tide, they were shade
on the lea,
But you are the earth, and the sun and the sea!

A beautiful fancy beautifully told is that of Mr.
Brian Hooker's "Dreamland Rose." We reprint
from *Harper's Magazine*:

BALLADE OF THE DREAMLAND ROSE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Where the waves of burning cloud are rolled
On the farther shore of the sunset sea,
In a land of wonder that none behold,
There blooms a rose on the Dreamland Tree.
It grows in the Garden of Mystery
Where the River of Slumber softly flows,
And whenever a dream has come to be,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

In the heart of the tree, on a branch of gold,
A silvery bird sings endlessly
A mystic song that is ages old—
A mournful song in a minor key,
Full of the glamor of faery.
And whenever a dreamer's ears uncloze
To the sound of that distant melody,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

Dreams and visions in hosts untold
Throng around on the moonlit lea:
Dreams of age that are calm and cold,
Dreams of youth that are fair and free—
Dark with a lone heart's agony,
Bright with a hope that no one knows—
And whenever a dream and a dream agree,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

L'ENVOI

Princess—you gaze in a reverie
Where the drowsy firelight redly glows.
Slowly you raise your eyes to me . . .
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

Here is a song in a minor key—a song of
autumn, of twilight, and of silence. We find it
in *The New Age*:

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

BY W. R. TITTERTON.

The air is chill, the yellow leaves are falling,
The sky is grey with tears that will not fall,
Among the trees a few sad songsters calling
Hear only sighs in answer to their call.

And yet comes Eve, with silent, shadowy spaces,
And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West,
And smoothes the scars of battle from our faces,
And kisses us, and softly whispers, "Rest!"

Sing me a song of Twilight, O sad singer,
Of live, winged shadows, deep'ning into Night,
Of Twilight touching us with cool, still finger,
And drawing Day's dull curtain from our sight,

To show us magic sleights—the firm earth shifting,
To send Time groping backward in the past,
To launch the soul forth into Great-Sea drifting,
And gives it peace at last.

Nay, hush your song, die out, O last bird's sobbing!

Gather, O shadows, deeper and more deep!
Rise not, O Moon of Night! cease heart from throbbing!

Flutter, O tired eyelids, into Sleep!

Come close, O Night, your wraps around me flinging,

And let there be a little rest from strife,
For Silence is more beautiful than Singing,
And Death than Life.

In one of the abandoned mines of the Southwest, with its caved shafts, rusting machinery and cabins empty but for the drifted sand, was found a child's playhouse, beside a great bolder, the little toys and treasures undisturbed. The incident has inspired the following poem, published in *Outwest*:

THE LITTLE HOUSE OF MARY

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

The hoof-worn pack-trails still wind down past barren cliff and ledge,
And fail and fade like water spilled at the sage-gray desert's edge;
Lost in the shifting sand-banks, clear where the long dykes lift
Their rough, brown, sun-burned shoulders out of the wind-blown drift.

Like scars long healed the weed-grown dumps where the miners plied their craft;
And the tuna drops its crimson fruit down the mouth of the caving shaft,
A broken shovel, a worn-out pick; and down in the gulch below
A lean coyote homes her whelps where the stamps beat blow on blow.

Where the tent-camp took its careless way to rocky cañon's brink,
The plumed quail leads her covey, and the wild deer comes to drink;
But then the mule-bells tinkled, and, proud of her rank and place,
The old white bell-mare took the lead, setting the train its pace.

And close by a gray-ribbed bolder, shading her eyes with her hands,
Watching the ore-trains passing out to the unknown lands,
A little, wistful figure, with dreaming, tender face,
Like a flower from some old-time garden a-bloom in that rugged place.

Child of the sun-white desert, no other land she knew;

Its cactus clumps were her richest green, its skies were her deepest blue;
The shy, wild things were her playmates, and under the old cleft stone
She builded a little kingdom for her and them alone.

And here are her guarded treasures—quaint little shapes of clay,
Fashioned by small brown fingers as she sang at her lonely play;—
But the dust lies thick upon them, and sand-drifts bar the door,
And only a swift green lizard shimmers across the floor.

Like memories worn too deep to lose, the pack-trails still wind down,
Out past the old gray bolder and the ledges seamed and brown;
Till here they swerve a hand-width back, where once the rough cross stood,
With a child's brief name and a child's scant years carved in the unbleached wood.

The cross is fallen and crumbling; but still the wild quails call,
As if they missed a comrade, through the sage brush thick and tall;
And where the love-vine tangles and the low wind croons at even,
The little playhouse waits for her—for "Mary, aged seven."

Here is a charming little picture that makes one smile and feel that "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world." We take it from *The Smart Set*:

ON THE STAIRS

By EDWARD EVERETT NELSON

He said "Good-night," and he held her hand
In a hesitating way,
And he hoped that her eyes would understand
What his lips refused to say.

He held her hand and he murmured low:
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frigidly cold, you know,
This Mister of ours, and Miss."

"I thought—perhaps—" and he paused to note,
If she seemed inclined to frown;
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote,
As she blushing looked down.

She said no word, but she picked a speck
Of dust from his coat-lapel,
Such a small, such a wee little tiny fleck,
'Twas a wonder she saw so well.

And it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought, unspoken, was made quite clear,
And I know 'twas a sweet "good-night."

Recent Fiction

IT IS a romantic title that Mr. Fox has chosen for his latest novel,* and the scenes are laid in a romantic region. The mountainous districts of Tennessee and Kentucky, with their moonshiners and raiders, their family feuds and night-riding methods of administering justice, furnish the background, while a wild and beautiful heroine who says "I seed" and "I was layin'," and

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE a young college-bred hero with fearless blue eyes and nerves of steel, fill the foreground. The girl is caught young by the hero, in bare feet, a homespun gown and a sunbonnet that is usually dangling by its strings instead of reposing quietly on her mass of hair "exactly like the gold-bronze on the wing of a wild turkey." He starts her on the way to an education, and in time they both learn many things from each other which they do not have to read in books. The feud of the Tollivers and the Falins—she is a Tolliver, and her first name is June—winds in and out of the story in all sorts of unexpected and dramatic ways. The hero, John Hale, sets himself to the building of a town in Cumberland Gap and to the repression of lawlessness. With his fortune to make, a feud to keep down, June to educate, and a number of passionate rivals to keep clear of, his life does not lack excitement. Being a true hero of romance, of course he "makes good," tho he doesn't make a fortune, and at the end of four hundred thrilling pages what he most wants comes his way. And the lonesome pine on the top of the divide sees the beginning and ending of the drama, and breathes its sweet fragrance into all the pages of the eventful tale.

All the critics like it, and a number are enthusiastic. The reviewer of the *Times Saturday Review* resorts to superlatives. He calls it "one of the most charming stories of the world," and finds every page delightful reading and every character, dare-devil outlaws and all, a welcome new acquaintance. Especially June, who is "entirely bewitching" from first to last. Mr. F. Dana Reed, writing in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, shares in this enthusiasm. If Mr. Fox should never write another line, we are told, his position among American novelists would be secure by reason of this "superbly written story." "Here is a

novel," this critic writes, "wholly American, dealing with conditions that are indigenous to the soil, the product of conditions that cannot be found anywhere else in the world, and which are so rich in sociological and historical suggestiveness that they almost take one's breath away."

The number of Winchesters in the novel reminds *The Sun's* reviewer of Longfellow's poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield"; but, he adds, that is an excellent poem, and it is very agreeable to be reminded of it. But then *The Sun* never does take a novel seriously. The *New York Evening Post* grants you that the story is melodrama; but it is "melodrama of so high a grade, so joyous an enthusiasm, and so compelling an interest as to give its reader an hour of uncritical pleasure." Dark shadows and splashes of color are not spared, but then the story calls for them; and if some of the characters grow "wearisomely blatant" at times, most of them are skilfully manipulated to furnish a lurid but not too lurid background. The *Louisville Post* reviewer likes these lurid minor characters best, especially Sara Budd and Red Fox. The *Philadelphia Ledger* calls the story "a prose idyll," but thinks that the climax of the author's powers is yet to come—a novel with more of finality and reflection in it, written without regard to the praise of publishers and hacks and shop girls, but to satisfy himself and the high standards which it suspects that he has.

In *The Independent*, Mrs. L. H. Harris, of Nashville, writing on "The Advance of Civilization in Fiction," deploras the fact that we have no notable novelist of Southern life, and refers to Mr. Fox as follows:

"Fox is only a mountain novelist. He is not Southern. No Southern author has produced a really notable story of Southern life as it is. And we cannot hope for such a book soon for several reasons. First, we have not the free mind in the South. We are fairly intelligent, we have splendid dramatic material, and we are brave enough to fight, right or wrong; but *nothing* will induce us to tell the truth about ourselves that is not complimentary, no matter how thrilling it should prove to be. We are the victims of prejudice from within and without. They who love us and they who hate us write about us, but the man with the wide, free vision, who could see us in perspective, and in relation to the whole, has never written a word in fiction about Southerners, unless, possibly, it is Owen Wister, who did well as far as he went."

Which, coming from a Southern woman, is worth pondering.

*THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE. By John Fox, Jr. Scribners.

RTFULLY as Beatrice Harraden elaborates the proposition that the heroine of her new novel, "Interplay,"* did right in violating the seventh commandment, the reviewers remain unconvinced. The heroine herself, Mrs. Harriet Rivers, has no doubts on the subject at all. She is so boastful

INTERPLAY of her infidelity to her marriage vow and so conscious of her own purity as to elicit from the London *Spectator* the protest that "crimes against the marriage law are crimes committed against human society, and if for no higher reasons, yet for the sake of the institution of the family their commission is always to be most strongly condemned." But every character in this two-hundred-thousand-word novel who stands for that view is made so pompous, so disagreeable, and so absurd through the medium of Miss Harraden's art as a writer of fiction that "Interplay" seems to the Manchester *Guardian* one of the very cleverest performances of the season. There is Mr. William Tressider, for instance, the prosperous looking bank manager with the important face and the big nose, whose theory that a woman should regret being guilty of marital infidelity affords his sister such merriment. He, to the London *News*, is one of the minor triumphs of the book, altho he is eclipsed by his sister, Margaret Tressider. Margaret Tressider, altho she is chaste, is made so interesting to the New York *World* by her brilliant defence of the heroine's moral lapse as to be dubbed "the astral heroine." She had been rescued from a career of quackery as palmist and new thought healer by the timely appearance of Harriet Rivers with the offer of a well paid post as companion. The basis of the sympathy between Harriet and Margaret is catechetically summarized in the London *Mail*. Have you a brute of a husband? Violate your marriage vows. Are you a wife misunderstood? Violate your marriage vows. Do you want to break with the old superstitions and attain self-realization? Violate your marriage vows. To quote the New York *Evening Post* on this thesis:

"The volume would serve well as an advanced text-book in the modernizing of humanity. The whole idea is to bring everything down to 1908, socially, scientifically, ethically. Harriet Rivers and her champions accomplish marvels in convincing their world that kind hearts are more than marriage certificates. The youthful Bess strives nobly to emancipate her mother from the deadening clutch of 'culture,' and apologizes for her by saying, 'It's only that she does not understand—she has been so sheltered, so shut-in—

but she'll learn.' Everybody emancipates somebody from something, till theory and practice are indeed thoroly cleansed of tradition. It is to be added that the story reads interestingly, particularly in the first half. The characters, in modeling and in conversation, are often original, sprightly, and unexpected, the situations fresh and seizing. But one would welcome an interval of emancipation from emancipation."

Much as the reviewers admire Miss Harraden's superstructure of infidelity to the marriage vows, her foundation—the brute of a husband—is pronounced too weak. Apart from the fact, as is pointed out in the Philadelphia *Press*, that we never get this brute's side of the story, is the circumstance that in the few glimpses we have of him he fails to convince. "One gets the notion that the heroine violated her marriage vows, not because her husband was a brute—perhaps he was—but because his wife was a sinner." That is not at all the opinion of the hero of "Interplay," an Arctic explorer who returns from the frozen north covered with renown. Unlike the reviewers of this work, the Arctic explorer admires Mrs. Harriet Rivers's pride in the meretriciousness of her relations with her paramour. "I can never regret what I did," says the heroine to the hero. "I should be false to myself if I pretended that I regretted it." The eagerness of the hero to marry the heroine at once makes the London *Bookman* a little sarcastic, while the Chicago *Post* notices that his past places him on a distinctly lower moral plane than that brute of a husband. "An old device, that brute of a husband," reflects the London *Post*, inclining to fear that Miss Harraden has essayed a task beyond her powers for the reason that no one can rise from a perusal of "Interplay" without a suspicion that its heroine ought to have regretted her course. On the other hand, the Boston *Transcript* is sympathetic in its attitude to the faithless wife. It says:

"If Miss Harraden has any other purpose in writing 'Interplay' than the mere telling of a story—and to her credit no other purpose obviously stares the reader in the face—it is to show that a departure from the conventions of modern English morality, at least in the case of a man or woman of strong character confronted by an overwhelming fate, is not in itself immoral. As in all things, circumstances here alter cases, and it is apparently Miss Harraden's implied contention that each departure from the rules and regulations said to be established by society solely for its protection must be judged on its merits. The past life of Harriet Rivers is, however, not emphasized beyond the necessity for its true effect upon the story and its characters as we see them during the few months of their passing before our vision. She cannot ignore it, she cannot forget it, she has no desire to deny it, the most that she can do is to justify it, and we cannot

*INTERPLAY. By Beatrice Harraden. F. A. Stokes Co.

help, no matter what stern moralists we may be in theory or in practice, the feeling that her justification of herself is honest and thoroly righteous and commendable. We are asked also to realize the fact that her past will stand compari-

son with that of Captain Bending, the Arctic explorer, who comes home from his victory with Polar seas, to be conquered by her beauty and intellect, and that they will begin their life together on even terms."

THE gentleman by the prosaic name of Hawkins who wrote the brilliant Dolly Dialogs and the exciting "Prisoner of Zenda" has just given us a new novel* which is in the style of neither of these. It is more of a psychological novel than a novel of adventure, and the motif of it is this: If a lady of Queen Elizabeth's masterful qualities were by fate placed in private life in London, and compelled to work out her destiny not with men-at-arms and courtiers, but with lawyers and clerks and balance sheets, what would be the outcome? In handling this problem the author has, in the opinion of a critic in *The Independent*, "made the most remarkable advance in historical fiction this year." Until now, no one, we are told, has thought to take the limits of time and place from a great historical character, reproduce it in modern life, and deduce the tale accordingly. This Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has now accomplished, and the result is "the greatest woman that has figured for years in fiction."

Miss Driver, however, is far from being also the best woman of recent fiction. She plays ducks and drakes with the social conventions regarding the relations of the sexes—true to her Elizabethan character—and even her author is afraid, according to one reviewer, to tell the truth about her.

Miss Driver's father is a self-made captain of industry, who dies and leaves his millions to his daughter, whom nobody knew he had. She has been reared in obscurity and finds herself suddenly exalted to a place of financial and social power for which she is entirely unprepared. But she has qualities that would have elicited the adjective "great" had her lot been cast in less commonplace surroundings. She proceeds to master the situation and to hold off at arm's length numerous suitors, including her father's secretary, whom she does not love, and a frank and unconventional explorer and bug-

hunter whom she does love, but whom she is not ready to submit to as a wife. She is always "trying to have it both ways," and in pursuit of that desire she becomes engaged to an impoverished peer one day, and a few days later elopes with the entomological explorer. She wanders with him, unchaperoned and unwed, over Europe, and upon his death in a duel she returns, after an absence of three years, to resume her place in British society and reconquer a place of social leadership. The author will not scandalize his reading public by telling the truth about his heroine, and yet it is necessary to know the truth to understand her transformation in this interval. Hence *The Saturday Review* (London) finds a break in the story that leaves us incredulous, and from the moment of her flight, owing to the author's reticence, our interest in the story ends. The London *Spectator* agrees that the author has set himself, in the rehabilitation of Jenny, as hard a task as he has ever had, and to achieve it allows himself "a latitude for which experience scarcely provides full justification"; but nevertheless it finds the story "continuously interesting," "extremely well written," and displaying a degree of subtlety and finish, acuteness and sympathy that reconcile us to his abandonment of the domain of fantastic and adventurous romance.

The verdict "delightful but unconvincing" seems to be that of most American as well as British critics, tho the Rochester *Post-Express* is one that finds Mr. Hope's writing clumsy and his incidents inartistically jumbled together. The New York *Sun* congratulates him that he has put away childish and romantic things, and is making very creditable fiction out of the real elements of life. But the Louisville *Post* beseeches him to go back to the kind of romance that begins in the good old-fashioned once-on-a-time. Writing in *The Bookman*, Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper expresses the opinion that both in literary technique and in human interest, as well as in the other qualities that go to make good fiction, this new book is easily Mr. Hope's biggest, best rounded, and altogether worthiest story.

*THE GREAT MISS DRIVER. By Anthony Hope. The McClure Co.

OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL—A STORY

The author of this delicate and pathetic tale is a young lady whose name, Marie Louise Goetchius, was wholly unknown to magazine readers a year ago. In the last twelve months she has attracted considerable attention by the artistic feeling manifest in her work, and she is already looked upon as a new American writer of distinct promise. There is more than promise in this story; there is performance of a high order. We reprint it from *The Craftsman* by permission.



HERE was the big white bed, and on it lay the tired little child, who had been tired for a very long while. Sitting beside the child there was the Mother.

The twilight hour spilled shadow pools over the big pink room. Light from the fading rose sun drifted petal by petal in through the shaded window and fell upon the unplayed-with toys in the corner. The old clock ticked and stopped to listen and ticked and stopped to listen.

The child's hair lay tangled upon the pillow. It seemed to be trying to crawl away in thin, curved golden strands from the white, blue-veined little forehead.

The Mother held the child's small elusive hand and the Mother's eyes were black with unshed pain. But the child's eyes were wide and wondering, and the child asked questions in a whisper voice that barely stirred the words.

"Mother, shall I stay here long?"

"No, my Little."

"When can I play again, Mother?"

"Soon, my Little."

"But I don't want to play now. When shall I want to play?"

"Soon, my Little."

"Mother, why do you look so sad?"

"Mother's not—sad, child."

"You come and lie down and I'll sit there. Oh, I can't raise my head, Mother. It's a mean feeling. Please take it away—I'm frightened."

"It won't be long, child dear. The feeling will soon steal away."

"Why, Mother, you're crying—I'm frightened."

"There's nothing to be frightened of, love child."

"Yes, there is. It's all so strange. It isn't as if it were bedtime. It always seems bedtime now. Give me my doll. She might lie here with me."

The Mother brought the doll—the child cuddled it close to her. "Mother, it's cold."

The Mother drew a pink comforter over the white bed. The child began picking at its tufts.

And the Mother's heart wept—"Dear God—any hour now. How can I keep her from knowing and being afraid?"

"Mother, something queer's happening. You always tell me everything. Why can't I sleep to-night?"

And the Mother's heart wept—"How can I keep

my lamb from being afraid—at the last?"

"You always used to explain things to me in stories, Mother. Put me to sleep with a wonderful story. Make me feel warm with a story, and take away the dark 'fraid feeling."

"If I can lead her gently to the Sleep, she will never have known fear," cried the anguished heart of the Mother. "If I should see fear in my darling's eyes—it would haunt my own death. She must smile, and let go of my hand smiling. Of me—nothing now."

So she sat on the lonely edge of the twilight, and it was as if the big soft bed were a white ocean, rocking her Only One, her frail child away from her—on into a Blue Beyond—while her voice from the Beaches, as the child sailed palely out of reach, became fainter to hear and fainter to hear—telling the Wonderful Story.

"There was once"—she began—"a dear baby girl, who lived in a very beautiful garden, and all the flowers that grew about her—"

"What kind of flowers, Mother?"

"Roses and mignonette and jonquils and violets, and every other kind of flower which smells sweet, my Little. And the birds sang in the trees—"

"What kind of birds, Mother?"

"Thrushes and nightingales, dear. And the blue sky, and the brook that laughed and tossed its silver hair—all these things loved my Little—loved the baby girl. Nothing but the beautiful was known to her."

"Did she have dolls and candy and a mother—Mother?"

"Yes, dear, she had dolls and candy and a mother. There was the Spirit of the Garden too. This Spirit showed the baby girl how to play, and kept her from harm."

"What did the Spirit look like, Mother?"

"It looked like early morning and spring, and it had little children's eyes and wings as white as apple blossoms, and it spoke like the voice of water before it reaches the sea—and it had the heart of all things untouched."

"I don't understand, Mother, but I like the Spirit."

"The garden was shut away from the world by a big thick wall of pearl. The child ran and sang and played with balls that flashed like rainbows in the sun. Sometimes, too, she went wading in the brook."

"Oh, I'd like to go, Mother."

"She went wading, and chased tiny silver fish that she never quite caught. Then she would sleep under the trees, and the happy sun would climb down through the leaves and kiss her."

"Where was the mother?"

"The mother was sitting by, in the shadows, dear—watching her baby girl——"

"Go on, Mother."

"But the baby girl could not stay in the garden forever——"

"Why couldn't she, Mother?—Oh, you hurt my hand—you are holding it so tightly, so tightly."

"No, my Little, I am not hurting you. Because the child grew tired of the garden—she had played with everything there. She pressed her eager little face now against the white bars of the garden gate, and she looked and looked at the country beyond—until the Spirit knew that the child must pass through the garden gate. Then the mother wept, for she had been in the country beyond, and had seen many dangers and terrible things there. She wept so hard at the thought of the child meeting these dangers that the Spirit took great pity on her——"

"What kind of dangers, Mother?"

"Storms and blackness and rain that breaks delicate things, and hands that wring desolately, and voices that cry and eyes that weep, dear."

"I'd hate the black, Mother."

"So the Spirit took pity on the wisdom in the mother, which dreaded the passing of her child beyond the gates—and It said to her as she stood loving her child—'There is another way. There is a road that leads off over the brow of the hill, but you can only walk half that road now with the child. Later you may meet her by going the other way. But this road is so white that only tiny light feet may touch it—the feet which leave no print. Yours would darken this road, for you have wandered much and dipped your feet in the shadows which stain.' The mother could not decide at once, so the Spirit decided for her. The child should go by the white road. 'You may guide her'—It said to the mother—'to the brow of the hill, since you love her so much—but over the brow of the hill, the child shall go alone, and she will find such a beautiful land there that she will always be happy, and she will never know such sorrow as you'——"

"Mother, why can't anyone go over the brow of the hill?"

"Because,—oh my baby child, my little child—it is only a road for tiny, light feet. See, we are going to walk together just so far. Then—for you have been very good, and you may go over this road—you shall follow it to its promise."

"I'm cold, Mother. It blurs my throat when I talk. Can you hear me? Are you going away? You look far away. Touch me!"

"Be still, my Little—we are walking down the white road."

"I felt something hot and wet fall on my hand—what was it, Mother?"

"It was a kiss, dear baby. See how clear and smooth the road is. The light shines through white rose bushes, and the air is very soft."

"But over the brow of the hill, Mother—can't you come—can't you, just this once?"

"No, my Little. You will find—let me see what you will find—a palace of white——"

"Sea-shells, Mother."

"Of white sea-shells, on the border of an ocean that rocks my baby to sleep—and there will be lots of other little boys and girls there to keep her company. She will find them waiting for her. That's right,—smile, my Little. You will love them dearly—You can speak of the garden to them—You see Mother told you that it was beautiful. But you will think of her, sometimes—she will come sailing to you over the Ocean, very soon—and, my Little—Have we reached the brow of the hill?—My child—my child—the story is not finished—Wait until I finish it——"

The soul of the Mother uncovered its face and looked once at the vanishing soul of the child, over the brow of the hill—then it fell to its knees and mourned, and the air about it shivered with pain. For the Mother stood alone—and the story was not finished.

For many days and nights, the Mother knelt where the child had left her—the unfinished story trembling in her grieving heart. It was her dear secret—this unfinished story—and she hugged it close to her, for she felt strangely afraid to finish it by herself.

As time passed, many little friend children came to her, who called her sweet names, but never the sweetest of all. Still they stood at her knee as she told them stories—not the wonderful story—and their faces were like torches which lit her lonely dreams back over the white road to the garden. There lay echoes and bird songs which spoke of the little one who had gone—there lay the hush of the silent playtime of tiny light feet.

Yet she loved these other children. She saw many of them pressing their faces against the garden gate, and she knew then that the Spirit was going to send them out among the dangers. So she tried to help them arm themselves against these dangers, and she became much loved and revered for her gentle wisdom. Often she wondered if Peace of a mystic kind did not after all wait for her at the end of the wonderful story—and pondering over this she grew very wistful.

At last, one night, she fell asleep and dreamed:

She stood on the place where the child had left her—when suddenly back over the brow of the hill came the child. Only now in its eyes shone a wisdom greater than any the Mother had ever known. The child's arms were outstretched. It went straight to the mother and took her hand.

"Come"—it said—"it is time to finish the story."

"But there is only one way of finishing the story"—said the Mother, "and that I may not do. I can't follow you, my Little, over the brow of the hill. My feet are not tiny and light enough. I should leave sad dark prints to disfigure the beauty of the way. I must go by the Ocean which washes and washes out dyed shadows."

"No, no, little Mother. You shall finish the wonderful story this way. For don't you see that you have waited for me here so beautifully and bent over so many other little children, even when you were most lonely, that you have become as one of them. Come. You will find it all as you thought, only more beautiful."

The Mother humbly took the little child's hand—and together they traveled over the brow of the hill to the end of the story.

Humor of Life

HIS PROFESSION

"Yes, gramma, when I graduate I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know."

"Why, Willie, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you've been at college."—*Exchange*.

THE TRIUMPHANT PENNY

"My friends," announced an unconventional Hyde Park preacher after a vain appeal for a liberal collection, "here is a parable." He produced two coins, a five shilling piece and a penny, from his pocket and held them up before the assemblage.

"These two coins fell a-talking one day. Said the five shilling piece to the penny, 'Oh, you're a poor thing! I'm worth sixty of you.'"

"That may be," replied the penny, 'but there's one respect in which I beat you easily.'

"What's that?" asked the five shilling piece contemptuously.

"Why," replied the penny, with much complacency, 'I go to church far oftener than you do!'—*Tit-Bits*.

HIS BELONGINGS

"I presume," said the lodger stonily, at the conclusion of the little dispute with his landlady—"I presume that you will allow me to take my belongings away with me?"

"I am sorry," was the icy reply, "but your other collar has not yet come home from the laundry."—*Exchange*.



SHE—"You'll catch it, you dwefful boy!"

HE—"That's all you know, Miss Clever. Ma's out with the suffragettes; and Pa's hiding in the House of Commons."—*Punch*.

SPARE THE HORSES

A cavalry sergeant at a Western post had endured the stupidity of a recruit for many days. One day the "rookie" was thus greeted when he had violated the sergeant's orders:

"Say, don't ever come at the horses from behind without speakin' to them!" exclaimed the sergeant. "They'll be kicking in that thick head of yours! Then the first thing you know there'll be a lot o' lame horses in the squadron."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A PREFERRED CREDITOR.

A merchant, who recently failed, called all his creditors together, and offered to settle with them at 10 per cent, giving them his notes payable in thirty days.

As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything, they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out into the hall, and said:—

"When you come in and sign with the others, I will make you a preferred creditor."

"All right," said the objector. "Under those circumstances, I will agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed, and all the creditors left, except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"What are you waiting for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Well, I tell you—you will get nothing."

"Get nothing?" Why you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are; I make you preferred. I tell you now you get nothing. The others wait thirty days before they know it, and then they get nothing."—*Exchange*.

THE SACRIFICES OF POLITENESS.

The Youngs had dropped in unexpectedly upon the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. Mother, who was somewhat disturbed, called Helen aside and explained that there would not be oysters enough to go round, and added: "Now you and I will just have some of the broth. And please not make any fuss about it at the table."

Little Helen promised to be good and say nothing. But when the oysters were served, Helen discovered a small one that had been accidentally ladled up with her broth. She could not remember any instructions that covered this contingency, so after studying the situation a while she held the oyster up as high as she could on her spoon and piped out:

"Mamma, Mamma, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster, too?"—*Congregationalist*.



HE (LOST): I S-S-SAW HER LAST AT THE R-R-RIBBON-COUNTER!—*Harper's Bazar*

SUPEREROGATORY

MOTHER.—"Johnnie, you left out part of your prayers. You didn't say 'God bless Aunt Hattie and make her happy.'"

JOHNNIE.—"Why, muvver, I don't have to put that in any more. Aunt Hattie's engaged!"—*Exchange*.

NEARLY READY

"Hurry up, Tommy!" called mother from downstairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mamma—all but one."—*Everybody's*.

THE SADDEST WORDS

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?"

"Yes," was the melancholy reply, "But I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."—*Exchange*.

THE WARY CANDIDATE

"Now, Mr. Blank," said a temperance advocate to a candidate for municipal honors, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take alcoholic drinks?"

"Before I answer the question," responded the wary candidate, "I want to know whether it is put as an inquiry or as an invitation!"—*Tit-Bits*.

WITHOUT IMAGINATION

There is a certain New York business man, of a rather waggish disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a trans-Atlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked the wife.

"Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—*Lippincott's*.

HER LAST MISTRESS

MISTRESS (to new servant).—"Why, Bridget, this is the third time I've had to tell you about the finger-bowls. Didn't the lady you last worked for have them on the table?"

BRIDGET.—"No, mum; her friends always washed their hands before they came."—*Lippincott's*.

GETTING A SUBSTITUTE

"Never get out of trouble by bringing it on some one else," remarked a man on the train the other day. "I remember," he continued, "when I was a small boy, I was one day going along the road when I came upon a man holding a ram by the horns. As I came up he said, 'Here, sonny, hold this ram till I climb over the fence and unlock the gate.' I took hold of the ram, and he went over the fence. When safely over he said, 'Thanks. I've been holding him for an hour. I hope you get rid of him as easily as I did.'"—*Lippincott's*.

WISE FORETHOUGHT

"Now, Pat, would you sooner lose your money or your life?"

"Why, me loife, yer reverence; I want me money for me old age."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A STORY OF "OUR BOBS"

"Fighting Bob" Evans, during his last stay in Washington, was one evening a guest at a house where he met a number of the younger set of the Capital.

As the admiral was leaving he chanced to pick up from the floor a very dainty handkerchief, edged with lace. He was gravely inspecting this "trifle light as air," when a rather effeminate-looking young man hastened forward to claim it.

"Your sister's, no doubt," said the admiral, as he handed it over.

"Oh, no," said the young man, "it's mine."

Evans scrutinized the young man closely. "Would you mind telling me what size hairpins you use?" he asked after a pause.—*Lippincott's*.

A RESTRAINED GRIEF

Back in the ridges of Tennessee two mountaineers got into an argument. Words led to blows, and in the fight that followed one of the men was killed. A neighbor rode on ahead to the dead man's cabin to prepare his wife. He found her seated at a table eating apple dumplings. He broke the sad news to her as gently as he could. She listened quietly with a dumpling poised in the air half way to her mouth. When the neighbor paused she stuffed the dumpling into her mouth and said: "You jest wait 'til I finish this hyer dumplin' an' then you-all 'll hear hollerin'." —*Harper's Monthly*.

HIS HEAD WAS HARD.

It is a common belief that the negro's head is hard, capable of withstanding almost any blow.

The following story told by a prominent young dentist of Danville, Ill., would seem to indicate something of the kind anyhow. Two negro men were employed in tearing down a three-story brick building. One negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them.

When this latter negro was stooping over to pick up a brick the former accidentally let one fall, striking him directly on the head.

Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up, without rising, and said, "What you doin' thar, nigger, you make me bite my tongue."—*The Circle*.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

The old landlord of a small country inn was sitting listlessly before the fire in the bar parlor when the door opened and a loud-voiced young fellow exclaimed:

"Halloa, grandad! Get your frame in circulation! Don't sit round here like an old woman! I want accommodation for man and beast."

"Where's the man?" asked the old landlord in a flash.—*Tit-Bits*.

EASILY RECOGNIZED

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"

"I think so," said Miss Softe. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"—*Life*.



THE BOY

WHAT HE WISHED TO BE

WHAT HE BECAME

—Punch



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OUR NEXT SECRETARY OF STATE

The first choice which Mr. Taft has made for his cabinet is that of Philander Chase Knox, now a Senator from Pennsylvania, to succeed Mr. Root as Secretary of State. Upon Mr. Knox's judgment Mr. Taft has to a great extent relied in choosing the other cabinet officials. Next to the President himself, it is safe to assume, the coming Secretary of State will be the most influential man in the next administration.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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George S. Viereck

A Review of the World

NEVER before, in the whole course of his stormy, strenuous, combative career, has Mr. Roosevelt been the center of such a tempestuous whirl as the one the country has been watching with no little amazement during the past few weeks. It seems as tho, in the last month or two of his administration, all the pent-up passions of the last few years were being let loose, and one final effort was being made on both sides to even up personal scores. No one professes to enjoy the spectacle, and, as usual, the critics of the President hold him responsible, while his friends assign all the blame to his enemies and their hostility to the Roosevelt policy. His enemies were never more inimical, but it is not quite true to say also that his friends were never more friendly. The recent storm has broken out so unexpectedly, when everyone was looking for a period of harmony, or at least a truce, between a dying Congress and a closing administration, that the newspaper supporters of the President seem to have been taken unawares, and their rallying to his support has been a little slower and more uncertain than usual.

BUT very much the same thing has been witnessed almost every year of the Roosevelt administration, and at about the same time of the year. At the opening of each session of Congress there has been the deep rumble of artillery sweeping into line to get the range of the White House. And the President, acting on his favorite maxim that "the best way to parry is to strike," has never waited long to respond, and frequently has got into action first. This has been a sort of annual national exhibition for the last four or five years. What the *New York World* says of the present engagement has been said by

the President's enemies with an equal degree of jubilation at the beginning of each of these encounters. "At last," remarks Mr. Pulitzer's paper, "Mr. Roosevelt's reckless career of personal autocratic government has been checked, and the Roosevelt Reign of Terror is ended." And what the *New York Press* says has been said in substance by the President's friends each time in response: "Only a blind man, bereft of the vision of mind as well as of eye, could fail to realize that as he quits the Chief Magistracy, the President possesses the love and the admiration of the people as no other man has been able to boast in generations; and that he never was more surely master of their hearts than in these stormy days of his closing administration."

NO ONE can deny that this time at least the White House artillery began the engagement. That passage in the annual message that relates to the secret service was the shell that started the battle. The explosive in the shell was all contained in twenty-three words. When the long sundry civil bill was made up by the committee on appropriations in the last session of Congress, a paragraph was inserted to the effect that no person employed in the secret service division of the treasury department who is separated from that division and thereafter employed in another branch of the public service shall be restored to the secret service division for two years after his employment in the other branch of the government has ended. President Roosevelt signed the bill containing this paragraph rather than veto the whole bill and render an extra session necessary. But he made protests against this paragraph before the bill was enacted, one of them being contained in a letter to Speaker Cannon, saying: "The provision about the employment of the



GOT IT

—Sullivan in N. Y. American.

secret service men will work very great damage to the government in its endeavor to prevent and punish crime." The protest was not heeded. "As all efforts to secure what I regard as proper treatment of the subject without recourse to plain speaking had failed," the President says, "I have spoken plainly and directly, and have set forth the facts in explicit terms." This "plain speaking" and these "explicit terms" were as follows (we italicize the twenty-three words that caused the trouble):

"In its present form the restriction operates only to the advantage of the criminal, of the wrongdoer. *The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret service men.* Very little of such investigation has been done in the past; but it is true that the work of the secret service agents was partly responsible for the indictment and conviction of a senator and a congressman for land frauds in Oregon. I do not believe that it is in the public interest to protect criminals in any branch of the public service, and exactly as we have again and again during the past seven years prosecuted and convicted such criminals who were in the executive branch of the government, so in my belief we should be given ample means to prosecute them if found in the legislative branch. But if this is not considered desirable a special exception could be made in the law prohibiting the use of the secret service force in investigating members of Congress."

The President, it is said, now privately admits that one of the twenty-three words we have italicized should have been changed. The definite article "the" should have been the indefinite article "a," making it read "a chief argument" instead of "the chief argument." That is the extent of his concession, and even that is made privately, not publicly.

ON THE face of it, the paragraph was a distinct reflection upon the motives of Congress in making the change in the secret service law. It was generally so construed, by the press as well as by Congress. The lower house, which is responsible for the change (the Senate having opposed it stoutly), buzzed like a swarm of angry hornets. The word "impeachment" appeared in some of the special dispatches from Washington. "Not in many a year," said the Philadelphia *Ledger's* Washington correspondent, a few days later, "has Washington seen a day like this. It goes back to the stirring times of the two Andrews, Johnson and Jackson." No precipitate action, however, was taken. A committee was appointed to consider the subject. It reported a resolution reciting the construction the House placed upon the President's language, and asking him for information that would warrant charges of improper or corrupt motives on the part of Congressmen. Rumors were thick of impending trouble. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, a Roosevelt paper, boldly attacked the flames with a can of petroleum. He wrote:

"It is known to a few, at least, that the President has damaging evidence regarding certain members of the House, but that he has thus far refrained from using it, and that he would have ignored the action taken with regard to his messages had the lower house gone no further. It is feared, however, that the Tawney committee may so far provoke the President as to lead him to make public the information he has acquired, and that the results may prove disastrous to the political future of more than one member of the House."

This elicited from the opposition organs the cry of "government by blackmail." The answer of the President to the resolution of inquiry was not long in coming.

THE answer was pacificatory in tone, the opening paragraph especially so. "I am wholly at a loss," the President wrote, "to understand the concluding portion of the resolution. I have made no charges of corruption against Congress nor against any member of

the present house." If he had had knowledge of corruption, he continued, he would have proceeded through the courts. He denied that he had said anything to imply that, as the House resolution interpreted it, "the majority of the House were in fear of being investigated by the secret service men," or "that Congress as a whole was actuated by that motive." These allegations, he added softly, "must certainly be due to an entire failure to understand my message," for "no one realizes more than I the importance of co-operation between the executive and Congress, and no one holds the authority and dignity of the Congress of the United States in higher respect than I do." One is strongly reminded of a cruel boy trying to drag a cat backward over the carpet by its tail, and saying softly and sympathetically, "Poor pussie!" as he stops to get a better hold. At least, Congress seemed to take some such view of the reply. It refused to be pacified. First he calls us rascals and then he calls us fools, was the interpretation of some of the Congressional leaders. And with a seriousness and solemnity that some of the papers have found ridiculous and others have found impressive, the House of Representatives proceeded to action. "This House . . . must insist on its own capacity to understand the import of the President's language," so runs, in part, the resolution of rebuke. "We consider the language of the President in his message of December 8, 1908, unjustified and without basis of fact, and that it constitutes a breach of the privileges of the House." Therefore it was resolved that the objectionable portion of the President's message should be laid on the table. The vote on this resolution was 211 for, 36 against.

INTO the center of the stage at this point steps the Senate. The upper house, however, which has usually been the more intractable part of Congress in all conflicts with the President, plays in this particular contest a minor role. Because of its opposition to the House on the secret service amendment, it has not taken to itself the President's words of censure. Its committee on appropriations, however, has felt obliged to take that part of the President's message into consideration, and to call upon the President for information as to the operations of the secret service in the various departments. "Contrary to a somewhat widespread impression," says the *New York Tribune's* correspondent, this action of the Senate is not hostile to the President.



"AFTER YOU!"

Senate, and House (tremulously)—"You go first, my dear sir."—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

"There is no intense antagonism toward the President, no purpose to effect reprisals, no expectation of disclosing any seriously improper use of these funds. Because the resolution confining the investigation to the appropriations committee was adopted immediately after the receipt of the President's message, and at a time when certain Senators, notably the Democrats, were indignant at the President's strictures, the superficial view has been entertained that the Senate purposed to 'get even' with the President, but nothing has been further from the thoughts of 'the men who do things' in the upper house." The President, moreover, in replying to Senator Hale, chairman of the committee on appropriations, expressed his "cordial agreement" with the view that it is the duty of Congress to investigate the workings of the secret service department. Accordingly he sent a mass of documents not only from the departments applied to by the committee, but from other departments as well. This mass of documents concealed another bomb!

THIS particular Presidential bomb was directed at Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, whose invective has made him famous. The President, in his letter transmitting the documents, refers to the charge that the secret service men have been used to shadow Senators, Congressmen and other public officials. The President says that he



FREE GOVERNMENT

—Macauley in *N. Y. World*.

has been unable to find any basis for such a charge, and he would be greatly obliged for any information of such practices if they exist. He goes on to say that sometimes the trail of misconduct leads to unexpected places, and he presents a case that has "just arisen" illustrating the way in which investigations develop facts of importance "which, when discovered, ought not to be hidden or suppressed, but the development of which may tend to create an erroneous impression that the agents in question were being used for purposes not within the line of their lawful duty." This brings him to Senator Tillman—not reluctantly, one may surmise, for the Senator has been the bitterest of all the assailants of the President ever since the latter recalled the Senator's invitation to the Prince Henry banquet because of the Tillman-McLaurin encounter on the floor of the Senate.

ABOUT a year ago (February 19, 1908), Senator Tillman, on the floor of the Senate, called attention to a circular letter issued by a land agent in the West, by the name of Dorr, who was acting with a firm (Reeder & Watkins) engaged in land operations in Oregon. The circular, in soliciting subscribers to join a land syndicate, made this statement: "So sure is Senator Tillman of our success that he has subscribed and paid the necessary fees for a quarter section for himself and ten other quarter-sections for ten of his nearest relatives." The Senator denounced the writer of this circular as a

swindler who "had no warrant whatever for endeavoring to inveigle others into his game." The Senator said also: "I have not bought any lands anywhere in the West, nor undertaken to buy any." He called for an investigation by the post office department, and it was in response to this request that the investigation was undertaken. The report of the post office inspectors was laid before the President for the first time December 18, 1908 (according to the statement of the postmaster-general). It included copies of letters from Senator Tillman and his agent to the land company in question. The original letters or photographs were wired for at once, and reached the President January 4, only one day before the letter to Senator Hale, transmitting the documents, was written.

WHEN Senator Tillman rose in the Senate and said he "had not bought any lands anywhere in the West, nor undertaken to buy any," he had already been in correspondence with Reeder & Watkins, and had asked them to reserve eight or nine quarter-sections for him, his family, and his private secretary. His statement to the Senate was made February 19, 1908. Four months before (October 20, 1907), he had written a letter confirming a telegram asking for the "nine quarters," and saying that his agent, William E. Lee, would see the firm and select the quarters. On December 7 following, Mr. Lee wrote to the firm as follows:

"In case Senator Tillman gets in on this deal with some good land in the eight quarters we want, I am satisfied that he can be of great help in getting matters started from Washington, and cause the government to get busy and do something along the line you desire. He will set up such a howl that it will be impossible to do otherwise. This will be very important for your whole scheme to have a man of his influence here to aid you at this end of the line. By all means save a lot of good land for us, as we intend to be of more value than any one of the others in this matter."

On January 31, the Senator introduced a resolution pertaining to this matter in the Senate. The lands in question had been originally granted to railroad corporations on terms that required them to sell to actual settlers (so Reeder & Watkins were claiming) at \$2.50 an acre. The firm's scheme was to compel this sale to be made. Senator Tillman's resolution was one directing the attorney-general to bring suit compelling the corporations to comply with the terms of the grants. On

THE scenes preceding Senator Tillman's speech a few days ago in explanation of his course in this matter "have perhaps never before been equaled in the Capitol," according to a newspaper correspondent. Every Senator was in his seat, the floor was packed with visitors from the House, and there were about five persons for each available seat in the galleries. When the Senator entered he was greeted with applause. During his speech there was one ripple of applause, which was rebuked by the Vice-President. At the close (all the correspondents note the fact as significant) there was no effort whatever at applause. The Senator began by attacking the President's motives for making public these disclosures. In this connection he laid stress upon the supposed fact that the President had had the documents in his possession ever since July last, and his bringing them forth now as a very serious matter, after this long inaction, the Senator attributes to "personal malice alone." (The fact that the documents had not reached the President until



—Davenport in N. Y. *Mail*.

AS FOR his statement before the Senate that he "had not undertaken to buy any land," Senator Tillman says everything hinges on the meaning of the word "undertaken" and his use of it. He says: "I was, perhaps, disingenuous, but a moment's thought will convince any honest-minded man that as I had not signed any papers, had not paid any money,

had taken nobody's receipt, the usual processes by which one 'undertakes' to buy land, I was speaking accurately and not falsely." If he had told the Senate of the entire transaction, he claimed, "it would have made no difference whatever," while he would have been charged with intruding his private affairs into a public discussion. He concluded by demanding "the most searching investigation," saying: "I declare most emphatically I have never sought to conceal my effort to buy land; I spoke to the attorney-general about it; I explained to the agent of the secret service the whole transaction when I gave him the Dorr circular and the letters which had been sent me concerning it." A day or two later Attorney General Bonaparte denied that Mr. Tillman had ever told him of any intention to buy land.

CONFIDENCE in Mr. Tillman's official rectitude has been weakened but not destroyed, to judge by the reception given to his explanations. The legislature of his own state, South Carolina, promptly and unanimously declared its continued faith in him. The press of the country is almost as unanimous in the opinion that his conduct is censurable; but the censure applied to it varies through all the degrees between indiscreet and dishonest. To the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, his confession that he was "disingenuous" "is a confession of the whole case," and the result "is fatal for Tillman as a national exponent of rectitude." The *Baltimore American* thinks his defense "suggests the resources of desperation," and reveals him "not as a rogue, but as a man who has been unfortunately active in transactions that he sought to cover." No one, the *New York Tribune* thinks, will accuse him of having committed a crime, "but he did commit a blunder, and one of the sort which he would have been the first to denounce if it had been committed by a fellow legislator." The *Philadelphia Ledger* terms his defence "not entirely convincing." It notes that the object he had in mind in his official action "was in itself perfectly proper," but it adds that "unless the letters and acts with which he is charged shall be rebutted and explained more satisfactorily, he was guilty of indirectness, suppression, evasion, and a line of action which, if not duplicity, certainly compromises his veracity." The *Springfield Republican* acquits him of untruth, citing dictionary definitions of the word "undertake" (to guarantee the performance of; contract to do or have done, etc.) to sustain the literal truth of the words he used

before the Senate, and asserting its faith in his personal integrity; but it thinks he did "fail to perceive that the highest standard of legislative ethics now requires a senator to divorce any possible personal pecuniary advantage absolutely from his legislative action." The comment of the *New York Times* is that "his good name saves him" from condemnation. If his reputation were the opposite of what it is, "his explanation would be received with smiles." As it is, "candid men, upon an examination of the case, will acquit the South Carolina Senator on both charges, that of using his Senatorial office to promote personal gain, and that of an untruthful statement in debate." It hopes that he will in future show to others a little of the charity of judgment he now needs to have others show him.

THIS Tillman episode, however, exciting as it was for the time being, was a diversion rather than a part of the real secret service contest. The developments in the Tillman case were brought about not by the secret service agents, but entirely by the post office inspectors, and secret service agents "were in no way connected with the case." It can hardly be legitimately used, therefore, as an argument either for or against the restrictive action taken by Congress. In a measure, also, the personal issue between Congress and the President is incidental to the main question. There are thus three distinct issues involved in the contest as it has developed up to this time, but it is evident that the attitude of the press has been determined, for the most part, not on the merits of each separate feature but by the general feeling of hostility or friendliness for the President. Some exceptions to this may be noted. One of them is seen in the utterances of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, which is anti-Roosevelt and yet asserts that Congress was wrong in insisting that the President's message necessarily implied corrupt motives in the Congressmen. The wish of the Congressmen not to be investigated, which the President gives as the chief argument for the course taken by Congress, certainly need not mean, the *Richmond* paper points out, that their votes were controlled by a craven fear of the detection of their crimes. It is more easily explained upon the hypothesis that a Congressman, however upright, might naturally object to the nuisance of espionage from the treasury department, and would not conceive it to be appropriate for him to submit to it. "Was not that in



WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD?

1—after you had been accustomed for years to dealing with your Washington hired men with the utmost freedom—

2—if you suddenly had to disguise yourself and deal with your Washington hired men in great secrecy on account of the Secret Service? Wouldn't it give you a GROUCH?

—Oppen in N. Y. American.

fact," the editor asks, "the reason that Congress voted for the amendment? Or, if not, what was the reason?"

ON THE other hand, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, a Democratic paper, but usually a defender of the President, thinks the President's aspersions were wholly uncalled for, and "could scarcely have been intended as anything else than a deliberate affront to a co-ordinate branch of the government," carrying with them "the imputation of dishonesty." The more or less friendly *Springfield Republican* also thinks that "it is perfectly evident that the President included the Congressmen among the criminal classes—not some Congressmen, but all Congressmen." "The President has charged Congress as a body," this paper continues, "with striving to protect criminals as a class in order that it might shield the criminals in its own membership"—a charge "unparalleled in the history of the country." The *Pittsburg Dispatch*, usually a defender of the President, admits that his language was "probably ill-chosen," but after the President explicitly disclaimed the intention of charging corrupt motives, it thinks Congress made itself ridiculous by its "attempt to rule the whole thing out of existence by shutting its eyes to it." It adds: "This thunderbolt of Pickwickian extinction may impress the inquiring common people as a means of casting a dust-cloud over the real and vital question: What is the true objection of the House to allow the secret service to ferret out land frauds, timber frauds and other frauds on the government as well as frauds on the revenue?" The *New York Tribune* also thinks the action of the House is an evasion of

the main issue. It "devoted all its attention to the manner of the President's criticisms, which was incidental, and ignored entirely the matter of his recommendation, which was essential and practically important." The *Tribune* concludes: "Why was it advisable to forbid this [secret service] bureau to do general work for the government? Unless the House can produce better reasons than it has produced for last year's restriction, it will only convince the country that it is trying to dodge the main issue between itself and the President and avoid the necessity of undoing a legislative blunder."

"BACK of the whole discussion," remarks the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, "lies the antagonism between the executive and the House." The *New York Evening Post* takes the same view. If the President's message had been all, it thinks the matter could easily have been accommodated. But there was a long accumulation of enmity and dislike seeking a vent, and it took this. Why, asks this journal, has Congress "been heaping up so intense a hatred of the President?" It proceeds to answer the question as follows:

"The truth of the matter it is a delicate thing to state, but no one who has any acquaintance with Congressmen, no one who knows Washington, can have any doubt what the truth is. It is, in a word, that Congress does not believe in President Roosevelt's moral sincerity. It thinks him hypocritical. He has lectured it and the country on truthfulness, yet nine out of ten Congressmen believe Mr. Roosevelt himself to be habitually untruthful. He has posed as a champion of fair play, yet Congressmen believe him to fight foul. They picture him as living in, and delighting in, an atmosphere of suspicion, intrigue and calumny. His talk of the square deal they scoff at as sheer

pretence. They say that he protects favorites, such as Paul Morton and the Steel Corporation, while furiously prosecuting his enemies, or those whom he thinks he can make political capital by attacking. In short, Congress is thoroly convinced that all the superior moral exhortation which it has had from President Roosevelt has come from a man who allows in himself the thing he condemns in others."

The Evening Post is itself, temperamentally and in every other way, bitterly hostile to President Roosevelt, but it is careful to state that it does not say Congress is right in taking this view. There is, however, no question in its mind that the above represents the honest belief of Congressmen, and that in this belief lies the only complete explanation of the recent action of the House.

WHILE the lower house was thus seething with this accumulation of enmity for the President, Senator Culberson, leader of the Democrats in the Senate, inaugurated another line of assault upon the White House. He introduced a resolution, which was readily adopted, in which Attorney-General Bonaparte was "directed" to inform Congress whether any steps had been taken to prosecute the United States Steel Corporation for absorbing the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company in November year before last. Answer to this inquiry came not from the attorney-general but from the President, and it furnished additional fuel for the flames. He informs the Senate that he has instructed the attorney-general not to respond to that portion of the resolution calling for his reasons for non-action. He has done this because he does "not conceive it to be within the authority of the Senate to give directions of this character to the head of an executive department, or to demand from him reasons for his action." Heads of the executive departments, he claims, while subject to the laws enacted by Congress and to the Constitution, are "subject to the direction of the President of the United States, but to no other direction whatever." But the President himself proceeds to give the information asked.

NO STEPS, says the President, have been taken to prosecute the Steel Trust for the transaction referred to, a transaction he was "personally cognizant of," being "responsible for its every detail." It seems from his statement that at the height of the panic the year before last, November 4, 1907, Judge Gary and H. C. Frick called on him to say

that an important business house in New York would undoubtedly fail if it did not receive help. Among its assets was a majority of the securities of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. The steel corporation had been urged to purchase these securities, and thus save the house. The directors of the steel corporation would not care to consider the purchase under ordinary circumstances, but under the circumstances as they then existed, they were willing to do so, in order "to prevent a panic and general industrial smash-up." The policy of the steel corporation, Mr. Roosevelt was assured, was to limit its holdings to 60 per cent. of the steel properties of the country, and this purchase would not carry its holdings above that point. "But they asserted," says Mr. Roosevelt, "they did not wish to do this if I stated that it ought not to be done. I answered that while of course I could not advise them to take the action proposed, I felt it no public duty of mine to interpose any objection." The report of this conversation was at once transmitted by Mr. Roosevelt, in a letter, to the attorney-general, and he was advised by the latter orally that in his, the attorney-general's, opinion, no sufficient ground existed for legal proceedings against the steel corporation.

HERE, apparently, is where the Democrats are to come into action. The secret service issue lies chiefly between the President and leaders of his own party in the house. The issue over the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company is one raised by the opposition. Senator Culberson proceeded, after the President's reply was received, to denounce him in vigorous terms for having acquiesced in a violation of the law of the land. "This is one other arbitrary and lawless act," said the Senator, "traced to the Chief Magistrate, who is solemnly obligated not only to obey the law, but to see that it is executed by others." The prosecution against the Tobacco Trust, he contends, is for a course parallel to that of the Steel Trust in making this purchase of the stock of a competing concern. In accordance with a resolution offered by the Senator, a sub-committee of the judiciary committee has been appointed to investigate the whole transaction. The press is, for the most part, reserving its judgment until the report of that committee is made public. But in the meantime the *New York World* asks questions: "When did it become necessary for American business men to consult the President about perfectly legiti-

mate transactions? When was the President of the United States made the confidential adviser of great corporations in respect to the purchase of property? . . . If a President who has solemnly sworn 'to take care that the laws are faithfully executed' can suspend a Federal statute whenever he desires, of what use are Congress, the Courts, and the Constitution?" But, the *Pittsburg Dispatch* maintains, the decision of the President and his attorney-general that they saw no cause for prosecution has no binding force, either on this administration or any future one, in case it is ascertained that there is such cause. All the President has done is to ask his attorney-general if the facts warranted interference, and, receiving a negative reply, to assert that he saw no reason for official interposition. "Both President and attorney-general," it remarks, "are responsible to the public for the correctness or the reverse of their decisions on such points. But that they are acting within their functions in deciding whether a given case calls for prosecution is beyond dispute."

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ONE can hardly believe, in reading the accounts of the night-rider trials in Tennessee, that the story is one of real life to-day instead of a melodrama of the Middle Ages. Yet the story, in its essential features, is a common enough one in modern civilization. The veneer which has, after

many centuries, been spread over our primitive and barbaric instincts is very thin, even at the best; and it frequently takes but a generation or so of ignorance, poverty and isolation to wear it away to the vanishing point. The revelations of the Moyer-Haywood trial in Idaho, the development of the "Black Hand" crimes in the heart of New York City, and the tales of the night-riders in Kentucky, Tennessee, and some other Southern states emphasize anew the necessity of a constant struggle to keep violence in check in the United States. According to the statistics gathered by the *Chicago Tribune*, the number of homicides in this country last year, not counting the lynchings, reached the appalling total of 8,953, or *one for every hour of the year*. The profession of highway robbery seems to be a thriving one, as 712 of the murders were committed by highwaymen. The night-riders of Tennessee seem, therefore, to form but one part of a homicidal wave that has been rapidly growing to alarming proportions. No other country in the world shows anything like as large a number of murders as this country shows.

THE scenes in Union City, Tennessee, where the trials for the Reelfoot Lake outrages came to a dramatic climax last month in the sentencing of six men to death and of two others to twenty years' imprisonment, make the most dramatic scenes of John Fox Jr.'s recent novel look rather pale and drab by contrast. Several of the night-riders



A COURAGEOUS JURY

The twelve men who have dared the wrath of the night-riders by pronouncing six of the ringleaders guilty of murder in the first degree are here shown with three court attendants. The whole region has been terrorized by the secret organization, but its power is probably destroyed by this verdict.



SHE WAS WHIPPED WITH A STRAP

Mrs. Jackson sued for divorce on the ground of her husband's cruelty. The night-riders whipped her father and then herself, to force her to withdraw the suit. Her testimony in the recent trial had great influence over the jury.

turned state's evidence, and the names of practically all the members of the band were given. Surrounded by a detail of six armed soldiers, Fehringer, one of the riders who told

all he knew, was escorted from the jail to the court-room, and, at the door of the latter, four other soldiers with drawn revolvers took him in charge, while four armed deputies cleared a way to the witness-stand. Fehringer told of the signals that were adopted, the kind of masks that were used, and the oath administered to each new member. Here is the oath:

"You do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses that you desire to become a night-rider; that you will not write, talk, or tell to any one of the secrets of this order of night-riders; that if you do talk, write, or tell to any person any of the secrets of the order, we are permitted to do with you as we see fit. You know death, hell, and destruction will be your portion, and that your body will not be buried in a graveyard. Do you willingly and freely submit to all this, so help you God?"

When a night-rider approached a place of meeting he was to give two long whistles and one short one. The sentry replied in the same way, and then called out, "Who comes there?" The reply was: "The seven wonders." The sentry said, "I wonder," and admitted the newcomer. It sounds, at this distance, very childishly melodramatic, but the testimony of witness after witness gave to it all the aspect of a real tragedy.

AS IN the case of the Ku Klux Klan, the White Caps, and other similar bodies, the purposes of organization, in the beginning, were not distinctly criminal. But as with all secret bands of regulators, the process of de-



NIGHT-RIDERS AT DINNER

The eight men on trial in Union City, Tenn., and a number of their friends (yet to be tried) were given a dinner in the barracks by the ladies of Union City, whose charity, like the sunshine, falls on the just and unjust. Eight of the men are now eating prison fare.

generation has been rapid, the boldest and most unrestrained members speedily obtaining the mastery, and the more scrupulous being terrorized into the commission of darker and darker deeds. In the Reelfoot Lake region, the band of men formed to defend the supposed rights of the community to engage in the fishing industry, soon went on from one thing to another, burning dwellings, whipping women as well as men, and finally committing murder, in the effort to constitute themselves the general supervisors of the moral conduct of the community. One woman who was suing for divorce on the charge of cruelty was visited several times and ordered to withdraw the suit. The first time her father was whipped. The second time she was whipped with a strap until she made the desired promise. Another woman was visited and ordered to get rid of her sister's child because it had quarrelled with a neighbor's child. Often the night-riders whipped men and women without knowing why, simply because the captain ordered it. If the victims indicated any intention of testifying afterward to these outrages in court, they were assailed again and whipped until their spirit was broken. One woman who testified in the recent trial, on being dismissed by the court, said: "I will not leave the courtroom without armed protection. I know these men." She identified twenty-five of the band. As the trial proceeded, the judge ordered the sheriff to manacle the eight defendants on the way to and from court.



THE MAN WHO CONFESSED

Promised a pardon by the Governor if he would tell the truth, Frank Fehringer told the details of the night-riders' organization, with names of members who participated in various crimes. He was the messenger who summoned the riders to the meeting the night Captain Rankin was killed.



NIGHT-RIDERS WHO WILL RIDE NO MORE

A recent scene in Union City, Tenn., as the eight defendants in the recent trial were on their way to the Court House, with their attendants. Six of the eight are sentenced to be hanged, the other two get twenty years in the penitentiary.



THE MAN WHO WAS MURDERED

Captain Rankin, U. S. V., was taken from the hotel at night, conducted to the woods, hanged to a tree and his body riddled with bullets by the night-riders.

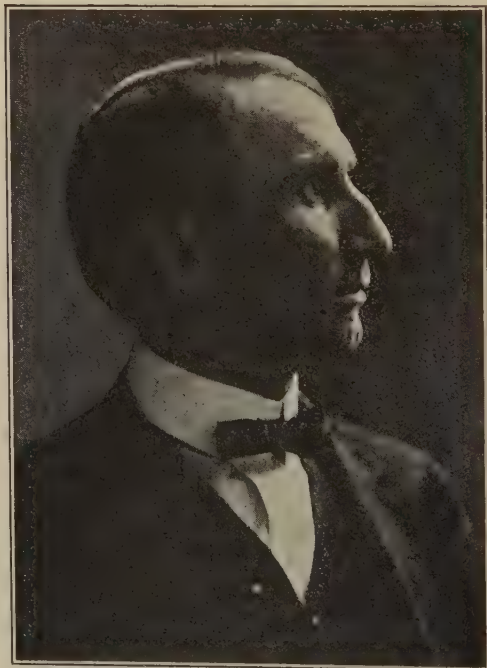
ONE man who turned state's evidence was so frightened as he gave his testimony that he could hardly raise his voice above a whisper, and most of his replies had to be repeated to the jury by the attorney-general who conducted the prosecution. This attorney-general was nearly assassinated before he finished his work. After such a band has once succeeded in getting a community terrorized, the local courts seem to be helpless. Had it not been for the vigorous action of the state officials and the sending of state militia to the scenes, the night-riders of Reelfoot Lake would still be in control. The moral of the situation is thus drawn by the *Boston Transcript*:

"Monarchical countries confronted with similar outrageous defiance of law have resorted to the stern, swift justice of military commissions, but that recourse is not open to us. To the constitutional tribunals we must look for the vindication of the law, and to the community for men who shall render verdicts. Hence it is of the first importance that executives of States shall deal summarily with the earliest lawlessness lest it gain strength enough to overawe the communities from which juries are drawn."

Underneath the whole trouble in this Reelfoot Lake district lies a crude sense of wrong that gave a semblance of justice to the earlier purposes of the night-riders. It was expressed by their leader, one of the six men that are now under sentence of death, in the following interesting "human document":

"It's like this heah, stranger. God, He put them red hills up theah. An' He put some of us pooh folks that He didn't have no room foh nowheah else, up theah, too. An' then He saw that we couldn't make a livin' farmin', so He ordered an earthquake an' the earthquake left a big hole. Next He filled the hole with watah an' put fish in it. Then He knew we could make a livin' between farmin' and fishin'. But along comes these rich men who don't have to make no livin', and they tell us all that we must not fish in the lake any mo', 'cause they owns the lake an' the fish God put theah foh us. It jus' naturally ain't right, stranger, it ain't no justice."

If the night-riders had gone no farther than their original purpose they would have more public sentiment on their side now. There is real pathos in this simple argument. As matters stand, however, the verdict of the jury and the sentences imposed by Judge Jones are generally hailed as a triumph of justice and a vindication of law and order.

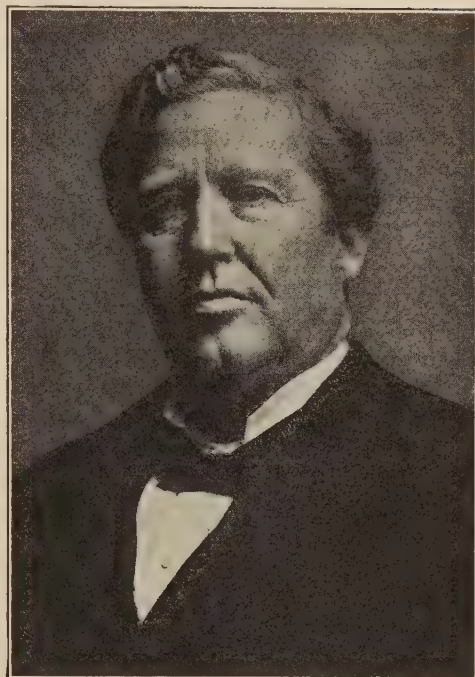


THE MAN WHO CONDUCTED THE PROSECUTION

Attorney General Caldwell, of Tennessee, came near paying the penalty of his life for his unrelenting pursuit of the night-riders in Obion County.

WHEN this case began, there began a struggle which is to make history." These impressive words were used a few weeks ago by Alton B. Parker, ex-chief justice of the Court of Appeals of New York State. The case he referred to was that against Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, labor leaders, for contempt of court, ex-Judge Parker speaking as their attorney. These three men, who now stand sentenced to prison for the periods of one year, nine months, and six months respectively, are leaders of the National Federation of Labor, with about two million members—the largest labor organization this country has ever seen. Against them was arrayed before the court, by counsel, the president of the National Manufacturers' Association, the largest organization of its kind in the country. The age-long struggle between organized capital and organized labor is thus, for the time being, focussed in this case, and justifies the words used by Judge Parker. The issues involved are of fundamental importance, and their decision by the Supreme Court, to which the case has been appealed, will be awaited by the country with deep anxiety. As the manufacturers see the issues, they involve the very right of a business man to carry on business without the favor and consent of the labor unions. As the labor leaders look at the issues, they involve the right of freedom of speech and the power of labor unions to carry out their most essential purposes. Mr. Samuel Gompers, the veteran head of the Federation of Labor, sitting in the court room in the District of Columbia, with the tears flowing down his cheeks and his wife and daughter trying to console him, furnishes the latest climax in a drama that is as old as civilization itself.

IN THE city of St. Louis is a manufacturing plant called the Bucks Stove and Range Company. It has a capital of one million dollars, and employs 750 men. Its president, J. W. Van Cleave, is also president of the Manufacturers' Association. It has an "open shop"—that is, it employs both union and non-union labor. In the nickel-plating department the thirty-five union men had a dispute with their employer over the hours of labor. There was up to this time a standing agreement to arbitrate such disputes, but this dispute was not arbitrated. A strike ensued. The contest followed much the usual line of such con-



THE JUDGE WHO PRESIDED

Judge J. E. Jones took every possible precaution to protect witnesses in the night-rider trials and to prevent a rescue of the defendants. His court room was like an armed camp.

tests, until it was acted upon by the Federation of Labor, which endorsed the cause of the union men and ordered a boycott of the products of the Bucks Stove and Range Company. The company took the case to court, claiming that such a boycott is an illegal conspiracy in restraint of trade. The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia decided against the labor men, and issued a preliminary injunction against their advertising the company in the Federation's "We don't patronize" list, and against their further interference with the business of the company by means of request or advice to others not to buy its wares. This injunction was later made permanent. The labor leaders, claiming that the injunction interfered with their constitutional rights in forbidding them to advise or request others not to buy the company's wares, refused to obey it. They were accordingly cited before the court for contempt, found guilty, and sentenced as already stated. The political issue concerning court injunctions, that figured so largely in the recent presidential campaign, drew its vitality chiefly from this case. A considerable number of bills are now before Congress for changes in the statutes

regarding injunctions, and an important congressional discussion of this particular case is almost certain to be the result, whenever those bills come up for consideration in the sessions at Washington.

IT IS never an easy thing to reduce a contest of this kind to its simplest elements. In this case the equity of the situation lies chiefly in the determination of this one point—whether the court that granted the restraining order went too far and forbade not simply a “secondary boycott,” but also a perfectly legal exercise of the right of the labor union men to agree among themselves not to purchase the company’s wares, and to request their friends to do the same. The language of the court, in granting the preliminary injunction, concedes the latter right. Says Judge Gould:

“Defendants have the right, either individually or collectively, to sell their labor to whom they please, on such terms as they please, and to decline to buy plaintiff’s stoves; they also have the right to decline to traffic with dealers who handle plaintiff’s stoves. But Sailor Bros., for instance, have an equal right to buy the plaintiff’s stoves, and plaintiff has an equal right to sell said stoves to Sailor Bros., and when defendants and those associated with them combine to interfere with or obstruct, without justifiable cause, the freedom of buying and selling which should exist between plaintiff and Sailor Bros., they infringe upon the rights of both and do an unlawful act. The same principle which is the basis of their trade freedom is also the basis of the freedom of plaintiff and Sailor Bros. to deal with each other untrammelled by defendants.”

In arguing the case for the labor leaders, in the recent contempt proceedings, ex-Judge Parker, their attorney, seems to approve the position as above stated by the court. It was not so much this particular ruling, he says, that seemed to his clients the most serious injury, but “a feature of the order that was not discussed in the opinion,” and which is described by Mr. Parker as “a command that they shall not discuss that decision, that there shall be no longer freedom of speech, that they shall not tell their organizations about it, about what has happened and what the court has decided; practically, that they shall not go to Congress and ask for legislation relieving them from what they regard as an improper law; that they shall not write editorials about it.” Such an order, he insists, is “absolutely void,” because it offends against the Federal Constitution. Even an act of Congress to that effect would be void, and equally so a court decree.

THIS is the crux of the whole question, whether Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, in their actions after the court’s decree was rendered, disobeyed any part of the order except a part that was void by reason of being unconstitutional. After the preliminary injunction was issued, Mr. Gompers, in a newspaper interview, said: “When it comes to a choice between surrendering my rights as a free American citizen or violating the injunction of the courts, I do not hesitate to say that I shall exercise my rights as between the two.” The name of the Bucks Stove and Range Company continued to appear in the organ of the Federation, edited by Mr. Gompers, on the “unfair list,” until the permanent injunction was made, and even after that date bound volumes of *The Federationist* containing copies with the “unfair list” in, were sold and distributed, and thousands of copies of the proceedings of the national convention containing notice of the boycott were published. In *The Federationist*, moreover, continued to appear notices like this:

“Bear in mind that an injunction by a court in no way compels Labor or Labor’s friends to buy the product of the Van Cleave Buck’s Stove and Range Company of St. Louis.

“Fellow-workers, be true and helpful to yourselves and to each other. Remember that united effort in cause of right and justice must triumph.”

And in a speech in New York City, made after the permanent injunction was issued, Mr. Gompers spoke as follows:

“They tell us that we must not boycott. Well, if the boycott is illegal we won’t boycott. But I have no knowledge that any law has been passed or any order issued by any court compelling us to buy, for instance, a range or a stove from the Buck’s Stove and Range Company. You know that myself and several are enjoined from telling you, and we are not prepared to tell you, that the Buck’s Stove and Range Company is unfair.”

THE judge before whom the contempt proceedings were heard was not the same as the judge who issued the injunctions. Judge Wright, who decided the contempt case, is a Roosevelt appointee, a lifelong friend of President-elect Taft, and also a friend of Senator Foraker, who requested his appointment by the President several years ago. His decision in the case covers seventy-five typewritten pages, and its language is very severe. Mr. Gompers’s acts are described as done “in wilful disobedience and deliberate violation of the injunction, and for the purpose of inciting

and accomplishing the violation generally and in pursuance of the original common design of himself and confederates to bring about the breach of plaintiff's existing contracts with others, deprive plaintiff of property (the goodwill of its business) without due process of law, restrain commerce among the several states." The general tenor of the decision—and its striking literary style—may be gathered from the following extract:

"The position of the respondents involves questions vital to the preservation of social order, questions which smite the foundations of civil government, and upon which the supremacy of the law over anarchy and riot verily depends.

"Are controversies to be determined in tribunals formally constituted by the law of the land for that purpose, or shall each who falls at odds with another take his own furious way? Are causes pending in courts to be decided by courts for litigants, or the view of each distempered litigant imposed?

"Are decrees of courts to look for their execution to the supremacy of law or tumble in the wake of unsuccessful suitors who overset them and lay about the matter with their own hands in turbulence proportioned to the frenzy of their disappointment?"

AS FOR freedom of speech, Judge Wright declares that the federal Constitution guarantees "only that in so far as the federal government is concerned, its Congress shall not abridge it, and leaves the subject to the regulation of the several states, where it belongs." The question involved in the case, he thinks, is whether the tribunal of a certain class or the tribunals of the whole people shall be supreme—"the supremacy of law over the rabble or its prostration under the feet of the disordered throng." After sentence was declared, and an appeal from the decision was taken, the labor leaders were released on bail. President Roosevelt was urged to grant a pardon to the three men, on the ground that their sentences are extreme. He issued a statement to the effect that the matter could not properly come before him for consideration as long as there is an appeal pending and the courts have not finished with the case. The appeal can hardly be argued before March 4, and the request for a pardon must then, of course, come before President Taft. The attorney for the Bucks Stove and Range Company contends, however, that the President has no power to issue a pardon in this case, since the offence committed is in connection with a civil case, and the President's power to pardon is limited to offences against the United States.



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THE TEARS FLOWED DOWN HIS CHEEKS

Samuel Gompers, the head of the greatest organization of labor the country has ever seen—the Federation of Labor, with two million members—wept as Judge Wright, in severe terms, adjudged him guilty of contempt of court and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment.

A BLAZE of indignation has been manifested in labor union circles since the sentences were imposed upon their leaders. The length of the sentences and the severity of Judge Wright's language were evidently unexpected. The newly chosen commissioner of immigration, Daniel J. O'Keefe, head of the Longshoremen's Union, predicts that the convicted men will never serve their sentences. The head of the street railway employees, William D. Mahon, terms the decision "the end of the declaration of free speech." James Duncan, first vice-president of the Federation, regards the sentence as the most unjust one he ever heard of, and says that Mr. Gompers, if he goes to prison, will continue to conduct the affairs of the Federation there. "If Congress does not enact a law that will clip the wings of contempt judges," says the *National Labor Tribune* (Pittsburg), "the party in power will find at the next general election

that it has lost the support of multitudes of workingmen who last November, like the *National Labor Tribune*, supported the Republican national ticket." Mr. William J. Bryan, writing in *The Commoner*, states his belief that the decision emphasizes the need of legislation of this sort, and he sent a telegram to Mr. Gompers and his associates expressing sorrow over the decision, and saying: "You did your duty in testing law; glad you are taking appeal." Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, in an Associated Press interview, says:

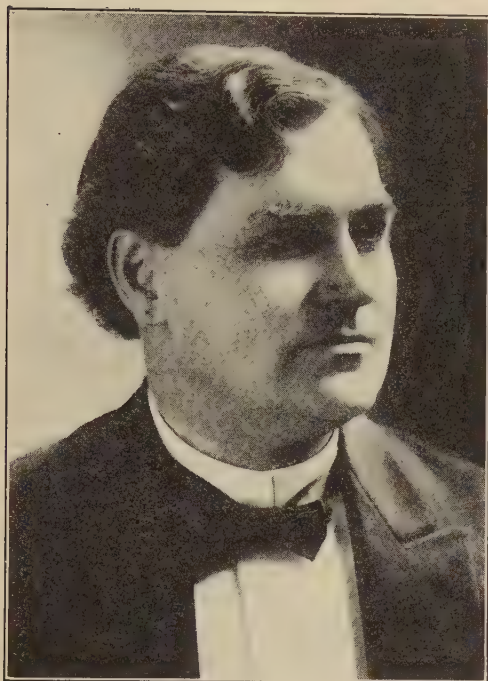
"While these men are sentenced for contempt, the real issue is the question of the boycott, and if I were President I would not allow them to serve out their sentences. They are in the same position as the railroads. A railroad employee discharged by one line can't obtain employment from another until he has received a clearance from the other. While I know nothing of the legal phases of the cases, my sympathies are all with the defendants. I do not believe that these labor leaders should be sent to jail for an offence which is common with the very class against which labor is aligned—the railroads."

THE spirit in which the three men are regarded in labor union circles is well illustrated in the following words from a letter to Mr. Gompers from the executive committee of the New York State Federation: "History is replete with heroism displayed by men and women who forget self in a grand endeavor to ameliorate the conditions of the common people, and thousands of those who now cry out against methods used by organized labor are beneficiaries of the successful efforts put forth by the martyrs who have gone before. So will millions yet unborn benefit by the sacrifices now being made by you and your compatriots." The Socialist press, usually bitterly hostile to Mr. Gompers, has only words of praise for his present stand, and of condemnation for the court. Victor L. Berger, of the Milwaukee *Social Democratic Herald*, writes: "The only way to resist is—to resist. Let every labor paper in the country print the boycott list, including the boycott on the Buck Stove company, which ought to be given special prominence. Am willing that the *Herald* shall do so. However, in order to make it effective, all the labor papers must take concerted action."

IT CAN not be said, however, that the daily press of the country manifest much solicitude for Mr. Gompers and his friends.

The Baltimore *American* calls attention to the fact that in the original proceeding the punishment was not even a fine. Employers of labor, it says, can with greater justice complain of the leniency of the court than the labor leaders can have for complaint of undue harshness. It thinks that the proof of disobedience was clear even in the matter of the "secondary boycott" (boycott of others not a party to the dispute who continue to trade with the party that is listed as "unfair"), which was more vigorously prosecuted after the decree than before. Says the New York *Tribune*: "They set themselves up over the courts as an authority on the Constitution, but their pretext that the constitutional guarantee of free speech and a free press insured the right to destroy reputations and property as they were doing is the flimsiest possible. . . . If they stood for a better cause they would still deserve exemplary punishment. But they stand for a bad cause—in particular a boycott in support of a local union which violated its contract, and in general a combination to force the preference of its members to all workers excluded from its rolls." The Kansas City *Times* thinks the court's point is unanswerable—that even if an error is committed in a decree it is imperative to the welfare of society that it be obeyed. "Courts," it remarks, "are not above criticism, but there is a vast difference between criticism of judicial action and open defiance of a court decree."

THE most common criticism of the attitude of the labor leaders is that they had a right to appeal but no right to disobey. Says the Philadelphia *Record*: "If they were convinced of error in the application of the law or injustice in its operation, they should have sought their remedy in appeal to the higher courts or to federal and state legislatures for corrective statutory regulation. That way is open to all. In putting the Federation of Labor in opposition to the judicial enforcement of the law they made a tactical mistake. The Federation of Labor is not a law unto itself." The New York *Press*, one of the most radical of the dailies, takes the same view. It says: "Very clear was the real issue—the issue on which Gompers and his associates were found guilty. It was, and must ever be, that in laying down the law the court cannot be overruled by an individual. The private individual in a community of law and government can never have the privilege of



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SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT

Frank Morrison (on the left), the Secretary of the Federation of Labor, and John Mitchell (on the right), its Vice President, will have to serve six months and nine months respectively in jail unless the verdict of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is overruled by a higher court or the President issues a pardon. Mitchell is a personal friend of President Roosevelt and one of the best known and most highly regarded labor leaders the country has ever known.

refusing to obey the mandate of the courts." The Philadelphia *Ledger* thinks that nobody desires to see the labor leaders actually serve out their sentences, since "the great object sought in the dispute has been already attained." The New York *Sun* for several days after the decision was announced printed at the head of its editorial page utterances by President Roosevelt in opposition to the boycott, among them the following from a letter to Senator Knox, October 21, 1908: "The blacklist and the secondary boycott are two of the most cruel forms of oppression ever devised by the wit of man for the infliction of suffering on his weaker fellows."

WHAT comes the nearest to support of the labor leaders in their contention that we can find in an influential daily paper is an editorial in the Springfield *Republican*. It regrets the temper shown by Judge Wright and "the extremity of his language," but it admits that no other decision could be expected since the order of the court "had been openly and wantonly disobeyed." It is only by going back to the injunction itself, this paper

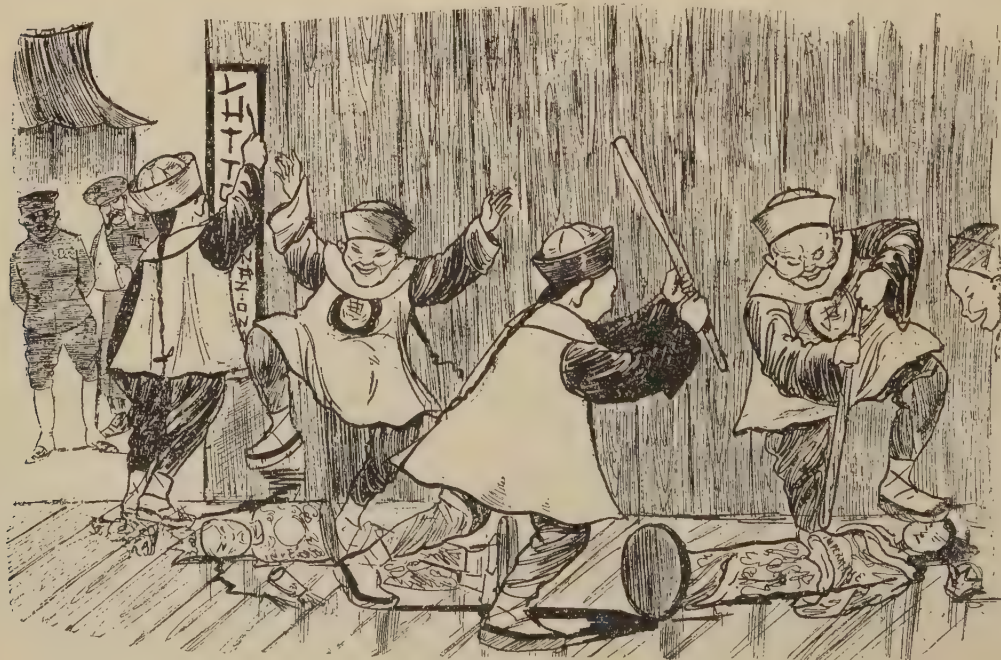
thinks, that any material can be found upon which to hang an argument. As it understands the injunction, it applied not only to the secondary boycott but to the boycott in its most simple and inoffensive form—a form that did not include acts of intimidation or violence. Reasoning from this understanding of the case—which is at variance with the utterances already quoted of Judge Gould in granting the injunction—*The Republican* goes on to say:

"To all appearances the injunction in this case enforces a principle which would make it decidedly dangerous for two or more persons to agree, upon any grievance, to cease patronizing a merchant or manufacturer—particularly to publish or spread the report of their action. Thus the case may easily involve that gross abuse of the power of the equity court which has become so common and the subject of so much agitation. This case, moreover, raises a question of the freedom of speech and of the press, which cannot be overlooked.

"The courts are reducing our boasted freedom and regard for the weaker industrial classes to a strange level compared with what obtains in monarchical England. They have been going too far; they will have to recede—at least until our society has adopted substitute measures for the due protection of the laboring masses."

ONE other interesting statement on the labor side of the case comes, strangely enough, from Mr. Van Cleave himself, who was the plaintiff in this case. A number of the labor leaders refer with bitterness to the fact that while the labor unions are enjoined from using the boycott, the employers have not been stopped by the courts, and perhaps can not be, from applying the black list to employees. Mr. Van Cleave also looks upon this side of the case, and attributes the existence of the boycott more to unfair employers than to unfair labor unions. Writing in *American Industries*, he says: "Let me repeat here what I have often said before, that I am just as much opposed to the greedy and tyrannical employers, outside as well as inside the trusts, as I am to the boycotters. They have done much to incite boycotting and the other vices which are perpetrated by many of the labor unions. These recreant employers numerically comprise only a small proportion of their guild, but their practices have injured every worthy employer in the country. In fact, I condemn them more than I do the objectionable labor unionists, for they stand higher socially, they are better educated, and consequently better conduct is expected of them."

THE heavy body and big frame of Yuan-Shi-Kai, leader of the reform movement and, until last month, one of the most powerful statesmen in China, were swathed in the rags of a coolie as he fled disguised and disgraced from Peking to Shanghai. "All the Viceroy's partisans and sympathizers who held office under him are to be dismissed." Thus runs the cable despatch from Shanghai to the New York *Sun* transmitted while Yuan-Shi-Kai was seeking refuge among his friends in the diplomatic corps. Many students of the Chinese situation probably read with indifference this announcement that high officials at the court of the son of heaven are losing rank and fortune. Even Yuan-Shi-Kai has survived ordeals more severe than that of the past fortnight, rising to newer and greater dignities than ever he has forfeited. The upheaval represented, it was said in the Shanghai tea houses, but another move in the intrigues and counter-intrigues that have been carried on ever since Prince Chun became regent within the walls of the forbidden city, with the reformers on one side of him and the reactionaries on the other. The struggle has become one of such intensity that the boldest ambas-



YOUNG CHINA

Once it was an Empress Dowager who got the blows, but now the puppets are an infant Emperor and a Regent.
—Fischietto (Turin)



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THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE HOPE OF CATHAY

The twin stars in this constellation are Wu Ting Fang, sent from Peking to Washington in the capacity of Ambassador, who stands with hands behind him in the centre, and Tang Shao Yi, bearer of China's official thanks for the remission of the indemnity, who stands with arms folded in front of him. One of the imperial Princes, whose name is Fu, stands between the two in their rear. The party had been received by the President before this picture was taken.

sador in Peking hesitated to put in any plea for Yuan-Shi-Kai when that statesman left the regent's presence shorn of his dignity as junior guardian of the Emperor. The struggle is one that may have far-reaching results for the future of China, suspects the *London Post*, if it does not even decide the fate of that project for reform within the empire of which so much was heard last year, when the return of the commission of mandarins and dignitaries from the "tour of the west" was followed by the publication of decrees breathing so progressive a spirit that Yuan's position seemed impregnable.

IT HAS always been the tactical blunder of Yuan-Shi-Kai, complains the *Paris Figaro*, to charge the mind of the foreigner with an excessive estimate of his viceregal power and influence. "Yuan-Shi-Kai may have spoken in good faith—he may have believed himself as great a man at court as he claimed to be—but the members of the diplomatic corps have been too quick to take him at his own valuation." Thanks to his personality and persuasiveness, little doubt was entertained that the government of the new regent intended to establish something more or less like a constitutional system, and to eradicate the slavery to opium. "Those acquainted with China were less sanguine." They knew that in many important particulars the analogy of Japan did not apply, that there were powerful forces at Peking opposed to change, that the Manchus feared the loss of their supremacy, that the official class had

little of the patriotic spirit and honesty of purpose that animated the makers of Japan. These doubts, adds the *London Post*, reviewing the present situation, were not ill founded. Since last autumn it has been made apparent that the progressive wave is receding. Perhaps the progressive wave was a painted thing for the foreign devil's eye.

WHILE the dismissal of Yuan-Shi-Kai—whose disgrace is even yet incredible to his partisans—does not prove the forces of reaction and blind conservatism to be in the ascendant, it points to a type of policy quite different from the bland toleration of the recent past. In every way, since the accession of the little Pu-Yi to the throne, a deliberate campaign has been carried on with the object not only of weakening or of removing progressive officials but of reducing the influence of the diplomatic corps over the central administration. That the leader of the reform party, the sometime viceroy of Chi-Li and creator of the efficient northern army, Yuan-Shi-Kai, should be forced to resign his posts and to surrender the control of his troops was not in itself so amazing. Yuan has been through the fire of this furnace before. His protégé and friend, Tang-Shao-Yi, who came to our country nominally to bear China's gratitude and really to keep out of trouble, has been driven from the "board of communications" more than once for daring to violate ancient traditions by appointing to office men of modern ideas. Yet Tang-Shao-Yi has risen and fallen again and risen.

PRINCE CHUN did not pay the slightest attention to those reforms in the central government which Yuan-Shi-Kai and he talked over so enthusiastically in the grand council when the late Empress Dowager was supreme. That, says the Peking correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), has not been inferred as evidence of the great Viceroy's loss of influence so much as proof that Prince Chun, new in the regency, was proceeding circumspectly. Then it began to be noticed that Yuan-Shi-Kai's suggested measures for the provinces were put aside. Nowhere, except in Chi-Li, is there anything but a sham effort to put in force the opium regulations, while in many places they have not been even published. That, at any rate, is the statement in the London *Post*, as well as in the Berlin daily, altho the evidence on this point is not conclusive. All this, as our British contemporary notes, may be of little concern to western nations at present. "But there is a strong probability that the problems of the far east are destined to play a large part in the history of the twentieth century, and the forces at work at present must shape many of the questions to arise." The diplomacy of all nations reacts to that fact.

BECAUSE of a suspicion that the Chinese regent means to raise many an issue with the diplomatic corps while the powers are in fierce dissension, the representatives of the "foreign devils" resolved upon a joint representation with reference to the dismissal of Yuan-Shi-Kai. To this effect runs a recent despatch in the Paris *Matin*. Prince Chun had expected that. "He welcomed the prospect. It could only strengthen him at home, and he wants badly to be strengthened at home." The Peking gossip runs that a long talk with this point as the exclusive subject took place in the British Embassy compound when Yuan-Shi-Kai's dismissal was first rumored. The German representative is accused in the French daily of urging an unsparing absolutism of standpoint upon the regent because Berlin has so considerable and so defined a sphere of interest at Kiao-Chau. But it was the French representative who was uncompromising, retorts the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, because Paris always uses the powers to protect herself in Indo-China. In the end, the British and United States Ministers united upon a policy of complete neutrality between the reactionaries on the one hand and Yuan's friends on the other.

THE consideration that determined our own Department of State to assume towards the great sensation at Peking the attitude of a mere spectator is explained in a Washington despatch so carefully worded as to suggest official inspiration. "It was difficult to anticipate how any representations along this line might be received," observes the oracle, "for it is realized that the Chinese are sensitive on the question of any intimations which might convey the impression that they are not capable of managing affairs." The regent of the Chinese Empire is understood to imagine that he made a great concession to the foreign legations when he spared Yuan's life. In a word, the dilemma confronting the powers in Peking is so delicate that their combination upon any protest seems out of the question. The Anglo-Japanese alliance guarantees the peace of the far east, and the understanding between France and Japan constitutes another strong security against any conflict between any of the powers in the east of Asia, while the agreement between the United States and Japan, in the form of letters on file at Washington, gives emphasis to concords regarding the Pacific.

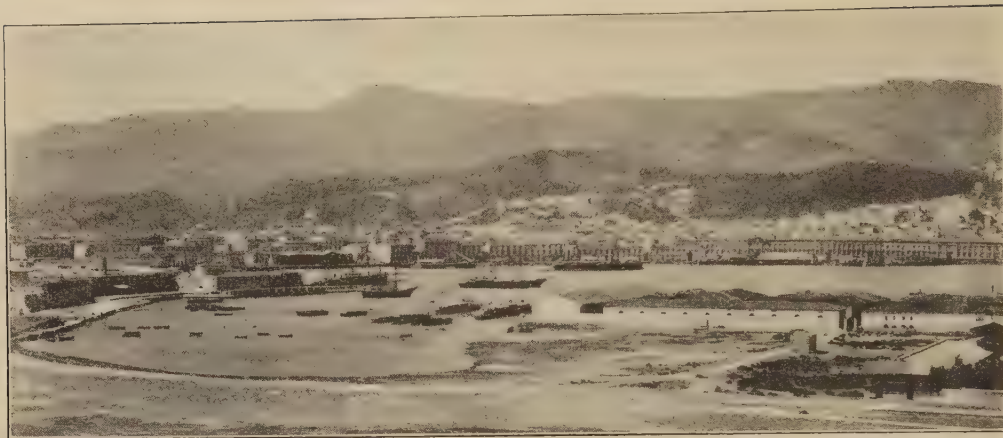
THESE agreements, however, as the London *Post* is moved to lament, are powerless to control dangerous movements from within the immense empire, whose millions, long sunk in lethargy, are now stirring uneasily and responding to new influences. "What the result of the forces at work may be it would be idle to attempt to predict, but there can be little doubt that China, under the new Prince Regent, is entering upon a peculiar period in her relations with the outside world." The reform program, enunciated so recently by the court, stimulated hopes and aspirations which, quickened by the inauguration of a new sovereign, are being strengthened every day by the development of the native press, by the extension of the post office, by the growth of internal trade and the construction of railways. Still more important, in view of the influence so long held in China by the literary class, is the agitation carried on by thousands of students returned from Japan and by those educated in the new official colleges established in all the provinces. To assume that the dismissal of Yuan-Shi-Kai portends instant reaction seems, in the light of these conditions, premature. Yuan-Shi-Kai was not progressive as western Europe implies when that term is connected with China.

PRINCE CHUN will be swayed in the immediate future, predicts the *Vossische Zeitung*, always in close touch with Peking, by the fact that there is now in China a strong anti-dynastic party, drawing inspiration and support in the main from the southern provinces. This anti-dynastic party attracts many of the young students, "who are fired by enthusiasm for sweeping reforms." If reactionary influences now become dominant within the forbidden city, a dangerous opportunity would be given to the revolutionary faction. Indeed, the recent news from China indicates to many newspapers in Europe that plots are forming against the throne, and that considerable nervousness is felt in the circle of the regent. The distress produced by the famine now scourging some interior provinces naturally intensifies discontent among the masses. Should any internal strife break out it would be sure to take an anti-foreign turn in any event. The united protest of the powers in Yuan-Shi-Kai's behalf would merely strengthen the hand of reaction. There is, too, a suspicion that China's disgraced statesman is simply reaping what he has sown in deserting the former Emperor.

WHATEVER the western world may think of the undeniable capacity of Yuan-Shi-Kai in the modernization of the Chinese Empire, the fact remains, as is pointed out in the *London Times*—ever friendly to him—that he has never lost sight of his private interests. In the tea shops of Shanghai, moreover, where news obtains a surprisingly intimate definitude, it is plainly said that, given certain not improbable opportunities, the army of Yuan-Shi-Kai would serve only his own undisclosed ambitions. The maintenance of the force required money—a fact apparently overlooked by Yuan-Shi-Kai when he raised its numbers from ten thousand to a hundred thousand—and in the effort to raise this money Yuan-Shi-Kai has taxed not only considerably but energetically. He made a brave show in the eye of the foreigner, who failed to realize the extent to which the brilliant viceroy had undermined himself at home. The Young China party, again, altho national and patriotic, has tended too much to the cultivation of friendly relations with the "foreign devil." This alienates the native mind somewhat from the progressive element, and facilitates reaction everywhere. It facilitates likewise the discrediting of efforts to do away with the opium scourge.

THERE exists among Chinese officials generally, and among the rising generation of westernized Chinese students, notes the competent correspondent of the *London Times* at Shanghai, a conviction that their national movement enjoys the sympathy of the United States and Great Britain. This fact deserves to be borne in mind when, as frequently occurs, that movement finds its expression in methods or manners which newspapers in Europe and this country deplore. In such cases the views of Europeans on the spot—even when they belong to the diplomatic corps—are lightly regarded by the Chinese. With some reason the resident mandarins in the forbidden city regard the foreigners of the capital as interested parties whose opportunities would be lessened by the restoration of China's rights, and "they look confidently to the support of public opinion in those far-off Anglo-Saxon lands, whose sympathies, they have been taught to believe, are always with the cause of liberty and enlightenment." They deduce from recent history, from the part played by Great Britain in the abolition of extra-territoriality in Japan, from America's sincere desire to maintain the integrity of China, and from the utterances in the press of this country and of England the justifiable conclusion that they can safely count upon the Anglo-Saxon nations to lend moral support to the national movement.

NOTHING could be more unfortunate in its effect upon the Chinese official mind than this exploitation of the United States and Great Britain by one faction in the land for a purpose purely political. Yuan-Shi-Kai and the Cantonese clique in the north, to say nothing of the Young China group, are accused of having relied upon the general ignorance which obtains in this country and in England in regard to China and her affairs as guarantees that the methods actually adopted in the name of the patriotic movement will not be too closely scrutinized or readily opposed. Hence, according to our authority, since the bugbear of dismemberment disappeared with the defeat of Russia by Japan, the marked activity of Young China, the persistent clamor for restoration of those rights which the "foreign devil" has taken away from the central government, and the abolition of privileges granted to foreigners under the treaties. "Hence also the determined attempt to obtain control of important sources of revenue hitherto controlled on behalf of the cen-



THE WATER FRONT OF MESSINA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

Great ocean liners, passing this spot, enabled the tourist at times to gain the most intimate views into the second-story windows of the residents of this town. The narrow but very deep channel tempted the ships of all powers to cut off a great section of their run through the Mediterranean by passing through the Straits of Messina. Hence the importance of the Sicilian town as a rendezvous for the ships of all lands.

tral government by Europeans and Americans." Hence the increasing violence of the vernacular press, which, throughout the six weeks last past, seems to have taken on a quite unprecedented Jingoism of severity in commenting upon the acts of the central administration. "The national movement is not in one direction only. Its by-paths and irresponsible leaders are many. It is therefore

important to suspend our judgment as to its probable results while we watch carefully the resultant of the forces at work." That there is a widespread movement of a new kind few will deny. It is undoubtedly national in the sense that its activities are noticeable in every province. But Yuan-Shi-Kai is anything but the symbol of this movement. His disgrace does not affect it.

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A FRACTION OF MESSINA'S FAMOUS WATER FRONT

Those who have passed through the Straits of the Sicilian port will recognize even in this ruin the architectural features of one of the most famous effects in stone and marble known to the modern world.

AT PRECISELY one minute after half past five on the morning of December the twenty-eighth last occurred that earthquake at the extremity of the Italian peninsula which the press of the world is at one in pronouncing the most poignant tragedy in human annals since the crucifixion. A death list as large as the whole population of the biggest city in many an American state; a fault-slip of the entire foundation upon which are built Messina, Reggio, and a full score of Calabrian and Sicilian towns; a tidal wave of such magnitude as to obliterate all the wharfage and most of Messina's sky line, and the evisceration of Etna's solitary crater imparted to every despatch from Italy during the whole of the past fortnight touches of the Dantesque. The pageantry of this convulsion was so dramatic in its energy that for a full forty-eight hours after nearly every town along the coast of Sicily for miles south of Messina had been engulfed by the sea, the tale of purely human experience was still to tell. Communication with the outside world was so

thoroly severed by the folding and fracturing, the faulting and fissuring, the uptilts and lateral thrusts of Sicilian and Calabrian strata that, on the morning after, even our own most enterprising dailies merely announced "three severe earthquake shocks in southwest-ern Italy." A well equipped New York news service announced that "a number of bodies, probably fifty, have already been taken from the ruins, and it is feared the death list may exceed several hundred." Then succeeded an interval of exaggeration so vivid that the Straits of Messina and all the Lipari Islands were affirmed, for a day or two, to have been eliminated from the Mediterranean.

WHAT really happened in the south of Italy is known to the new seismology as the propagated effect of a fault-slip. It was not the eruptive outburst of Etna, according to Sir Norman Lockyer, that set the earth quivering in the vicinity, but a prolonged tension of the crust, a sudden snap, an abrupt settlement, and then the waves of the quake. In fact, as London *Nature* suspects, there was no very severe earthquake in Sicily at all. Those delicately-suspended pendulums by means of which the slightest earthquake movement is automatically recorded at seismographical stations all over the world seem to sustain this contention. In its preliminary tremors and in the severity of the main shock



THE WRECK OF A HOME

The catastrophe depicted here explains, as F. Marion Crawford points out, why the streets of Messina did not fill when the first shock was over. The inhabitants were for the most part overwhelmed by the walls of their houses.

the convulsion sustains no comparison with that of a few years ago in the interior of Asia, which went almost unnoticed because of the comparatively uninhabited nature of the region shaken. The duration of this Sicilian



ALONG THE MESSINA WATER FRONT ON THE DAY AFTER THE SHOCK

The sea appeared to have been brought perceptibly nearer the long but broken line of marble and granite edifices of which the sky line was made up. The solid masonry had been transformed into the jagged and frail edges of some gingerbread toy, while far off in the harbor could be heard the continued groans and the occasional shriek of victims held beneath the wreckage.



A TYPICAL GROUP OF SURVIVORS OF THE SICILIAN EARTHQUAKE

All ranks and ages are indiscriminately grouped by the freaks of this catastrophe. Rich, poor, lame, halt, sit side by side, here a child bereft of its parents, and there a mother caring for an unknown babe.

disturbance at its maximum would seem to have been five minutes, altho the quakes, altogether, apparently covered a period of over two hours. It took no less than twenty-five minutes for the earthquake to reach its maximum after the first quake.

THESE Calabrian and Sicilian earthquakes do not, then, appear to have any immediate connection with either the volcanic Lipari Islands or with the active volcano of Etna, but are evidently due, to quote the general opinion of scientific organs like *Paris Cosmos*, to "the terrestrial pressures which have produced this part of the Appennines." The geological peculiarities of the region added immensely to the destructive effects of last month's shocks. Clays, we read, sands and soft limestones, nearly horizontally stratified, rest on hard crystalline rocks of the mountains and in them the lower parts of the valleys are excavated. The softer deposits, now forming bastion-like plateaux above the damper valley bottoms, offer tempting sites for towns and villages, but they suffer badly in an earthquake, as Lyell points out. A shock travels more slowly through the softer material, explains our authority, and is reflected at the junction with the harder materials, while landslips and settlements are made easy by the peculiar configuration of the ground. In the scientific sense, as distinguished from the human sense, no seismological phenomena of first class importance took place last month,

THIS scientific view of the magnitude of the earthquake is, however, not unanimous. That illustrious seismologist, Professor John Milne, cites his records as unmistakably proving that the Italian shock was of a magnitude equalling the upheaval at Valparaiso and at San Francisco. It is the most severe earthquake in Europe, he insists, for many generations, altho it may not compare with the terrific phenomena recorded not so many years ago in Formosa and not long afterward in the centre of Asia. Professor Milne's observations go to show that when statistics have been more carefully analyzed, the earth movements in Calabria and Sicily may prove to be the most violent, however. The controversy on this point is somewhat mystifying to the lay mind. That celebrated geologist, Professor Edward Suess, of Vienna, expresses himself very pessimistically regarding the outlook for the near future. According to his theory, the Calabrian and Sicilian shocks do not result from volcanic outbreaks anywhere, but were occasioned by a "general sinking." Should this settling down continue, the catastrophes still to come will in another decade be the direst in history.

MESSINA, seen by the lay eye, was, notwithstanding the scientific view, the theater of the greatest earthquake in human history. The city appeared like a volcano to the correspondent of the *London Morning Leader*, when he reached the place a week



HOW THE SAILORS TRANSPORTED THE WOUNDED

The battleships of the various Mediterranean squadrons were not far from the scene of the earthquake, and when morning had dawned, parties of ten were landed all along the shore line in the Straits of Messina. The rescues were made while walls fell all about the victims and their saviors.

after the tragedy. "Huge columns of smoke cover the city," he cabled, "obscuring the sunshine. At night the search lights from the men-of-war afford the only illumination." The exhalations from the thousands of corpses had already become insupportable. Flocks of buzzards—a bird of prey normally unseen in Sicily—rose and descended in the sky as if the desolated city had been the field of some bloody battle. Packs of dogs and droves of swine devoured the dead, including those of their own species shot by the troops on guard. "The Chinese city of Port Arthur, after bombardment by sea and land, was not so ruined," declared the correspondent of the *London Mail*. "Six months' cannonade by all the artillery in the world would not produce the results of ten seconds of Nature's wrath." Day after day the rain fell steadily, thickly, an incessant downpour, while the bland Sicilian air seemed chilled.

AS A marine spectacle, this latest of the earthquakes has quite dimmed the fame of the Peruvian coast as the objective point of monster tidal waves. Vessels in the harbor of Messina literally leaped aloft, shot on high as the water of the Straits was syringed towards the sky. Anchor chains snapped. Merchantmen, laden to the hatches, flew shoreward. Ashore were audible the thunders of the collapse of every building facing the water line. Every light went out simultane-

ously in Messina, the intensity of the darkness that ensued with the preliminary tremor occasioning universal comment. Decks heeled over to an angle of twenty-five degrees as abysses opened in the sea. When the few white lines of morning disclosed Messina as a blurred outline of smoke backed by the hills, the waters of the harbor were all foam, while for hour after hour marble palaces, stone spires, and the columns of public buildings fell in succession with detonations like the blowing up of squadrons of battleships. The surface of the water was strewn with the wreckage of ships. Shrieks and groans from the shore came to a climax as mobs of the crazed population rushed to the shore line and plunged into the waves.

SIGNS of the approach of this catastrophe had not been obscure. Warning had not been given of the impending danger by abnormal atmospheric conditions, it is true. There had been no electrical tension in the air. But a general distemperature, says the correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, "reacted on susceptible organizations." All through the day and night before, the nervous were peculiarly wrought up. There was a half hour interval on the eve of the original shock when the birds, the dogs and the cattle evinced intense agitation. Horses neighed loudly at their stalls. The howling of the dogs was noticed aboard the ships at anchor in the

harbor. In the darkness of the night the birds took to wheeling flights or uttered peculiar and raucous notes of alarm. The thousands of persons rendered destitute by the catastrophe agree that for some reason, unaccountable to them at the time, they awoke from their sleep and lay in a more or less uneasy frame of mind upon their beds. For a distance of fully a hundred miles about the central area of disturbance, these symptoms were conspicuous, and are attributed to "microseismic movements."

SO WIDE is the area of convulsion not only throughout Sicily, but the adjacent parts of Calabria, that it is only too probable that a yet larger death list than a hundred and fifty thousand will in time be made known, according to the *London Times*, while it is now feared that the worst has still to come from the interior of Sicily. The Italian government is suspected of an attempt to conceal many of the worst features of the disaster, altho the *Paris Temps* observes that facilities for the transmission of news scarcely exist in any modern journalistic sense in Italy. The month's despatches give the names of two score Calabrian villages which have suffered severely, and in most of these it is said that even the houses still standing are in a perilous condition, and that many of the inhabitants have perished. Few of the ruined Sicilian and Calabrian villages are sufficiently import-

ant to be mentioned in guide books, but the death lists in many of them are given at half the total number of inhabitants. The district is a poor one, in which there is something like a hopeless fight for existence even in favorable circumstances.

AN INSTANTANEOUS and paralyzing conviction of the utter helplessness of man against the forces of nature not only occasioned but, to quote the *London Times*, intensified the panic in every shaken center of population. The Calabrians and the Sicilians are both hardy races, and, living as they do in a region peculiarly liable to seismic disturbances, it is conceivable, as the *Paris Débats* says, that they may ordinarily regard these shocks with a degree of stoicism which others might be unable to attain. On the present occasion the panic of the populations on the island as well as on the mainland is referred to by all the newspapers as "justifiable." Men and women abandoned their homes by thousands, says a cable despatch sent out on the third day after the catastrophe. "People remained in the torrential rain, half naked, wearing but the scanty attire in which they first rushed pell mell to the streets, not daring to re-enter their tottering homes, but filling the air with their lamentations and prayers and curses." At some towns the inhabitants plucked up courage to go inside the dismantled churches and rescue



ITALIAN TROOPS IN A MESSINA THOROFARE

The Sicilian garrison amounts in ordinary circumstances to less than twenty thousand men, made up to a great extent of recruits serving their first year with the colors. These forces proved inadequate to the emergency, altho they searched and shot by turns.

the mutilated images of saints, invoking the divine clemency.

IN THE mountainous regions of the interior of Sicily, the population took refuge in caves, says another despatch. In grottoes, subterranean cavities and sheltered burrows, whole populations are dwelling in a form of communistic simplicity—aristocrats, troops, clergy and peasants all subsisting together in what shape they may. Men and women are driven to sleep on the ground side by side around a fire kept up with difficulty owing to the pelting and driving rain. They represent to a great extent the fraction of the Messina population not killed outright "on the undulating floors of the rooms they slept in when, amidst falling beams, they descended unsafe stairs to find the streets blocked by fallen houses, with the balconies and chimneys of others descending upon their heads from all points of the compass." Everywhere were streams of injured people, making inland, all crazed from excitement, all in the scantiest attire, all shivering in the cold rain. At that very moment the lower portion of Messina was under a tidal wave, which alone, says the *Temps*, caused forty thousand deaths.

THE horrors of the situation were immensely aggravated by the fires that broke out at many points among the ruins of all types

of buildings. The earthquake broke the water mains, thus rendering the fire apparatus almost powerless to cope with the flames, while the gas mains, also destroyed by the shock, contributed their share to the conflagration. A fresh wind was blowing as if to destroy what little chance remained of saving the wreck of Messina. With the electric mains sharing the fate of the others, the gas works blown up, the waterworks burned down, the great population which went to bed in full security found itself before the dawn homeless, foodless, amid a conflagration that rendered the tidal wave and the rain dispensations of providence, for without them, observes the *London Times*, the fate of San Francisco would have been that of Messina and of Reggio. Not one telegraph wire was left in working order. Reggio, more unfortunate than Messina, even, appears literally to have been swallowed up in the deep by dropping through the chasm opened in the surface of the earth. Nevertheless, looting began before the fires had been extinguished.

IF MESSINA was blotted out to an accompaniment of wails of anguish, to quote the words of a despatch in the *New York World*, "Reggio disappeared in silence and without a cry." The survivors roved nude and starving for four days without relief of any sort, all the railroad stations for miles having been



WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE MADE OF ONE BEAUTIFUL MESSINA STREET

The oldest residents of the city were unable as they gazed over the ruins to the site of their own abodes, to distinguish one dwelling from another. Here and there some landmark like the cathedral or the city hall afforded clues to a site or a scene; but for the most part the survivors camped in the open, unable to tell whether the debris around them might be that of their own property or of a totally unfamiliar neighborhood shifted in the night like the leaf of a dining-room table.

annihilated, and every boat that put forth to Reggio being forced back by the boiling and billowy waters. For fifty miles inland the inhabitants seemed mad from terror and starvation, the unexampled coldness of the weather in these usually balmy regions causing fatalities as numerous as those of the tidal wave at Messina. The straits between the two scenes of all this disaster were choked with the bodies of men and animals, for out of the thirty-five thousand who dwelt at Reggio only some ten thousand survived, if the figures of the *London Post* are accurate. The children under five orphaned at Messina are stated to number seventeen thousand, while seven hundred babes not yet six months old died in one day from the inability of the soldiers to keep them alive.

WITHIN twenty-four hours from the time the first news of the earthquake reached him near Naples, King Victor Immanuel had disembarked at Messina and was working among the ruins as hard as the humblest soldier on the scene. The Queen accompanied his Majesty. News of their presence brought half crazed fugitives in swarms about the royal pair. At one time Queen Helene was unable to advance or retreat in any direction owing to the mob of children clinging to her skirts. The King personally rescued three men pinned in the cellar of the hotel on the water front, and was soon drenched to the skin as a consequence of his work as a volunteer fireman. Their Majesties thus lived in fidelity to that tradition of the house of Savoy which obliges the sovereign and his consort to take a personal share in any calamity visited upon their subjects. Both King and Queen were practical rather than spectacular in all they did, each refraining from taking the lead, but co-operating on terms of equality and without any observance of etiquette with those engaged in the work of rescue. After incredible difficulties, a torpedo boat got the King into Reggio.

THE Queen swooned several times owing to the stench of the mud and filth that filled the town of Messina through the bursting of mains and pipes. More than once, the *London News* says, she was within measurable distance of violent death from the collapse of confused masses of brick, mortar, beams, chimneys and roofs that rendered it out of the question to recognize one thoroughfare from another. In less than three hours after

her landing she was, like all the rescuers, befouled with the debris, but she worked among the little orphans all about. A gas main exploded three feet away from where she was prying with her own hands a three-year-old boy from under a beam. She was in the city when the second of the severe shocks took place on the day after the destruction of Messina. At this time the place was absolutely without organized relief, and a soldier was obliged to shoot a looter in her Majesty's presence. She superintended the breaking open of a restaurant, within which she proceeded to cook a meal for the bleeding crowds of children under her special protection. She was, to quote the *Temps*, "the angel in this hell."

MEANWHILE, at Reggio, the King nearly fell beneath the onslaught of packs of starving dogs. These animals had been brought to such ferocity by their famished condition that before relief of the naked survivors could be undertaken, a regiment of infantry fusiladed swarms of canines for hours. "The dead in Reggio are mutilated and distorted," runs the New York *Herald* despatch sent while the King was there. "Their faces are set in expressions of infinite horror." Not a survivor was found who did not seem demented. They crowded with wild laughter about the first rescuing party, and one man, rushing from a ruined church, began a wild dance about the King. The fatalities were appreciably increased here by the number of suicides. Of two thousand who set out in one band from Reggio for the nearest existing port on the Calabrian coast, less than five hundred reached their destination, and they were so worn and emaciated that scores of them later died of exhaustion. "Reggio remains isolated in a ghastly silence of desolation." The discovery of any article of food precipitated so savage a struggle for its possession that the mere sight of a loaf of bread cost several lives.

THE Sicilian earthquake is yet a fresh addition, to quote a London daily, "to those disasters which will render the past few years memorable in the history of great physical disturbances. It is seldom that within less than thirty-six months there succeed each other seismic convulsions of such energy as the violent eruption of Vesuvius, the San Francisco earthquake, the upheaval in the most densely inhabited region of Chile, and finally

the uprooting of Messina and the engulfing of Reggio." The world does not yet know and probably can not know with certainty for some time the extent of the damage. "It will be remembered how, in the cases of San Francisco and Valparaiso, hopeful and pessimistic rumors came by turns, and that is the natural course of things when communication is uncertain and alarm still rife in the devastated area." Since first the world learned of the tragedy, the reports as to its scope have been curiously conflicting. Versions are still, in many important respects, says the *London News*, irreconcilable with one another. The whole surviving population of immense districts is camping out on the hills still, or on the outskirts of ruined cities.

AT REGGIO and at Messina, as at San Francisco and Valparaiso, earthquake shocks seem to have continued perceptibly after the initial one had wrecked the city. Scarcity of food and of accommodation was inevitable in all the communities along the coast of southern Italy when the refugees began to pour in from the scores of extinguished hamlets. The appropriation of eight hundred thousand dollars for the relief of these unfortunates by our own congress was but one of many donations from other governments. The problem of dealing with the tens of thousands of homeless fugitives has been complicated by certain peculiarities of the Sicilian and Calabrian character. The Italian peasant, as we are informed by the *Paris Débats*, is noted for his extraordinary personal courage, "but it is an emotional and often irrational courage—a state of excitability rather than an attitude of mind." In the stricken region, the numbers of crazed beings has excited the attention of the European correspondents. Many of them manifest a loathing of food and drink. The first fury of panic has been succeeded in most instances by a hopelessly enervating despair.

BY WHAT the *London Times* calls some fortunate "compensation," the appalling havoc wrought by these earthquakes does not usually seem to produce a corresponding despair in the minds of the inhabitants. That was the most remarkable thing, says this foreign observer, at San Francisco, where the pluck, cheerfulness and unselfishness of the homeless people astonished every one who was brought into contact with them. "Those who came to inspect the ruined city left it with the feel-

ing that the ruin had been almost worth while in view of the generous qualities it called out among the Californians." In the same way, at Valparaiso, the peace and order were less perfect than they were in the American city, it was not of depression but of cheerfulness and even high spirits that the despatches told. In the case of Messina, the grief and settled despair of the survivors force themselves upon the notice of all. The explanation, says the *Paris Gaulois*, is that every survivor has lost wife or husband, child or parent. "The cruelty of grief has taken away the energy of panic and left all these thousands indifferent to their fate." Even the assumption of cheerfulness is rare.

MUCH indignation has been excited throughout Italy by charges that Premier Giolitti caused despatches from the scene of the earthquake to be so censored that the worst features of the calamity have not reached the world at all. This was cruelty, says the Socialist *Avanti* (Rome), for the greater the revelation of woe "the likelier is the sympathy of mankind to flow out to us in our extremity." There never was any foundation for these reports of a censorship, says the inspired ministerial *Tribuna*. With no wire reaching to Reggio at all, with absolutely no means of communicating with the capital from Messina, because the one wire strung after a delay of twenty-four hours was broken in the second great shock, it is "ridiculous" to infer that "any censorship but that of nature" was in force. Nevertheless, Mr. James E. Norton, of the editorial staff of the *New York World*, who was travelling in Sicily when the earthquake occurred, had experiences indicating, our metropolitan contemporary insists, great severity of censorship. Writing on the eve of the arrival of the four American battleships in the vicinity, Mr. Norton gives instances of extraordinary vitality in the victims, many of whom were dug out of the ruins alive twelve days after the catastrophe. "The death rate among the injured," he writes, nevertheless, "is terribly high." Hundreds expire daily on the boats off shore and in the railway hospitals.

THE arrival of the great United States battleship squadron in the Mediterranean a week after the catastrophe made it possible to give further practical effect to the official sympathy which, expressed by President Roosevelt to the King, has inspired more

comment in papers like the *Rome Avanti*, *Tribuna* and *Sera* than has been elicited by any other single utterance of similar tenor from whatever source. The magnitude of the sum appropriated by congress, the prompt detachment of the four battleships from the main squadron under Sperry, the activity of the American Red Cross and the personal contributions from individual Americans "are episodes no whit less dramatic and inspired," observes the ministerial organ, "than the circumstance of the sovereign pontiff's transgression of the law imposed by himself upon himself that his footsteps shall not tread beyond the precincts of the Vatican." This is an allusion to what the clerical *Osservatore* refers to as "a purely technical point"—the crossing of a wooden foot bridge by his Holiness to reach the first batch of sufferers from Messina. The bridge spanned ground which is officially subject to the King of Italy, and unprotected by the statute guaranteeing the inviolability of the Vatican territory. The Pope hurried into the hospital from the foot bridge, knelt beside the sufferers, whose confessions he heard in several instances, and later amazed all beholders by the cordiality of his greeting to the Mayor of Rome—a Jew!

SUMMING up his impressions of the tragedy, F. Marion Crawford, the author of so many famous stories of Italy, remarks in the *New York World* that in every previous earthquake on record the streets of a shaken city fill with the population the instant after the shock. "In Messina it was not so." The explanation is that "nine-tenths of the population lay buried in the ruins." Had the original tremor not been succeeded by two or three subsequent shakings, Mr. Crawford is convinced, perhaps a majority of the residents of the Sicilian town might have survived. "As for the survivors in the streets, they behaved like madmen, in every stage of insanity. Some rushed upon the stranger to tell him the story of their ruin and bereavement, some in wildest grief, some with the stony indifference of the insane." The climax of all the horror was not reached until the fires of Messina swept towards those ruin heaps beneath which thousands were held impotent. "It was horrible to realize from their cries that the victims buried alive could feel the approach of the flames." It was from listening to such sounds that the survivors ran like lunatics, wringing their hands, leaping into the sea, or bursting into loud, mirthless laughter.



DESPITE the assurance with which that "Napoleon of the Andes," Cipriano Castro, announced his intention of embarking for Venezuela from Bordeaux on the twenty-sixth of this month of February, there is not a newspaper in all Europe which interprets the item solemnly. Yet the sometime dictator of Caracas has, as the *London Telegraph* says, become "the hero of the hour" since his arrival in the old world. The newspapers abroad have published large facsimiles of his features. The description of his landing filled two columns in more than one Paris sheet. A list of what he ate almost instantly after first setting foot upon the soil of the third French republic was telegraphed from Bordeaux to Paris and thence to London. A regiment of reporters went aboard his ship when it touched at Santander, only to miss all sight of the visitor to Europe except his skull cap. The journalists who made still more desperate efforts to talk with Cipriano Castro at Bordeaux were foiled by a veritable mob of Venezuelan consuls, who had arrived from some very remote cities to pay their respects. The consuls formed a hedge about the statesman which the journalists failed to climb. Meanwhile a mob had collected in the main thoroughfare of the city to behold the progress of the Venezuelan from the pier to his hotel, where the newspaper men had engaged apartments for themselves days ahead, and where, as appears from a despatch to the *London Standard* from Bordeaux, Castro, on getting into the dining room, ate consommé de volaille, scrambled eggs, a filet de sole, a chateaubriand with sauce bearnaise, fried potatoes, a chaudfroid de becasse, pommes soufflées, a citron soufflé, three bananas and ice cream. While eating, Castro spoke highly to his wife of the King of Spain.

THE excitement in Paris at this period was exclusively journalistic and official. Premier Clemenceau had called his cabinet into consultation to submit to them, first, the proposition of General Picquart, the War Minister, that Castro be enjoined to cable instructions to Caracas to acknowledge the Brazilian legation as charged with French interests; and, second, the proposition of Monsieur Picard, the Minister of Marine, that Castro be made to express to President Fallières regret at the rupture of diplomatic relations between their respective republics. The discussion was so animated that the Venezue-

lan had boarded the train for the capital before any compromise could be arrived at, and then it took the form of an admonition to Castro not to talk to the reporters. This suited him exactly, for Castro, while sonorous on paper, is in conversation a man of few words, with a tendency to refer all inquirers to his comely wife. Dona Zoila has made a tremendous hit with the Paris newspaper men, who make much of the white sea gull with outstretched wings perched on the top of her beautifully trimmed hat. Even the stoppage of her husband's unlimited letter of credit two weeks after he landed at Bordeaux, and just as he was about to draw on the Bank of Venezuela for six hundred thousand francs, did not disturb the equanimity of Dona Zoila. Castro himself was extremely angry, however. It was the first gun in the revolution.

AS THE news leaked haltingly through the cables from the censored station at Caracas that General Gomez had foiled a plot to assassinate him, the London *Times* ventured to hint a doubt as to whether the man on the spot was acting exclusively in behalf of the man in the sanatorium. Senor Castro, from his retirement as a nephritic, questioned the accuracy of the newspaper reports concerning the attitude of the new Venezuelan government. "In many of these ultra-democratic republics of South America," as the London *Times* observes, "the censorship is strict even in ordinary periods, and, of course, when changes of government are in progress, it becomes exceptionally severe." A narrative of the course of events at Caracas did get through to the Paris *Matin*, none the less. It would appear from this authority that a Doctor Garbiras Guzman, left behind in Caracas by Castro himself to report any peril to the republic, became extremely dissatisfied with the methods of General Gomez. The acting President it was who stopped payment of that unlimited letter of credit in Paris and Berlin. Whenever Gomez took official action he was confronted by Guzman with some letter or other left behind by Castro for production in constitutional emergencies as in some sort a written order to do thus and so.

ONE morning Guzman walked in upon Gomez with positive orders in writing by Castro—left behind before the dictator embarked for France, forbidding any abolition of the salt transport monopoly. Gomez threw Guzman out bodily from the executive offices,

whereupon the Doctor summoned his friends to a conference. A stroke of state—what they call in Caracas organs a coup d'etat, in fact—was talked over, the conspirators little dreaming Senor Maldonado, who now holds the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction, was listening to every word. Senor Maldonado had been smoking a cigaret across the street when he heard the sounds of fierce dispute, and paused in time and sufficiently long to grow cognizant of the plan to assassinate not only Vicente Gomez, the acting president, and Senor Paul Baptiste, the eminent codifier of the civil law, but himself. The conspirators arranged every detail of their contemplated seizure of the administration, while, with the army, Castro's brother would overawe the population in the name of the absent dictator. The commanders of three battalions of the army were present in the Doctor's house and took upon themselves the bestowal of the troops.

ALTHO the acting chief magistrate of the republic was in bed when intimations of what was afoot reached him, he hastened into his uniform as a general in the Venezuelan army and hurried on foot to the barracks. Here he found Castro's truculent brother—with whom he had exchanged hot words the day before—drilling some hundreds of chocolate-hued nondescripts from the interior. "Why don't you salute?" thundered the General. "You're a colonel and I'm a general. Salute me!" Castro's brother was so dumbfounded by this mode of introducing the subject that he did as he was told, thus illustrating, says the *Matin*, to which we are indebted for the anecdote, that presence of mind, that energy of character, and those resources of statesmanship in every crisis which speak so eloquently of the glories in store for Venezuela under the protecting arm of the modest military man to whom her destinies are now committed. Having taken the colonel by the throat, the general, as noted already, got him into jail and visited the next conspirator upon the list. "So you're going to assassinate me!" thundered the general, according to the *Matin*. "Come with me!" The back of the revolution was broken. The filing of an accusation in the highest court of the republic charging President Castro with complicity in this plot to assassinate Gomez, was the next step in the progress of the latest of the innumerable Caracas revolutions. Yet Castro, says the Paris *Temps*, may go back!

Persons in the Foreground

THE COMING SECRETARY OF STATE



MR. TAFT is beginning rashly. He is trying to curtail the privileges of the press, which, as everyone knows, is a much more serious thing than merely fracturing the federal constitution. It is a time-honored privilege of the press, especially the Washington correspondents, for several months prior to the inauguration of a new President, to make up his cabinet for him, and then to criticize the make-up. They were getting along nicely with Mr. Taft's cabinet a few weeks ago. They had one Ohio man, Hitchcock, in for postmaster-general, another Ohio man, Burton, in for secretary of the treasury, and a third Ohio man, Herrick or McCook, in for attorney-general. Then came an official announcement from Taft to the effect that but one post in his cabinet had been arranged—the secretaryship of state—and that Philander Chase Knox, of Pennsylvania, had been offered and had accepted that post. At the present writing, despite many rumors, Mr. Knox is the only member of the next cabinet the public has any definite information about.

There will be a fair exchange. The Senate loses Knox, and (in all probability) gains Root. The cabinet loses Root and gains Knox. In the matter of personal pulchritude the Senate is ahead on this exchange. Root is not only a great statesman and a great lawyer, but he looks it. He is a fine figure of a man, tall, erect, spare but not too spare, and with a face and head on which intellectuality and nobility of character are impressively stamped. He was moulded by nature for a great part in the world's affairs. As for Knox, he is short and portly and bustling, and his face is so cherubic in its expression that President Roosevelt's nickname—"the sawed-off cherub"—has been doing heroic service for several years, and probably will continue to do it for years to come. Yet as a great constitutional lawyer Knox stands a close second to Root, and the newspaper correspondents almost unanimously agree that he will be a close second as secretary of state. "It is a curious thing," says Thompson, of the *New York Times*, "and one staggeringly complimentary to Knox, that a man whose record is

absolutely bare of any relation toward or experience in foreign affairs can be selected for secretary of state and receive an undoubting and unanimous verdict that he will be a great one. And yet the reason is very simple. It is that Knox is known to be not merely a great lawyer, tho all his triumphs have been won through his legal acquirements; he is recognized as a man with an all-round mind. Mr. Taft could have picked out a public man of vastly more acquaintance with foreign affairs without getting anything like the chorus of applause that has greeted his selection of a man with no acquaintance whatever in that field."

It is a sardonic piece of work on the part of fate to put such an impressive intellect in such an unimpressive physical environment. But Mr. Knox has refused to be sulky over it. Perhaps, after all, he has nothing to be sulky over. If a man is trying to bluff the world as an intellectual giant, it would be disconcerting to be described, as Knox is, as "one of the brightest, cheeriest, most companionable and jovial little men in all this world." But if he doesn't need to "put up a bluff" in the matter of intellect, such a description can not do him any harm. There is a force that lies in contrast. Stephen A. Douglas seemed all the more like an intellectual giant because of his diminutive stature. Napoleon was short, but the nickname of his soldiers, "the little corporal," enhanced rather than diminished the greatness of his achievement. The way in which Mr. Knox has grown on the country since William McKinley seven years ago fished him out of private life, shows that a diminutive stature and a cherubic face are offering little if any obstruction to the march of his intellect up toward the top rungs of the ladder. "Put six senators in a bunch, taking them from where you will," says the correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, "and Philander C. Knox would be the last the stranger would select as a man of dominating ability. But the brains are there; the learning is there."

We have told the story of his life in these pages but recently. Born fifty-five years ago in Brownsville, Pa., he had to struggle to get an education (in Mt. Union College, Ohio),

and had to teach afterwards to enable him to study law. He specialized on corporation law, locating in Pittsburg when the manufacture of multi-millionaires was comparatively an infant industry. He became connected in a legal capacity with the Carnegie Steel Company, and in the quarrel that ensued in the later history of the company between Carnegie and Frick, Knox stood by Frick and lost to a considerable extent the friendship of Carnegie. He played an important part in putting together the United States Steel Corporation. McKinley secured him for attorney-general, and Roosevelt kept him in that post. Mr. Knox refers to his three and a half years in the cabinet as the most delightful of his life. President Roosevelt seems to have a great regard for him personally and officially, and his letter to Knox upon the latter's retirement from the cabinet to enter the United States Senate was used far and wide when Pennsylvania Republicans were pushing Knox as a rival to Taft for the presidential nomination. Said Mr. Roosevelt:

"My Dear Mr. Knox,—To your high professional qualifications you have added unflinching zeal and an entire indifference to every consideration save the honor and interest of the people at large. Many great and able men have preceded you in the office you hold, but there is none among them whose administration has left so deep a mark for good upon the country's development. . . . In what you have done you have given proof not merely of the profound learning of the jurist, but of the bold initiative and wide grasp of the statesman. You have deeply affected for good the development of our entire political system in its relations to the industrial and economic tendencies of the time."

Nobody, according to Mr. Moody, was more potential in the framing of the railroad rate regulation law than Mr. Knox, a comparatively new member of the Senate. "In drafting this bill," said Senator Dolliver, "the framers were guided very largely by the speech of the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania, which reads like a judgment from the Supreme bench."

Congressman Burke (in *Leslie's Weekly*) has described Mr. Knox's personality as follows:

"He is generously endowed with the attributes that fit men for the accomplishment of uncommon things and the wise administration of large affairs. His conduct is controlled by fixed principles and not by varying impulses. He never temporizes or evades responsibility. He is as fearless of a political consequence as he is faithful to a public trust, and whatever he does is based upon experience and never upon mere expediency."

"He is intensely human and always natural. He abhors every form of affectation. He is a genial, whole-souled, generous gentleman, a delightful companion, and an unfailing friend. There is nothing uncertain in his character or his conduct; nothing injudicious, nothing impulsive. He lives in an atmosphere of accuracy. He thinks profoundly, reasons clearly, judges impartially, speaks precisely, and acts deliberately. He has confidence in himself and imparts confidence to those who come in contact with him. He deals in wisdom and delights in wit. He tells a good story with the same grace that he argues a great cause. His knowledge of the great things the world has accomplished and the great duties before us is broad and deep."

He is no enigma, we are further told, no narrow-gauged specialist, no crusader with a hobby. "He is just a warm-blooded, good humored, big-hearted, cool-headed, broad-gauged American, fifty-four years old and fifty-four years sensible." He loves to fish and to drive a fast team, he plays golf and poker and pinochle. His wit is sharp and his humor broad. He has none of the cold and somewhat repellant austerity of Root, but has a jolly face and a jolly manner, and "when he is making a point that is off the serious line," says Frederick Boyd Stevenson, "his expression reminds one of the painting of the monk who is telling a good story." One other interesting touch to his picture is thus given by *The Times* correspondent: "As Caesar declined to have men about him that were thin, so Knox refuses to have objects about him that are large. He drives small horses; he rides in a small carriage; he does not enjoy being in the presence of large furniture; an old-fashioned feather bed would keep him awake of nights. If he could do it with a proper regard for his dignity he would sleep on a lounge. He would rather have a spaniel than a St. Bernard. Wherever he can do it, Knox surrounds himself with objects which do not emphasize his physical littleness."

Taft and Knox will thus make a striking physical contrast. If Knox surrounds himself with little things, Taft, perforce, surrounds himself with big things. Down in Augusta, the other day, he made humorous reference to the fact that he couldn't find a saddle that was a man's size, and a friend had one specially constructed for him that is almost as large as a Pullman car seat. Taft and Knox horseback riding together would present a rich spectacle for gods and men—and cartoonists.

Mr. Knox is one of the best dressed men in Washington, his social qualities are delightful, and he is very fond of entertaining friends in his handsome home on K Street.



THE HEROINE OF THE EARTHQUAKE, HER JEWELS AND HER KING

Her Majesty, Helene, Queen of Italy, is here revealed in one of the most recent pictures for which she has posed. The babe in her arms, Princess Giovanna, was born some fifteen months ago, while the little heir to the throne, Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, is between four and five years old. His baptism raised many questions between the Quirinal and the Vatican. The eldest child of the Italian royal pair, Princess Yolande, stands on the Queen's right hand, while on the Queen's left is the brightest of all the children, as some think, Princess Mafalda, who is now past six.

THE HEROINE OF THE EARTHQUAKE



PESSIMISTIC as are the reports of the nervous condition to which Queen Helene of Italy has been reduced by the many days she passed with little food or sleep among the victims of the Sicilian earthquake, it would seem, from all recent despatches, that Her Majesty's strength of constitution has brought her safely through every ordeal. It was a great relief to the mind of the Queen to be made aware that this greatest catastrophe in the history of the Christian world did not, after all, occur on her thirty-sixth birthday. It was, in Montenegro's calendar, on a twenty-seventh of December that the beautiful Helene was born in her father's little capital of Cetinje, and the seismographs of the world seem to make evident the fact that the first tremor of the convulsion was sent throughout the earth quite early on the morning of the twenty-eighth. The thirty-sixth anniversary of the royal birth had been celebrated in the family circle at one of the royal palaces near Naples—the structure in which so many victims of the fatality are now housed—and the participants in the natal-day festivities included, besides the King, the four-year-old heir to the throne, Prince Umberto, the seven-year-old Princess Yolanda, who is the Queen's eldest child, the bright Princess Mafalda, deemed by the Italians the most precocious of the royal children, and the baby Princess Giovanna. It was a coincidence that among the gifts received by the Queen on her last birthday was an engrossed tablet from the Calabrians thanking her for the heroism she displayed among them a few years ago, when, in the garb of a trained nurse, she ministered to the sick and took charge of a temporary hospital in one of the many wrecked villages of Italy's desolated province.

In a very tragical sense, therefore, the experiences through which this beautiful sovereign has been made to pass since first the dead on the coast of Calabria began to be counted by thousands are to herself neither new nor strange. Two years have scarcely passed since Helene nearly lost her life on the summit of the rock split in two at Ferruzzano by an earthquake which made the foundation of a whole town one mass of rubble. Her Majesty participated in the work of rescue at times when half-starved dogs preyed on half-buried bodies and the richer inhabitants

of the Calabrian region watched their houses night and day for fear of thieves. Physical suffering and sad experience had thus been rendered too familiar to the sovereign lady who last month viewed the spectacle of a town in ruins while its inhabitants lay panic-stricken, wounded or dead, in medleys of pouring rain, improvised tent accommodation, broken down railway service and looting ghoul. On many an occasion long prior to the recent shaking of Stromboli and the Lipari Islands to their foundations, the Queen of Italy has picked wounded babes from the ruins of their dismantled homes and sat in the roadside to share a meal with her famished fellow creatures.

Nothing could harmonize more with the pensive and statuesque type of Queen Helene's beauty, observes a recent writer in *London Truth*, than her frequent appearances in this heroine's part. The profound and luminous dark eyes, set somewhat far apart beneath the arched brows, seldom fill with tears. Helene is too self-controlled for explosive or hysterical grief, we are assured by this authority; but the expression of her face as she goes to and fro among the panic-stricken—clad sometimes in nothing more ornate than a blue cloth skirt and with no hat—is ever sympathetic. "She has the gift of sympathy," we read, "and if there be such a thing as a genius for sympathy, that is hers." Her fame as a brunet of the richest type is world-wide, and the trials and illnesses of panic after panic are affirmed to have set no silver threads amid the endless coils of her jet black hair. The intensely white skin which so markedly contrasts with her dark brow and hair has taken on a pallor in recent years which inspired some fear for her health; but those who see much of the Italian Queen insist that she is in splendid physical condition—quite capable of sustaining the trials of the past month without liability to nervous prostration.

Admirers of the Queen's heroism have instituted, in European papers like the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, some striking comparisons between herself and the representative women of the Bible. She has Esther's greatness, declares our authority, and, like Esther, she is not the bold heroine so much as the silent and reserved one. Queen Helene is the reincarnation of Queen Esther, we are assured, in her surpassing beauty and in her irresistible grace. Like Esther, Helene has the softness

of the zephyr, the gentleness of the dove, the radiance of the star, the modesty of the lily and the piety of the holy ones of old. It is not as the Queen but as the heroine that she is accorded the homage of the Sicilians as they look upon her strange beauty, her symmetrical form, her classically chiselled face, "where high intellectuality and still higher moral purity blend." She has lifted crying children as they clung to her skirts, and soothed them with the soft tones of her voice in the local dialects she knows so well. This was only one among many touching incidents at Ferruzzano, where she fasted two days and nights, and where grief seemed to have made such inroads upon her beauty that her lustrous eyes dimmed, her lips grew parched and dry, and she swooned while giving milk to a babe found creeping out of the debris.

In a word, affirms this most ardent of the Italian Queen's many admirers, she is another Sarah "not only in her piety, but in the loving defence she accords her husband" and the pious adornment of her spirit. She is another Rebecca, we are told likewise, in that, having damsels of her own, she yet gives the cup of water to the stranger and waits upon the beggar. "She is, too, another Jochebed, the faithful mother, of whom the scriptures tell us she had to listen with pallid cheek while sounds of cursing and despair mingled with wild prayers and sobbing entreaties to be saved—listening to the shriek of impotent infancy, she hears the sullen splash and then the screams of heart-broken mothers that tell her of death consummated." She has the intrepidity of Miriam, who, like herself, was dark-haired, black-eyed, pale-cheeked, thoughtful, while in mind, heart and disposition she is the type of Ruth, "the very impersonation of the loveliest physical womanhood." The very essence of all that is finest in the biblical heroines has concentrated itself, we are told, in Helene, not, indeed, as Queen of Italy, but as queen of the human heart. "In that empire of the affection no gazette will herald her victories; no prices current show her gains; no California gold or Brazilian diamonds constitute her diadem; no rolling drum or pealing trumpet make her music; no fawning courtiers or political demagogues or armed soldiery be her attendants; but to the eye of God and of humanity her trophies of goodness, her coronet of virtue, her sceptre of love, her music of home voices, and the afflicted she has mourned with shall be her glory." Thus is applied to the heroine of the earthquake the

meed of praise reserved hitherto for the heroines of Holy Writ.

The saintliness of Helene is not the less practical for being so rarely biblical. The Queen's experiences among the sufferers from ruin wrought by earthquakes first impressed upon her the necessity of improving Italy's somewhat unscientific system of hospital nursing. She has an almost professional knowledge of the technique of temperature-taking, ventilation, poulticing, antiseptic wound dressing and bandaging. She could pass a very creditable examination, according to the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, on the subject of first aid to the injured. The Queen has learned how to dress a patient for a surgical operation and how to clean the surgeon's instruments antiseptically. She is proficient in the preparation of the triangular bandages used in ambulance work and in improvising a tourniquet from a handkerchief. "She seems never to lose her presence of mind or to display such emotion as is but natural in the hardest when a whole field is strewn, as in battle, with the forms of the dead and dying." There have been times when her physical endurance seemed absolutely incomprehensible to the physicians she aided in the transportation of stretchers over the most primitive country roads.

All official etiquette and anything in the nature of form and ceremony lapse completely in these recurrent crises of stricken Italy. The Queen is merged into the nurse, ready to perform the humblest offices in a garb as humble as that of any peasant woman. Her Majesty has gone hither and thither quite unattended among the Calabrian villages except for the little children who troop about her when she prepares their meal. In the preparation of children's meals the Queen is supposed to be something of an authority, and this part of the work of alleviating the lot of the unfortunate is frequently made over to her. She scrupulously refrains from any assumption of authority, her status being always that of a volunteer nurse assigned to a definite sphere of activity. Her forearm was badly burned on one occasion by the collapse of a tureen of macaroni soup, and while the work of clearing the stricken villages throughout Calabria was in progress after a previous earthquake the ground gave way beneath her feet, and she went down into a pit of some depth with the rain beating upon her. Only last month she had a somewhat narrow escape, the despatches say, from a crazed victim of

the horrors at Messina. Her most famous single exploit, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, was the rescue of a six-months-old babe, orphaned by one of the shocks that have riven Calabria. The Queen was going on her wheel through the Gerace district when she heard the cries of a child. Dismounting, she climbed to the roof of a ruined hut and beheld, through a dismantled thatch, the face of the little one, who was pinioned by a beam. To descend and release the prisoner was the work of a moment, but the Queen could not regain the open air without climbing back to the roof and lifting the child with her. But the escapes

and adventures of Italy's earthquake heroine have been so many, and in some instances so fantastic, observes the German daily which prints this anecdote, that many are classed as pure inventions, originating with newspaper correspondents eager to inject into their despatches some touch of the dramatic. This impression is confirmed by the deportment and appearance of the Queen herself, who is never so subdued, so quiet, so destitute of regality as when, in plain linen, with a cap on her head, she washes and dresses the wounded, makes soup for the hungry, and scrupulously obeys the injunctions of the physician in charge.

THE NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON



HAVING at last taken up his official residence in the capital to which the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty has accredited him, Count von Bernstorff, the new German ambassador in Washington, is manifesting a most un-Machiavellian accessibility. It is to David Jayne Hill, the representative of this republic at the court of William II, that credit must be given for the democracy of the count's attitude, if we may be guided by some hints on the subject conveyed by that well-informed authority on German-American affairs, the *Deutsche Vorkämpfer*. On the eve of his departure from Berlin, the Count, having enjoyed some social evenings with Doctor Hill, was impressed by the readiness with which the American ambassador made welcome all classes of his countrymen. The Count instantly resolved that once he had housed himself beside the Potomac he would make himself to all Germans in America what Doctor Hill has become to all Americans in Germany. The attainment of this end is facilitated, in the Count's case, by his own combination of the vivacity of his first impressions of our country, formed long ago, with that more minute examination which a return here in his present capacity enables him to make.

The personality of the Count is symbolized by his career, which has been steady rather than brilliant. Even in the capital of the Khedive of Egypt, if we may infer anything from the London *Post's* impressions, Count von Bernstorff owed his popularity less to the originality of his ideas and the versatility of his talents than to his admiration of those qualities in others. The

receptivity of the Count's attitude renders him too prone to admire the abilities of those he meets. Hence he is not a maker of conversation, a teller of stories—in short, what is known in Chicago as a "shiner." He is distinctly quiet. With a cigar between his rather thin lips and a fitting smile haunting a somewhat baffling countenance, his reticence is the finest form of that sagacity which reads the character of an interlocutor in feature, gesture, expression, tone. The Count's natural genius is more Gothic than classical, as Madame de Stael would say—that is, he is distinguished by seriousness both in talents and in character rather than by address or vivacity. To this extent the selection of Count von Bernstorff for the Washington mission is unexpected to those British observers who thought William II would charm the Americans by sending among them a sounder of every thrilling note that can be blown through the diplomatic bugle.

Physically, the Count looks this temperament of his. He is tall, clean cut, bearing himself straightly and with shoulders thrown back as he paces in the long frock coat imposed upon him by a conventionality of his position and doffs his high silk hat gravely, revealing, as he does so, his scrupulously parted blond hair. For the Count is of the haughty blond type of Saxon physique, the eye keenly blue, the brow prone to corrugation in moments of mental absorption, the chin well developed, and the nose long and a trifle too definitely tipped for beauty. One has to see the Count smile to appreciate the inspirational nature of his charm. This smile of his alone won him his hosts of Cairo friends, for it was all things to all men—stimulating to the diffi-



THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE

This picture of the Count and Countess von Bernstorff was made as they stood on the dock in New York, gaining their first impressions of the country in which they are so prominent officially.

dent, satisfying to the suspicious. It is an open and progressive smile, never lurking furtively at the corners of the lips, but advancing boldly over the whole typically Teutonic countenance in the spirit of Machiavelli's maxim for the practical man—that it is better to be adventurous than cautious. The Count's friends have inferred that he smiled his way to success in the diplomatic service from the time he first left Berlin as a callow but insinuating attaché to that giddy period when, as the representative of William II in the Egyptian capital, he rode splendidly through the Ezbekiah while uniformed runners ahead of him bade the populace in loud tones make room for the important man. Such progress through even an Oriental thorofare was over gorgeous for the quiet Count, who never liked the khedivial etiquette with its ceremonial splendor, from which the atmosphere of Washington affords him an intense relief.

In the English language the Count is even more at home than he is in the tongue of the fatherland, for this new German ambassador was born in England and spent the first nine years of his life there. In this respect he is

like his predecessor, the lamented Baron von Sternberg, who was born in Yorkshire and reared in the West Riding. Count von Bernstorff, however, has none of those English traits which, in the case of his predecessor, denoted mixed blood. There is no outer crust of aloofness on the surface of his good breeding, through which the stranger must break to the charm within. The smile of Count von Bernstorff is as warmly receptive at a first interview as it remains when one has talked to him for four days in the confinement of an English "week-end" at Chatsworth. As the grizzled grenadier of the Napoleonic guard loved to be shot, Count von Bernstorff likes to be bored. It is the secret of his prodigious social successes.

How unforced is the sympathy of this diplomatist with America and all things American has been shown not only in his democracy of taste and manner, but in his marriage and the education of his children. The Countess von Bernstorff is an American of German descent, her family having settled in this country generations ago. She was educated as an American girl and reared in an American environment. She has never lost touch with this country even when her husband's official position took him quite to the other side of the world. The relatives of the Countess in New York are numerous, while her friends there have been made for her by the cordiality with which in many capitals she has welcomed and entertained them. This lady is now in her forty-second year only, altho her daughter is a full grown young lady and her son wears the uniform of a German officer. The young man has been detained in the fatherland, but the daughter accompanied her parents to this country, and is one of the many debutantes of the present Washington season.

The "note" of the German Embassy here under Count von Bernstorff will, if eulogists of his temperament be well advised, be quietness. The spectacular element in diplomacy will be avoided and the Ambassador will strive not to weary the American public by too constant a demand upon its admiration of his ability as an orator. The gaps in his eloquence will be choked with hospitality—not the imperial hospitality of interminable condiments, but that truer hospitality of the handshake prefacing the offer of a cigar. Wit and eloquence, we understand from our German contemporaries in Berlin, will be of the overflowing heart rather than of the elevated head. The effect, it seems, is to be greater than the



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE IN WASHINGTON

The latest recruit to the ranks of the diplomatic corps in this country, Count Joachim von Bernstorff, Imperial German Ambassador to the United States, stands for the quiet note in diplomacy as distinguished from what is sometimes referred to as the "shirt sleeves" and "brass band" school. He was born in England, and has an American wife of German descent.

talent. There has been a reaction against talent in the Foreign Office at Berlin. Makers of epigrams, quoters of apt citations from the classics, charmers away of ill humor and deft negotiators of combinations are in no such demand as ambassadors as they were wont to be. The cry is all for men to impress upon the nations to which they are sent, explains the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the idea of German good faith, German honesty, German anxiety for the peace of the world, German willingness to respect the rights of others to a place in the sun. The very absence of flame and fancy from the ingredients of the Count's mind commended him for the post he has assumed among us. The circumstance that he has never struck into the province of paradox with an epigram or delighted the convivial with some golden rain of anecdote proved the

ladder up which he climbed from Cairo to our capital. As the first French republic had no use for chemists, the present German Empire has no desire for spectacular diplomatists. Thus does it come about that Berlin, dreading every personification of genius for diplomacy, sends Washington the embodiment of a smile. That smile is the count's. It is the first application to world politics of a familiar law in literature that nations grow weary even of excellence and seek a new way of writing, tho it should be a worse, turning with relief from Shakespeare to a poet less sublime, even as Berlin, surfeited with a Bismarckian diplomacy, treats us to Bernstorff. He lacks fire, but not sagacity. His inspiration is never divine, but he has shrewdness, experience, knowledge of mankind, and a sincere desire to win the respect and affection of this country.

HENEY: A FIRST CLASS FIGHTING MAN

PROVIDENCE forges some of its instruments in very hot furnaces. Francis Joseph Heney, to whose bulldog grip and houndlike pertinacity the conviction of Abe Ruef a few days ago, and his sentence to fourteen years in prison, were chiefly due, may easily be identified even by the most orthodox of us as a providential instrument; but it is more difficult to see the hand of Providence in the schooling to which he was subjected. Drink, gambling, gun-play were the main features of its curriculum, and Heney took the whole course. He never got farther than the Freshman year in a real college; but he took all the degrees there were to take in the school of roystering, fighting, devil-may-care life in the wild and woolly west, even to the killing of his man in a street fight. Heney will be a hard man to write up for a perfectly proper boys' book of heroes, for he did most of the things that boys are taught—and rightly taught—carry a young man straight to the devil. But instead of going to the devil Heney has been for years going for the devil, and with great eclat. By all the rules of the game, as we used to be taught the rules, he should have ended his career somewhat as Jesse James ended his, either on the scaffold or in a striped suit at enforced labor, or shot to death by a sheriff like a hunted animal in a dense chaparral. Instead, he stands before the country to-day as the hero in more than one desperate battle for civic righteousness, a menace to

rascals, whether they be United States Senators, mayors, or financial magnates who run big railroads. He is even mentioned for a cabinet position. The only stripes he seems likely to wear are the Stars and Stripes in which the honest citizens of San Francisco may some time hereafter drape his statue.

After all, the main question in determining a man's career is not what he does incidentally, as he passes through his period of adolescence and young manhood, but what it is that dominates him when final decision is to be made. Two traits dominated Heney—Honesty and Courage. He never did like thieves and thievery, and he has always had the courage to fight them and to take great joy in the fighting. He was born of an Irish father and a German mother, and he breathed his first breath in Lima, N. Y., in 1859, on St. Patrick's Day in the morning—"as tho," says Alfred Henry Lewis, "his mother would pay his Irish father a compliment!" When he was but four years of age the family moved to San Francisco, and Heney prides himself on being not a native New Yorker but a San Francisco Californian. He was brought up as a boy "south of Market Street," which was a tough district, where a boy had to fight or stay at home most of the time.

When he had obtained the liberal education of the grammar school, his father concluded that he had had enough learning, and put him to work in a furniture store. But there was even then in the boy's mind the right kind



Photograph by Brown Bros.

"I'LL CONDUCT THIS PROSECUTION WITHOUT PAY!"

To the courage and pertinacity of Francis J. Heney is chiefly due the recent sentence of Abe Ruef, San Francisco's corrupt political boss, to fourteen years in the San Quentin prison. A score of tragedies, it is said, have attended the trials prosecuted by Heney. The latest of these were the attempt to assassinate him and the suicide of the would-be assassin. Heney was seriously injured, but has recovered, and is now going "up higher," in his prosecutions, to the capitalists who have done the bribing of San Francisco's officials.

of a dominating motive. He was determined, in spite of his father's opposition, to go to college. He went to a night school to prepare for college, and his teachers became so interested that they helped him out of school hours, and in four months entered him in the class of '79 of the state university. His father still refused to let the boy go, and, disappointed and for a time hopeless, young Heney took to a course of carousing that came near ruining his life. In spite of this first break, he soon recovered his nerve, passed a teacher's examination, and took a school. By 1882 he had saved up enough money to enable him to go to college without his father's help. But he was "fired" in his first year. He had joined a sporty fraternity, and was referred to, in a college paper, as an example of the demoralizing influence exerted by secret societies. He hunted up the editor and forced him to tell the name of the writer. Then he went for the writer and thrashed him with a whip. The latter drew a pistol, and Heney grasped the weapon before it could be used. The two were separated, and Heney, being taunted for cowardice in attacking a fellow smaller than himself, proposed a duel with pistols, offering to give the other fellow the first shot. The duel was not fought, but the faculty concluded that Heney was too strenuous a young man for an academic career, and he was sent adrift. Disappointed again, he again took to carousing for a time, and then returned to the teaching of school. He had a lively time with his pupils in Silver City, Idaho, but endeared himself to them finally by means of a lash with a knot tied in the end. But drink and faro soon had him going again, and when he and another man, as the result of a carousal, went about the streets "laying" for each other with loaded weapons, the school trustees looked for a new teacher.

Then he went to mining, and, a little later, almost before he knew it, he found himself practising law. He was left temporarily in charge of a law office in Chalice by a lawyer who had been elected to the legislature. The story is told by Lincoln Steffens—to whom is due the credit for the facts that form the basis of most of this article—in *The American Magazine*:

"It was a murder case. Three 'tin horn' gamblers had a row with a fourth, who was killed. Since the only lawyer left in town was prosecuting attorney, the defence had to retain 'the boy,' Heney. Court met by day in the back room of the leading saloon, where at night the town gambled. The judge sat at the faro table, feeling

ran high, but all went well till it came to the argument. Heney's nerve failed him. He was only twenty years old, and he declared that he couldn't make a speech. But his clients—the whole sporting population—insisted on having 'everything that belonged to a trial,' so they took the boy up to the bar and 'threw drinks into him' till he was in a mood for anything. And so he began his argument. As he proceeded, the prosecuting attorney interjected some abusive remarks. Heney paused, looking to the judge to protect him. But the judge was silent. The room was packed and the crowd moved uneasily, but Heney proceeded till again the prosecuting attorney interrupted, and this time he used 'fighting language.' Heney picked up his chair, and, swinging it over his head, he exclaimed: "If the court won't protect me, I will protect myself."

Instead, however, of braining the other lawyer, Heney dropped the chair, saying: "Your old gray hairs protect you." That made the other lawyer too mad for self-control, and the judge fined them both. Heney's fine was paid on the spot by the crowd, the prosecuting attorney resigned in a huff, and Heney won this his first case.

Then he became a cowboy. His brother, Ben, had a ranch which was being managed by a grafting partner. Heney drove away the grafter and took charge himself. He was hazed by the cowboys, rode bucking broncos, learned to rope obstreperous steers and to keep a tin can moving along the ground by firing bullets into it with a revolver until it was out of range. Then he went to Fort Apache to dislodge another grafter in charge of his brother's Indian trading store. His career in dislodging grafters, therefore, began early. He continued the practice of law "on the side," and Steffens tells how he sued a railroad for the killing of a cow, got a judgment for \$50 for his client, and secured payment by the simple process of chaining the driving wheel of a freight engine to the rails and mounting guard with a revolver until the judgment was satisfied. Then, at the age of thirty, he went to Tucson determined to become a real lawyer. One of the first things he found out there was that the grafter he had driven from Fort Apache was a candidate for county treasurer. Young Heney went into politics at once, and he soon found that he who fights political graft has a long, long fight on his hands. He was not a typical reformer. He still drank and gambled. But he was honest and he was courageous, and, being a fighter by instinct and training, he entered upon the contest that has carried him on to national fame.

But he made a discovery about this time that humiliated him. It came about as the result of a good licking that he received. He had a grudge against the son of a politician, and, desiring a chance to fight this son, he wrote up a broadside against the father that blasted the latter's hopes of being made a judge. Here is the story of what followed:

"A day or two later some friends of Heney told him in the Court House that Calvert Wilson [the son] was looking for him. Heney laughed.

"He'll come back," he said. "I'll go to my office, Calvert will come in, and you watch me throw him out."

"Heney crossed the street to his office, laid off his coat, and, by and by, Calvert Wilson called. He invited Heney out into the hall, and demanded to know—

"The next minute Heney was on the floor with Wilson on top of him. 'And,' says Heney, 'when my friends came rushing in, they didn't see me throwing Wilson out; they saw me hanging on to him to keep him from throwing me out.' The spectators made the two fighters stand up and fight. Again Wilson threw Heney, and again and again; six times the Harvard man downed the Westerner and each time Heney struck on the back of his head, 'good and hard.' Then the crowd stopped the fight. Heney was licked, and well licked too. He was sick, as well as humiliated."

"Utterly disgusted with himself, he consulted a physician, who told him that he was in a bad way physically; if he wanted to live to lick Wilson or any other man he must stop drinking and go into training. A day or two after that the butcher and the baker met Heney at daybreak running and walking two or three miles out of town, and Tucson had it that Frank Heney was crazy."

Heney made up the quarrel with Wilson later, but for two years he remained a total abstainer, and "never since," says Steffens, "has liquor interfered with his work." His law practice became one of the largest and most lucrative in Arizona.

The story of the killing of Dr. Handy has been told and retold many times. Handy was a big, brave, bullying sort of man, weighing two hundred pounds, a sure shot, a deadly enemy. He left his wife to live with another woman and then sued for a divorce. One after another of the lawyers employed by the wife were bullyragged by Handy, and quit the job. Heney happened to be in the office of one of them when Handy called and made his threats. It aroused all Heney's spunkiness, and he volunteered to take the woman's case. His friends were aghast, and tried to dissuade him. "I will try the case or I'll take down my shingle," said Heney. "I would rather be dead than have it said that a woman couldn't be defended in a civil suit in a town where I

was practising law." During the weeks that followed, Heney took all sorts of insults from Handy, in the restaurants, on the streets, in all sorts of places. "One name that he called me every day I had never in my life permitted any man to call me," he told Steffens. "I took it then. I took it every day." The trial dragged along for a year and a half, and Handy got a verdict in his favor. Heney appealed the case. He was told to abandon the appeal or leave the territory. But, having tried the case, Heney felt free at last to fight. They met on the street, and Handy assaulted him. Heney broke from the big man's hold and drew his gun. Handy made a grab for it just as Heney fired. Handy was fatally shot, dying the next day. The hearing in the case resulted in Heney's prompt discharge.

Heney kept up his activity in politics, fighting hard to clean the grafters out of his party, the Democratic. He became county chairman and a big influence in the territorial committee, and then became attorney-general of Arizona. He expected, if Arizona had succeeded in securing admission as a state under Cleveland's administration, to be elected a United States senator. But Arizona was not admitted because Cleveland wanted no more free silver Democrats in the Senate at that time. Disappointed in his ambition, Heney left the territory. A few years later the discovery of timber land frauds on a large scale in Oregon were unearthed, and Heney was employed as special prosecutor by the federal government. The most startling result of his work was the conviction and sentence of Senator Mitchell. It is possible that the recent clash between the President and Congress over the use of secret service men is in part an echo of that conviction of Mitchell.

But the contest in San Francisco has been the fight of Heney's life. It is a great drama that has been going on out there for the last two and a half years. At least a score of tragedies, it is said, can be traced to the trials that Heney has instituted. One man has gone insane. Four millionaires have gone into exile. A chief of police has died, as popularly believed, by his own hand. Heney himself was shot and dangerously wounded a few months ago, and a day or two later his would-be assassin committed suicide. Attempts were made on the lives of Crothers, the editor, and Older, the managing editor, of the *Bulletin*. But never in the whole long series of tragedies has Heney's nerve deserted him. He secured a verdict

against Schmitz and Ruef, and the state supreme court overthrew it. In a new trial, a new verdict has been secured, and Ruef has been sentenced to the penitentiary for fourteen years. But Heney is after bigger men than either Schmitz or Ruef. Calhoun, the millionaire head of the traction company in San Francisco, and Harriman, the head of the Southern Pacific, are regarded by him as the men most responsible for the corrupt conditions out by the Golden Gate. Here are some extracts from a recent speech by Heney, delivered in Pennsylvania, in which conditions in San Francisco are described:

"We must reason from cause to effect. The corruption of the city life in San Francisco was not found in the deals made by Ruef, but was due to the fact that Harriman wanted to use certain men. Our real boss sits in New York City. . . .
 "According to my deduction, the head of the legal department of the Southern Pacific railway, W. E. Herrin, was the boss behind the apparent boss. But I am convinced that Herrin was, after all, the tool of the actual boss—Harriman."

Heney was induced to enter into the San Francisco fight by Fremont Older, managing editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. According to George Kennan, writing in *McClure's*, this is what Heney told Rudolph Spreckels, the financial backer of the prosecution, in reply to a question as to what it would cost to make the fight for reform and to carry it to a finish:

"Before we go into that, Mr. Spreckels, I should like to ask whether you understand and have fully considered the probable consequences of the action that you propose to take? You are, I assume, a novice in this sort of work, but Mr. Burns and I have had experience, and we can tell you what is likely to happen to you. If you carry this fight through to a finish, without discrimination and without favor, you may ultimately find yourself up against men of wealth, power, and high social position. Some of them may even be your personal associates and friends. They will naturally turn against you, and in defending themselves they will do you all the harm they can. You must be prepared for loss of friends, injury to your business, false statements about your character and motives, and worries and annoyances of all kinds. You must even be ready to take the risk of assassination, because when men are threatened with the penitentiary and see no other way of escape they sometimes commit murder, or hire it done. Have you thought of all these things?"

Mr. Spreckels replied that he had thought of some of them and was fully prepared to take the risk of all.

"Very well," said Mr. Heney, "I'll join you, and we'll carry this prosecution just as far and just as high up as the evidence will take us. My estimate of the expense is one hundred thousand dollars."

Asked what he thought his own share of this sum should be, Heney replied: "I don't want any share at all. If you—a man of wealth, a man who doesn't have to go into things of this kind—are willing to give it your time and your money, to sacrifice your comfort, and, if necessary, your business and your friends, in order to put up a fight for honest government, I should be a poor sort of creature if I were not willing to make some sacrifice myself. I'll conduct this prosecution without pay."

If Heney had been content to go no higher than Ruef and Schmitz, he would not have encountered anything like the opposition that he has had to contend with. But his conscience would not let him stop there. Just after he was shot, November 14, in Judge Lawlor's court room, by an ex-convict who had sought a place on the jury, and whose record was exposed by Heney, the latter issued a signed statement that shows the spirit in which the man has wrought. He said:

"In this great human battle against vice and corruption let no one believe that the true source is to be found in the individual dynamiters, jury bribers, kidnappers, and assassins, and that their extermination means ultimate victory. Such beings are but the bubbles welling from the pool of filth that has been years in making. The seed has been sown, and we must reap the harvest; but in gathering the tares let us be satisfied with nothing but the root.

"It has been a terrible sacrifice, but if my blood has not been shed in vain, if the assassin's bullet has suddenly disclosed to the public eye the hideousness of the gigantic conspiracy to defeat the law, then I shall feel that I have not lived in vain, that my poor efforts have met with immeasurable benefit to my beloved city and State."

In recognition of this spirit, President Roosevelt sent a telegram to Heney's wife, saying, in part: "Like every good American, I hold your husband in peculiar regard for the absolutely fearless way in which he has attacked and exposed corruption without any regard to the political or social prominence of the offender or to the dangerous character of the work."

Since then, the country has been startled by new disclosures of official graft in Pittsburg, paralleling, perhaps, that in San Francisco. And, by a singular coincidence, the traction company which is alleged to be behind this Pittsburg sculduggery is controlled by the same capitalists that control that in San Francisco. When Heney has cleaned up his work in California, there may be another job for him in the Smoky City.

Literature and Art

IS MILTON'S POETRY STILL VITAL?

HE whole English-speaking world has been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Milton. Poems have been written in his honor, addresses delivered, essays printed. Processions and banquets have been organized and performances of his dramas have been given. But underneath all the hubbub the question insistently obtrudes: Do we read him any longer? In this twentieth century is he still vital?

The London *Saturday Review* admits that Milton is "no longer popular," and the London *Outlook* believes that "the present generation does not read Milton, at least after its school-days are done." The New York *Evening Post* is of the same opinion. It asks:

"Apart from public ceremonies, how much is Milton actually enjoyed to-day, not generally, for no great poet can be exactly popular, but by the scholars and professors of culture who are proclaiming his honor? How many of them, if pressed, would say, as Dr. Johnson avowed, that 'we read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions'? Or, to take a modern instance, how many of them in their hearts would agree with the distinguished professor of English literature who not long ago wrote that 'no one nowadays would read "Paradise Lost" for pleasure'? It is a fair suspicion that one might open the poet's works in many a well-used library without finding the owner's favorite passages marked, as they were in Lamb's copy, with a 'soiled crumb of right Gloucester, . . . or, peradventure, a stray ash of tobacco.'"

A New York gentleman has been encouraged by this editorial to confess that for forty years he has sincerely tried to read Milton. "Even last night," he writes in a recent letter to *The Post*, "I began to read 'Comus,' but, alas! I simply could not do it." He begs *The Post* to suggest some way whereby he can "positively feel interested in 'Paradise Lost,' or, in fact, any of the long poems." He writes further:

"I love books more than almost anything else. I can delight in Shakespeare and Addison and Johnson, and others of that age, but as yet Milton is simply a closed book. I presume that for years to come I'll bravely try to find the key. I will

doubtless hie away from wife and children and say to myself, as I have many a time, 'Now I'll certainly master this wonderful work.' I try to avoid the feeling that I am making a task of it. I try to throw myself into the spirit of the past, and for an hour I hug the delusion that I know which is the beginning and the end of a sentence. I try to think of a serpent as actually talking to a woman, and she not appearing to be greatly surprised. I endeavor to construct the old theological dogmas that led to such beliefs, and then—oh, the bed looks so tempting, and in fifteen minutes my paradise has been regained. I am sound asleep."

The Post has not, as yet, suggested a "way" out of this gentleman's difficulties. It declares, however, its own conviction that the man who does not know how to enjoy Milton misses "a large world of delight." "There are in his poetry," it continues, "deep wells of emotion, which can be found in no books of the present day, and whose exhilaration, unless we seek it there, we are likely never to know." The feeling, indeed, is widespread that Milton *ought* to be widely read, even tho he is not.

Every young writer and critic, says Wilfred Whitten, in *Putnam's Magazine*, has something to learn from Milton. "Even the novelist of to-day," Mr. Whitten is convinced, "in common with the historian, the essayist and the poet, has something to gain from keeping a chamber of his mind sacred to Milton and reverberant with his austere music." More specifically, Mr. Whitten says:

"What Professor Raleigh calls the besetting sin of the Romantics—the employment of irrelevant and excessive detail—would surely be purged by loyalty to the master of English Classicism. Nor would this be the only vice to wither away in contact with Milton's altar flame. The power to prolong, and balance, and undulate a sentence would be acquired by reminiscence; and the young writer would not need Milton's explicit disapproval of the staccato style, so useful as a spurt, so wearying as a pace."

Mr. Whitten goes on to pay an enthusiastic tribute to the inherent vitality and poetic value of Milton's best writing:

"Poor and unhappy is that man for whom Milton's poetry has not provided spiritual fountains and hiding-places. How the mind rests itself, after many wanderings, in the searching moral dignity of certain passages! No poet—and this is

one secret of Milton's influence and appositeness—has so mingled moral with natural beauty, has so beneficently confused the purity of nature and that of the heart's best desires. His mere landscapes implant a hunger for good. Who does not feel this in reading such lines as these:

fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.

There is no fathoming the pure suggestions and the recall of youth in such lines. Or how is one to exhaust the marvel of those in 'Lycidas,' in which the Cornish coast is described with a sense of sublimity and space which one could not have thought to be within the compass of language.

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st, by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

Such scenes are more real than any in nature, for they belong to those landscapes of the inner eye which we have caught from old dreams in the beginnings of life and worship—that haunting world which flashed only to fade, yet glimmers behind all that we think and see."

With the same sort of enthusiasm, Harry Thurston Peck, in *The Cosmopolitan*, speaks of Milton's "rare, divine and unmistakable gift of fusing thought and language in such a way, and with such fire of genius, as to render the combination overwhelming, never-to-be-forgotten, irresistible." It is not the trick of the facile phrase. It is the supreme dominance of the lure of language which Shakespeare alone has shared. Professor Peck writes:

"There are not a few of Milton's passages which, if quoted offhand, would, even by many intelligent people, be at once ascribed to Shakespeare. Such are the two lines:

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

Such, again, are the following:

That last infirmity of noble minds.
To-morrow to fresh woods and
pastures new.
He touched the tender stops of
various quills.

Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

Hell

Grew darker at their frown.

Myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep.

Heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving.

There are lines and phrases from 'Paradise Lost' which many believe to be Biblical rather than

Miltonic. They all have a quality of crag-like greatness, as do some of the splendid passages of his prose. It is not true, as Addison remarked, that 'our language sank under him,' or, as others of later date have written, that he is too uniformly majestic, so that we hear only organ strains in Milton's music. In his lovely poems, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' which were written at Horton, near Windsor, when he was twenty-five, there is a whole fairy orchestra of chiming bells, and flutes, and harps. There is playfulness as well as the rarest poetic fancy. Who will not recall:

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe?

And again:

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom?

And wonderfully Shakespearean is that daring mixture of metaphors in 'Lycidas,'

Blind mouths, that scarce themselves
know how to hold

A sheep-hook,

which can fairly be set beside that other expressive paradox in 'Paradise Lost,'

No light, but rather darkness visible.

"Here, briefly, we may see why Milton, in the history of our language, stands second only to Shakespeare."

To speak of Milton, then, as being "out of date" is as futile as to say that Shakespeare himself has been outlived. A writer in *The Fortnightly Review*, Alice Law, declares:

"As the sun and moon they are to each other: Milton lighting up the invisible world, the silent witness of God, cold, serene, and lofty in the heavens, Shakespeare warming and lighting our visible globe, breeding life on it, and also occasionally breeding carrion. We are all brave and lusty in the power of sunlight, but it is when be-nighted, stumbling, and off the track that the moon becomes our helper. It is the old anti-thesis of the Ideal and the Real. While Milton on the one hand points to the bitter fruit of man's first Disobedience, and the cost of his Redemption, Shakespeare gives us the impression of not caring a jot whether Man has been disobedient or not, the impression even of one who revels in his very scrapes and shortcomings. Like some big-hearted schoolboy he romps and frolics with us, while Milton, the grave, tho kindly High Master, stands regarding the sport from afar. Shakespeare wins our heart by his flattering appeal to the latent egoism in each of us: no one is apparently too insignificant to be taken thought of, and the poorest of us struts a fine fellow on his boards. Milton, on the other hand, finds little to admire in Man as he is, but glories in the conception of what he once was and again might be! The contrasts between their points of view—the spiritual and the human—cannot perhaps be better exemplified than in their respective heroes; on the one hand Adam, towering, gracious, glorious, and godlike; on the other the gallantly confiding fat knight, the gentle, gross, immortal Falstaff. Shakespeare's appeal is to

***GREAT WRITERS.** By George Edward Woodberry. Mc-Clure, Phillips & Company.



A HISTORIAN WHO REVEALS THE INNER MOTIVE

"History," says Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent Italian author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "is not mere anatomy; it should be considered rather as a study in psychology."

FERRERO, THE MASTERLY INTERPRETER OF ANCIENT ROME



THE visit to this country of Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian, may serve to illustrate, in a very delightful way, the romantic elements that lie hidden in our modern and outwardly prosaic life. Ferrero lives in Turin. For several years past he has been writing and publishing his history of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." His fellow-countrymen did not think so very much of his work, tho in France it was highly praised, and Ferrero was invited to lecture in Paris. Then, one day, came a letter from a far country. It was written by the Italian ambassador at Washington, and the gist of the message was that President Roosevelt had been reading Ferrero's history and was greatly impressed by its merits. In fact, this letter said, the President was so much interested in the history that he wanted Ferrero to come to America and talk it over. So Ferrero came.

Since his arrival, he and the President have enjoyed together many hours of discussion on historical topics. The public would doubtless be very much interested in knowing what they said, but unfortunately no record of the conversations has been kept. All that we know for certain is contained in one vivid sentence divulged by Ferrero to a reporter of the *New York Evening Post*. "Mr. Roosevelt," the historian said, "thinks Cæsar the greatest character in history, a noble type of manhood, well worth imitating; but he despises Napoleon as the greatest hypocrite that ever trod the face of the earth."

It is not to be inferred from the foregoing that President Roosevelt is the only American genuinely interested in Ferrero's history. The English translation* of the work, as it has appeared in this country, has been widely read and discussed. A year and a half ago, we characterized Ferrero in these pages as "a historian who writes like a novelist." But he is much more than that. He is a historian with powers of insight approaching genius.

The magnitude of Ferrero's achievement lies not in his discovery of new sources. He uses, in the main, the authorities from which his predecessors have derived their information. His peculiar gift is in his new reading of old

facts. His interpretation is truer than that of others because he understands human nature better. "History is not mere anatomy," he says; "it should be considered rather as a study in psychology."

In preparing himself for his task, which he regards as a life-work, Ferrero saturated himself in the ancient literature of Rome. He gathered all the original records he could lay his hands on. The letters of Cicero, Suetonius and Dion Cassius he read as many as ten times over. Gradually his main hypotheses shaped themselves in his mind. Some proved tenable, others untenable. The hypotheses that stood the test of the facts became the foundation on which his whole historical structure was raised.

It is useless, according to Ferrero, to attempt to write history unless one has the imaginative power to frame great hypotheses. He has lately told a *New York Times* interviewer:

"To write history you must surround yourself with hypotheses, tracing each one to its origin or until you prove it untenable. Take, for example, the government of Augustus. One hypothesis is that he founded a monarchy under the guise of a republic; another is that he attempted to resurrect the old republic without reviving the old aristocracy; or there may be others. But whatever hypothesis one takes, one must not do as Mommsen did—consecrate 250 pages to the 'Momentum Ancyranum' and arrive at nowhere. Why did Julia go into exile? Why did Tiberius succeed Augustus? A man like Augustus, who had governed the world for forty-three years, must have had some policy. History should show what it was."

The predominating quality in Ferrero's mode of expression is its vitality. He writes with the repressed vivacity of the Italian. He could not be dull if he tried. But it must not be supposed that he sacrifices accuracy to journalistic sparkle. He is a scholar, and he knows his subject through and through.

The four volumes of the history thus far translated cover, with the exception of five introductory chapters, a period of less than a hundred years. Volumes I and II deal with the age of Cæsar, from the death of Sulla to the Ides of March. Volumes III and IV are devoted to the period which intervened between Cæsar's death and the departure of Augustus for the East, B.C. 21. Under Ferrero's handling this remote past unfolds before

*THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Volumes I., II., III., IV. Translated by Alfred E. Zimmern and H. J. Chaytor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

us like a vast stage on which the masses, the agricultural aristocracy, the commercial middle class all play a part. In the language of Sibilla Aleramo, who writes in *Putnam's Magazine*:

"Figures stand out on this background—agitators such as Catiline, governors enriched by graft, such as Verres, young provincial Italians such as Cornelius Nepos, Cicero and Varron, hurrying to exercise in the capital their oratorical, poetical and scientific talents; later on, Horace and Virgil, and powerful bankers like Atticus the friend of Cicero and Maecenas, the friend of Horace. Then the great enemies of Rome emerge, such as Mithridates and Cleopatra. Finally, in high relief, appear the great captains, legislators and conquerors—Lucullus, Cæsar, Augustus—makers of empire and playthings of fate, who, believing they are accomplishing their own objects, achieve others. . . . We see not only great men and smaller figures mingling in contemporaneous society, moved by the passions of the time, by personal ambitions and necessities of the struggle for supremacy, but also, and above all, the play of the great economic forces that govern society and direct it unsuspected by its contemporaries."

Ferrero is at his happiest in his brilliant pen-pictures of the great personalities of ancient times. He conceives of Julius Cæsar as something of a demagog, but a demagog in the good sense—that is, as one who indulged the prejudices of the people in order to accomplish a statesman's purpose. Augustus is described as "an old man at thirty-five," without any of the qualities that made Cæsar great, the heir of Cicero rather than of the great Dictator. The usually accepted interpretation of Augustus as the first of the Emperors, who established despotism under the forms of the republic, playing a political comedy all the time, Ferrero not only repudiates but ridicules. Mark Antony appears as "a man of powerful frame and active mind, daring and generous, but sensual, imprudent, proud and violent." Of Cleopatra we get this picture:

"Herself utterly cold and callous, insensitive by nature to the flame of true devotion, Cleopatra was one of those women gifted with an unerring instinct for all the various roads to men's affections. She could be the shrinking, modest girl, too shy to reveal her half-unconscious emotions of jealousy and depression and self-abandonment; or a woman carried away by the sweep of a fiery and uncontrollable passion. She could tickle the esthetic sensibilities of her victims by rich and gorgeous festivals, by the fantastic adornment of her own person and her palace, or by brilliant discussions on literature and art; she could conjure up all the grosser instincts with the vilest

obscenities of conversation, with the free and easy jocularly of a woman of the camps."

Cleopatra, Ferrero thinks, was not a particularly beautiful woman. Her portraits show a fleshy face and a powerful aquiline nose. Her power was in her personality. The Shakespearean tradition of Antony and Cleopatra as infatuated lovers is replaced by a much more prosaic interpretation of the couple as scheming politicians who for ends of their own entered into an alliance which was to yield Antony hard cash and Cleopatra an Eastern empire.

Another tradition overthrown by Ferrero is that which represents Antony as having made a perfervid funeral address at the death of Cæsar. In treating this episode Ferrero follows Plutarch and Suetonius. The assassination of Cæsar, he argues, precipitated a civil crisis that must have compelled Antony to exercise prudence and caution. It is probable, he asserts, that in the days of doubt which followed Antony tried to steer a middle course between the popular party and the conservatives, and that even at Cæsar's funeral he only added a few perfunctory words to the reading of the Senatorial decree.

Ferrero is original, but he is not extravagant, and his theories all have a basis in fact. "So far as Ferrero differs from Mommsen," says Harry Thurston Peck in *The Bookman*, "it is not in cutting loose from the historical literature of the past, but rather in adhering much more closely to it than did Mommsen, who rested his case perhaps too much upon philological and archeological investigation." The same writer continues:

"It must be said, if we are to compare the two historians, that the Italian is quite as prone as the German to give us imaginative inferences. When you come to sift the matter down, it all ends in this: that both men have looked at the same facts and consulted the same authorities, and that the difference lies wholly in the point of view. Mommsen throws a low light upon Pompey and Cicero, for example, and a high light upon Cæsar, while with Ferrero this process is reversed. Essentially, however, there is little difference between the two. . . . Ferrero's volumes do not supersede the work of Mommsen for that portion of Roman history which Mommsen's volumes cover. At the most, they may be viewed as a corrective."

Ferrero himself would be the last to claim that his interpretation is final. As he conceives it, the writing of history is an infinite process. "In twenty or thirty years," he declares, "I shall take up my history again, and the work will go on."

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT IN MODERN LITERATURE



ONE of the challenging signs of the times is to be found in the growing strength of the Socialist appeal to literary men. Socialism is leaving its impress not merely on the political but on the intellectual life of the day. It has appealed to men of genius as far apart as Maxim Gorky and William Morris, and has colored the best work of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France. Here in America it has tinted alike the Arcadian dreams of Mr. Howells, the lurid visions of Jack London, and the noble poetry of Edwin Markham.

Robert Hunter, in his new book,* "Socialists at Work," declares that the literature of Socialism, in its largest sense, represents "perhaps the main current" in the literary effort of recent years. He divides it into two periods. The first was Socialistic, rather than Socialist, and corresponded with the unorganized and not always intelligent revolt of the working classes previously to the eighties. Nearly all the great minds in literature, consciously or unconsciously, translated into their work the spirit of unrest and blind revolt characteristic of the time. Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Zola, Whitman, Carlyle and Ruskin, to mention only a few, were all expressing in varied form the widespread discontent with the existing social order. Mr. Hunter says:

"Amidst the storms then raging over Europe there was something magnificent in the Titanic labors of these men. Analyzing the warring elements, describing the discord, lamenting the carnage, they sought for some guiding principle, but in vain; they could only voice the spirit of their restless, questioning, dissatisfied age. They were the prophets, rather than the teachers of the new time of which they saw but the dawn. 'I know not if I deserve,' said Heine, 'that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword; for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation war of humanity.' The same wish might have been expressed by all these men, for without exception they placed higher than their art their work in the service of humanity."

It is not a mere coincidence, continues Mr. Hunter, that during the same period another

group of great minds was trying to form an International Working Men's Association. Marx, Engels, Bakounine, Mazzini, were all minds of a high order, and all were connected with the International at some time in its history. "It represented in active life," we read, "what the other group represented in literature. Both groups felt instinctively the modern revolt; both saw the evils of our economic system; both recoiled from the anarchy in society, the bitter poverty of the many, the arrogant dominance of the few. But the Internationalists, like the writers, could arrive at no common program; and, after a few years of troubled existence, their organization broke into dissension and discord, which was also characteristic of the time. Mr. Hunter writes further:

"The eighties mark a new period in the literature as well as in the politics of Socialism. There began to appear at that time in all the countries of Europe a new force. There was the same revolt against the anarchy of society, against poverty and riches, but with it there came a master passion which differed fundamentally from the vague democratic yearnings of the older men. Carlyle, as well as the others, had noticed the growing proletariat, but he no more than they understood the historic role they were destined to play. Matthew Arnold said: 'Our present social organization has been an appointed stage in our growth; it has been of good use, and has enabled us to do great things. But the use is at an end, and the stage is over.' Nearly all the older men were of a similar view. They felt that society was on the eve of new developments, but of these their thought was vague and uncertain. In general their attitude was destructive and negative; more in accord with Bakounine than with Marx, who was coming to be the dominant spirit of the rising movement.

"Socialism was beginning to manifest itself in definite form in Germany, in France, in Belgium, and even in England. It was no longer a mere revolt, and as an organized and disciplined movement it began to play an important role in the political life of Europe. It was hardly to be expected that the older men would fully understand the new movement, and it was but natural that in the main it was the younger men in literature and art who gave it expression. In any case, nothing could be more remarkable than the rapid change following the seventies. After the vague democratic yearnings and the purely destructive criticism of the older generation, succeeded a gospel that dominated men of widely different talents; as, for instance: William Morris, Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, Maurice Maeterlinck, Alexander Kielland, Maxim Gorky, H. G. Wells, Giovanni Verga, Gerhart Hauptmann, Edmondo de Amicis, Grant Allen, Edward Carpenter, Giovanni Pascoli, Ada Negri and Frederik van Eeden."

*SOCIALISTS AT WORK. By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Company.

William Morris is accorded by Mr. Hunter a first place in the literature of Socialism. This great-hearted Englishman had already done two men's work, as poet and artist, at the time he threw himself into Socialism. For upwards of ten years he devoted himself to its propaganda. The fruitage of this period consists of pamphlets, lectures, essays, poems and two romances, "The Dream of John Ball" and "News from Nowhere." Mr. Hunter characterizes "The Dream of John Ball" as "one of the finest romances in our language." Of "News from Nowhere," he says:

"Morris wrote 'News from Nowhere' as a retort to the machine-like Utopia of Edward Bellamy. Loving labor, he did not want to be freed from it, and he could not tolerate the thought of a civilization founded upon bell-butions and automatic machines. It was his ideal that all work should be worth doing, and be in itself pleasurable. He says: 'It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.' This claim is the basis of all his Socialism. 'To feel,' as he says, 'that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward *could* not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then?' 'News from Nowhere' is the dream of a society based upon that claim."

Bernard Shaw, Mr. Hunter thinks, can hardly be understood apart from his relation to Socialism. "He employs the drama for social and political ends as the church once did for moral and religious ends."

"Many of Shaw's admirers fail to grasp the fundamental purpose underneath his work, mainly, I think, for the reason that wit is so rarely found among social reformers and idealists. He is too often considered merely a man of literary fancy and conceit, fond of trifling with the world's great movements, and jeering at cherished ideals and ancient beliefs. But in all his novels, which were written in the early eighties when most of his time was spent in propaganda for the Socialist movement, and in his plays, which have been written during the last ten years, a definite social philosophy manifests itself. 'John Bull's Other Island' is a political tract on the Irish question, and 'Widowers' Houses' shows, as Shaw himself says, 'middle-class respectability and younger son gentility, fattening on the poverty of the slum.' 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' deals with the problem of wage-earning women under modern economic conditions, and attempts to prove, to use Shaw's own words again, that 'any society which desires to found itself on a high standard of integrity of character in its units should organize itself in such a fashion as to make it possible too for all men and all women to maintain themselves in reasonable comfort by their industry without sell-

ing their affections and their convictions. At present we condemn women as a sex to attach themselves to "breadwinners," licitly or illicitly, on pain of heavy privation and disadvantage.' 'Man and Superman,' 'Major Barbara,' and 'The Doctor's Dilemma' have a broader social outlook. They embrace Shaw's acute criticisms of modern life and the elements of his constructive social philosophy. As Holbrook Jackson says, what Shaw 'has aimed at doing for the English stage is what Ibsen, Tolstoy, Strindberg, Brieux, and others have done for the European stage; that is, to inaugurate a problem drama of modern ideas, to exhibit dramatically the vital part of human beings struggling against things and conditions.'"

H. G. Wells and Anatole France are two more of the leading authors of the day whose work shows the strong impress of Socialist influence:

"H. G. Wells, in 'A Modern Utopia,' gives us a series of utopian speculations based upon the scientific achievement of to-day, and a vision of the enormous possibilities for human development in a society in which thought and labor shall be dominated by the passion for human welfare. Anatole France, in 'Sur la Pierre Blanche,' pictures a society arising out of the Socialist movement now growing in strength and acquiring power in all the countries of Europe. . . . This Utopia is compressed into about sixty pages. There is no effort to plan in detail a new society, and on the whole it resembles the work of H. G. Wells, except that the utopian speculation upon the progress of science is more definite. Flying machines and wireless telegraphy have abolished the frontiers; agriculture is a department of chemistry; architecture is the highest developed art, as it is the most useful; in education there is no more necessity for studying theology and law; and wireless telegraphy has done away with the need for police. Music retains its old power, and in the theatre the lyrical replaces comedy and tragedy. Invasion from American and Asiatic countries hostile to Socialist is rendered impossible by a belt of powerful electrical instruments that a boy can set in motion. 'Sur la Pierre Blanche' is a delightful piece of imaginative writing, and incidentally presents in their most attractive form the fundamental principles of the modern Socialist movement."

It is in connection, however, with "De Kleine Johannes," or "The Quest," by Frederik van Eeden, that Mr. Hunter becomes most enthusiastic. "I know of nothing in literature," he says, "more sweetly fantastical."

"Hovering about the infancy of Johannes are fascinating little fairies who lead him hither and thither through the world of fancy. There is 'Windekind,' whom he wants to take him to the setting sun streaming out of the golden cloud-gates. There are the little angels of fancy that introduce him into the entrancing world of four-footed creatures and of the winged beasts of the air, 'Wistick' and many other little fairy gods try to show him the beauty of all other creatures

but man, and the exquisite harmony of all other societies except the human. And then there is 'Pluizer,' who takes Johannes into the dirty narrow streets of the city, where the little strip of blue sky looks only a finger's breadth, where children creep over cold floors, and little girls hum melodies to their thin, pale nurslings. Following 'Pluizer' comes 'Marcus,' a gaunt, wandering scissors-grinder, who goes about among circus folk and factory hands preaching a kind of Christian Socialism. He takes with him little Johannes, who looks upon the wandering missionary as a kind of deity, despite his long hair, silly old cap, and frayed-out trousers. As they lie one night upon a hard mattress in a wayside garret, Johannes falls to weeping over the toil, the poverty, and squalor they see and suffer. 'When I see your shabby clothes and blackened hands,' sobs Johannes, 'when I hear you addressed as comrade by these poor and filthy people, when I see you sharing their hard and unlovely life, then I cannot keep from crying.' 'It is dreadful,' Marcus answers, 'not on my account, but because of the necessity for it.' 'But how can there be any need of your being so plain and sad? Is

there anything good in plainness and sadness?' 'No, Johannes; plainness and sadness are evils. The beautiful and the joyful only are good, and it is they we must seek.'

"I do not know what 'The Quest' means. It is vague and uncertain, as I suppose a quest must be, but as a picture of the unrealities we love and of the realities we hate there is not its like. And yet what a painful journey; with its vague, pervasive longing for some certainty, for peace, beauty and goodness, for kindliness, for human sympathies, for respect for each other's soul and each other's individuality. It is all quest,—lonesome, uncertain quest for that hidden ideal, always seeming to be in the near future, yet ever evading our grasp when we seem to reach it. It is a sorrowful tale; and our hearts ache with the little Johannes as he goes through the big world on this serious business. But it helps us to understand the inevitable impulse of the ever active brain and the ever-yearning heart to struggle forward toward the light; a struggle not only of the individual, but of masses of individuals. It is the sole worthy and important portent of the Socialist movement, of all quests the greatest."

THE MOST EMINENT OF LIVING AMERICAN WOMEN PAINTERS



WHEN the French Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, referred in a recent speech to Miss Mary Cassatt as "one of our artistic glories," he undoubtedly voiced the sentiment prevailing in France with regard to the gifted lady who is conceded, in artistic circles, to be the greatest woman-painter of American birth now living. Miss Cassatt was born in Pittsburg, but chose for artistic reasons to live in France. She has lately visited America for the first time in twelve years, and an exhibition of her pictures, soon to be held in Boston, promises to bring her work prominently before the public.

Miss Cassatt is not unknown in this country. She contributed to the decoration of the Woman's Building at the Chicago Fair, and has exhibited in the galleries of the Society of American Artists. But she is not as well known or appreciated in America as in France, where two of her pictures have won the coveted honor of inclusion in the Luxembourg collection. She is a painter for the cultivated few rather than for the unlearned many, and has sternly refused, from the first, to paint the merely "pretty" pictures that so many admire. Early in her career she went abroad and studied the "old masters." She traveled through Holland, Spain and Italy. The Italian

"primitive" painters fascinated her most of all, and Coreggio left an impress on her art that has endured until this day. Her travels ended in Paris. This was in the late seventies, when Edouard Manet, Edgar Degas, Claude Monet, Auguste Renoir, and their followers, were blazing the way for the new and then much execrated "impressionistic" school. Miss Cassatt found herself in heartiest sympathy with their aims and ideals, and decided to affiliate with them.

Under the tutelage of Degas, she may be said to have "found" herself, and during the years that have followed she has grown steadily in the capacity for individual expression and in mastery of her technique. Her paintings are mostly of child life, and "she is, perhaps," says Camille Mauclair, the distinguished French critic, "the artist of this period who has understood and expressed children with the greatest originality." An American critic, writing from Paris to the *Chicago Post*, has said:

"No one else ever portrayed childhood as Miss Cassatt; no one else has observed and made their own the thousand and one little gestures of babyhood. One can tell at a glance whether it is the mother, governess or nurse that caresses, dresses or bathes these dear little ones. Perhaps they are not always beautiful, but they are human—real flesh and blood—just such children and women



CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THEIR MOTHER

(By Mary Cassatt)

"Miss Cassatt," says Camille Mauclair, the distinguished French critic, "is the painter and psychologist of babies and young mothers, whom she likes to depict against backgrounds of the flowered hangings of dressing rooms, amidst bright linen, tubs and china, in smiling intimacy."

as we all know. The most fleeting expressions have been noted and fixed, yet in a manner which leaves much for the imagination."

In a more detailed appreciation of Miss Cassatt's achievement, published in *Scribner's Magazine*, William Walton speaks of "the strong individuality of the artist," which seems to move and live, as it were, behind the mask of her art. "Miss Cassatt's works, oils, pastels and dry points," he declares, "have so much a style of their own as to at once attract attention—even among those more conventional or more timid who prefer milder methods of painting pictures." Mr. Walton continues:

"She seems to have turned in later years to the consideration of the simplest domestic and rural subjects, mothers with babies, or without their babies, seated on the grass, or on garden benches. Many of these are midsummer scenes, set in the greenest of landscapes. In all of them may be felt that directness and vigor of presentation which has caused this lady to be claimed by the impressionists; but hers is scarcely impressionistic painting, as generally understood, vague as is that term. In all of them may be felt a certain sentiment, or charm, or poetry—something much more than mere good painting. The feeling of nature, of summer air and space, of the charm of green apple orchards, or parks, and, very frequently, the mystery of mother love and the pulchritude of the baby."

It is especially in her treatment of flesh

values that Miss Cassatt, according to this critic, excels. He writes:

"In this great problem even those are now beginning to be interested who, despite their interest in pictures, considered flesh as something unprofitable. Something ugly, meaty and indecent, to be covered up on all occasions and not mentioned outside the bath-room. They are not yet converted to the artist's belief that it is the most beautiful substance in nature, and one of the most wonderful; that neither the Japanese, Barbedienne, nor Thiébaud frères can make such bronze as the clear, translucent brown of a young negro. The nature of the pigments supplied to the painter by his dealer is such that he is able, approximately, to render either the superficial color and form of this integument or something of its texture, but not both, and he is immediately called upon to decide. Many, and some of them of great renown, elect to try for the beautiful, smooth, delicately tinted

surface; the more analyzing and tormented souls resolve, at all hazards, to give the substance and qualities of this baffling epidermis. The method of the intransigent is well known—to construct, as it were, the substance with varying and violently colored pigments, and then leave the putting on of the finishing and smoothing outer cuticle to the judicious spectator and his duly elongated point of view. The solution of this problem by some of the masters, three or four hundred years ago, has been accepted as very nearly satisfactory without any one's being able to discover just how they did it; at least one distinguished American painter devoted a large part of his working life to the attempt to solve the problem of 'Titian's flesh,' and is said to have died in the belief that he had succeeded, without convincing his fellows. An experiment made upon a Rembrandt in the Louvre, a few years ago, seemed to determine, what had been suspected, that the yellow and golden glow of the picture was due in great measure to time, Spanish licorice, and many coats of varnish; but the new Rembrandt underneath was thought to be even finer. The qualities of this admirable substance with which we are clothed are such that it is difficult even to describe it. Fuseli's apparently idiotic phrase for Rubens's flesh, 'the brawny pulp of slaughtermen,' is not to be despised. The conscientious painter thinks he must at least suggest all the qualities of this 'brawny pulp'—its color and form, contexture, resilience and other properties, even to its muffled resonance when struck. And of course his pigments and chalks naturally abandon at once any such unequal contest.

"Miss Cassatt's selections and compromises, among the various methods of flesh-painting known, constitute one of the most interesting fea-

tures of her work. She cannot reconcile herself to the painting of a beautiful, smooth, hard substance like tinted ivory, and she is not satisfied with the coarsely hatched structure of many of her contemporaries, which at least suggests the depth of the fleshly integument, if not the finish. By wise and vigorous painting, with the full strength of her palette and a careful observance of the local variations, she secures the intrinsic quality of her fleshly tones—so that you can well imagine that her rendering would feel under your fingers much as the naked body does in life—and she is much aided in securing this desirable effect by a free use of that hard outline which the impressionists so generally disregard."

Mr. Walton discerns in much of Mary Cassatt's work "a species of compromise between nature and Japanese methods." He says, in concluding:

"In her neglect of structural qualities for the elaborate repetition of pattern on wall or drapery, Miss Cassatt follows the traditions of the Japanese artist, who wrecks himself on the infinite detail of the *kimono* to the total neglect of the body it covers, because he is so constituted. The color is pleasant, decorative and cool, running to grays and keeping within a reasonable distance of nature. Occasionally on teapots or other important substances, as well as on the human head, it breaks into a little modeling and roundness. The color in the later pastels and paintings ranges through a long scale, sometimes very rich and decorative, and at others much quieter and simpler.



LITTLE GIRL IN A GARDEN
(By Mary Cassatt)

"No one else," it has been said, "ever portrayed childhood as Miss Cassatt; no one else has observed and made their own the thousand and one little gestures of babyhood."



YOUNG MOTHER AND HER TWO CHILDREN

One of Mary Cassatt's later pictures, showing vigor and directness of treatment and a masterly handling of flesh values.

"An art so learned, so well-inspired as hers, which so well combines the letter and the spirit, and knows how to present the most popular of themes in a large and comprehensive way, preserving all the tenderness and avoiding all of the little and the commonplace, is sufficiently rare even in this age of over-production, and any knowledge of it is to be accounted as gain."

Of Miss Cassatt's personality a writer in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* gives this intimate account:

"Content with her growing fame, and eschewing notoriety, Miss Cassatt has always held aloof from publicity of every sort; the would-be interviewer finds her a difficult person to approach. The possessor of an apartment in Paris and a chateau near Chantilly, while dispensing cordial hospitality to a limited circle of chosen friends, she has never thrown open the doors of her homes to the merely curious, as is the custom with many celebrated artists in Paris.

"Such has been her dislike of public life that she has persistently refused to identify herself openly with any artistic enterprise. It was therefore much of a surprise to every one that she should have accepted the honorary presidency of the Art League, in connection with the Hostel for American Girl Students, which, with characteristic generosity, Mrs. John Hoff has recently established in Paris.

"In appearance Miss Cassatt is tall and slender, with features and gestures plainly betraying the strong personality which won for her the position she now occupied. The most characteristic portrait of her which exists is a small sketch by

Degas, made many years ago, and now in the private collection of M. Durand-Ruel, through whose galleries the greater part of her works for the last twenty years have passed. The picture shows a glimpse through a doorway in the Louvre. Seated in the foreground is a young woman, and behind her, with her back toward

the spectator, another, a slim figure in a dark gown, with hair so arranged as to look short, if not actually so. Her hand rests upon an umbrella, with a suggestion of American self-sufficiency and assertiveness, the whole attitude indicative of that decision so apparent in the strength and breadth and independence of her art."

THE PASSING OF "IK MARVEL"



WITH the death of Donald G. Mitchell, the poet-sage of Edgewood, Connecticut, goes one who has helped to color the inner life of hundreds of thousands of Americans. His works are not so widely read nowadays as they once were, but even yet they show an inexhaustible vitality. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" are books the world is not willing to let die. For fifty years they have been published and republished; and the indications are that they will be published for fifty years more.

It was a sure instinct that led Mr. Mitchell to select as his *nom-de-plume* "Ik Marvel." He retained, his life long, that childlike sense of wonder which inevitably accompanies the poetic gift. The books which brought him fame are fantasies; their appeal is to sentiment and imagination. On a mere gossamer-thread of story they hang a series of dream-pictures reflecting the changing moods of lonely hearts. The bachelor, ever musing on marriage yet never wedding, the aged widower sitting by his fireside and yearning over the days that are gone, furnish the types. The flavor of these books can best be illustrated by citation, and the following passage from "Dream Life," describing the dreamer's farewell to college days on the night after graduation, is thoroly characteristic:

"As the night wanes, you wander, for a last look, toward the dingy walls that have made for you so long a home. The old broken expectancies, the days of glee, the triumphs, the rivalries, the defeats, the friendships, are recalled with a fluttering of the heart that pride cannot wholly subdue. You step upon the chapel-porch, in the quiet of the night, as you would step on the graves of friends. You pace back and forth in the wan moonlight, dreaming of that dim life which opens wide and long from the morrow. The width and length oppress you; they crush down your struggling self-consciousness, like Titans dealing with Pigmies. A single piercing thought of the vast and shadowy future which is so near tears off on the instant all the gew-gaws of pride, strips away the vanity that troubles your

bigness, and forces you down on the bare nakedness of what you truly are!"

"With one more yearning look at the gray hulks of building, you loiter away under the trees. The monster elms which have bordered your proud steps through four years of proudest life lift up to the night their rounded canopy of leaves, with a quiet majesty that mocks you. They kiss the same calm sky, which they wooed four years ago; and they droop their trailing limbs lovingly to the same earth, which has steadily and quietly wrought in them their stature and their strength. Only here and there you catch the loitering foot-fall of some other benighted dreamer, strolling around the vast quadrangle of level green, which lies like a prairie-child under the edging shadows of the town. The lights glimmer one by one; and one by one—like breaking hopes—they fade away from the houses. The full risen moon that dapples the ground beneath the trees, touches the tall church spires with silver; and slants their loftiness—as memory slants grief—in long, dark, tapering lines upon the silvered green."

In just such a mist of romantic sentiment "Ik Marvel's" books clothe all the happenings of life. Mr. Clarence Deming, a writer in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, says:

"Life with its episodes of ambition, love, toil, domesticity, affection, is depicted as one sees the mountain through the autumnal haze or the sparkling waterfall through the half-concealing trees. In that vague and misty shadowland of dreams the writer has introduced nothing of the tragic, not much even of the dramatic, but a constant play upon the emotions quickened by death, grief, disappointment, hope, aspiration, success, and the whole scale of common human experience. His dream-pictures of memory are limpid and real, but rarely, sublime or powerful, and the esthetic and emotional motive ever dominates them. It has been charged, perhaps justly, that the linked sweetness of the two volumes is too long drawn out, their emotion beaten too thin, that they are literary confectionery to be tasted at dessert rather than taken as solid food, and that they are the stuff for the romantic rather than the realistic and normal appetite. It stands true, nevertheless, that they have exercised a pure and wholesome influence on their generation, that they have passed the ordeal of popularity in reading circles not sentimental, and that they have measurably proved the title of the author as the 'Antinous of the fireside' and *facile princeps* among American writers in what may be called the literary rhaps-



THE GREAT DREAMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

The quintessence of "Ik Marvel" is distilled in "Dream Life" and the "Reveries of a Bachelor." These dream books have come to be regarded as American classics, possessing the same sort of authentic individuality as that which distinguishes Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" and Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat."

sody. College men have ever read and for years to come will read 'Dream Life' and the 'Reveries' through moist eyes."

"Ik Marvel" wrote many books besides "Dream Life" and the "Reveries," and he used to say that he regarded these other books as better than the ones the public bought and read so eagerly. Since his death some of the critics have taken the same attitude. Paul Elmer More, for instance, regards his "Wet Days at Edgewood," "My Farm at Edgewood," and "Out-of-Town Places" as by all odds his most successful literary work. But the world at large is not likely to accept this verdict. For the great mass of readers the quintessence of "Ik Marvel" is distilled in the dream-books. They have come to be regarded as American classics, possessing the same sort of authentic originality as that which distinguishes Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," and Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat."

There is a passage in "Dream Life" which suggests "Ik Marvel's" confession of faith,

and which could hardly be omitted from an article chronicling his death. It occurs in the introductory chapter:

"What is Reverie, and what are these Day-dreams, but fleecy cloud-drifts that float eternally, and eternally change shapes, upon the great overarching sky of thought? You may seize the strong outlines that the passion breezes of to-day shall throw into their figures; but to-morrow may breed a whirlwind that will chase swift, gigantic shadows over the heaven of your thought, and change the whole landscape of your life.

"Dream-land will never be exhausted until we enter the land of dreams; and until, in 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' thought will become fact, and all facts will be only thought.

"As it is, I can conceive no mood of mind more in keeping with what is to follow upon the grave than those fancies which warp our frail hulks toward the ocean of the Infinite; and that so sublimate the realities of this being that they seem to belong to that shadowy realm where every day's journey is leading."

In this faith, we may be sure, "Ik Marvel" himself passed on to the "land of dreams."

THE ISHMAEL OF AMERICAN LETTERS

AGAZINE writers and university professors have joined hands with poets in the celebration of the Poe centenary. At Columbia Professor Brander Matthews has delivered an address on "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame," and at the University of Virginia an elaborate program, covering four days, was arranged and carried through under the direction of Professor Charles W. Kent. The celebration began with the opening of a Poe museum in the room which the author of "The Raven" occupied as a student, and included a sermon and speeches by prominent educators. And, if the *New York Times Saturday Review* is correctly informed, there is a movement on foot to erect a Poe memorial in the library at West Point. Nevertheless, the "Hall of Fame" is still dishonored by the absence of a monument to Poe, and even among magazine writers there are still differences of opinion as to the poet's literary eminence. The ancient Puritan prejudice creeps out occasionally, and the poet's alleged predilection for liquor still robs his critics of sleep.

Poe's is easily the most fascinating and perversely attractive personality in American letters. "There is no more effective way of realizing the distinction of Poe's genius," re-

marks one of his most adverse critics, W. C. Brownell (in *Scribner's*), "than by imagining American literature without him." His originality, in that writer's opinion, appears chiefly in relief against the background of his environment. The older countries each have their literature of revolt. "Our only Ishmael," asserts Mr. Brownell, "is Poe. . . . If not unprecedented in the history of letters, he was sufficiently salient among us, and the fact that so generally his hand was against every man accentuated his individuality in the natural course of apology and polemic."

The isolation of Poe from his fellows and the solitariness of his genius is discussed by a variety of writers; by none more searchingly than by an English critic, Norman Douglas, in *Putnam's Monthly*. Poe, he claims, was essentially non-American and non-English. The promptings of his temperament were Celtic and Latin. His sense of analysis, of form and measure, was classic. He is held in high repute for these qualities by French critics, and it is not without a sense of propriety that he has given French names and extractions to the heroes of his tales of ratiocination. Truth versus goodness is the keynote of his intellectual endeavor. Lowell significantly observed of him that he "seemed wanting in

the faculty of perceiving the profounder ethics of art"—"which," adds Mr. Douglas "merely means that scientific criticism, as Poe conceived it, is in a manner unmoral." It is for this very reason that Poe's influence on literature, in the writer's opinion, is to be regarded in the light of a civilizing and purifying agency. "Poe," he says, "is a great anti-vulgarian. As such he has discarded the ethical moment, and in doing so he has followed the footsteps of the masters of all ages." The same writer goes on to say:

"This whole question of morality in art is neither too difficult nor too delicate to be probed to the bottom. Philosophers may grow gray in theorizing upon the growth, the laws and limitations, of the moral sense of mankind; but there is, and there can be, nothing new about morality in the ordinary acceptance of that term; the whole body of it is reducible to a single word—charity—and that word is plain to an infant's understanding. To burden dainty verses with a load of maxims regarding the inadvisability of coveting one's neighbor's wife and other matters that we babbled on our nurses' knees, is as incongruous as serving tripe and sausages (healthy fare, no doubt) upon a platter of Benvenuto Cellini. There is no *poiesis* in a didactic work of art, and whoever eliminates the moral moment will discover often that he is eliminating, simultaneously, the vulgar moment. For morality is the property of the crowd; it bears an inscription that damns it for all purposes of art: *connut!* The minutest hint of a moral lesson is a generalization: generalizations cannot awaken emotions like single images, and therefore morality should not intrude where the awakening of emotions is the primary object."

Some authors, Mr. Andrew Lang among them, continues the writer, have suggested the question whether Poe was not born at an inopportune moment; meaning, presumably, that under other circumstances of time and place he would have met with a more sympathetic reception. Likely enough, Mr. Douglas contends, he exemplified in more ways than one the irruption of an older type into an immature stock, and suffered accordingly. For at that period there was little tolerance of anti-social habits among the cultured society of the States; and the phenomenon known as New England conscience seems to have been, geographically speaking, less localized than at present. "Still," the writer queries, "where is the time or country that needed Poe as badly as the America of 1830? His appearance at that hour was singularly appropriate. We must hence conclude that such men ought to be born twice; once to teach their lesson to humanity, and again to profit by it themselves."

Poe himself emphasized the terrible lone-

someness of his life. In a sense he never passed out of the misunderstood stage.

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.

Thus sang the lad, and felt the man. "In judging of Poe's sufferings," Mr. Douglas concludes, "his own nature, that intensified them a thousandfold, must not be left out of account."

"The stupendous Beethoven is the most awful example of such a fate—awful from the contrast between the sublimity of his mind and the meanness of his daily cares. But Beethoven had lighted his torch at no earthly altar; he was no mortal, but a Titan smiling with Promethean composure upon the vultures that devoured his heart. Poe was only a neurasthenic *littérateur*, tortured with a lamentable craving for alcohol and with a craving for beauty and refinement which, considering the circumstances wherein Fate ordained he should live, was hardly less lamentable. His life and his life's work have been widely, tho not universally, misunderstood. Time will give the unhappy writer his deserts. An eminent critic has remarked that the literary case of Poe must be periodically re-judged. The same applies to his moral case.

"And each time, let us hope, we shall attain a nearer approximation to verity."

And yet even the moral case of this lonesome and misjudged man, if John Macy, the latest biographer of Poe, is right, has been hugely exaggerated. The real human Poe has been constantly confused with the fictitious Poe of his own creation. "His fragile verse," remarks Mr. Macy (in *The Atlantic Monthly*), "is pitched above any landscape of fact; his tales contain only misty reflections of common experience; and the legendary personage which he has become is a creature inspired by other imaginations through his books, and not a faithful portrait of the human being who lived in America between 1809 and 1849." The contrast between Poe's aspirations and his earthly condition, between the figure of romance he would fain have been and the man of authentic records stripped of myth and controversy, is pitiful, almost violent. "To follow Poe's course by the guide of literary landmarks," Mr. Macy goes on to say, "is to undertake a desolate journey."

"As his artistic self is apart from things, so it is apart from men. In his criticisms, it is true, he is found in open and somewhat controversial relations with the writers of his time and vicinity. As editor, he had dealings with the world of authors and journalists. But his acquaintance among the 'Literati' includes no man of letters

who is now well remembered, and implies no possibility of flashing exchange between his imagination and another as brilliant. He never met his intellectual equal in the flesh, except Lowell, whom he saw only once. Irving in Sunnyside was not nearer than Irving in Spain. Not a friend was qualified to counsel or encourage Poe in his work; not a neighbor in art was competent to inspire him. He was the flower of no group of writers, but stands alone, original, aloof, all but exotic."

The isolation of Poe, in Mr. Macy's opinion, is not well understood by those who have not a correct geographical conception of America in 1840.

"The intellectual life of the only Greater Boston that has produced literature was as remote from Poe as was Victorian London, and he was the only important critic in America who understood the relative magnitudes of those two centres of light. His caustic opinions about the Bostonians, which seem more discerning to us than they did to our New England fathers, are witness to his detachment from the only considerable movement in American literature of those dim provincial times.

"The nature of Poe's disseverance from life is one of the strangest in the annals of unworldly men of books. He was not among those who, like Lamb, transfigure petty and dull experience, or those who combat suffering with blithe philosophies like Stevenson; he was not a wilful hermit; nor was he among those invalids who, in constrained seclusion, have leisure for artistry and contemplation. He was a practical editor in busy offices. He no doubt thought of himself, Mr. Poe, as urbane and cosmopolitan. He had knocked about the world a little. For a while he was in the army. He was effective and at ease upon the lecture platform. He meditated rash adventures in foreign lands until he apparently came to believe that he had really met with them. At his best, he was reserved and well bred, aware of his intellectual superiority. Sometimes, perhaps when he was most cast down and hard driven, he met the world with a jaunty man-of-the-world swagger. After he left the Allans, he was on the outskirts of social groups, high or low. His love for elegant society unfitted him for vagabondage. His lack of worldly success, if no other limitation, forbade him entering for more than a visit the circles of comfort and good breeding. But no matter what his mood or what his circumstance, it did not affect the quality of his work or the nature of his subjects. When he wrote he dropped the rest of himself."

Poe, claims the writer, lived laborious days and lived in frugal style. He spent no money on himself, but handed his earnings to his mother-in-law. "When he went into debt, the lust he hoped to gratify was the insane desire to found a good magazine. His appetites were mainly intellectual. His wildest dissipation was the performance of mental acrobatics for the applause that he craved." Most lives

of Poe are written, like some novels, with a hintful row of stars. A shadowy path seems to lead to the "misty mid-region of Weir," but "Weir is a place that Poe invented—he himself is the first foolish biographer of Poe."

"The craving for story has been at work demanding and producing such fiction. The raw materials were made in America and shipped to France for psychological manufacture. The resulting figure is an irresponsible genius scribbling immortality under vinous inspiration, or turning neuropsychopathic rhymes. Before paranoia was discovered as a source of genius, wine received all the credit. But Poe could not write a line except when his head was clear and he was at the antipodes of hilarity.

"The unromantic fact is that alcohol made Poe sick and he got no consolation from it. But before this fact was widely understood, long before there was talk of neuropsychology and hydrocephalus, when even starvation was not clearly reckoned with, it was known in America that Poe drank. This fact became involved with a tradition which has descended in direct line from Elizabethan puritanism to nineteenth-century America. According to this tradition, poets who do nothing but write poetry are frivolous persons inclined to frequent taverns. The New England poets, to be sure, were not revelers, but they were moral teachers as well as poets. The American, knowing them, saw Poe in contrast, as the Englishwoman in the theatre contrasted the ruin of Cleopatra with 'the 'ome life of our own dear Queen.' And Poe, always unfortunate, offers a confirmatory half-fact by beginning to die in a gutter in Baltimore—a fact about which Holmes, the physician, can make a not unkindly joke. Besides, what can be expected of a poet who is said to have influenced French poets? We know what the French poets are, because they also wrote novels—or somebody with about the same name wrote them. Alas for Poe that, in addition to his other offences against respectability, he should have got a French reputation and become, not only a son of Marlowe, but a son of Villon and brother of Verlaine."

"If," Mr. Macy continues, "Poe's spirit has not forgotten that in its earthly progress it perpetrated hoaxes, courted Byronic fame, advertised itself as an infant prodigy, made up adventures in Greece and France which its earthly tenement did not experience, took sardonic delight in mystifying the public, it must see a kind of grim justice in the game the world is playing with its reputation. Nevertheless," he contends, "it is unfitting that a man who did little worth remembering but write books, who lived in bleak alleys and dull places, should be haled up and down the main streets of gossip; that a poet who was, as one of his critics says, all head like a cherub, should have volumes written about his physical habits."

It is the charlatanism, the "three-fifths sheer

fudge" so strangely blended with Poe's genius, that seems to predispose the academic mind against him. Mr. W. C. Brownell, whose characterization has already been cited, deprecates in his merciless analysis of Poe the poet's European reputation, which in his judgment attests not merit but the extraordinariness of his writings, and a little, no doubt, the extraordinariness of their being produced in America. "The cult of Poe," he solemnly asserts, "is not in the interests of literature, since as literature his writings are essentially valueless." There is, he tells us, "a particular irrationality in American overpraise of Poe, because, unlike foreign literature and English literature, American literature has no background."

"Its figures do not form part of a pageant relieved against a rich and varied scenic setting, but stand in silhouette before the black 'drop' that isolates rather than supports them and focuses attention on their individualities from the stately lyceum lecturer like Emerson to the genial 'song-and-dance artist,' in all strictness too numerous to mention. Lacking—within our own exclusively American ranks, I repeat—ancestors and traditions, we are without the restrictive influences of a 'stream of tendency,' an orderly evolution, without that sub-conscious education which saves conscious intelligence so much unintelligent performance. Our protestant and innovating temperaments have really nothing to protest against, nothing to break away from, no routine to vivify. More than that, we have, comparatively speaking, nothing to maintain, nothing to keep in mind, no standards in a word. Such a romanticist as Gautier, with the whole heritage of the noble seventeenth and the enlightened eighteenth century French literature in his literary blood, could safely practise and preach the literary freedom which with us means license—and consequent insignificance. No romantic artist can do more than 'pad round' the skeleton he must have derived from his predecessors—at least in our day, the human imagination on which he leans having been so long at work. Our realists are in better case—nature being inexhaustible. Hence our disposition to magnify our extravagant and capricious writers—such as Poe and Whitman—is destructive of our hold on the standards which it is of the last importance for us consciously to keep in mind, since so only can we have them in mind at all. Only an older society than ours can with impunity cherish and coddle 'les jeunes,' who with us are merely out of the ranks, however bravely we may imagine them at the head of the procession."

William Marion Reedy, in *The Mirror* (St. Louis), in turn analyzes Mr. Brownell's "almost painful vivisection" of Poe. "You admit reluctantly," he remarks, "the cumulative force of his demonstration that Poe was a charlatan—of genius, to be sure—an artist having no motive but the effect, and a creature conscious

of thrill and shock because of the craving generated by alcohol."

"Brownell tells us that Poe's work is inferior in real value to the tales of Hoffman, in German. And Brownell does this in no temper at all, as cold-bloodedly as if he were analyzing a mathematical problem. When I had done reading Brownell, Poe seemed to me a realization of a Frankenstein, a creature detached from the human, contemptuous of the sympathies, inferior to Swinburne in mastery of melody—a something ghoulish in quality, however gifted. I will not dispute Mr. Brownell's *dicta*, nor will I accept them. Nor will I be a Laodicean and remark, like a Jack Bunsby, that there is much to be said on both sides. All I say is that poetry is not measurable by Monsieur Bertillon's system, or the spirit of fiction by chemical actions and reactions, and you can't drink starlight out of a 'growler.' The answer to Brownell, to Griswold, to all those who would disparage Poe, is in fifteen lines of verse entitled 'To Helen.' Here they are:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand.
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

"That's the answer. Poe is a poet for all time, granting his limitations. He is a greater literary artist in the best sense than any literary man who has as yet written about him. He cannot be written down. His work is as immortal as Villon's in France, as Shelley's or Keats's. Deep though the Brownells probe, strong however the acid tests they apply, Poe escapes their grasp and his song goes singing in the hearts of those to whom and to whom alone the true poet addresses himself."

The one great ambition of our literary Ishmael has been, in his own words, to establish for himself "*a name which this country will not willingly let die.*" But he deserted the herd; he dwelt in the solitude of his splendid imaginings. Therefore to this day he remains what he always has been—the wanderer, the outsider, the outcast. "And," to quote Lucile Erskine, writing in Mr. Reedy's brilliant weekly, "rich as was the achievement for that miserable and hunted life, his name, if we consider the neglect of his home and grave, and the denial of admission to the 'Hall of Fame,' has been one that this country, to her ridicule abroad and shame at home, *has unwillingly let live.*"

Religion and Ethics

WHAT IS THE SUPERMAN?

O WORD in modern philosophical parlance has gone farther than the word "superman." It touches contemporary thought at almost every point. It is in the dramas of Bernard Shaw, the music of Richard Strauss, and the sculpture of Max Klinger. It is the symbol of much that is latent in life and literature at the present time. Yet who can tell just what it signifies? Does it represent the mere conception of an extravagant German philosopher? Is it a plaything of Shaw? Is it a dream of Darwin?

Thomas Stockham Baker, a Maryland schoolmaster who raises these questions in the New York *Independent*, declares: "The superman is all this and more." The idea that the word represents, he reminds us, has existed since the earliest times, and there have been in all ages "superior" men; but it has remained for the philosopher Nietzsche to summarize much of the undefined aspiration of recent times, to combine with it certain scientific suggestions, and in doing so to give to the world a name for an old type which has been worshipped under various forms. Here is what Nietzsche himself wrote, in his rhapsodic poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra":

"I teach you beyond man. Man is something that shall be surpassed. What have you done to surpass him?"

"All things hitherto have created something beyond themselves, and are ye going to be the ebb of this great tide and rather revert to the animal than surpass man?"

"What with man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same for beyond-man, a joke or a sore shame."

"Ye have made your way from worm to man and much within you is still worm. Once ye were ape, even now man is ape in a higher degree than any ape."

"He who is wisest among you is but a discord and hybrid, of plant and ghost. But do I order you to become ghosts or plants?"

"Behold, I teach you beyond man."

How was the "beyond-man" to be reached? This is the basis of Nietzsche's philosophy. The teaching of the "beyond-man," as he formulated it, is the development of the individual, the love of self, the emphasis of egoism. Such expressions as the "sovereignty of

the individual," "selfhood," "individualism," "personal freedom," abound in his writings. He said:

"The thou is older than the I; the thou hath been proclaimed holy, but the I not yet; man thrusteth himself upon his neighbor. Do I counsel you to love your neighbor? I rather counsel you to flee from your neighbor and to love the most remote. Love unto the most remote future man is higher than love unto your neighbor."

"One must learn how to love one's self—thus I teach with a whole and healthy love, that one may find life with one's self enduring, and not go gadding about."

The increase of man's stature, then, is to come about through a greater mental and spiritual development, and, above all, through a more intense cultivation of the will. Good, evil, happiness and life are all to be tested by their relation to the idea of *power*:

"What is good? Everything that increases in man the feeling of power, power itself." "What is evil? Everything that grows out of weakness." "What is happiness? The feeling that power is increasing—that an obstacle is overcome. Not contentment, but more power; not peace at all, but war; not virtue, but strength." "Life for me is instinct for development, for endurance, for the heaping up of forces, for might. Where the will for power is lacking, there is retrogression."

It follows from this that man must climb over the prostrate forms of his weaker brethren if he is to reach the zenith of his development. He cannot afford to be a "slave to pity." Sentimental feelings of sympathy and charity must be sternly repressed in the interest of the larger ideal. Far too many are born. Let the superfluous go the way of the weak, and let swift death overtake them. And man is not to strive for self-improvement merely to increase his enjoyment or his capacity. All motives of reward or of punishment should be set aside. He must come to feel that the act of development is *in itself* the sufficient reason for striving toward ever higher and higher ideals.

In summing up the theories of Nietzsche on the subject of the superman, Mr. Baker says:

"If one wishes to construct Nietzsche's philosophy into a system, he is very much embarrassed

by the fact that the philosopher has left no connected and coherent analysis of his views. Nearly everything that he has written is in the form of aphorisms, brief paragraphs and short chapters. This form of literary expression was well adapted to his temperament, and it may be questioned whether he could ever have submitted to the rigorous demands which the development of a system of philosophy would have made. His enthusiastic apostles deduce many theories from his sayings which might be questioned. In destroying all forms of religion they claim that he is striving merely for an higher ideal of faith, one that is stript of the hindrances of an historical church. They claim that, on that account,

he is religious in the highest sense of the word, and that he is supplying just the spiritual food which a large body of serious and profound thinkers desire.

"It is the fashion now in certain quarters to deal with Nietzsche as a constructive thinker. Formerly he was treated as one of the greatest of iconoclasts, whose every theory was destructive and negative. It has required twenty years to traverse this distance, namely, from the man who denies to the man who creates. There is, however, great danger of going too far, and it is probable that Nietzsche's greatest contribution to the world does not consist in any theory or system, but in his power of suggestion."

AN ONSLAUGHT ON "INTELLECTUAL NIHILISM"

OME of our modern prophets are roughly handled by that distinguished writer, Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget), in her latest collection of essays, entitled "Gospels of Anarchy."* Vernon Lee is not the founder of a school, has neither disciples nor worshippers, runs no new religion, has no axes to grind. She is just an inquirer, and has been characterized by those who like her not too well as "the apostle of an irritating sanity."

The particular prophets she has chosen to criticize in "Gospels of Anarchy" are Ibsen (or rather the Ibsenites), Stirner, Whitman, Maurice Barrès and Bernard Shaw—the last named, oddly enough, in spite of his professed Socialism. These "champions of moral anarchy and intellectual nihilism" are not, she assures us, of "Mephistophelian origin." "The spirit which denies," she writes, "has arisen, in our days at least, neither from heartlessness nor from levity. On the contrary, and little as the apostles of anarchy may suspect it, it is from greater sensitiveness to the sufferings of others, and greater respect for intellectual sincerity, that have resulted these doubts of the methods hitherto devised for diminishing unhappiness and securing truth." For this reason, if for no other, such subversive criticism, in her opinion, should be of the highest use to the ideas and tendencies which it attacks. The present conflict between old ideals of conduct and the new, the spirit which has given rise to Ibsenism, she describes as follows:

Tulliver, the lesser, tho not less astonishing, heroism shown us in some of Mary Wilkins's New England stories, we have all of us witnessed the action of that moral training which thwarted personal preferences and repugnances, and victoriously silenced their claims. We have all of us heard of women (particularly in the times of our mothers and grandmothers) refusing the man they loved and marrying the man of whom their parents approved; we still look on, every day, at lives dragged along in hated companionship; at talents—nay, actual vocations—suppressed in deference to family prejudice or convenience; acts of spiritual mutilation so thoro as often to minimise their own suffering, changing the current of life, atrophying organic possibilities in such a way that the victim's subsequent existence was not actively unhappy, and not even obviously barren. Such things still go on all round us. The difference now is that the minor sacrifices are no longer taken for granted by all lookers-on; and the grand, heroic self-immolation no longer universally applauded."

We have not only begun to think differently from our fathers, but, as is the case with the Ibsenites, we are swinging to the other extreme; and all of us are more or less "infected" with Ibsenism. Vernon Lee finds this not at all alarming. "Even the most rabid Ibsenism will be advantageous in the long run," she writes. But just as the old conception of duty was warped by the error of thinking that human nature was bad, that individual instincts could not be trusted, so today we are equally in danger of taking it for granted that human nature is entirely good, that the instincts, desires and interests of the individual must necessarily work for the good of the community. Is the Ibsenian theory right, questions Vernon Lee, in supposing that persons, for instance, like Captain Alving, Rebecca West, Hedda Gabler, or the Master Builder "would have become harmless and desirable if no one had interfered with their self-

*LEAVING ALONE THE EPIC FEATS OF THE OLD SPIRIT OF DUTY, THE TRAGEDIES OF JEANIE DEANS AND MAGGIE

*GOSPELS OF ANARCHY. By Vernon Lee. Brentano's.

indulgence, their unscrupulousness, their in-born love of excitement, or their in-born egomania?" There is not the smallest reason, she finds, why the removal of moral stigma and self-criticising ideals should modify their dangerous instincts. And each one of them, she reminds us, is merely a type of what is mixed up in most people. The process of evolution by which we have eliminated or superseded fierce unsocial instincts is largely this despised mechanism of ideals and duties which has made it more and more difficult to enjoy oneself at other people's cost. This, the Ibsenites are inclined to forget. Moreover, she continues:

"The champions of the *Will of the Ego*, whether represented by bluff Bernard Shaw or by ambiguous Maurice Barrès, start from the supposition that because the individual is a concrete existence, while the species is obviously an abstraction, the will of the individual can alone be a reality, and the will of the species must be a figment. They completely forget that there is not one concrete individual, but an infinite number of concrete individuals, and that what governs the world is, therefore, the roughly averaged will of all these concrete individuals. The single individual may *will to live* as hard as he can, will to expand, assimilate, reproduce, cultivate his *moi*, or anything else besides; but the accomplishment of that Will of his—nay, the bare existence of himself and his Will—depends entirely upon the Will of the species."

The psychological theory of anarchy preceded its practical application by many years, the earliest and least read of its prophets being the German, Max Stirner (Kaspar Schmidt), author of "*Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum*"—"The Ego and his Own"—who died so long ago as 1856. Stirner's hatred of system, says Vernon Lee, was expressed in elaborately systematic form. It is built up on "the notion that the *Geist*, the intellect which forms conceptions, is a colossal cheat forever robbing the individual of its due." Duty, ideal, vocation, aim, law, formula, are all delusions against which the human individual has been slowly and painfully fighting his way since the beginning of time; never attaining to any kind of freedom, only exchanging one form of slavery for another, religious, metaphysical or civic. "This," says Vernon Lee, "is the darkest, if not the deepest pit of anarchical thought; and through its mazes Stirner drags us round and round for as long a time as Kant requires for his Categories, or the Mediæval Monk for the imitation of Christ. . . . But even as Dante clambered out of hell by continuing the way he had come down, so we also can emerge from Stirner's nega-

tions by pursuing the arguments which had led into them." Having got to the individual as "the only and original reality," she thus works her way back to those "subsidiary and contingent realities, the individual's duties, ideals and institutions":

"There is nothing real, says Stirner, but the various conditions of the individual; the rest is delusion, *Spuk*. But if only the ego is real, how can anything else interfere with it? If such abstractions and figments as *God, State, Family, Morality* (or whatever the name of the particular bogey), can cramp, cabin, maim our individuality; then, since our individuality alone has reality, these various delusions must be a part of our individuality. Free yourselves, says Stirner, from your own ideas. But our ideas, whether spontaneously generated in ourselves or assimilated from others, must, in order to have real powers such as we attribute to them, be a part of ourself; and if we sacrifice any other part of ourself to those ideas, it is a proof that they, and not the sacrificed part, must be, at that particular conjunction of circumstances, the dominant part of our ego. Stirner's psychology admits love for individuals as a determinant of action; and similarly regard for the reciprocity of self-interest. But is not love for mankind, however vague the mankind, and regard for principle, however abstract the principle, quite as much a real active power of our nature? If Stirner is made uncomfortable, as he says, by the frown on the face of his beloved, and 'kisses the frown away'—to rid himself of his discomfort; why, so are other egos—less numerous, but not less real—made uncomfortable by the look of pain in men and women whom they do not care for, nay, by the mere knowledge that men and women, even animals, whom they have never seen, are suffering, or are likely to suffer; and, in certain egos—rarest, but most efficaciously real—there will arise an impulse—yes, something so irresistibly real as a constitutional impulse—to sacrifice everything for the sake of diminishing that unseen, that possible suffering; suffering present in hospitals, in factories, in slums, in prisons or future suffering in hell.

"And similarly there are egos which are made as wretched by the neglect of some civic or religious duty as Stirner could possibly be by skipping a meal or losing a night's sleep. It is quite a different question whether such ideas as these, ideas whose coercive power reveals them an integral part of the ego, happen or not to coincide with the courses most desirable for the total welfare either of one single ego or of a great number of egos. The point at issue is whether or not such active factors in life can be treated as separate from life itself; it is a different question similarly whether any more egoistic preference, say for alcohol or gambling, happens in the long run to tally with the ego's advantage. Stirner, indeed, entrenches himself behind the notion that wherever there exists any kind of overmastering desire, need, or idea, the ego ceases to exist. But, as a psychological fact, at any given moment of reality, some desire, need, or idea, or group of desires, needs, or ideas, *must* inevitably be having the mastery, otherwise impulse would disappear and action of all kinds cease. For the ego

which refuses to be dominated by any particular idea or any particular desire, be it externalized as humanity, duty, or merely tobacco or bottle, is an ego dominated by some other idea or desire, by the idea or desire that it ought to be free from such domination in particular, or from all conscious domination in general. But as to an ego which, at any given moment, is otherwise than dominated by some feeling, impulse, or thought, that kind of ego is, oddly enough, exactly the thing which Stirner is waging war against—an abstraction, a nonentity, a figment of logic, of which we have no practical experience. Yes, indeed, nothing but the ego is sufficient; since, to be efficient, everything else must have been absorbed into or must impinge upon it."

Vernon Lee next examines the metaphysics of anarchy, or rather its theology; for, not satisfied with appealing to our reason, anarchy, she says, "meddles with the instincts which seek for the quality we call *divine*." It even "suggests the making of new gods, the creation of a strange metaphorical Olympus." This theology is both esoteric and exoteric. It has its works of veiled metaphysical subtlety, and its popular catechisms, such as John Addington Symonds', made up of the opinions (or "what he took to be the opinions") of Walt Whitman. Herein one finds the declaration of the equal rights and equal dignity of all the parts of man's nature; the assertion that all things are equally divine. "It is characteristically different in tone," says Vernon Lee, "from the anarchical utterances of the egotistic decadent Barrès and the metaphysical Nihilist Stirner; it is eminently Anglo-Saxon in a sort of unconscious optimistic cant." She continues:

"Now if you start with identifying *divine* with *divinely ordained*, and identify the Divinity with the bare fact of existence, then all things are certainly portions of the Divinity, and, in so far, *divine*. But if all things are in this sense *divine*, then *divine* ceases to be a quality which evokes any sense of preference; then *divine* is no longer an expression commensurate with esteem, still less legitimately productive of emotional satisfaction; if all things are *divine*, why then some may be *divine* and honorable and others *divine* and dishonorable. It is the acceptance of the emotional quality of a word after emptying out the meaning which had produced it. Good, noble, *divine*; a hierarchy of words denoting such qualities as we think especially desirable; denoting the fuller possession of that which we esteem most highly in ourselves, be it strength of beauty, moral or intellectual helpfulness; words which awaken in our mind the sense of approval, of respect, and finally of reverence and wonder. Perform a little sleight-of-hand, and shuffle *divinity* with *God*, *God* with *Nature*, *Nature* with *Being*, and you contrive to awaken that emotion of rareness, superiority, wonderfulness, in connection with—what? O irony of self-delusion! With *everything* equally."

The "transcendental theology of anarchy" is most remarkably expressed in H. B. Brewster's little known book, "Theories of Anarchy and Law." Mr. Brewster "has separated from the various practical and speculative items which held it in solution, and distilled into the subtlest essence, a transcendental principle which lurks, however unperceived, in all anarchic writings, a transcendental equivalent of the old Persian and Manichean dualism." Which brings us to the final doubt—the great doubt: Have we a right to prefer good to evil? Thus answers Vernon Lee:

"The pessimistic philosophers of our century have accustomed us to conceive of forces in creation which are irreconcilable with benevolence. The later Darwinism is training us to perceive that in the process of evolution there is, alongside of the selection of the fittest, the rendering even unfitter of the initially unfit, degenerative tendencies as well as tendencies to adaptation. We have had to admit that destruction is a factor in all construction. The doubt arises, may not destruction be just as great a power as construction? Not as its servant, but as its rival, its equal. Are we not Pharisees in condemning all persons and instincts unsuitable when those persons and instincts are as much realities as any others? Are we not Philistines in condemning all views of life which do not square with our particular intellectual organization? Is not what we call evil a reality, and does chaos perhaps not exist as truly as order? Shall we not recognize the great dualism?"

"By no means. We are so constituted that evil cannot please nor chaos satisfy us; and our constitution must be, for us, the law of the universe. For we conceive the universe only in terms of our own existence, and the qualities we attribute to it are only modes of our own feeling. All we can be sure of about good and evil, chaos and order, is that they are conceptions of ours. What we call forces of destruction and disorder are such to us; nay, they are forces perhaps only to us; it is only through our own aversion that we know of destruction and disorder at all. The origin of all such doubts, and their solution also, lies in the nature of the doubter. In the little world which our faculties, our spiritual and practical needs, as well as our bodily senses, have created for us out of the infinite unknown universe, it is our human instincts which decide, as they have determined, everything. And among the ideas they have set on foot they decide for good against evil, for order against chaos."

Here, Vernon Lee is at one with H. G. Wells, the modern prophet with whom she finds herself most in sympathy, and to whom she dedicates her book. Both skeptics, they have made a deliberate choice for good against evil, order against chaos. Both "religiously minded rationalists," they believe in the practical result of their choice—a possible Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL AMERICA EMERGING



ONE of the cleverest of our younger magazine writers, Michael Williams, has lately called attention to a discovery that, if accepted at his own valuation, throws all the rest of the news of the day into comparative insignificance. He says that he has found a new continent—he calls it “New America.” As yet its frontiers are dim, its regions troubled and largely unexplored. But it has an “imperial future,” so he tells us.

This continent, it might as well be explained at once, is a spiritual, not a physical, entity. It can not be described or limited in ordinary terms. Material America is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the south by the Antarctic, on the west by the Pacific and on the east by the Atlantic. The new continent has boundaries of an entirely different sort. As Mr. Williams describes it (in *Van Norden's Magazine*):

“New America is bounded on the north by Will, on the south by Hope, on the east by Faith, and on the west by Charity. And over all its outwardly diversified extent, over, and bathing, and vivifying, all its expressions in the form of the various movements of a mystical, religious nature so numerous among our people to-day, lies its atmosphere—which is optimism. And optimism, in its quintessential substance, in its animating principle, so to speak, would seem to be an expression of human love—the instinct of brotherhood, of mutual trust and aid, which Prince Kropotkin proves, by the scientific method (after twenty years of scientific investigation) to be a factor in evolution, organic and social, more important than the idea of the ‘survival of the fittest’—or trampling down of the weak by the strong. And, as all seas are water, irrespective of their names, and as all air is life, or the indispensable factor of life, however it may be divided into its constituent qualities, so all the forms and attributes characteristic of the optimistic faiths of New America are expressions of one fundamental thing, which is—religious belief. Not religious belief in any petty or narrow sense, not in dogma or sect or creed, but religious belief in its broadest and most essential meaning, namely, the belief of man in himself and in his destiny—the belief that man in himself is predominantly good, and is rising step by step into the realization of a future of positive good.”

Emerson was one of the prophets of “New America,” and Walt Whitman wrote its psalms. Among those who have sensed its coming have been the friends of Whitman, Richard Maurice Bucke and Edward Carpenter, and poets of a later day—Horace Traubel, Ernest Crosby and Edwin Markham. Its

Columbus, however, was Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, the mental healer of Portland, Maine. And with the mention of this name the full significance of Mr. Williams’s imagery becomes apparent. His “New America” is nothing else than that mystical and spiritual America which centers predominantly about the recognition of new and hitherto unrecognized *powers of Mind*. It is hardly here yet, but it is emerging. Quimby caught the first clear vision of it, and Mrs. Eddy saw the light in his eyes. Others not so well known, the Dressers and the Rev. W. F. Evans, and, during recent years, such pioneers as Henry Wood and Elwood Worcester, have had a share in the discovery. From the Orient, too, have come contributing influences—Madame Blavatsky, with her Theosophy, and Swami Vivekananda with his Vedanta philosophy. As the new domain has enlarged, charlatans and fakirs a-plenty have flocked to it, and men and women unbalanced to the verge of madness; but its foundations have stood. To-day the New Land has two million and a half inhabitants, and a myriad of shining temples.

It was inevitable, and appropriate, Mr. Williams thinks, that “New America” should impart to the world, as its peculiar gift, the priceless treasure of a true Mental Science. Ours is pre-eminently the age of mental suffering and nervous unrest. The physical diseases we are learning to conquer, but mental diseases are everywhere on the increase. They seem to be a part of the penalty we pay for our higher, more complex and more sensitive organisms. And America, being the country in which diseases of this sort have become most prevalent, was appropriately the country from which should issue a gospel of mental liberation. Mr. Williams continues:

“Moreover, it is plain that America—or some nation of civilized man—was forced to the discovery, or re-discovery, of a recuperative principle of life by the instinct of self-preservation. No fact is more supported by historical proof than that all known civilizations—empire after empire, republic after republic—have decayed and died; the current of general human progress being restored each time by a fresh influx of savage or barbarian people. . . .

“But now—there are no longer any barbarians in the world, not enough of them, anyhow, to carry out the gigantic job of revivifying our world-wide civilization.

“Does this mean that the pessimistic critics are in the right, that man is going down-hill at last for good and all?

"The optimists of New America say 'No!' to this. They declare that civilization to-day has within itself the same regenerating force which strove vainly in old times, but which will win its way with us this time because it is now at its prime. It is a force in which, so they aver, science, religion, art, and statecraft fuse and co-operate, and through the instrumentality of the forces of optimistic thought and conduct it is effecting a thorough and rapid reconstruction of society, which is more apparent in America than elsewhere.

"It is a law of life that where the greatest need exists there shall the force of regeneration be most manifest; because, after all, nothing can be plainer, when you come right down to the bottom facts, than that man does not die out, or even retrograde, despite all pessimistic contentions to the contrary, but that he is constantly, if unsteadily, progressing, and improving. America needed the healing power of the mind in every phase of its life more than other nations—that is why the movement is so strong in America."

There are two other reasons, in Mr. Williams's judgment, why "New America" had to become the spiritual savior of the nations:

"First, because the people of the United States is a people made up of all other peoples, of all racial strains of man. It is nearly always the case that world movements—all great movements—have their origin in the mass of people at large. . . . Our national consciousness, which is gradually being evolved from the mingling of the divers kinds of racial consciousness, can absorb and assimilate all messages wherever uttered—the message of a Jew, of a Briton, of a Scandinavian, of an Oriental, of a Latin, or of any nation or race.

"And, secondly, America is destined to become the center of the new civilization, simply because it is the youngest of the nations; and already the growth of the regenerative spirit is far more pronounced in America than in any other country."

The essence of the new religion from which Mr. Williams hopes so much is a certain mystical spirit. Mysticism has been defined as "the search for direct intercourse with God in elevated religious feeling or ecstasy." If this thought be stated in a somewhat more exact fashion, and we say, "A mystic is one who seeks for *direct knowledge of the Creative Principle*," we have, in Mr. Williams's opinion, a definition that is thoroly satisfactory. He goes on to say:

"Accepting, then, this definition of mysticism as a search for direct knowledge of the Creative Principle, or First Cause of all things, I do not think that we go wrong when we say that mysticism is the right name for the great manifestation of religious and altruistic activity so pronounced in the United States here and now.

"Any open-minded student of such organizations, for instance, as Christian Science, as the New Thought cults, as the various Spiritistic bodies (but not the advertising mediums!), as the

Theosophical and Vedanta Societies, as the Sunshine Society and kindred attempts on the part of men and women to be of tangible service to others, will be bound to admit sooner or later that they all are expressions of the growing need of the nation for a more truly religious life; they betoken the tentative but very practical efforts of but newly awakened souls to reach to direct knowledge of the underlying cause of things. Not only in Missouri do modern Americans want to be shown! They want to be shown the secret of the ages. In every state of the Union, in every city, town, and hamlet, the new spirit is awake; and here mistakenly, there blindly under the leadership of the blind, and yonder led astray by the charlatan, but everywhere earnestly and unremittingly, it is growing and spreading and profoundly affecting our national character and our national destiny."

The second distinguishing trait of the new spiritual America Mr. Williams finds described in Prof. William James's now famous paper on "The Energies of Men," read before the American Philosophical Association at Columbia University. In that paper Professor James said:

"We are just now witnessing a copious unblocking of energies by ideas, in the persons of those converts to New Thought, Christian Science, Metaphysical Healing, or other forms of spiritual philosophy, who are so numerous among us to-day. The ideas here are healthy-minded and optimistic; and it is quite obvious that a wave of religious activity, analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism is passing over our American world. The common feature of these optimistic faiths is that they all tend to the suppression of what Mr. Horace Fletcher calls 'fear thought.' Fear thought he defines as 'the self-suggestion of inferiority'; so that one may say that these systems all operate by the suggestion of power. And the power, small or great, comes in various shapes to the individual; power, as he will tell you, not to 'mind' things that used to vex him, power to concentrate his mind, good cheer, good temper; in short, to put it mildly, a firmer, more elastic moral tone."

Practical optimism, then, may be said to be the keynote of the creed of "New America," following upon and growing out of its mysticism. It rests upon a threefold conviction which Mr. Williams summarizes as follows:

"1. That man has power within himself to govern his conditions and plane in life.

"2. That every person can develop this power by his own will.

"3. That optimism—the power of courageous, hopeful belief, as opposed to fear, anger or worry—is the instrument by use of which the will of any person can develop the power to govern his conditions."

There is nothing new about these ideas, Mr. Williams concedes. Centuries ago the Orient

knew and taught them. "But it has remained for America," he says, "to turn the force of a moral idea into a practical factor in everyday affairs and in the development of its racial life." He adds:

"Be good and you will be happy' is one of the tritest of religious phrases, however true it may be—and no matter how true, it is also notorious that the trite phrase is a bore.

"Be happy and you will be good' say the modern mystics, and the phrase is talismanic. Optimism is coined into good money; it supports thousands of people industrially; it is employed as a therapeutic agency for which thousands of wonderful cures are claimed with apparent justice; it creates great religious sects; it has only recently stilled with its magic oil the troubled waters of one of our greatest financial panics; and, in short, it has become the principle of conscious or subconscious action for millions of human beings.

"It was used as every other force, from steam to piety, has been used in America; it was put to work; it was made to be useful; it played a part in the every-day life from—well from the dining table to the church."

Quite as remarkable as the mysticism and the optimism of "New America" is its sense of brotherhood. Mr. Williams lays stress on the absence of bigotry in the new propaganda. "We find," he says, "the leaders of the Emmanuel movement acknowledging what they find good and commendable in Christian Science and the New Thought cults; and we

find the New Thought writers and teachers hailing the advent of the Emmanuel movement." Mr. Williams writes, in concluding:

"The basic creed of New America is belief in human brotherhood; but if a New American asks you to be his brother, and you decline with or without thanks, he does not yearn to kill you. On the contrary, he says: 'Very well. Be my cousin. No? My friend, then? Not even that? Well, good luck—and don't let us quarrel, at any rate. No doubt you are trying to work towards the good in your way, and I wish you would let me help you.'

"In other words, the creed of New America is far from being an attempt to be the creed of one, universal, all-including church or denomination, or sect, or cult. Indeed, the tendency seems all the other way. It is being generally recognized in New America that nearly all creeds, all sects, all denominations, are necessary and useful—even some that appear bigoted, narrow and fantastic. Even these narrow and fantastic cults, save in obvious cases where some charlatan is leading astray a flock of emotional dupes for the money in the game—even these, provide outlets for the spiritual life of undeveloped souls. Beautiful and artistic ritual may be most valuable aids to other souls. Clear, rational, intellectual reasoning may be the prayers of still other souls. And with the general spread of the knowledge of the power of the inner self to heal and help in all ways, physically, mentally, spiritually; and with the growth of the realization of human brotherhood, there comes to New Americans a deep sense of the mystical truth that every person, and every thing, in the world is unique—and yet a part of one great Whole."

A FEDERATION OF EIGHTEEN MILLION PROTESTANT COMMUNICANTS

PROBABLY no more substantial evidence of the growth of a spirit of Christian unity has appeared in this or in any country than that afforded by the deliberations of the Federal Council of Churches in Philadelphia early in December. It "marks an epoch in the history of the American church," according to the *New York Independent*. The gathering was not merely important; it was unique. It was a meeting not simply of church people, but of churches. It was more than interdenominational; it was co-denominational. "Great Sunday-school conventions, Young Men's Christian Associations, Endeavor conventions, joint missionary conventions and many others of the like," the Chicago Presbyterian organ, *The Interior*, points out, "have for years past again and again brought together companies of Chris-

tian people of diverse denominational names, and always in a spirit of excellent Christian harmony. Merely that Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and so on, should have sat down in a friendly meeting together would not have made the Philadelphia conference singular. The difference in the Philadelphia assembly is that it was composed of credentialed delegates who represented their respective denominations by authority of bodies that had a right to speak for the general membership of each." Four hundred and fifty such delegates, ministers and laymen, participated, representing thirty-three religious bodies and eighteen million communicants—an overwhelming majority of the Protestant communicants of the country.

The object of the assembly was to form a federation of the Protestant denominations of the United States, "to bring the Christian

bodies of America into united service for Christ and the world"; and a long step in this direction was taken. "The old sharpness of theological odium," writes one who was present at the proceedings, "disappeared in the warmth of a Christian love." Another delegate, writing in *The Interior*, declares:

"Now and again there were touches of timidity and hesitation plainly due to the bewilderment of high ecclesiastics who could not in a moment substitute for a denominational consciousness long cultivated the supra-denominational consciousness which the occasion called for. There were no gushes of enthusiasm, no rhapsodies of poetry, such as a voluntary convention responsible to itself alone, would have been very certain to indulge generously. Men were feeling their way. But if this hesitation at the first seemed exasperating, there was compensation for it in the pleasure of watching acquaintance and fellowship crowd away doubts. Even in the short space of time that the delegates of the council were together, they grew manifestly nearer in cordiality and confidence. The last sessions of the council were notably warmer than the first."

Four of the notable addresses at the conference were made by denominational leaders—Bishop Mackay-Smith, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the well-known Presbyterian minister; Dr. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York; and Dr. Dunning, editor of the Boston *Congregationalist*. Much of the discussion centred around the social question. In the judgment of the New York *Outlook*, the most important action taken was the adoption of resolutions on "The Church and Modern Industry," drawn up by the Rev. Dr. F. M. North, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They declare that the churches ought to stand—

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely and strongly safeguarded against encroachments of every kind.

For the right of workers to some protection against the hardships often resulting from the swift crises of industrial change.

For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational disease, injuries, and mortality.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the suppression of the "sweating system."

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the

hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For a living wage as a minimum in every industry and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

For the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised.

For suitable provision for the old age of the workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

For the abatement of poverty.

Other problems at the conference were handled with largeness and tolerance. It was the feeling of all that unbrotherly competition of churches in small communities and restricted neighborhoods should be ended. A closer spirit of sympathy with the immigrant stranger landing in this country was recommended. In regard to temperance, middle ground was taken. Prohibition was recognized as an ultimate ideal, while temporary measures of less drastic character were felt to be necessary in certain conditions. No definite program was laid out, but in dealing with all such questions it was agreed that a spirit of Christian co-operation ought to overcome segregative tendencies.

The net result of the Federal Council's deliberations is summed up in the Boston *Congregationalist* as follows: "Thus far its real mission seems to be to call into being and give expression to the essential unity of the Christian churches in America, rather than to form another national institution with a prescribed program of work." The same paper comments further:

"The new federation has great possibilities. There is an urgent demand for expressed unity of action and aspiration of Christians, while their amalgamation into one organized body is as yet a distant ideal. The federation, however, has not yet found itself. The pressure from each denomination, real or imagined, for recognition in the offices is a retarding force. The eagerness of religious, social, reform and semi-political societies, industries and enterprises for its indorsement and for the use of it to their own advancement, tend to push it aside from the path it has marked out for itself. We say this without any disparagement to the International Sunday School Association, the American Bible and other societies, the Anti-saloon League and other national organizations of great value to Christianity and to our country.

"If this federation is to become a controlling influence in all the churches represented it must move along the larger lines. It must choose to be an influence rather than a directing official organization. It must seek for leaders, not yet found, nor reasonably expected as yet to be rec-

ognized. It must be willing, at least for some time to come, to set forth principles of action, while it leaves to other organizations to apply these principles to classes and communities. It must aspire to be a clearing house rather than a corporation."

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian

Church, has acted as president of the Federal Council during the past three years, but now gives way to Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The secretary of the organization, and the man whose persistence and enthusiasm have made it possible, is the Rev. Dr. E. B. Sanford, of New York.

SOME UP-TO-DATE VIEWS ON MIRACLES



LYMAN ABBOTT, Bernard Shaw and Sir Oliver Lodge—a seemingly ill-assorted trio united by a certain vitality and originality of utterance—have all been delivering themselves lately on the subject of the miraculous. Dr. Abbott, it goes without saying, is the most conservative of the three; but Bernard Shaw, in the true manner of the paradoxical and the unexpected, is rather conservative too. Sir Oliver Lodge goes further than either in his definite denial of definite miracles, such as the Virgin-birth and Resurrection of Christ.

Dr. Abbott confesses, in *The Outlook*, that he is often asked whether he believes in miracles. No question, it seems, more persistently haunts and troubles the minds of religious inquirers. By way of illustrating his own attitude toward the problems of such inquirers, he quotes the following passage from Sir Oliver Lodge's latest book,* differentiating between the scientific and the religious conceptions of the universe:

"Orthodox modern science shows us a self-contained and self-sufficient universe, not in touch with anything beyond or above itself—the general trend and outline of it known—nothing supernatural or miraculous, no intervention of beings other than ourselves being conceived possible. While religion, on the other hand, requires us constantly and consciously to be in touch, even affectionately in touch, with a power, a mind, a being or beings, entirely out of our sphere, entirely beyond our scientific ken."

Commenting on this, Dr. Abbott says: "I believe profoundly and absolutely in the religious and spiritual view of the universe as described above by Sir Oliver Lodge; and I disbelieve in what Sir Oliver Lodge calls the scientific but what I should prefer to call the mechanical view. Because I believe that man

is God's child and has inherited from his Father a mastery over nature, I have never doubted that he would in time accomplish aerial navigation, not by a violation of the laws of nature, but by a use of nature's forces in accordance with those laws. For the same reason I have no doubt that the Father can do, and has done through natural forces, what none of his children could do." But it by no means follows from this that Dr. Abbott accepts all the miracles handed down to us, or believes them all equally credible. On the contrary, he declares:

"Whether any particular incident narrated in the Bible took place as narrated is purely a question of evidence. The Samson feats are a part of the folk-lore of ancient Israel, with what measure of historical basis it is now impossible to know. The passage of the Red Sea is a part of the history of Israel, is embedded in her legends and her literature, and its probability is confirmed by later investigations of the locality. That the sick were healed by the handkerchiefs of Paul I do not believe. The resurrection of Jesus Christ I regard as one of the best attested facts of ancient history."

In very much the same spirit, Mr. Shaw, using the London Socialist weekly, *The New Age*, as the medium of his expression, declares his conviction that "each miracle remains a separate matter of opinion after all; and every brace of miracles is like the two women grinding at the mill; one shall be taken and the other left by that capricious human appetite which we call faith." He writes further:

"The world is full of miracles. Consciousness, for instance, is a complete miracle. Birth is a miracle; life is a miracle; and death was a miracle until quite recently, when Weismann made out a very plausible case for regarding it as a rather late product of natural selection. Anyhow, there are lots of miracles about; and the man who denies their existence is always a man who is simply wrong in his definition of a miracle. By a miracle he means only something that he is not accustomed to and did not expect.

*SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Mofat, Yard & Company.

"Miracles can be divided into two main classes:

(1) Miraculous events as to the actual occurrence of which there is no question and no doubt. (2) Miraculous events of which the occurrence is not generally admitted. For instance, it is alleged of a certain Lazarus that he achieved the miracle of living; and nobody doubts or denies this. It is further alleged that Lazarus rose from the dead at the command of Jesus. Though this was a very much simpler feat than to get born and grow up, nobody believes that he actually did it except people who would believe anything.

"The reason of this is obvious enough. None of us has ever seen a man raised from the dead except on the banks of the Serpentine by a policeman skilled in the art of inducing artificial respiration; and even this exception we try to get out of by the manifestly futile contention that the resurrected one was not dead—that he was only drowned. Still, the distinction between a familiar miracle and an unprecedented one accounts roughly for a good deal of the flat fact that we are credulous as to some miracles and incredulous as to others."

In this matter of miracles, Bernard Shaw continues, mankind may be divided into people who, like Hume, consider that any "natural" explanation of an event is to be preferred to the no-explanation that it is miraculous, and the other sort of people who have the opposite preference and will believe almost anything they are told. These marvellers will not accept a religion unless its apostles entertain them with conjuring tricks; the other sort will not believe in religion at all, because of the concessions that have been made to miracle-mongers. "And of course," Mr. Shaw remarks, "these two sorts of people are mostly of the same sort. Professor Tyndall would not believe in spontaneous generation on any terms; but he made no bones about attributing to every atom a positive and negative magnetic pole, and a consequent self-arrangement of atoms into crystals, and mountains, and sunsets, and vertebrate animals, stopping short quite unaccountably of cherubim and seraphim, who, if they exist, may surely be as atomic and magnetic as anybody else. Other learned doctors are quite ready to believe that when St. Paul's head was chopped off it bounded away, leaving a new spring of fresh water to mark the place of each ricochet; but they will not believe the simplest fact of natural history discovered by Darwin." This leads to the conclusion:

"Let us confess, then, that the man who argues that miracles must be either credible or incredible, and that if some miracles are credible (as they undoubtedly are), then all miracles must be credible, is the most hopelessly unreal kind of logician. The plain facts are that some miracles are cred-

ible and some are incredible, and that every different sort of man draws the line in a different place. Therefore there is nothing to be got out of miracles, either one way or the other, by special pleaders for or against any particular religion."

These interesting generalizations fail to reveal whether Bernard Shaw himself believes or disbelieves in the miracles on which Christianity, as popularly accepted, is based. Sir Oliver Lodge is less reticent. He tells us frankly, in his new book, that he believes in the Incarnation of Christ, but not in the Virgin-birth, and he adds that, for him, the difficulties in the way of believing in the Resurrection are insurmountable. More specifically he says:

"The proof of material resurrection or resuscitation adduced in the Gospel is not such as will bear scrutiny: it offers no case to the Society for Psychical Research. If the stone and the seal and the watch had been found intact and yet the tomb empty, there would have been something to investigate. But to find the place abandoned, and the stone rolled away, is equivalent to finding the grave rifled: no question of dematerialization need arise."

This skeptical pronouncement is typical of Sir Oliver's attitude. He is inclined, on the whole, to reject what is ordinarily regarded as the miraculous. He says:

"The reasonable scientific view is that a complete knowledge of nature would enable us to recognize the *rationale* of every event which ever occurred, or ever can occur; and so it would seem to follow concerning any given apparent prodigy either that it did not happen as related, or else that it happened in accordance with natural laws of which at present we are more or less ignorant. Some of the popularly-quoted miracles certainly did not happen, and were never by really competent judges thought to have happened, as narrated by the poet or rhapsodist of the time. To regard the poetic suspension of the motion of the sun (or earth) as a scientific statement is absurd."

At the same time, Sir Oliver goes on to say, there are many phenomena hitherto regarded as miraculous which in course of time may be seen to be a part of natural law. Some of them may represent either extension or survival of human faculty, while others may be an inevitable endowment or attribute of a sufficiently lofty character. Sir Oliver declares finally:

"Miracles lie all around us; only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us; only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and as simple as speech."

THE MORAL GENIUS OF MILTON



IN THE flood of tributes evoked by the tercentenary of John Milton, two attitudes may be said to predominate. The first emphasizes his commanding position as a poet; the second lays stress on his equally commanding moral qualities. One writer, in *The Contemporary Review*, comparing Milton with Shelley, declares that the difference between these two greatest of England's poets lay just in this—that Milton had character and Shelley had not; and the editor of *The Century* thinks that the deepest lesson of Milton's career is to be found in the fact that his character and his genius were in splendid harmony.

The records of Milton's life make it clear that from the first he had determined to dedicate himself to moral ends. While still a child he scorned delights and lived laborious days. It was his habit to pore over his books in the midnight hours, and when, at fifteen, he went to St. Paul's School, London, there was no one of his age in England who could compare with him in scholarship. At Cambridge they called him "the Lady of Christ's," because he was so innocent, so virginally pure. He seldom joined in the frolics of his fellow-students; he concentrated all his forces on one object, that by "labor and intent study," as he said, "which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let die." His youthful journey to Italy was in deliberate pursuit of the same object. He sought to perfect himself in foreign languages and to measure his culture by that of the greatest thinkers of his age. Among those whom he met at this time was the blind Galileo, who must have inspired him to bolder flights of imagination than any he had known. He came into contact, indeed, with all sorts of brilliant men and women, and in Italy, like Goethe, he felt the lure of the sensuous life; but he would not swerve an inch from the straight and narrow path he had decreed for himself, and all his conduct was ruled by a Puritan integrity. It was his determination to educate his moral nature equally with his intellect that he might himself be "a true poem . . . not presuming to sing high the praises of heroic men or famous cities, only to have in himself the experience and the practice of all that is praiseworthy." His

moral temper during this period is well illustrated in one of his letters to a friend:

"Light Elegy is the care of many gods. . . . To poets of this order, therefore, conviviality is allowable, and they may often indulge in draughts of good old wine. But the man who speaks of high matters, the heaven of the full-grown Jove and pious heroes . . . let him live sparsely, . . . let clear water in a beechen cup stand near him, and let him drink sober draughts from a pure fountain! To this be there added a youth chaste and free from guilt, and rigid morals and hands without stain."

Even a European trip inspired by such high aims became a kind of guiltiness when duty called at home; and the first news of a civil crisis in England, in 1639, brought Milton hastening to his native land. He thought it "disgraceful" that while his "fellow-countrymen were fighting for liberty at home" he should be "travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." Then followed a period of stress and storm in which, for a time, the budding poetic genius of Milton was almost obscured. He became a political revolutionist, a moral pioneer, championing the cause of Oliver Cromwell and the people against a corrupt autocracy.

In one sense, it may be said that Milton imbued his fellow-countrymen with their present ideals; for he first taught them what a king, a people, a parliament ought to be. And he taught them, paradoxical as it may seem, by the strength of his revolutionary faith, the persistence of his belief in democracy. His public influence reached its zenith after Charles I had been executed by the leaders of the army. All Europe stood aghast. Even Englishmen who had believed, theoretically at least, that the King had forfeited his life, felt misgivings now that he was dead. Then, "strong and clear, in sonorous Latin," came a justification of the regicides. The voice was Milton's.

For eleven years now he devoted himself, almost exclusively, to the championship of civil and religious liberty. He was in some ways the greatest apostle of liberty that the world has ever known. One of his favorite sayings was this: "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing." He foretold the establishment of free schools at a time when the idea was scoffed at. His plea for a free and uncensored press, the famous

"Areopagitica," is unsurpassed in logic and persuasiveness even to this day, and has helped to furnish a charter of liberty in all countries. His views on marriage and divorce, at first attacked and misrepresented in terms of the vilest abuse, are coming to be recognized as the conclusions of a mind not merely singularly pure, but singularly penetrating.

Milton's contention in this connection was that spiritual and intellectual companionship, far above any other kind of attraction, constitute the primary and most desirable basis of union between a wife and her husband. Marriage, he said, is "the dearest league of love, and the dearest resemblance of that love which in Christ is dearest to His Church." It is "that desire which God put into Adam in Paradise . . . which, if it were so needful before the fall, when man was much more perfect in himself, how much more is it needful now against all the sorrows and casualties of this life to have an intimate and speaking help, a ready and reviving associate in marriage?" Plato's theory, he went on to say, "divinely sorts" with what Moses in effect tells us—that "Love was the son of Loneliness, begot in Paradise by that sociable and helpful aptitude which God implanted between man and woman toward each other." Just because Milton's ideal of marriage was so high, he could not brook the false unions which, because they have been bound by formal ritual, so often masquerade as true marriages. "When," he continued, "this original and sinless penury or loneliness of the soul cannot lay itself down by the side of such a meet and acceptable union as God ordained in marriage, it cannot bring forth love, but remains utterly unmarried under a formal wedlock. . . . He, therefore, who, lacking of his due in the most native and humane end of marriage, thinks it better to part than to live sadly and injuriously to that cheerful covenant (for not to be beloved, and yet retained, is the greatest injury to a gentle spirit), he, I say, who, therefore, seeks to part is one who highly honors the married life and would not stain it."

Milton believed in freedom in the Church, no less than in the State. He strove against episcopal oligarchy, and claimed that all power in the church is derived from the assembly of believers. It is significant of the limitations of even his great mind that he discriminated against Roman Catholics very much as we would discriminate against murderers and lunatics in our day; but he pioneered the way for final freedom of Catholics also. "Intoler-

ance," he declared, "is a dishonor to the tyrant and a dishonor to the victim."

It should be remembered that Milton, in preaching his gospel of liberty, was always and fundamentally a Puritan. He cannot be understood apart from his Puritanism. But the Puritanism of his day was something very different from what we understand by the term at the present time. Puritanism, as John Morley has said, and as we so often forget, was, like the Reformation, "one of those revolts against the leaden yoke of convention, ordinance, institution, in which, whether in individuals or a total mass of men, the soul soars passionately towards new horizons of life and hope." It was primarily a reaction against religious corruption and the abuses of the court. It fought the subjection of the people to the lords, and the unrestrained vice and self-indulgence of those in high places. If it ran to excess of restraint, it was because the evils against which it was a protest were so monstrous.

This very excess, we can now see, was inevitable and necessary. England was passing through a period of intense moral and political ferment. The royalists were enveloped in a stench of their own rottenness, and Cromwell came, like a new Hercules, to cleanse the Augean stables. But even he and Milton together could not save England, and in the end, after Cromwell's death, the country reverted to its older levels. This is the period of which Macaulay wrote:

"Then came those days never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults, and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the policy of the State. The Government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place worship was paid to Charles and James—Belial and Moloch; and England prostituted those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations."

In the light of this memorable utterance, we

may understand something of the deeper meaning of "Paradise Lost." Milton must have intended to convey a symbol of that Puritan Paradise which England glimpsed from afar, but never entered. That it was the cry of his disillusionment we know. The writer in *The Contemporary Review* already cited, Mr. J. E. G. de Montmorency, tells us:

"As the dream of liberty faded a change slowly passed over the outlook of Milton's mighty soul. The long-silenced muse was slowly awakening, domestic griefs came thick and fast, a new tyranny had the land in grasp. When in 1658 the now blind poet began to write the long meditated epic, time and its revenges had damped the puritanic fires, had blown away the smoke and mist of social, constitutional, and personal illusions. The natal rights of man were no longer pure liberty, equality, fraternity; man inherited also the passions that fetter liberty. The whole of 'Paradise Lost' is the history of the loss of liberty. The man that wrote it had parted with his illusions. The way to liberty was now the way of reasonableness, the way of education, the way of love. Six years had passed since he had written in his sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell:

Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War.

And he had seen no victories of peace, and was about to see, as he knew full well, a land of lust and license, a land reeking with all that his youth had hated most, and yet a land of peace."

But Milton's mood could not for long be negative, and Mr. de Montmorency shows us clearly how the great poet turned defeat into victory. "I like to compare," he says, "Milton's slow disillusionment and the marvellous way in which he turned that bitterness into a new source of life, with the similar disillusionment that came to a very different but scarcely less great poet—Wordsworth." He goes on:

"Wordsworth, of course, began as a revolutionist, and, by one of those charming ironies that almost reconcile one to fate, he was in Paris in October, 1792. It was just the place for an English revolutionist. His experiences are told with minute detail in books nine, ten, and eleven of the 'Prelude.' Lord Morley says that 'the story of these three books has something of the severity, the self-control, the inexorable necessity of classic tragedy, and like classic tragedy, it has a noble end. The French Revolution made the one crisis in Wordsworth's mental history, the one heavy assault on his continence of soul, and when he emerged from it all his greatness remained to him.'

"Cannot we say the same and more of Milton? He gave the best years of his manhood,

the best gifts of his mind, to the English Revolution, only to find, when he awakened from his dream, that he was poor and of no account in the world for which he had striven, that he was blind to the world of beauty and nature, that he had few to love him and few to love. Those heavy assaults on his continence of soul had left him reinvigorated. He emerged from them with a new greatness. He that had been blind to the essential facts of human nature and human society saw truth at last with a vision perpetually undulled; and so he resumed his singing robes and made music that will be coeval with time."

In "Samson Agonistes," more plainly even than in "Paradise Lost," may be heard the heart-cry of Milton's stricken but unconquerable spirit. He believed that the afflictions visited upon him had been sent by the will of God. He regarded himself as one honorably discharged from the field of battle that he might meditate "a song so sublime and so holy that it would not misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, fling down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold." Manly pride, no less than Christian faith, upheld him.

What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-
plied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

As for the ruin that had overtaken England, it could only be met by dauntless faith and ceaseless energy:

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart and hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

In the end, asked Milton, what else but the Right could win? "Paradise Regained" was but another symbol. One of its loveliest passages tells how the Redeemer hears the tortured shrieks of infernal beings in the darkness—

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
But now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dri'd the wet
From dropping plant or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Music and the Drama

"SAMSON," HENRI BERNSTEIN'S LATEST NERVE-RACKING DRAMA.



SAMSON, the new play by Henri Bernstein, so brilliantly produced by William Gillette and his company at the Criterion Theater, New York, is even more violent than "The Thief." The third act particularly is one of the most powerful and nerve-racking ever witnessed on any stage. There was no critic in overfed Gotham who was not impressed, and Mr. Brisbane devoted an entire number of his *Evening Journal* to the play and its author. Bernstein is the author of a half dozen dramas and comedies, but "Rafale" (The Squall) and "The Thief," both produced for the first time only three years ago, are the two corner stones of his dramatic success. "Samson," contends the Paris correspondent of the *New York World*, clinched the author's position as the most dynamic living French dramatist. His latest play, "Israel," produced for the first time by Madame Rejane in October of last year, a play of Jewish suffering, according to the same source, has given to the tall thin young dramatist the final stamp of individuality. "Whether or not he maintains it, whatever he writes for a time will be sure to be received without reading. It means two hundred performances at least." M. Bernstein is a poet and a dramatist—he is not a preacher. It is impossible to him to conceive of work that is intended to *prove* anything. "The artist in me," he observes, "revolts at the simple suggestion of a play that demonstrates some superfluous truth. I am quite unequal to put upon the scene anything else than a bit of humanity, troubled, trembling, bleeding. . . . I see it that way. It is not my fault."

Maurice Brachard (William Gillette), the hero of Bernstein's play, is a copper king of simple origin who has amassed through prodigious speculation a fortune of eighty-four million francs. He has married Anne Marie, daughter of the henpecked Marquis Honore d'Andeline and his scheming spouse Francoise. Anne Marie, who is described by one critic as a Dresden china girl, has bestowed her affection upon a cynical blonde blackguard, Jerome LeGovain. In the opening of the first act, Brachard is about to leave for an import-

ant business transaction in London, when his slumbering suspicion of his wife's misconduct is aroused, half inadvertently, by the latter's cousin, Elise Vernet, discarded mistress of LeGovain.

BRACHARD. She's deceiving me!

ELISE. It isn't so.

BRACHARD. It is!

ELISE. No, no! Maurice—I swear to you—

BRACHARD. (*Seizes her wrist.*) Tell me the truth!

ELISE. I don't know anything about—

BRACHARD. You know perfectly well—

ELISE. No, no, I don't. Let go, Maurice.

(*Wrenches herself free.*)

BRACHARD. Hurt you?

ELISE. (*After a pause.*) It's too bad to see you like this! You're madly in love with her!

BRACHARD. Nothing else exists. The only thing in the world is her love—and I want it! All of it—not an atom must escape me! And what I want I get!

ELISE. Have a care, my friend! This time it isn't a struggle on the stock exchange—a battle with a giant of finance. There you're a conqueror, because you're afraid of nothing, and you have the quick insight of the born speculator. But this is another matter. You are dashing yourself to pieces against the little heart of a woman! And a woman's heart that doesn't love you is the hardest rock in the world!

BRACHARD. Then I'll wait. I can do that too!

ELISE. Wait? For what?

BRACHARD. My hour—that always comes!

ELISE. I hope it'll come this time, Maurice. I do with all my heart. Good night.

BRACHARD. You haven't told me yet. Does she love someone?

ELISE. I have nothing to say.

BRACHARD. Because I love her you think you must deceive me too!

ELISE. No, no!

BRACHARD. Then why did you do it?

ELISE. My dear friend, if you'll only—

BRACHARD. Your dear friend asks you a question.

ELISE. You're going too far with me!

BRACHARD. Do you think I could stop now?

ELISE. (*After slight pause. Very serious.*) Listen, then—

BRACHARD. At last!

ELISE. It's only because I never can forget—in Cairo—five years ago! Even now you're the only one I can trust—the only one, Maurice! I understand you're leaving for London to-night.

BRACHARD. Yes.

ELISE. This trip may be of the utmost importance. (*Brachard nods.*) In that case it's hardly worth while, I suppose.

BRACHARD. What?

ELISE. I thought of suggesting something.

BRACHARD. What was it?

ELISE. That you don't go. Let them think you're gone, but don't leave the city. That was all. Of course, I can't be sure of anything, and I hope it may not be true. But if you go back to your house about one o'clock in the morning and knock at your wife's door— Of course, you may not care to do this. And the business in London may be of greater importance. How does it seem to you? Well, what are you going to do? (*Slight pause.*) Ha, ha! You've gone dumb, have you! Drawn back into your shell and closed it tight! I know the symptoms. (*She moves toward the door.*) Oh, well, I shan't insist! I'm not so very curious! But one of these days, Maurice! Yes, my good friend! Shrug your big shoulders as much as you like. Open your eyes and close them just as you please. Shut up your thoughts in that wonderful shell of yours. But don't forget the advice of a friend and a woman: Don't leave Paris to-night!

LeGovain persuades Anne Marie to participate with him in a supper he intends to give to a couple of fast friends at a hotel of dubious reputation. When Brachard enters his home at midnight he finds his wife's room locked. He breaks in the door, and finds an empty bed. At three o'clock in the morning Anne Marie returns; her dress is disarranged and there is a wound on her wrist. He demands an explanation as to where she has been. She refuses.

MARIE. I married you—I consented to marry you—because my mother begged me to do it—begged me on her knees; and when I say that I mean on her knees! At first I refused with all my soul—the very thought of it frightened me. But when I saw my mother on the ground at my feet and felt her tears on my hands as she held them, it was too much. For I love her, and I love the memories of her, and I forget everything else, and wished only to give her what she wanted, even tho it was money—even that. And so I said yes, and she has what she wants! And tho I have to pay the price over and over again, I pay it! I pay it! Are you satisfied? Do you understand it all?

BRACHARD. I understand. But I want to know where you've been?

MARIE. I—I'm sleepy now. (*Rises.*) I'm going to bed!

BRACHARD. That wasn't nice—to hide yourself, conceal yourself so you could steal out of the house like a thief! A woman as proud as you!

MARIE. What do you mean by that?

BRACHARD. You took advantage of my first night away from home. You took advantage of it! (*Marie makes a wearied gesture.*)

MARIE. It's easy to keep a woman from leaving a room when she wants to—that's plain enough! (*She returns and sits down.*)

BRACHARD. Anne—Marie—you're in love with some one!

MARIE. Bah!

BRACHARD. I know it!

MARIE. If you do there's nothing more to say.

BRACHARD. Well, what is it? Yes or no?

MARIE. Neither one nor the other.

BRACHARD. You think it's brave to defy me!

MARIE. I think it's tiresome.

BRACHARD. It isn't bravery, it's bravado; and you hide yourself behind it because you're afraid to come out and declare it to my face!

MARIE. You never look one in the face! You worked on the docks too long!

BRACHARD. Insults are easy, and it's nothing to be proud of to deceive a man who trusts you even in his own house. But while you dare to do these things you're afraid of me—that's not difficult to see!

MARIE. Who wouldn't be afraid of you in a certain way?

BRACHARD. It isn't fear of my anger, or my grief, or my despair. It's only that your lady mother may lose the son-in-law she values so highly in her thirst for riches!

MARIE. (*Rises.*) Don't you dare to speak of her like that!

BRACHARD. Haven't I just been hearing from your own lips that she sold her daughter to a beast for the money that was in it?

MARIE. I've had enough! I've had enough! I've had enough! If I speak, if I tell you, will you let me alone? Will you let me leave this room?

BRACHARD. I swear it!

MARIE. You will not trouble me with storming and fury and questions?

BRACHARD. Nothing of the kind.

MARIE. Then I'll give you an answer—just to escape from the sound of your voice! *Yes! I have a lover!*

BRACHARD. Good God!

MARIE. Or rather, if you want to know, I *had* a lover—or one I thought I loved! But misfortune follows whichever way I turn. I was handed over to a dock laborer, and in my recoil from that I fell in love with a worthless black-guard! And to-night, to celebrate my first night of freedom, he took me to supper at a well known restaurant. I had no suspicion what it would be. I was ignorant of such utter foulness! He urged me in, and all at once I found myself among men and women whose very names— (*She rises.*)

BRACHARD. Tell me who they were!

MARIE. Don't ask me anything! I've just come from that merry-making! They tried to keep me there, but I managed, with the strength of desperation, to break away from them, and I reached this house, shuddering, trembling, delirious, mad! And to cap the climax Monsieur Brachard, who had made me believe he was going to London, stood before me! Oh, if I could forget! If I could die!

BRACHARD. (*Moves towards her.*) What's your lover's name?

MARIE. Ah, no! Ah, no!

BRACHARD. What's his name?

MARIE. I won't go so far as that!

BRACHARD. You needn't! I know! I know very well. It's Michel Brazac!

MARIE. Quite likely!

BRACHARD. It isn't Michel Brazac! Wait! I remember now! La Beaume! Alphonse la Beaume! He's been with you every day!

MARIE. (*Carelessly.*) That's a good idea of yours! Alphonse de la Beaume!

BRACHARD. You mean no?

MARIE. Didn't you promise not to ask questions?

BRACHARD. I don't ask any more! Not another one, for I've got my man! You needn't speak his name; I know him! And to-morrow morning I'll send my seconds to him. We'll fight and I'll kill him like a rabbit!

(*Marie suddenly bursts out laughing.*)

MARIE. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! That's good! You make me laugh at last!

BRACHARD. And I was waiting for that laugh! (*Marie's laugh dies down.*) It's such a funny thing because you know that if we fight, your lover and I, it's he who will kill me! Ah, now you don't laugh! Caught, eh? That laugh of yours played him a nasty trick, your cut-throat, your duellist, your crack swordsman—Jerome Govain!

MARIE. (*Rises.*) It isn't true!

BRACHARD. You didn't take the trouble to deny the others! I said I'd make you tell—you've told me twice! Twice you've betrayed your friend!

MARIE. Have it your own way!

BRACHARD. It's too late for that! Do you think you can catch me, you poor innocent? Stronger than you have tried and failed! They may deceive you, but they don't get me! It's I who have them!

MARIE. (*With infinite contempt.*) Dockman!

BRACHARD. Dockman, if you like; but a dockman badly duped! Badly duped! Badly duped! I'm a little tired myself. We both need rest. You'd better go.

MARIE. At least—thank you for that!

BRACHARD. No! not there! Not your room! (*Marie stops.*) Go to mine!

MARIE. What! Are you out of your mind?

BRACHARD. Not now! But a while ago, before you came in, I was a little upset, and I happened to break down the door to your dressing room. Now, if you please, I want a few hours to myself, and even tho you aren't likely to communicate with you—

MARIE. He! You can be sure of that!

BRACHARD. I'll be doubly sure, because there's a lock on that door!

MARIE. I won't endure it!

BRACHARD. Once more excuse me! There are several hours; and I'd like to know that you're safe!

MARIE. You're performing the cheapest kind of a melodrama all by yourself! I'm out of it! (*Snatches her cloak from the lounge.*)

BRACHARD. You'll be in it!

MARIE. As a small favor, will you let me go to my room in peace? That's all I ask!

BRACHARD. You go in there!

MARIE. What if I refuse?

BRACHARD. It won't make any difference.

MARIE. I suppose you know I'd do anything to prevent you from touching me!

BRACHARD. Come! Come! (*Marie goes in. Brachard goes up to the door, locks it, putting key in his pocket. After thinking a moment he goes to the telephone and takes it in his hand, ringing up.*)

BRACHARD. (*Speaking in low, distinct voice.*)

Hello! Give me 517-22. Yes—517-22. Yes! Ring again! Keep on ringing! Wake him up! Never mind who! It's a matter of life and death! Hul-lo—hul-lo—hul-lo! That you, Deveaux? Don't speak any names! Don't speak any names! You know my voice! You're my business agent! I left you at three. Now you know. Yes, that's right. No, I didn't go. I'm telephoning because I don't want you to go out of town. I want you in the morning. Without fail, you understand! Everyone must suppose I've left Paris. Everyone! Come at half past eleven to the Hotel Ritz! Yes, I'll be there. No, no, not before! Send your name in to me at half-past eleven. Not a word to anyone, you understand. I've gone away! Yes, I'm in London. All that clear? Good-bye.

The next act takes place in a private room at the Hotel de Ritz. Brachard has conceived a diabolical plan of revenge. He has invited LeGovain to lunch, and altho the latter is most anxious to examine the ticker, the copper king manages adroitly to prevent him from leaving the house. He plays with him as a cat plays with a mouse, when his confidential financial agent, Deveaux, is announced, whom he had instructed to sell, sell, sell copper until it dropped to six hundred points, thereby making LeGovain, who had invested every cent he had in copper, a beggar. Brachard lures LeGovain into the adjoining room, locks the door, and the following thrilling conversation takes place between him and the agent:

DEVEAUX. (*Breathless.*) I came back, I'm here, sir—because it's a matter of life and death! There's only one—

BRACHARD. Sh! Be careful! Have they got it down to six hundred?

DEVEAUX. No, no! It was impossible! Right in the midst of the selling—

BRACHARD. Speak low! Speak low! Where is it now?

DEVEAUX. Seven hundred eighty!

BRACHARD. What?

DEVEAUX. That's the last quotation!

BRACHARD. You mean to say it hasn't gone off a hundred points?

DEVEAUX. The brokers made every—

BRACHARD. What does this mean? What right had you to leave the exchange?

DEVEAUX. I came because—

BRACHARD. You had my orders—down to six hundred francs—not an instant before!

DEVEAUX. I beg you, I beg you to listen!

BRACHARD. Go on!

DEVEAUX. The opening was eight hundred and five!

BRACHARD. With London advices in?

DEVEAUX. London sent it down to forty francs! The way it was going you'd have had to throw sixty thousand shares on the market to get it off a hundred points, and your entire holding is only thirty thousand odd!

BRACHARD. What are you doing here?

DEVEAUX. I—I—

BRACHARD. How dare you leave the exchange to tell me this? Did I give you a limit?

DEVEAUX. Sir, I—will you be so—

BRACHARD. I give my orders to be carried out! Your business was to sell and keep on selling till the stock went to six hundred if it took a hundred thousand shares!

DEVEAUX. (*Speaks louder.*) A hundred thousand shares wouldn't have done it!

BRACHARD. Sh! (*Moves nearer Deveaux.*) Wouldn't have done it?

DEVEAUX. Let me tell you, sir; someone's against you! That's the trouble! Someone's fighting you!

BRACHARD. So much the worse for him!

DEVEAUX. It's the Baron!

BRACHARD. Not Hazfeldt?

DEVEAUX. Baron Hazfeldt, sir!

BRACHARD. Impossible, Deveaux! We're on the best of terms!

DEVEAUX. Nevertheless, he's standing behind Egyptian copper to-day and won't let it go down!

BRACHARD. You're sure of this?

DEVEAUX. It wasn't ten minutes after the selling began when a messenger came.

BRACHARD. From him?

DEVEAUX. Monsieur Picard, his confidential agent.

BRACHARD. What did he say?

DEVEAUX. He warned me the Baron would stop it. I saw it was a waste of time to discuss it, so I stopped the selling. If I'd obeyed your instructions blindly and thrown copper on the market right and left without regard to your holdings the stock would have to go to six hundred, the speculators on margin would be mercilessly slaughtered, and if a panic set in even the Baron himself might go down before it! But you, sir! Where would you be? Absolute ruin and disgrace! I hope you won't think—I've figured in everything. If you go on you would be utterly bankrupt, and perhaps involved in trouble with the government! I hope—(*Pause.*) In view of all this—you won't blame me quite so much for disobeying your instructions. (*Pause.*) I'd like to get back to the exchange and do what I can. (*Pause.*) I'm only waiting your orders, sir.

BRACHARD. My orders are the same!

DEVEAUX. What?

BRACHARD. Go! (*Deveaux exits quickly.*)

BRACHARD. (*Calling.*) Govain! Govain! Wake up, Govain! I say, Govain!

GOVAIN. Yes, yes, I'm coming!

BRACHARD. Here's news for you, Govain! News—do you hear?

(*Govain enters.*)

GOVAIN. Good lord, Brachard, what a deuce of a hurry you're in! You seem to have a mania for rousing people up to-day. This is the second time for me! If you knew what a night I had you wouldn't—(*Stops suddenly, looking at Brachard.*) Hallo! You've got a strange look about you, I must say! What's the matter, old man? Bad news?

BRACHARD. (*Shakes head.*) Oh, no! Oh, no!

GOVAIN. Glad to hear that! So the little romance of which you spoke is all right, eh? I'm dying to hear what it is!

BRACHARD. Govain! (*Moving toward him.*) Jerome Govain! You are a low lived loafer!

(*Strikes Govain in the face.*)

GOVAIN. Take care, my friend! You don't know what you're saying!

BRACHARD. Do I not?

GOVAIN. If I thought you did—(*Pauses.*)

BRACHARD. And if you thought I did?

GOVAIN. Oh, pf! This is absurd! Of course you're joking!

BRACHARD. Am I?

GOVAIN. Aren't you?

BRACHARD. Would you like to know where copper is?

GOVAIN. I see you change the subject!

BRACHARD. No, it's the same subject! Would you like to know where copper is?

GOVAIN. Well, where is it?

BRACHARD. Seven hundred and fifty francs!

GOVAIN. You mean eight hundred and fifty!

BRACHARD. I mean seven hundred and fifty! There's been a fall of a hundred francs!

GOVAIN. You've been drinking!

BRACHARD. And before you leave this room again that stock will fall to six hundred!

GOVAIN. I was right! You've had something while I was asleep! (*Getting hat and cane at table.*) I'll leave you to get over it! But there are some things even a drunken man ought to know enough not to say—that is if he pretends to be a gentleman. I was a fool to come here!

BRACHARD. Wait! (*Standing before him.*)

GOVAIN. What?

BRACHARD. You don't go!

GOVAIN. I don't?

BRACHARD. Not till you answer a question of mine!

GOVAIN. I haven't time!

BRACHARD. Where did you go to supper last night?

GOVAIN. It's none of your affair!

BRACHARD. Where did you go to supper last night?

GOVAIN. Before I answer that I'll wait till you sober up!

BRACHARD. And while you're waiting I'll answer for you—the Cafe de Paris!

GOVAIN. Very likely!

BRACHARD. With a party of fast women!

GOVAIN. Still more likely!

BRACHARD. With the Ruches!

GOVAIN. I don't remember!

BRACHARD. And Susette Leglise—and Loulou Alberron—and Christine Roy!

GOVAIN. I don't remember!

BRACHARD. And with my wife Anne-Marie!

GOVAIN. See here, Brachard, I've had enough of this. Some jokes are—

BRACHARD. You took my wife to a disreputable resort with dissolute men and abandoned women, and I'm going to wipe your fortune from the face of the earth!

GOVAIN. What are you talking about? I don't know what you mean!

BRACHARD. You don't know what I mean?

GOVAIN. That's what I said!

BRACHARD. Then I haven't made it plain enough!

GOVAIN. You've made it plain enough that you're making a drunken fool of yourself!

BRACHARD. Are you afraid to understand?

GOVAIN. Afraid! Do you dare to—

BRACHARD. Last night you did me the most

deadly outrage that one man can do to another! This afternoon Egyptian Copper falls to six hundred! Can you glean anything from that?

GOVAIN. I can glean that I'm getting very tired of this. (*As if to go.*) Stand out of the way!

BRACHARD. You think you're going, but you're not!

GOVAIN. Who'll prevent me?

BRACHARD. Do you see anybody here?

GOVAIN. You will, will you? (*Attacks Brachard.*) How will you do it? (*They struggle.*)

BRACHARD. So! See! So! E-hu! I'll do it this way! Oh, no! Oh, no! You won't have that! (*They struggle. Govain drops his cane. Brachard forces Govain back on table with both hands to his throat.*) You see how, eh? Those tales you like to tell are true! I've worked on the wharves—oh, yes!—lifted loads, pushed trucks, gripped ropes—and now it comes in well to handle a thing like you!

GOVAIN. (*Trying to get knife.*) By God, I'll—

BRACHARD. Pull that knife out and I'll strangle you to death!

GOVAIN. (*Choking.*) Will you let go? Let go! L— (*Brachard suddenly lets Govain rise. Govain moves, gasping and enraged.*)

GOVAIN. (*Enraged; speaks huskily, breathlessly.*) You ruffian! You blackguard! What do you mean by this?

BRACHARD. Maybe you'll stay here a while!

GOVAIN. That's as I please! As I please, my friend! Whether I stay or go is my own affair! I won't submit to being bullied by a drunken loafer, I can tell you that! (*Govain begins to move, to recover his cane, which is on the floor.*) You invite me here, make me your guest, and then assault me! I'll get even for this! I'll— (*Making a rapid start for cane, but stops when Brachard puts his foot on it. Brachard picks up the cane as Govain is making a start for it.*) Do you suppose I'm going to let it rest at this? I'll make you pay for your beastly low lived conduct! (*Brachard draws sword out of cane and tosses it upon floor in doorway.*) Oh, very neat! Very neat, Monsieur Brachard! Perhaps you think that's the only weapon in Paris; but it isn't, and you'll find that out!

BRACHARD. All you've got to do is to stay here!

GOVAIN. I don't hob-nob with a dock roustabout! A beastly, blackguardly way to get your satisfaction! Ha! If you consider yourself insulted you know well enough the thing to do—the thing a gentleman would do—and the thing I'll do now! Two of my friends will call this afternoon. See that yours are ready!

BRACHARD. A duel!

GOVAIN. A duel!

BRACHARD. You've had my money, you've taken my wife, now you want my life! Not if I know what I'm doing, and I think I do! I think I do!

GOVAIN. You coward; you want to get out of fighting!

BRACHARD. No! But I'll fight with my own weapons—and here in this private parlor of the Ritz Hotel! (*Tosses stick of cane on table.*)

GOVAIN. So! That's it!

BRACHARD. That's it!

GOVAIN. You propose to assault me again like

a street tough!

BRACHARD. I don't propose to touch you!

GOVAIN. You think you've got me in a trap! Because you're a low-lived dock man you expect to keep me here by force!

BRACHARD. Something like that!

GOVAIN. It's the act of a contemptible coward! (*Moves toward door. Brachard moves before door. Govain, seeing his way blocked, stops near table.*)

GOVAIN. A coward, a coward, a coward! You hear yourself called a coward and you do nothing! Ha, ha! You do nothing! If you weren't the very lowest kind of a cur you'd know that every decent man who is a man has at least something to defend what's known as honor!

BRACHARD. I knew it would come! I knew honor would come! Listen to me, Govain! I was born in Faubourg of Marseilles—in what they call the Thieves Corner. My first home was a disreputable pawn shop. At school the other boys combined to beat me. For a while I took their kicks and blows, until one day, driven to madness, I turned and sent them screaming down the streets. From that time I knew what to do—fight!—and I've been at it ever since! Scoffed at by men because I rose from the slums, I've fought my way among them with clenched fist, moist hands, defiance on my lips! That's my life! I've got tenacity, ferocity, rage, but I haven't got what you call honor! Where would I get it? Where would I get this thing you call honor from?

GOVAIN. (*Contemptuously.*) Ha! Where indeed?

BRACHARD. But you! What a difference! The son of an upright soldier! Your mother a saintly woman! Your home all that a home should be! Nourished with honor from the day you were born! Taught honor as you grew up! Surrounded on every side with shining examples of honor! Of course you have honor! You couldn't help it! You've got more than you want! When you serve some fool as second in a duel you charge him five hundred louis for your trouble! You've got more honor than you can use so you sell it—at so much an hour! You allow a woman to pay your debts—you promise her marriage—and then, when you happen to make a fortune of your own, you throw her over like a cad. You still have your honor—but you've got her money with it! And with this parvenu, whom you met by chance, you make a tacit bargain! You give him what you call your friendship and in exchange you accept his money, his help, his advice! And then one night, when you think his back is turned, you steal from him his one chance of happiness—his only hope—the one light of his life! You can afford to do this because you have honor! And now if I was silly enough to fall into this snare you call honor you'd have me stand up as a target and shoot the life out of me on the field of honor! With all your stupendous honor from beginning to end of this honorable affair there's nothing but loathsome dishonor, and you know it! (*Govain makes slight movement to pass.*) Try to get out of here and I'll smash your bloody jaw!

GOVAIN. I only wanted a cigarette. Is the odor of tobacco disagreeable to you?

(*Brachard gets cigarettes at table, offering them to Govain.*)

BRACHARD. (*Govain lights cigarette.*) Smoke away, Jerome Govain! It's the most expensive smoke you'll ever have on earth!

GOVAIN. Are you planning to keep me here all night?

BRACHARD. Only till your money's gone! When you're wiped out, you can get out!

GOVAIN. You waste your time, my friend, trying to frighten me! Do I look such a fool as that? A slump in copper! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! You think you can make me believe such a silly tale!

BRACHARD. You couldn't believe it, eh?

GOVAIN. I should think not! A crash to order! How did you manage it? Have you got that part of the story made up yet?

BRACHARD. I'll do it as we go along.

GOVAIN. Well, you've got a piece of work before you to get up a yarn like that! How are you going to make a fall of two hundred and fifty francs, eh?

BRACHARD. Do you think eighty millions might do it?

GOVAIN. Eighty millions—ha, ha! go on! That's a good beginning! You mean your eighty millions?

BRACHARD. Mine till half an hour ago!

GOVAIN. Really, Brachard, this is too good! Your plan was to get me in here and then give me a fright! I see it all now! (*So amused he throws his head back laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! Such a cheap revenge! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! My soul! but that'll amuse the street! I wouldn't miss that story for—for a— (*He stops, listening. A very faint sound of newspaper boys crying out in the streets in the far distance—hardly distinguishable. In the midst of his laughter and bantering Govain catches the slight sound, and his merriment dies out. He listens. Brachard stands motionless with his eyes on Govain. Then he goes nearer to Govain.*)

BRACHARD. Do you hear anything?

GOVAIN. What is it?

BRACHARD. Listen! (*The newsboys' cries become louder.*)

GOVAIN. It's only the boys shouting in the street!

BRACHARD. That's it! It's only the newsboys shouting in the street!

GOVAIN. What of it? They often shout!

BRACHARD. But they don't often shout this! You'd better listen! It's something about the exchange!

GOVAIN. My God!

BRACHARD. Ah! It dawns upon you! There may be something in it, after all!

GOVAIN. (*Sudden bravado.*) Nothing of the kind! This is a trick to frighten me!

BRACHARD. Is it? Then listen again; it's louder now. They're calling a panic on the exchange!

GOVAIN. What's that? (*Rushes to window and throws it open.*)

BRACHARD. (*As Govain runs across.*) A panic on the exchange! The flood is loose! A panic on the exchange! (*Calls of newsboys louder as windows thrown open, echoing through distant streets.*) Ha, ha, ha! The Baron goes down with the rest! A panic on the exchange!

GOVAIN. (*Turning on Brachard.*) Scoundrel! Scoundrel! Scoundrel!

BRACHARD. You're a ruined man, Govain! Wiped out; done for; and that's the end of you!

GOVAIN. You swindler! You thief!

BRACHARD. The treacherous cur snarls in the dirt at my feet!

GOVAIN.—(*Choking with rage.*) You'll pay for this scurvy trick—you swine! (*He turns and goes up as if to go to door.*) You swindling dock-loafer! I'll get even for this! (*Turns.*) It's true about your wife!

BRACHARD. (*Sitting on edge of table.*) But you've lost your money, Govain!

GOVAIN. It's true, I say. She was there last night!

BRACHARD. And your money's all gone, Govain!

GOVAIN. She came to that supper party with me! Do you hear?

BRACHARD. And now you're a pauper, Govain!

GOVAIN. (*Leaning over back of chair.*) You know what that means! When I see your ugly face in the street I'll be the one to laugh!

BRACHARD. Oh, no, you won't laugh! You'll think of your own wife! That'll be enough for you!

GOVAIN. Mine, you fool! Do you think I'd have a wife? I know too much for that!

BRACHARD. You owe her money, and now she'll have you, honor and all!

In the terrific financial crash that follows Brachard himself is absolutely ruined. There is even a rumor of an indictment; the minister of justice strongly advises him to leave Paris for the time being. The Marquis and his wife now urge their daughter Anne Marie to desert the sinking ship of her husband's fortune and to apply for a special dispensation for a divorce. She refuses, because now that the Paris that had worshipped him has turned its back on him, woman-like she feels drawn toward this fallen giant, and while the family is still engaged in animated discussion, Brachard himself appears. All leave the room, except Anne Marie, and Brachard moves toward her.

BRACHARD. Well, Marie, we haven't hit it off very well together, you and I! (*Brief pause.*) I thought you might love me some time! That wasn't so! I know it at last, and I'm going to make what amends I can. It isn't so easy to leave you, Marie, when I—when— (*Pause.*) But that's what I've got to do. (*He goes to her and takes her hand.*) Good-bye, Marie! (*He turns away to right, moving toward the door.*)

MARIE. Did you—did you say you're leaving to-morrow?

BRACHARD. Yes.

MARIE. May I say something before you go? (*Brachard stands listening near lounge.*) I'm only afraid you'll misunderstand me. Yesterday morning, when you left the house, after that terrible scene we had, I was mad to be free! To leave you for ever was my only thought, my only wish. Before I had time to do anything the panic came—the excitement—everyone demented

—hundreds of people ruined, and so many we knew! All about me a pandemonium, and nothing but curses and maledictions against you—that you were a swindler—(*Brachard sits on lounge*)—a traitor to those who had trusted you; that you planned the ruin and wreck only to make yourself richer. Whether these things are true, how can I tell? (*A wave of the hands.*) I don't know anything about it, and don't want to! But I do know this—if you had any such plan it failed, and you are ruined with the others. Not only ruined, but in trouble. I'd rather not leave you at such a time. (*Slight pause.*) Yesterday you were the people's idol! To-day you are fallen in the dust—trampled on, insulted, driven from the city! That makes a difference! And if you care to have me, in spite of what happened night before last, I'll go with you! (*Pause.*)

BRACHARD. (*Still seated.*) You don't love me, Marie! (*Marie lowers her eyes.*) You speak only from pity. (*Shakes head a little.*)

MARIE. Why do you say pity?

BRACHARD. Because that's what it is!

MARIE. At least, it isn't that alone. I don't feel as I did. The hatred in my heart has gone! And if you can forget the—the pain I've caused you, we might be companions yet.

BRACHARD. There's only one thing I ask! You can't give it, and so we part! (*Marie rises.*) See, we began wrong! I know that. But don't blame me too much. I loved you long before I knew you. The old days in Marseilles—you an aristocratic young girl, dainty, exquisite, beautiful! I a wretched, half-grown boy working in the streets! From the moment I caught sight of you the world was changed! I watched for you every day—to see you leave the house, to ride or drive in the parks, and far into the night I was in the streets before your windows. When your family left Marseilles and moved to Paris the memory of your loveliness was all I had left—it was my life! Some time to meet you—some time to see you face to face—it was my only dream. Then came the turn, and I began to win the fight. But I was winning it for you—I was fighting for you; and every successful move filled me with mad exultation because it brought nearer the possibility of you! Then one day that possibility came true. I looked in your eyes, proud and honest, and listened to the music of your voice. Of course you despised me! How could it be different when we met in such a way? But where was any other? Could I lose you then? Impossible! I took the desperate chance—I took it, and I lost! But I don't need pity—no, not that! I've lost the love of my life; but even so, I've had my hour! For yesterday I held Jerome Govain by the throat and made him dance to my piping while I turned his pockets inside out! (*Marie looks up in sudden amazement.*)

MARIE. (*After looking at Brachard an instant.*) Do you mean—the panic—the ruin—yesterday—on the exchange—was it for him? (*Brachard does not answer.*) You beggared yourself to do that!

BRACHARD. I got what I wanted! I know how it is; you like his ways, Marie. You don't like mine. He was reared a polished gentleman—I came from the docks! He can talk glibly of duels and fighting and honor—but I avenge the woman I love, and that's enough for me!



A MODERN SAMSON RAZING THE TEMPLE OF FINANCE

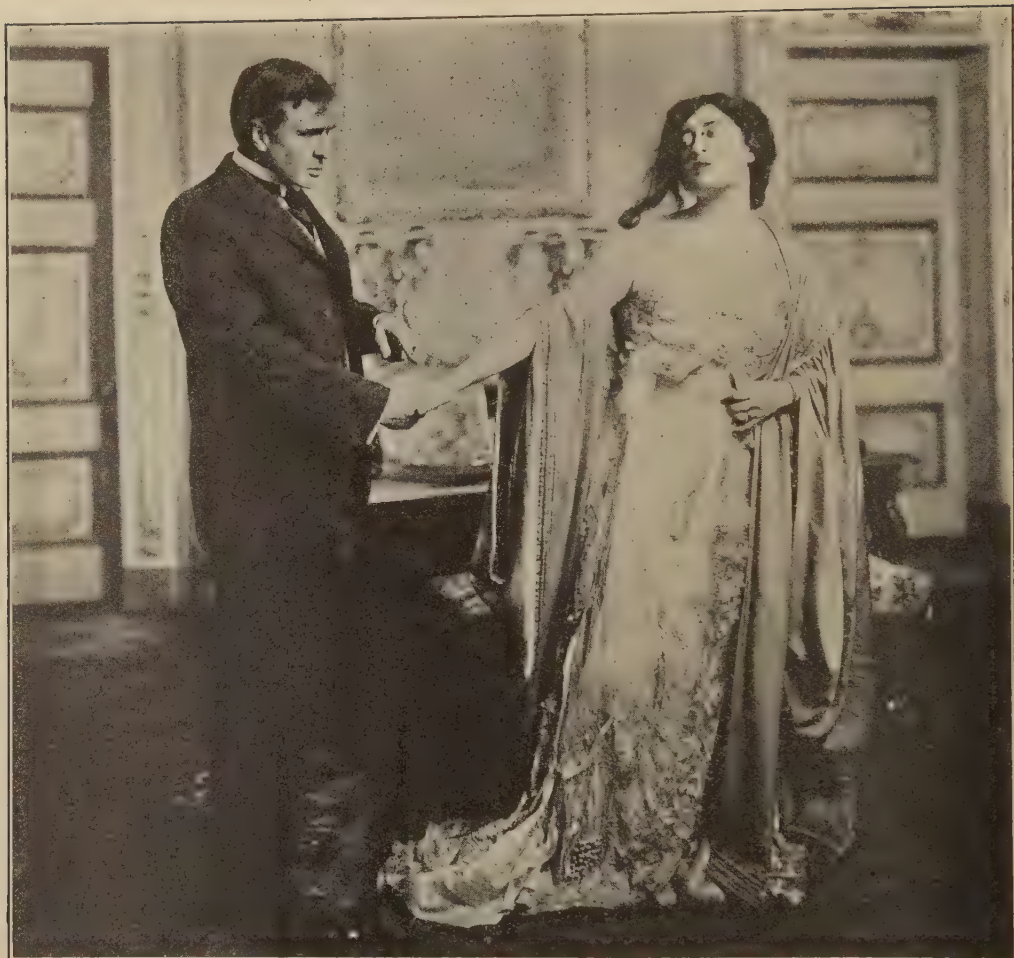
William Gillette in the title role of Henri Bernstein's violent drama.

MARIE. (*Still astounded.*) How did you happen to think of it? What made you think of doing that?

BRACHARD. It was the first thing that came to my hand! Nothing so very much, but it answered! Wasn't there an old Bible yarn about a man who pulled a temple down on his enemies?

MARIE. Samson!

BRACHARD. That's the one! They used to preach it to us of a Sunday on the wharves of Toulon! Ha, ha! That man had his hour, like



LOVE—AFTER MARRIAGE

The Samson of Bernstein's play, a **King of Finance**, gaining his wife's affection after he has shaken down the pillars of his prosperity to avenge her honor.

me! Did you ever think of him **there** alone—betrayed by his friends, his strength gone, his eyes put out, decrepit, blind, wretched! How they led him out to be insulted, jeered at, spat upon! Did you ever think of him **there**—that the persecution got so terrible that his rage revived and tore at his broken heart—and he cried out to Almighty God to give him back the strength he'd lost for one brief moment? And then, when he felt it coming—and knew his prayer was answered! Hearing the insults and jeers as the rabble passed him, crowding into the temple—that gigantic trap that he alone could spring! Did you ever think of him when he found them—and tried them—and felt them tremble in his mighty grasp? And a little more—and a little more—and they moved and twisted and cracked, crunching and grinding on their pedestal! Then an awful stillness for one deadly instant, and breaking upon it the sudden

mighty convulsion, and the temple rocked, and the walls tottered, and the ruin tumbled down about him, and over him, and upon him;—but he had them! He had them! My temple was built of gold, Marie; and the vile wretch who spat upon me lies buried in the ruins! (*He goes to her.*) It was for you—it was only for you—because I love you! (*Turns from her blindly to go.*)

MARIE. (*Speaking as he turns away.*) Oh! (*Brachard turns quickly and looks at her. She lowers her eyes.*)

BRACHARD. (*Looks at her intently for an instant, then goes to her impulsively.*) Ah, Marie! Marie! If there's any hope, if there's a chance—tell me now before it's too late! What have I done? What is it that stands between us? Tell me, so I can tear it away! If I know I can fight it! Is it my life—the way I've made money? You never liked that, I know!

MARIE. When you deceive people—to get away what they have—

BRACHARD. Yes, yes! The deals and stocks!

(*Marie nods a little.*) But see, there's no more of that! Everything is gone. They have it all back and I begin again! The old Brachard is dead; a new man takes his place. Whatever kind of man you like, nothing but you. You will let me tell you— (*Sinking on the bench beside her and getting her hands in his.*)

MARIE. (*Drawing away.*) No, no, Maurice! (*She rises quickly.*)

BRACHARD. (*Rising with her and catching her in his arms.*) If you knew how I loved you you couldn't resist! You'd be mine, Marie—my own!

MARIE. (*Freeing herself from him and drawing away impulsively.*) No, no! You must let me go! You're so overpowering—so overwhelming!

BRACHARD. Ha! You raise me to heaven, and then I'm down again!

MARIE. No, no! (*Moves toward him a little.*) I only meant—(*Breathless*)—you don't give me time to think!

BRACHARD. I know what I am! It's impossible! If you loved me would you want time to think?

MARIE. (*Advancing toward him.*) I don't want time, Maurice—I don't want time! (*Lowering her eyes.*) I know!

BRACHARD. (*Catching her in his arms.*) Marie! Marie! Marie! (*He holds her close.*) I'm ruined! I've lost everything!—and I'm the richest man in Paris to-night!—the richest man in the world!

CURTAIN.

MISCHA ELMAN—THE MARVELOUS BOY VIOLINIST

RESH from his European successes, the Russian boy-violinist, Mischa Elman, has come to America. He has more than lived up to his high reputation. His New York debut, says *The Musical Courier*, was "a triumph, brilliant, complete, extraordinary." Of Elman's future standing and successes in this country the same authority has not an atom of doubt. "There is nobody just like him," it says.

Practically all the New York critics write in the same enthusiastic spirit. Mr. Finck, of *The Evening Post*, testifies that the applause evoked by the young violinist at his first concert "bade fair to rival that of the great political conventions of last summer in duration"; and Reginald de Koven has declared in *The World*:

"The name of this great artist, who made an immediate and striking success, is rightly coupled with that of the greatest master of the instrument since Joachim and Weiniawski, Ysaye; and the connection, the marvellous tone and dash of interpretation characteristic of both, is obvious.

"A few bars of exquisite, smooth, mellow tone, a few sweeps of that magic bow across the strings, and the story of a great success and a new real musical sensation was told, for one knew at once that here was no prodigy, but a master, virile in conception and execution, in force and emotion.

"The Tschaiowsky concerto has been called a thankless work, but as played by Elman last night, with a fire and ardor which made the nerves tingle, with an ease and mastery of technique which swept away the many difficulties like cobwebs, with a master hand and a marvellous tone of combined breadth and power, sweetness and incisive quality, it seemed a fitting vehicle for the talent amounting to genius which it revealed.

"If there were a few slips of intonation, due to the tensivity of excitement of the moment, if the sentiment of the canzonetta seemed a little restrained and shallow at times, these were inci-

dents at which it would be hypercritical to cavil in the face of an art so commanding and so magnetic.

"The cadenza was superbly played, and the whole interpretation scintillated with a brilliancy and enthusiasm that fairly swept the audience away and evoked applause that was an ovation, a due and fitting recognition and tribute to a great artist."

Mischa Elman was born under a lucky star, and his New York triumph is but the culmination of a remarkable career. He first saw the light in the little Russian town of Talnoje, near Odessa, eighteen years ago. As a mere child he showed amazing sensitiveness to music, and at four, without lessons, he could play tunes on the violin. Six months later, the landed proprietress of the neighborhood, Princess Urusoff, pronounced him a genius, and offered to adopt him. She made only one stipulation—that he renounce the Jewish faith in which he had been born, and become a Christian. The boy's father would not hear of this, and in 1896 took him to Odessa. Here Mischa was accepted as a free pupil.

Soon afterward, Professor Leopold Auer, head of the violin department of the St. Petersburg Conservatory, became interested in Mischa, and determined to invite him to St. Petersburg. But serious difficulties interposed. According to official regulations in Russia, no Jew born outside of St. Petersburg is allowed to live in that city. Mischa could not come, unless the Czar gave special permission. This permission was finally obtained. Then other difficulties arose at the Conservatory, and it is said that Professor Auer actually threatened to resign if he were not allowed to have "the best pupil ever offered me."

It was not Professor Auer's intention that Mischa should be exhibited as a "child prod-



EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD AND A GENIUS

Mischa Elman, the Russian virtuoso now visiting this country, is hailed as the world's coming violinist.

igy." He wanted the boy to work quietly until he had perfected himself. But Mischa matured so rapidly that Auer finally consented to his appearance at a great concert in Octo-

ber, 1904. As J. W. Malone, a writer in *The Theatre Magazine*, tells the story:

"A child wonder, a violinist, came to the city and gave a concert. Critics were enthusiastic, and praised him so warmly to Professor Auer that the latter, somewhat nettled, declared that he had a young pupil who was more remarkable than the boy over whom they raved. This rather amused but did not convince his hearers. Auer then determined to prove the truth of his assertion, and took a bold measure. He had always played at the opening concert of the season of the *Deutscher Liedertafel*, the most important musical society of St. Petersburg. Arrangements were quietly made, and when the audience assembled for the first concert the president announced that Professor Auer was unable to play that evening, but had sent his youngest pupil as his substitute. To the amazement of all, the thirteen-year-old boy appeared, and achieved such great success, playing the Mendelssohn Concerto, a Chopin Nocturne, and Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo*, that he was at once engaged to play in Berlin by a concert agent present."

"That was the beginning of Mischa's public career. He appeared in Berlin a few days later; then in Dresden, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Hanover. And in Leipzig the child played at a concert in the *Gewandhaus*—something almost unheard of in German musical tradition. The following spring he duplicated his successes in London and Paris.

If Mischa Elman fulfils the promise of his youth, he is likely to surpass all the other violinists of our time. A well-known German musical paper, the *Deutsche Musiker Zeitung*, already regards him as "the greatest living genius of the violin."

WHY "THE WINTERFEAST" FAILED

THE failure of Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Winterfeast," in spite of the phenomenal success of "The Servant in the House," the first in the series of seven plays contemplated by the author, has led to an animated discussion as to the possible causes of the chill with which it was received by the public. There are, it seems, few, if any, positive tests by which the success of a play can be predicted. Of the plays selected by Mr. Frohman four out of ten are said to fail, and Mr. Frohman is accounted one of the most successful and certainly one of the biggest of dramatic producers. There are, however, certain canons from which—*post facto* at least—deductions may be made as to the possible causes for failures. Why, then,

according to the critics, was Mr. Kennedy's "Winterfeast" less fortunate than his dramatic exploitation of Christ? Mr. Kennedy has studied for orders, and, according to his own confession, is on the best possible terms with Deity itself. "The reason I love God so well," he remarked to a writer in *The Theatre Magazine*, "is that He is so much like me. I mean it," he went on to say. "God does things as a dramatist would do them. Note in how small and quiet a way He begins His work, what 'preparation' He makes, and to what grand climaxes does He develop!" It is in this spirit that Mr. Kennedy has conceived a cycle of plays, which, like Balzac's "Human Comedy," shall embrace all the passions of the world. "The Servant in the House," in Mr. Kennedy's conception, is the depiction of the idea of

Love and Truth in life that saves. "The Winterfeast" portrays the Hate that kills. Mr. Kennedy's didacticism would probably have killed "The Servant in the House" as a popular success but for the sensational introduction of the Savior himself. "The Winterfeast" is a play that killed itself; the moral purpose is aggressively set forth, and the artistic purpose not well sustained from the point of view of drama. Both plays possess literary merit of no mean order. Elizabeth Luther Cary emphasizes the almost classic simplicity of Kennedy's style. To her mind this poet possessed with moral passion writes dramas with the zeal where-with the ancient monks painted pictures to the glory of God. "In consequence," she remarks in *The Atlantic Monthly*, "his work hangs together with the integrity of good craftsmanship. There are no empty spaces, no loosely woven connections, no structural points unaccounted for." She goes on to say:

"The whole is tight and true and of the firmest texture. There are contrast and rhythm and balance, especially there is the sense of substance. Even in 'The Winterfeast,' where the scene is laid in a distant country and the characters are kept faithfully adherent to ancient types, the feeling that they belong to this ponderable world, and not to the eccentric aerial world of the imagination, is not for a moment lost. This in part is because they care for moral questions, which is the quality that divides real from imaginary characters far more positively than it divides man from the brutes. But it is also in part due to the fact that the author has not only thought but observed, and has sifted his observation of this incredible world untringly for those elements that will best lend credibility to the spiritual world which he discerns beneath all appearances."

In spite of the moral and literary excellence of the piece, as a play "The Winterfeast" seems to be unconvincing. In Mr. William Winter's opinion, Mr. Kennedy's tragedy possesses no more movement than would be visible in a hearse stalled in a snowstorm. "The Winterfeast," declares *The Theatre Magazine*, "does not touch the heart of its audience for a single moment."

"The theme and the moral of the play concern the baneful and far-reaching effect of a lie; but there is no truth in the subsequent proceedings after the utterance of the lie. It is not the lie which causes a series of murders, but the artifice and the zeal of the author for righteous didacticism. Mr. Kennedy is here not treading upon the firm ground of the twentieth century. His inspiration is purely the obsolete inspiration of a past literature."

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in *The Forum*, offers a subtle and convincing analysis of the play

and the cause of its failure. "A failure by a dramatist who has proved himself to be important," he maintains, "is worthy of studious and careful criticism. Many reasons," he goes on to say, "have already been adduced by the newspaper reviewers to explain why this earnest and ambitious drama failed to please the public."

"The action passed in Iceland in the year 1020 A.D.; and it has been suggested that the period and the place were too remote to awaken the lethargic imagination of the many. The story was intricate and difficult to follow, and the piece was very much too long. It was conceived and projected with unwavering unity of mood; and since the mood was sombre and harrowing, the utter lack of relief palled upon the audience. Altho only seven actors were needed to present the play, no less than twelve persons suffered violent deaths before the catastrophe was completed. Besides a rather inefficient servant, only two characters were left alive at the close; and these two were the only people in the story who had done anything positive to deserve disaster. The action was frequently delayed by long and literary speeches, some of which were soliloquies delivered to the circumjacent air. But all of these accumulated dicta do not explain the failure of the play, because such incidental handicaps as these were discounted by the unusual merits of the performance."

"No; we must look more deeply than this to discern what was irremediably wrong with 'The Winterfeast.' I think that the true explanation of the matter lies in an evident inconsistency between the author's intention and his actual accomplishment. It is quite evident from the tenor and tone of the drama that he intended to make a tragedy; and it is just as evident, upon studious consideration, that he succeeded only in making a melodrama."

Kennedy's purpose was to exhibit the ruinous effects of a lie told by one man—a single lie which, like a snowball loosened on a mountain summit, becomes an avalanche in its fall. He should have exhibited the disintegration of character within the man who told the lie—a disintegration so complete that he drags to destruction with him the innocent people whose fate is entwined with his by the filaments of his falsehood. Instead of this tragic rendering of the subject, Mr. Kennedy adopted the melodramatic method of inventing a villain to motivate the plot from the outside.

"Thorkel, a viking, has a son, Valbrand, who is a skald, and a foster-son, Bjorn, who is a warrior. Both the young men love Herdisa. She prefers Bjorn, but Thorkel wishes her to marry Valbrand. Therefore he fares forth overseas to Vineland, taking Bjorn with him and leaving Valbrand at home. Before the expedition starts, Herdisa, unasked, clearly indicates her love for Bjorn. Bjorn is by accident left behind in Vineland, but sends back a message of love to Herdisa.

Thorkel lies about this message, saying that Bjorn sent Herdisa as a taunt the single word 'Unasked.' Herdisa, stung by this, immediately marries Valbrand. By him she has a daughter, Swanhild; but she continues to love Bjorn, whom she supposes to be dead. Twenty years later Bjorn returns to Iceland with a son, Olaf, who has been born to him in Vineland. His return and Thorkel's old deception are discovered by Priest Ufeig, who for many years has been at feud with Thorkel, for some reason which the author never reveals. Ufeig, possessed of his enemy's guilty secret, proceeds to undermine him by the usual methods of blackmail. He secures a formal remission of the open enmity between them, and then tries to force a marriage between Swanhild and his son, Helgi. The aged Thorkel prevents this by killing the young Helgi; and, insatiate of carnage, slays also a full half dozen other sons of Ufeig.

"Bjorn, after his return home, is left alone with Herdisa. Naturally he wonders why she ever married Valbrand. She tells him that she did so because of that bitter word of his, 'Unasked.' Thus confronted with the old lie, Bjorn, for some inexplicable reason, does not supplant it with the simple truth. Instead, he picks a querulous quarrel with Valbrand. The two men go forth to fight; and one of them slays the other. A thrall, named Odd, is present at their combat; but tho the survivor speaks several sentences to him, Odd remains inexplicably ignorant as to which killed which. By chance he brings back a sword which indicates that Valbrand has been slain by Bjorn.

"Olaf happens in, and falls in love with Swanhild at first sight. Herdisa makes him swear to kill the supposed slayer of Swanhild's father. Olaf, deeming from the accidental sword that he has sworn to kill his own father, Bjorn, kills himself instead. His suicide leads to Swanhild's. Valbrand returns, a slayer but not slain. Discovering his daughter's fate, he madly rushes forth to kill himself. Herdisa dies of shock at this accumulation of arbitrary deaths. The villain, Ufeig, re-

mains unscathed, except for the loss of his small army of sons at one fell swoop. The only other person (barring Odd) who remains unpunished is the guilty source of all the trouble, Thorkel. Never during the course of the action has he exhibited any truly tragic compunctions of conscience. Only at the very end of the play does he feel ready to confess his ancient fault; and by that time, unfortunately, nobody is left alive to listen to his confession.

"This summary, which I think is not unfair, must make it clearly evident that the characters of 'The Winterfeast' are controlled at all points by the fortuitous falling out of circumstance. Every detail of the catastrophe is the result of accident. Olaf kills himself, not because of any inherent necessity, but merely because a stupid thrall has brought back misleading tidings of a mortal combat. Since Olaf's death conditions Swanhild's, and her death conditions Valbrand's, all three deaths are due to chance. Also it must have been by some blind accident that Valbrand slew Bjorn, since the latter was admittedly the better warrior. The author offers no explanation of Thorkel's miraculous prowess in killing in a single combat seven men, all younger and stronger than himself. Herdisa, apparently, dies merely by contagion, because death is in the air. Surely, surely, the catastrophe of this play o'ersteps even the immodesty of melodrama; and of the inevitable doom of tragedy it offers not a trace."

The financial failure of Kennedy's play, if we accept Mr. Hamilton's judgment, was due to its defects as a work of art. "The great uncritical public," he tells us, "was in this case right, as it almost always is. Yet the play has considerable literary merit, and is well worth reading."*

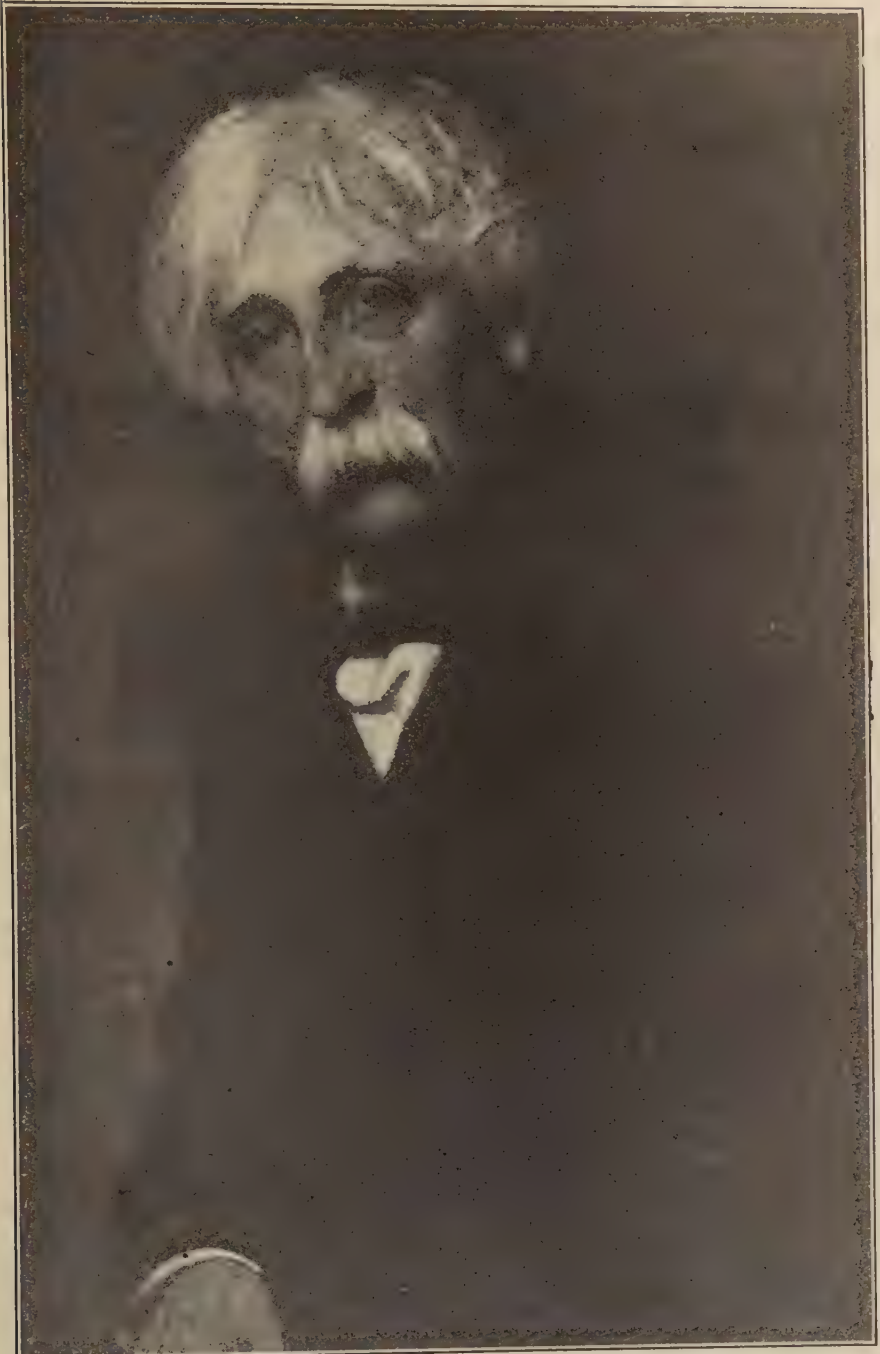
*"The Winterfeast" has been brought out in book form by Harper's.

WILLIAM WINTER'S ATTACK ON PRESENT STAGE CONDITIONS

IT IS as inevitable that Mr. William Winter should be styled "dean of American dramatic critics" as that, in his recently published volume of chronicles and memories,* he should conclude a glorification of the past with a condemnation of the present. Mr. Winter is nearing his jubilee as dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, and for more than fifty years he has been closely associated with the most distinguished actors on the American stage. "The corrupting influences that have wrecked so many brilliant dramatic critics and banished them to dishon-

ored oblivion have never soiled his garments' hem," says a writer in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. "He has stood for half a century for all that was highest in the drama, and for the upholding of the stage's noblest traditions. In these days of a commercialized stage, when dramatic criticism has with few exceptions sunk to a level of the machine-made productions reviewed, William Winter has remained an unflinching force for good . . . and as such he deserves our gratitude." "Other Days," this latest of his contributions to stage literature, is a collection of poetic tributes, unshadowed by criticism, to famous actors of the past, and a final attack on the conditions under which the actor of to-day must labor.

*OTHER DAYS. By William Winter. Moffat, Yard & Co.



From a painting by Frank D. Millet

WITH FACE SET BACKWARD

William Winter, the veteran critic, who denounces audiences, actors, producers and playwrights of the present, expressing unbounded admiration only for the dead who were young with him. "The theater," he exclaims, "has passed from the hands that ought to control it—the hands either of actors who love and honor their art, or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and its needs—and almost entirely it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grabbing tradesmen who have degraded it into a bazaar."

"The present state of the stage undoubtedly justifies a jeremiad," says Mr. Montgomery Schuyler in the December *Bookman*. And it gets one from William Winter!

With Mr. Winter, the dramatist is almost a negligible quantity. It is the Actor (cap. A) who really counts. As for our contemporaries, Shaw, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, he quaintly dismisses them as "sickly humbugs." In John McCullough's day, we are told, "there was no thought of devoting the theater to the exposition of physical disease or to the analysis of morbid emotion and degenerate physical propensities." McCullough's acting was "of the heroic strain, and was best in parts that are emblematic of noble manhood and lofty and tender feeling." Prominent amongst them being Macbeth and Othello! But Mr. Winter rather discourages the production of new plays. In his opinion, the old suffice. "A good new play is always welcome," he admits, "but the dramatic literature already existent abounds in opportunity for the actor, and the vital need of our stage is, not more plays, but more and better *acting*. The 'business' of 'producing' plays [and presumably of writing them] is, intrinsically, of no more importance to the public than the business of producing pickles." One can at least agree with Mr. Winter that, apart from certain hopeful exceptions, the two businesses nowadays seem to be conducted on about the same principle.

When Charlotte Cushman played Lady Macbeth, we are informed, "she perceived and imparted the obvious meaning, and her style was strong, definite, bold and free. . . . She did not make long pauses and stare fixedly at nothing, as Madame Sarah Bernhardt does; nor did she wander to the back drop and whisper to the scenery, after the manner, supposedly inspired, of Madame Elenora Duse." In Miss Cushman's conception, as she once told Edwin Booth, Macbeth was "the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians." Her Lady was his wife. Yet in Mr. Winter's memory she invariably imparted to her audiences "a conception of noble individuality and an incentive to noble behavior. . . . She did not fill their minds with images of decadence and promptings to degeneracy, recklessness and failure."

Mr. Winter pays special tribute, with one exception, to nine famous actors of the immediate past: Joseph Jefferson, John Brougham, E. A. Sothorn, Mary Anderson ("one of the authentic messengers of Heaven"), John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Bar-

rett and beautiful Adelaide Neilson. The exception is Dion Boucicault, whose extraordinary pilfering industry Mr. Winter appreciates but cannot admire. The saying of John Brougham that if Boucicault had to play a second-old-man "he would scalp his grandfather for the wig," which Mr. Winter records, will probably find an echo in every living associate of that crafty old sinner. Altho Boucicault was an important figure in the great and glorious past, even Mr. Winter's praise halts here; he quarrelled with him; but at one time they were on "terms of amity."

It is not, however, until Mr. Winter reaches the chapter of his book dealing with present stage conditions that he grows quite mercilessly critical; and there are few who would deny his assertion that the American theater to-day is "unsatisfactory to persons who possess judgment, knowledge and taste." "Many theaters exist, in many cities, all over the land," he goes on to say, "but only a few of them are worthy of the serious attention of the better class of the community; meaning the educated, cultivated audience." This condition, one might add, is not peculiar to the American stage alone. "I am not aiming so much to reform the theater-going public as to reach the public that hasn't been going to plays," said Mr. Granville Barker in a recent London interview. And the same might be said by any progressive American *entrepreneur*. For it is a fact that there are thousands of people in America to-day, true lovers of the theater, who must content themselves with the printed drama and the few exceptional performances which come their way.

"What are the causes," asks Mr. Winter, "that have produced this deplorable effect?" The major ones, in his opinion, are "the prevalence of Materialism, infecting all branches of thought, and of Commercialism, infecting all branches of action." And for this state of things, he thinks, the public, not the actor, is to blame.

"The theatrical audience of this period is largely composed of vulgarians, who know nothing about art or literature and who care for nothing but the solace of their common tastes and animal appetites; on that point observation of the faces and manners of the multitude would satisfy any thoughtful observer; and, because the audience is largely of this character, the theater has become precisely what it might have been expected to become when dependent on such patronage. It has passed from the hands that ought to control it—the hands either of actors who love and honor their art, or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and

its needs—and, almost entirely, it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grabbing tradesmen, who have degraded it into a bazaar. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States speculators have captured the industry that they call 'the amusement business' and have made 'a corner in theatricals.'

"A 'department store' administration of the theater, dispensing dramatic performances precisely as venders dispense vegetables, must, necessarily, vulgarize the vocation of the actor, dispelling its glamor of romance and making it mechanical and common. In the old theatrical days the actor, no doubt, sometimes had reason to feel that, more or less, he was 'tolerated' by 'the gentry'; but that posture of folly he could despise. In the new theatrical day he knows that his art is peddled, and, in the knowledge that he is treated as a commodity, there is a sense of humiliation that breeds indifference. Some of the acting now visible is, for that reason, about as interesting as the sawing of wood."

Mr. Winter's sympathy with the actors leads him into a detailed account of the hardships they endure under the "rapacious tyranny" of syndicate management. This is nothing, however, to the mental hardships of the actors' lot, described in the following language by Mr. Winter:

"But a more distressful affliction that the actor has to endure, under the style of theatrical administration now prevalent, is arbitrary interference with his acting, the restriction of his initiative, the repression of his intelligence, and the distortion of his art, by jacks in office. Indeed, the best of contemporary stage managers, as a custom, interfere too much with actors, and are far too lavish with what they call 'instruction.' In an earlier period of stage history the office of stage manager was esteemed one of great importance, and it was customarily allotted to an actor of competent ability and large experience—such an actor, for example, as William T. Lewis, in England, or Thomas Barry, in America. Those persons were masters of every detail of their profession, and also they were gentlemen. William T. Lewis was, for many years, stage manager at Drury Lane, and it is recorded that, even when he had to convey displeasure, there was a kindness and pleasantry in his manner that deprived censure of all offence. In our time the direction of the stage is commonly assumed, not by old, competent, experienced actors, but by some popinjay who calls himself a 'producer,' and whose whole stock in trade consists of an owlish assumption of wisdom, a mischievous celerity in interposing frivolous objections, and an exasperating demeanor of peacock authority. One of the favorite methods of that charlatan is to watch the old actors, at rehearsal, as they work up a scene with 'business' of which he, 'the producer,' is absolutely ignorant, until, just before they reach a climax, and he is able to discern the coming effect, he can suddenly interrupt them, and instruct them to do precisely what it has become evident that they intended to do. In that way he often contrives to gain credit with his employer—the speculator who 'runs' the theater for 'what

there is in it for me,' and who is more ignorant than himself of all that relates to acting. The usual 'producer' is a fungus of modern growth—a prig, who crams himself by consulting a cyclopedia, and who thrives by hoodwinking some confiding female star, or some one of the many fat-witted tradesmen now, for the most part, possessors of the American theater."

The crux of the present condition of the American theater, according to Mr. Winter, is this: the art of acting has been degraded to a business by the money-grubbing tradesmen who control it. The stage has "fallen on evil days"; and "no indications are now visible that a change for the better is near at hand." Here, the resolute optimist must part company with Mr. Winter, for he sees strong, if few, indications of betterment. It is true, of course, that "combinations have been made, to control all the theaters of the country, according to the policy of the close corporation"; that "the number of regular theaters will be reduced, the number of music halls augmented"; and that "the music hall is the deadly foe of the theater." True, also, that the stage "already 'orientalized' will, more and more, be devoted to ornate spectacle, 'crank' experiment, and all forms of fad and folly that the ingenuity of the 'amusement' manager can invent." All this is inevitable, under present conditions, and black enough, we admit. Yet there are gleams of light here and there. Mr. Lee Shubert has assumed control of the "New Theater," and his companies produce such dramatic experiments in modern psychology as "The Witching Hour" and "The Vampire." There is Miller's "association of players," for instance, with their highly successful "Servant in the House"; the occasional fine experiments of Mrs. Fiske; the intelligent, if more conservative productions of E. H. Sothern; and others one might mention; not a long list, to be sure, yet certainly not doomed to extinction. Over in England the epoch-making work of Mr. Granville Barker ("the Shaw boy") and his Court Theater associates, is bound to reappear, endure and augment until its influence is felt, not only in London, but all over the English speaking stage. But Mr. Winter unfortunately disregards the genius of contemporary drama (Ibsen, Shaw, Gorky, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Brieux, and so on down the list), seeing in its profound realism and gathering idealism, its poetry, its liberating and dynamic qualities only "the analysis of physical disease, the revelation of the skeleton in the closet, supervision of domestic morals and the washing of dirty linen in public."

Science and Discovery

THE ERROR OF IDENTIFYING DARWINISM WITH EVOLUTION.



ONE result of the elaborate celebrations of the centenary of the birth of Charles Robert Darwin which will make this month memorable to the world of science may be a livelier perception of the error of identifying Darwinism with evolution. "In the minds of most people," to quote the words of Professor Henry Edward Crampton, who holds the chair of zoology at Columbia, "in the minds of most people who are not familiar with the history of biological knowledge, Charles Darwin is regarded as the founder of the doctrine of evolution." Nothing, adds Professor Crampton, could be further from the fact. "The opponents of evolution of the present and earlier decades have almost universally fallen into the error of regarding 'Darwinism' as the whole of 'evolution.'" But Darwin himself, to quote further our distinguished authority, whose paper appears in the *New York Times*, far from making any such claim, stated in the clearest possible terms that what he had developed was a doctrine as to the mode of transformation of living things:

"Evolution, or the 'doctrine of descent,' as it is sometimes called, comprises the facts and principles which go to show that the various kinds of living things have not always existed forever and ever in the past as we find them now; it teaches that organisms have arisen by changing in various details through generation after generation as they have descended from remote common ancestors, just as the various kinds of locomotives or of steamships of the present day have in a true sense evolved from their remote ancestors in the locomotive of Stephenson and the crude steamship of Fulton.

"Every one who is familiar with the history of science knows that the 'Doctrine of Descent' was firmly established before Darwin's time by the work of anatomists like Lamarck and Cuvier and St. Hilaire and their followers, by the studies of embryologists like von Baer. Darwin writes that when he was a student at Edinburgh in 1826 his professor, Dr. Grant, talked with him about Lamarck and his views on evolution, and about the famous 'Zoonomia' of Erasmus Darwin. The work of Charles Darwin dealt primarily with the natural method by which evolution took place; and had he never lived, evolution would still be taught to-day in very nearly its present form.

"Herein lies the great service of Darwin—he

presented for the first time an intelligible and consistent description of the way species differentiate. Darwin did not regard his explanation as final or even as complete, whatever his opponents and critics of then and now may contend."

Darwin shares with Alfred Russell Wallace the honor of formulating the doctrine of natural selection. Wallace had spent many years in the jungle of the Malayan region, and precisely the same observations which formed Darwin's ideas led Wallace to the same general conclusion. What then is this "doctrine of natural selection" that has exercised such a tremendous influence upon the progress of knowledge in our time, and which is summarized so inaccurately in many volumes that general ideas respecting it are quite erroneous? The doctrine of natural selection, explains Professor Crampton, starts with the conception of universal adaptation:

"An animal or plant that seems so self-sufficient and independent is nevertheless inevitably interrelated with its surroundings or environment, for its very substance is composed of materials which with their endowments of energy have been obtained from the outer world. An animal that is subjected to the varied forces of the environment and is attacked on all sides by innumerable foes is involved in a tragic one-sided conflict; and if it does not meet the conditions successfully, if it does not prevail over its many foes, it must die. Life itself—existence itself—is possible only if a living thing is adapted.

"How has this universal condition of adaptation been brought about? asks Darwin. The traditional view was that organisms were constructed by supernatural forces as machines are made by man, already designed and adjusted to meet the conditions under which they must carry on their vital operations. This view killed all inquiry, for it left no problem to be solved. But to Darwin, as to all believers in evolution, this answer was neither complete nor satisfactory. And so he marshaled in orderly array all the biological data obtainable which showed that organisms change; and by his analysis of natural processes and forces he found proximate causes, even tho they may not be ultimate, for the universal conditions of organic adaptation.

"The doctrine continues with the statement that all living things vary; every individual plant and animal differs from others of its kind, and even from its closest relatives in a few or in many respects, and to varying degrees. The fact of variation stands unquestioned throughout all organic

nature. Buffon had attributed a great value to environmental causes of modification, such as light and chemical influences. Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck had pointed out the significance of indirect responses to the environment as the results of the use or disuse of various parts. But to Charles Darwin the really important variations seemed to be those that are due to congenital factors; that is, to hereditary influences that are innate and are not directly or indirectly induced by external influences."

The next element of the doctrine, according to Professor Crampton, whose words we reproduce from our daily contemporary, is that every kind of living creature multiplies at a normal rate that is too excessive; only a small number of individuals that enter upon life can possibly secure foothold or can escape the many enemies of their kind. This characteristic of overproduction is universal in the biological world, and Darwin writes that his conception of its importance was derived mainly from the writings of Malthus. It is this many-sided competition and conflict of organisms that brings about the struggle for existence—a warfare that is waged by every living thing with its inorganic surroundings, with other kinds of living creatures, and with others of its own species.

"To what, now, must these natural processes lead? All seek to maintain themselves where a few can live. So, Darwin said, those individuals that vary congenitally in such a way as to possess any advantage whatsoever over their competitors would naturally be able to wage a more successful struggle for existence. The 'survival of the fittest' results from the 'elimination of the unfit.' This is why all living things are more or less completely adjusted to the conditions under which they live. And because the favoring variations are already hereditary the chance adjustment will be transmitted to the next generation to give the basis for further variation and evolution.

"This is a simple statement of the 'Doctrine of Natural Selection.' The truth of each of its elements may be realized after even a brief study of the phenomena of nature. The wonder is that it was not formulated in this way decades before. As a matter of fact, it was partly anticipated in the writings of Patrick Mathew and others, and as we have seen it was developed independently by two students of nature, Darwin and Wallace. It has been said that the doctrine was, so to speak, 'in the air,' and while this may be so, it need not detract in the least from the honor that is due particularly to Darwin as the first one to offer a satisfactory programme, even if it is a partial one, of nature's method in accomplishing evolution. It was because the explanation was so 'natural' that students of nature have been universally led to the present-time belief in the fact of the transmutation of species."

THE INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENON OF CATALYSIS



IN A certain very old book ascribed by Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas, to "Ramundus Lullus, Doctor Illuminatissimus," there is contained the account of a remarkable substance. This account has so much to do with the newly recognized phenomenon of catalysis (the catalysis of a dozen years ago having been displaced by the catalysis of to-day) that in his newly issued study of the chemistry of commerce* we have Dr. Duncan quoting the "Doctor Illuminatissimus" aforesaid thus:

"Take of this precious medicine [the remarkable substance aforesaid] a piece as large as a bean. Throw it upon a thousand ounces of mercury and this will be changed into a red powder. Place one ounce of this latter upon one thousand ounces of mercury and this will be changed into a red powder. Place one ounce of this latter upon one thousand ounces of mercury which will thereby be transformed into a red powder; of this again an ounce

thrown upon a thousand ounces of mercury will convert it entirely into medicine. Of this last medicine throw once more an ounce upon a thousand ounces of mercury and this will be entirely changed into gold, which is better than gold from the mines."

Concerning the actual existence of this transcendental medicine, it is to be confessed, according to Dr. Duncan, that his illuminated predecessor in chemical lore was either "dreaming or scheming," tho the essence of his incredulity lies, possibly, in Dr. Duncan's reluctance to admit that the "medicine" in question could "act by its mere presence by merely being there," and in a quantity so infinitely small. The commonly received idea of chemical action, as thousands of young men and women are learning it in the schools, forbids all this. They are taught that chemical action takes place between substances:

"Thus, a common type of chemical action is a case of 'trade.' To take a non-chemical example: An Italian peanut vender and his peanuts are a fairly stable compound; so is a boy with a penny so long as the compound is isolated. But place

*THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE. By Robert Kennedy Duncan, M.A., Ph.D., Sc.D., C.E. Harper & Brothers.

the compounds together and the following reaction immediately takes place: Peanut vender . peanuts + Boy . penny = Peanut . penny + Boy . peanuts."

Other chemical actions, adds Dr. Duncan, may be classified as highway robbery or marriage or divorce or what not; the important point is that in all general chemical teaching substances are supposed to act together, and that when one substance acts upon another it must, itself, be changed into something entirely different.

But it will be seen, concedes Doctor Duncan further, that this way of looking at things is but a crude and partial expression of the facts of chemistry, and by no means adequate in the increasing demands of men for explaining what men want to do. There is newer, deeper knowledge, a new province of chemistry, which is beginning to assume a suzerainty over the whole chemical realm, and, indeed, to lay down laws for other sciences. This new knowledge is physical chemistry, and one important branch of Physical Chemistry is Catalysis. From our knowledge of catalysis Lully's dream of a sublimated medicine seems by no means so wonderful as he doubtless intended it to appear.

There exist certain substances, we read next, which may lie in a vessel seemingly inert, and yet by their mere presence dictate what actions shall or shall not be set up or be set up or take place therein:

"A thing which has this commanding power is a catalyst and the process is catalysis. A catalyst has the same chemical composition at the end of the reaction as it had at the beginning. It is chemically unchanged by what it does. A very small quantity of a catalyst will bring about the chemical transformation of enormously large quantities of substances which lie in its presence. It must be plain to the reader that such catalytic bodies must be very interesting in what they teach us concerning the inner properties of matter and they ought to be very valuable if harnessed to industry and the needs of everyday life. We shall illustrate some of these catalytic actions in a few simple test tube experiments which while they are not dramatic or sensational in their appearance, serve to demonstrate clearly some of the fundamental characteristics of chemical action; and we shall proceed from these experiments to comment upon them. It will all serve to show incidentally how far in advance of scientific teaching in the schools is scientific discovery, both in facts and in the interpretation of facts.

"The mere presence of a trace of a foreign body may make an insoluble body soluble. The soluble violet crystals may be left under water for days unaffected, as in Fig 1 (a); but drop into the test tube a trace of chromous chloride, even 0.000025 of a gram, and the violet crystals hasten to bury themselves in the water, the tem-

perature rises and the indigo blue liquid results, as pictured in Fig 1 (b). The mere presence of a trace of the catalyst has suddenly let loose the powerful affinities lying latent in the violet crystals and the substance is dissolved. It is almost as curious as tho a pound of salt thrown off the Battery should dissolve Manhattan Island. This is an example of what is called physical catalysis, for the chemical properties of the chromic chloride are the same after as before; it has simply passed into solution."

Turning now to chemical catalysis, we are confused by the number of examples for, owing to the recent ferment of investigation, it would take a dictionary to chronicle them. The metals, for example, are wonderful in the number and importance of the chemical changes which their mere presence inspires. Consider the following example:

"The test tube, Fig 2 (a) contains hydrochloric acid and tin; there is no obvious sign of an action. But let fall a drop of a solution of platinum into the tube and the result is immediately apparent; there is a vigorous action between the acid and the tin. As shown in Fig 2 (b) the tube is filled with bubbles of evolving hydrogen, and yet the whole vigorous action was initiated by the mere presence of a trace of platinum."

All kinds of metals and compounds of metals have this powerful "presence," and perhaps the most astonishing thing about them is the minuteness of the quantity which is necessary to bring about powerful reactions. Thus 0.0004 gram of this platinum will cause the union of some ten quarts of oxygen and hydrogen; 0.000001 gram of potassium permanganate will effect one reaction; while 0.000,000,000,000,1 of a thimbleful of blue vitriol solution will effect another, and so with other examples indefinitely. It must be remembered, too, that in all such cases of pure catalysis the trace of the catalyzing substance is quite unaffected by its remarkable exertions. It remains as potent as ever and may be used over and over again.

But inorganic substances are not the only catalysts. Many living organisms have the same power. The whole subject of fermentation is based upon chemical changes brought about by the power of microbes or bacteria. The yeast plant decomposes sugar into alcohol, the vinegar plant transforms alcohol into acetic acid, the lactic ferment changes sugar into lactic acid and the nitrous and nitric ferments transform ammoniacal products into the nitrates of the soil. The fermentative power seems to reside, either altogether or in many cases, in certain substances which are secreted by the protoplasm of the microbe and not in the power of the microbe by itself or as a mi-

crobe. This seems demonstrated in the case of the yeast plant.

"Fresh yeast has been ground up with sand, squeezed through cloth under a pressure of 7,000 pounds to the square inch and the resulting juice precipitated with alcohol. The precipitated substance still has its power of transforming sugar into alcohol. Catalytic substances which may be extracted from living cells without losing their activity are called enzymes. The alcohol-producing enzyme cited above is called zymase.

"Enzymes are catalysts because, in quantities indefinitely small, they bring about chemical transformations indefinitely large. Their number is extraordinarily great. There is diastase, from barley malt, which, like the ptylin of the saliva or amylase of the pancreatic juice, has the power of transforming starch into sugar; pepsin, in the gastric juice, which decomposes insoluble albuminous food-products into a soluble form; and invertase, another enzyme from "yeast," which has the power to transform 200,000 times its weight of sugar into invert sugar, quite a different substance. The example which we have chosen to illustrate the catalytic power of an enzyme is the action of rennet, an enzyme extracted from cheese.

"Fig. 3 (a) contains soluble casein from skimmed milk. The introduction of a drop of dilute rennet works a transformation, as seen in Fig. 3 (b).

"One part of rennet will transform 400,000 times its weight of casein.

"Throughout the whole range of animal and vegetable life the catalytic enzymes or ferments are busy. They are vitally and fundamentally concerned with life, and physiology is rapidly resolving itself into a branch of catalysis."

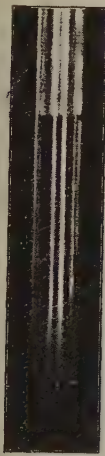
The reader may possibly be curious to ask for the "why" of these curious facts of catalysis. Dr. Duncan affirms in the volume we

have been quoting that there is as yet no answer. "The very abundance of the theories," he says, "proves their insufficiency." Two have special prominence—the theory of sympathetic vibration and the theory of intermediate reactions. In accordance with the first, a catalyst acts by its mere presence because it has a certain period of vibration which, when it is placed in an inert mixture, causes the particles of the mixture to vibrate at such a rate that they fly to pieces and thus interact. The theory is perfectly invulnerable—and perfectly useless, for it lies outside the possibility of experimental verification. The intermediate compound acts thus: Two substances, A and B, when placed together would react if they could. A third substance, the catalyst C, is introduced. A reacts with C (the catalyzer) to form the compound A C; thus A plus C equals A C. But A C is unstable and immediately reacts with B A C plus B equals A B plus C. A and B are thus brought together to form A B, and C (the catalyst) is let loose to do the same work over and over again.

This doctrine is "fanatically preached," as Doctor Duncan observes, by many men prominent in catalytic work. It is comfortable, he adds, and much may be said of it so long as you do not ask these theorizers to show you the intermediate compound A C. In no single instance have they been able to do this beyond question. In addition, you must not ask them to explain negative catalysis. We do not know the cause of the mysterious influence.



(a)



(b)



(a)



(b)



(a)



(b)

FIG. 1.—PHYSICAL CATALYSIS

FIG. 2.—CHEMICAL CATALYSIS

FIG. 3.—THE CATALYTIC ACTION OF AN ENZYME

TELEPATHY AS THE NEGATION OF PERSONAL SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

PHENOMENA alleged to have evidential value in support of the belief that human personality survives the death of the body are critically tested by H. Addington Bruce in his work "The Riddle of Personality," from the standpoint of telepathy. He sees reason to suggest that in telepathy may be found an adequate explanation of practically all the phenomena referred to. Yet it is but fair to remind the reader, he admits, that telepathy itself is held suspect by many men of intellectual and scientific eminence.* Thus, in the face of the evidence accumulated by the Society for Psychical Research and by independent inquirers during the past quarter of a century, these skeptics do not hesitate to deny that thought can be transmitted from mind to mind without passing through the ordinary, known channels of communication. They lay much stress upon the obvious fact, says Mr. Bruce, that telepathy is not demonstrable at will. They brush aside as resting upon chance or collusion or imagination the enormous mass of evidence already garnered from every quarter of the world. This position is wholly untenable to Mr. Bruce. It is quite true, he admits, that we are sadly ignorant of the laws of telepathy. But it would seem equally certain that telepathy itself is an established fact—established by the experiments of the psychical researchers and by the thousands upon thousands of spontaneous instances which have been recorded by individuals.

Of the nature and mechanism of telepathy we are wholly in the dark. From the labors of Myers, Sidgwick, Gurney and others we know, for example, that telepathy is distinctly a faculty of that hidden portion of our being which Myers has so happily termed the subliminal self. We know, further, that while telepathic messages are of most frequent occurrence between those allied by ties of blood or friendship, they are possible between mere acquaintanceship, even between strangers. Investigation has likewise shown that such messages are often conveyed not in the form of an idea but as hallucinations, auditory or visual, and not infrequently as symbolical hallucinations. To quote from the experience

of the late Thomas Jay Hudson, one of the best known students of telepathy:

"I determined, if possible, to develop the faculty of telepathy in my own mind, at least far enough to resolve any lingering doubt that might be unconsciously entertained. Accordingly, I caused myself to be securely blindfolded in presence of my family and two or three trustworthy friends and instructed them to draw a card from the pack, place it upon a table, face up, and in full view of all but myself. I enjoined absolute silence, and requested them to gaze steadily upon the card and patiently await results. I determined not to yield to any mere mental impression, but to watch for a vision of the card itself. I endeavored to become as passive as possible and to shut out all objective thoughts. In fact, I tried to go to sleep. I soon found that the moment I approached a state of somnolence I began to see visions of self-illuminated objects floating in the darkness before me. If, however, one seemed to be taking definite shape it would instantly rouse me and the vision would vanish. At length I mastered my curiosity sufficiently to enable me to hold the vision long enough to perceive its import. When that was accomplished, I saw—not a card with its spots clearly defined, but a number of objects arranged in rows and resembling real diamonds. I was finally able to count them, and finding that there were ten, I ventured to name the ten of diamonds. The applause which followed told me that I was right, and I removed the bandage and found the ten of diamonds lying on the table. The vision was symbolical merely. But no other possible symbol could have conveyed a clearer idea of the fact as it existed.

In further experiments, as appears from what Mr. Bruce writes, Dr. Hudson obtained similar results, confirmation of which has been repeatedly given by other investigators who have also demonstrated the occurrence of hallucinations exactly corresponding to the object in the mind of the agent or sender; and have in addition made certain the possibility of what is technically known as deferred percipience. In deferred percipience the telepathic message, after its receipt by the subliminal self, lies submerged beneath the threshold of consciousness until favoring conditions (that is, hypnosis, normal sleep, fatigue or other causes inhibiting the action of the supraliminal self) permit its appearance above the threshold. A striking illustration, both of veridical hallucination and deferred percipience, is afforded by an experiment tried more than twenty years ago by an English clergyman, the Rev. Clarence Godfrey, who undertook to cause a distant friend, a lady whose

*THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

identity is not revealed in the records of the case, to see a telepathic apparition of him. Accordingly, when he retired one evening, he began intently to will that she should see him. His "willing" lasted for less than ten minutes, when he fell asleep. Some hours later his friend had the following uncanny experience:

"Yesterday, about half past three o'clock, I woke up with a start and an idea that someone had come into the room. I heard a curious sound, but fancied it might be the birds in the ivy outside. Next I experienced a strange, restless longing to leave the room and go down stairs. This feeling became so overpowering that at last I arose and lit a candle and went down, thinking that if I could get some soda water it might have a quieting effect. On returning to my room I saw Mr. Godfrey standing under the large window on the staircase. He was dressed in his usual style, and with an expression on his face that I have noticed when he has been looking earnestly at anything. He stood there, and I held up the candle and gazed at him for three or four seconds in utter amazement, and then, as I passed up the staircase, he disappeared. The impression left on my mind was so vivid that I fully intended waking a friend who occupied the same room as myself, but remembering that I should only be laughed at as romantic and imaginative, I refrained from doing so."

Nor does this case stand alone, the records of the Society for Psychical Research containing a number of similar experiments successfully carried out. Thus a Mr. Kirk from a distance of several miles caused a telepathic phantasm to appear to a Miss G., and this in broad daylight. Miss G.'s report, published in the Society's proceedings, informs us:

"A peculiar occurrence happened to me on the Wednesday of the week before last. In the afternoon (being tired by a morning walk) while sitting in an easy chair near the window of my own room, I fell asleep. At any time I happen to sleep during the day (which is but seldom) I invariably awake with tired, uncomfortable sensations which take some little time to pass off, but that afternoon, on the contrary, I was suddenly, quite wide awake, seeing Mr. Kirk standing near my chair, dressed in a dark brown coat, which I had frequently seen him wear. His back was toward the window, his right hand toward me; he passed across the room toward the door . . . but when he got about four feet from the door, which was closed, he disappeared."

The significance of this phenomenon to our present subject of inquiry, according to the instructing volume by Mr. Bruce from which we copy these details, may be emphasized by yet another illustration—the experimental production, by means of telepathy, of an apparition not of the living but of the dead. The

experimenter, a certain Herr Wesermann, determined to cause a Lieutenant N. to see in a dream a vision of a lady who had been dead for some years, his purpose being to incite Lieutenant N. thereby to "a good action." Eleven o'clock was selected by him as the hour for the experiment, nothing of which, of course, was known to N. But at eleven the latter, instead of being in bed and asleep, was conversing with a fellow officer in his room at the barracks. Nevertheless, the experiment, if Herr Wesermann's narrative is to be accepted, was a complete and sensational success. The door of the chamber seemed to open and the "ghost" of the dead lady to walk in. Both of the astounded warriors claimed to have seen her distinctly, and both, upon her disappearance, excitedly summoned the sentinel, who assured them that no one had entered the room.

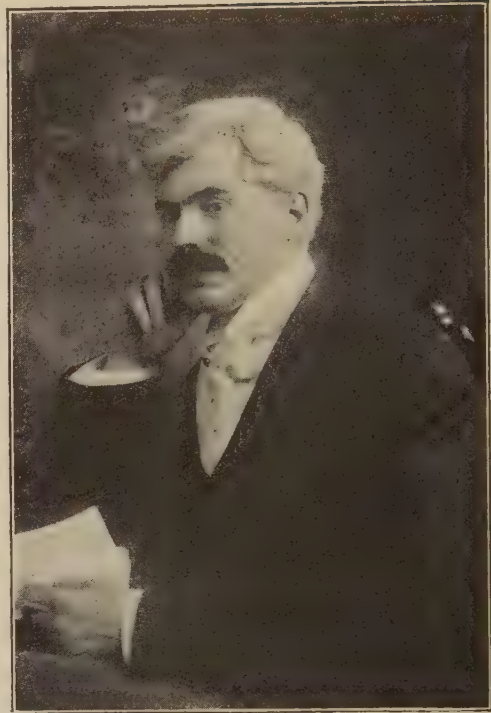
Thus would it seem possible, according to Mr. H. Addington Bruce, to explain at least one of the two great divisions of psychical phenomena—the apparitions and auditions—on a telepathic basis, and thereby completely avoid recourse to a spiritistic, supermundane hypothesis. Undoubtedly had Mr. Godfrey or Mr. Kirk died at the moment of attempting their experiments, the percipients would have believed to their last days that they had seen a ghost. But, nobody being dead, "spirits" were quite out of the question. Similarly, it is the firm belief of Mr. Bruce that even when the dead are involved, there is no occasion for raising the cry of "spirits." To put it otherwise, it is Mr. Bruce's conviction that whenever an apparition is seen or a ghostly voice or sound heard (always excepting, of course, the effects of illusion, pure and simple), we have to do with a telepathic illusion or hallucination proceeding not from the dead but from the living, if, it may be, the living about to be numbered with the dead. By way of illustration, let us glance at a case or two.

The ghost of an old librarian returned to haunt his successor in office, who had never beheld him. On the telepathic hypothesis, all that is needful to assume is that the percipient, Mr. J., had at some time or other seen a portrait of his predecessor, Mr. Q., and had heard his characteristics mentioned. Mr. J. himself denied any knowledge thus gained, and his denial might well have been made in good faith, for such incidents could easily dim themselves from his waking memory. They could not, however, escape the memory of his subconscious, subjective, subliminal self, the

self that never sleeps and never forgets, as hypnotic experiment has abundantly shown. We may readily imagine him therefore equipped subconsciously with an excellent mental portrait of Mr. Q., of whom his waking self is in complete ignorance. Thus equipped he is seated at his desk, late at night, and in a solitude that might easily breed "nervousness." In fine, his environment and his occupation are admirably united to create a condition of subjective activity, and to weaken his objective faculties. He rises to start for home and as he rises his eye glimpses something. "What's that?" is his mental query, and "a face" is his mental reply. Instantly he begins to wonder, subconsciously, whose face it may be, and forthwith as a result of subconscious association of ideas there wells up, as it were, a full-length portrait of "old Q," which presents itself to the waking consciousness in the form of a visual hallucination.

Without multiplying instances, which are given in full in the volume by Mr. Bruce, who has exhaustively studied the subject, we already know enough, he insists, to warrant the application of the telepathic hypothesis to all cases of the kind in question. Such a course is more logical and rational, he believes, than to attempt an explanation by the crude method of denying the facts or to refer the phenomena to the action of "spirits," concerning which, in the very nature of things, we can know nothing at all. Very frequently the telepathic connection is difficult to trace, and sometimes it may well seem impossible to establish a nexus by telepathy. But it is the opinion of Mr. Bruce that once the psychologists, as a body, seriously attack the problem of apparitions and auditions, the case for telepathy as against spiritism will be definitely proved.

It is the same with the mediumistic messages. These naturally divide themselves into three classes, comprising statements of fact known to the medium, statements of fact not known to the medium but known to some other person present, and statements of fact known neither to the medium nor any other person present. As regards the first two classes, even such a spiritistic advocate as Myers would admit the possibility of a telepathic explanation. The issue thus narrows itself to the statements of fact known neither to the medium nor to any other person present. On the one side, we find the spiritist unreservedly declining to accept telepathy as a possible factor if no one present have knowledge of the facts related by the self-styled spirit; on



Courtesy Moffat, Yard & Co.

THE FRAMER OF THE TELEPATHIC THEORY OF SPIRIT

H. Addington Bruce, in a work on "The Riddle of Personality," insists that telepathy accounts for all the ghosts ever seen and all the dead who ever "rose."

the other the telepathist affirming that if knowledge of the facts be possessed by any living person in "rapport" with any person present at the seance, we are logically bound to accept the telepathic hypothesis as affording a complete and naturalistic explanation. For telepathy is not only dual but multiple—at least so affirms Mr. Bruce. He cites more than one instance from authenticated cases to prove this. The conclusion to be derived from the proved facts is, insists Mr. Bruce, that not only does the survival of personality after bodily death remain unproved, but that it can never be definitely proved by evidence.

"Even the supreme test proposed by Myers is nullified by the unescapable operation of telepathy. This test consists in the writing of a message which is then sealed, intrusted to the keeping of a responsible person and left unopened until, after the writer's death, a mediumistic communication be received, purporting to give, from the world beyond, the contents of the sealed paper. Who can prove that during the writer's lifetime his subliminal self did not transmit the message telepathically to other subliminal selves? Always, telepathy confronts spiritism and in confronting conquers."

THE FREQUENCY OF EARTHQUAKES IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR SUSPECTED CAUSES

HE occurrence of several disastrous earthquakes and volcanic eruptions during the last few years, culminating in the catastrophe at Messina, suggests the question whether all these events may not have a common and determinable origin. It is a question regarding which the eminent Professor H. H. Turner, F.R.S., in a paper on the times and places of earthquakes, is somewhat pessimistic. To avert any of these disasters, he says, even to modify them in the slightest degree, may be entirely hopeless. At the same time, the vaguest foreknowledge of their probable occurrence might be of untold value in saving life and property.

Has modern research obtained any clues which enable predictions to be made, or promise that prediction may be possible in the near future?

It must be frankly admitted, replies Professor Turner, that as yet our knowledge is slight. There are, however, he admits, one or two clues in the hands of those working at the subject which may ultimately lead them to more directly useful knowledge. We have learned something of the regions where earthquakes occur, and something of the times when we may specially expect them, and tho the something is in each case very little, the magnitude of the issues involved lends it interest.

It must be remembered that systematic observation of earthquakes is only about a quarter of a century old. For fairly complete records of all the shocks occurring in different parts of the globe we can date only from 1892. Before that date, says Professor Turner, in the paper published by the *London Times*, from which we quote, information could only be collected on the spot, and was thus frequently lost. It was realized about fifteen years ago, more or less, that a series of earthquake observatories, with delicate instruments, could obtain records of shocks in any quarter of the globe, and identify the spot with certainty, even if there were no witnesses of the actual occurrence. From the records of these observatories, it appears that there are every year some thirty thousand minor shocks of earthquake in different localities. Of all these only sixty are "world-shaking" and observable from a great distance. Such numbers in-

dicade immediately that, from one point of view, the Italian earthquake of last month can not be regarded as exceptional. It was only one event out of sixty per annum. What rendered it disastrous was the existence of great towns in the shaken locality.

"But was the neighborhood known to be a dangerous one? Was it, at any rate, suspected, so that the building of a city there was an error of judgment? And is it advisable to rebuild the city in the same place? These are questions of the gravest importance; and it is well worth while to review the little knowledge already accumulated with the utmost care to see whether it will give us even provisional answers to them.

"Professor Milne refers the 'world-shaking' earthquakes observed in the six years 1899-1905 to 13 great earthquake regions, designated by the first 13 letters of the alphabet. Three of these, I, J and L, are responsible for only five, three, and two shocks respectively, and are thus of small importance compared with the others, which average about 40 shocks each. Excluding them for the present, the remaining ten regions lie approximately in two rings on the earth's surface, a configuration which is most strikingly apparent when the regions are marked on a globe. The more important ring includes the following seven regions: A (Alaskan coast), B (Californian coast), C (West Indies), D (Chilian coast), M (South of New Zealand), F (Krakatoa region), E (Japan). Its centre is among the conspicuous group of islands which includes Tahiti, and the radius of the ring is about 65 degrees. The other ring has its centre at the opposite point of the earth, which is in the Sahara desert; and at a radius of 50 degrees from this centre lie regions G (between India and Madagascar), H (the Azores), and K (Tashkend). Now, this is not merely a convenient geographical summary, but a physical fact of vital importance, according to recent researches by Professor Jeans. In a remarkable paper read before the Royal Society he gave reasons for believing that the earth is by no means a sphere or spheroid, as we have been accustomed to think, but is of pear-shape. Under gravitational stress it is continually approaching the spheroidal form—the pear is being crushed into a sphere by its own attraction; and the result is a series of earthquakes. These naturally occur in the weakest places, and if any one will experiment in crushing a pear towards a spherical shape, or even draw a diagram and consider where the weakest points would be, the reasons for the existence of two rings of greatest weakness will readily suggest themselves. The ends of the pear are the centres of these rings, one in Africa, one in the Pacific; and when once this is pointed out, the pear shape of the earth is, according to Professor Sollas, 'obvious to mere inspection; it is a geographical fact and not a speculation.' Professor Sollas is indeed responsible for the particular suggestion above

sketched; for Professor Jeans had originally proposed a different axis, which he withdrew in favor of the obvious improvement. The confirmation of Professor Sollas's view from the distribution of earthquake centres is remarkable. It does not seem, however, quite certain which is the blunt end of the pear; it has been hitherto placed in Africa, but there seem to be several reasons for regarding Africa as the stalk end. This point cannot, however, be dealt with here. The important thing is that there seems to be a real reason for the occurrence of earthquakes in these particular regions, and that they will probably continue to occur there. Professor Jeans's conclusions have recently been examined by Lord Rayleigh, who announced at the Royal Society that he found them generally confirmed, and that we must regard our earth as at present in a state far from stable.

"The lessons to be learnt from the distribution of earthquakes in space are accordingly tolerably plain in theory, tho in practice we may not be able to take particular advantage of them. If we would be particularly safe from earthquakes, we must take up our abode near one of the ends of the pear—either in Africa or in the Pacific. There is also a region of safety between the two dangerous rings—in America generally, for instance, excluding the west, or in Siberia. But the dangerous regions include so vast and so valuable a part of the earth's surface that it is impracticable to leave them unoccupied. Moreover, our knowledge is as yet not specific enough. In the dangerous regions themselves, some parts are much more dangerous than others; for instance, Japan, which is reckoned above as a single region, can be divided into at least 15 distinct seismic districts. As observations are accumulated we may be able to make similar partitions of the other regions. For the present the general attitude towards earthquakes will probably be similar to that towards other dangers, such as those of travels and voyages, for instance; the risks must be incurred. We know that there are at times fatal tornadoes; but other interests are at stake, and we put to sea in the hope that none will occur during our voyage."

Professor Turner comes next to the second point—the distribution of earthquakes in time. Are there, he asks, seasons of special activity such as the recent occurrence of several disasters seems to suggest? Here, he tells us, our knowledge is slighter still, and the observed facts have not yet been co-ordinated by a mathematical analysis. Great weight, however, must be attached to the generalizations of Professor John Milne, F.R.S., whose recent lectures on the subject of earthquakes mark so distinct an advance in seismology. Professor Turner finds himself in accord with his brother scientist at practically all points, for which reason double weight attaches to Professor Milne's conclusion that earthquakes tend at some times to increase in frequency and at others to decrease. He suspects that

there must be a direct connection between polar movement and the strain on the crust of the earth.

"Amongst the many strange relationships which earthquakes hold to various natural phenomena, there is possibly one between the times of their occurrence and of irregularities in the revolution of the world. For many years it has been observed that there are slight but irregular changes in latitude, or, in other words, the axis of our earth does not always point in the same direction. The pole wanders about in a mean position, sometimes in a path that is nearly circular, whilst at others it appears to be exceedingly irregular, and even retrograde. The world top is not spinning truly, but it slightly wobbles. When the change in direction of its axis is sharp, large earthquakes have been frequent. If a swiftly moving body is, so to speak, compelled to turn a corner, that it should be subjected to strains which might result in yielding, is easily conceivable. Regarded from this point of view the times at which strata in seismic strain give way are to some extent governed by erratic movements in the rotation of our sphere."

For the world, taken as a whole, our records do not carry us sufficiently far back to say whether earthquakes are increasing or decreasing in number, so Professor Milne says. From observations at the present time, he says, we know that every year sixty world-shaking earthquakes are recorded, as we have seen already. That is to say, sudden yieldings take place in the process of rock folding, as, for example, in the building of mountain ranges. The popular idea that this class of earthquake is on the increase is simply because their origins have been in inhabited places. It is fortunate for humanity that the greater number of these seismic effects have origins beneath deep oceans or in desert countries. A result of the collapse and fracturing of rock masses is that disjointed material is produced, the intermittent settlement of which gives rise to the thirty-thousand minor earthquakes annually recorded. To quote what Professor Milne says in the *London Mail*:

"These repeated shakings of the ground have often been regarded as a curse upon humanity, but they may also be looked upon as blessings in disguise. Each earthquake we feel is an announcement that rocky strata are being folded—that the crust of our world is behaving like the bellows of a concertina when it is slowly closed.

"If this process were not in operation it is easy to picture what would happen. We know fairly well how many cubic miles of material stand above sea level to represent our continents. We also know how many cubic miles are carried by rivers and other agencies from land surfaces to be deposited in the sea. We can, therefore, cal-

culate how many years it would take before every land surface would be covered by the rising tides. This would have occurred ages ago had there been no buckling crust. Earthquakes tell us that this buckling is still in progress, and, therefore, like rainbows, indicate that the world is not yet to be destroyed by inundation.

"But when will earthquakes cease and the degrading process of surface denudation be no longer unopposed? This question cannot be answered until earthquake catalogs, referring to the whole surface of our world, have been extended over periods of time which will give us a measurable rate of the changing seismic vitality of our planet. Lord Kelvin and others who followed his incentive have told us the probable age of our world. The age it may attain before it ceases to be the habitable world we know is a question that may be answered by the seismologists of the future. The number of large or small earthquakes which occur every year is an index of the present vigor of its internal activity, but about the past our knowledge is extremely vague. We may say that about the time our coal seams were formed, which was many million years ago, and again in Miocene times, when a string of islands was probably joined up to form the Italian Peninsula, which was also some millions of years ago, the probability is that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions were more frequent than they are at present.

"Historical chronology is quite as indefinite as the conclusions we can draw from geological investigations. Biblical chronology tells us that a great earthquake occurred about 1606 B.C. at the time of the delivery of the law on Mount Sinai. With this as a starting point up to A.D. 1850 Mallet made a catalog of the earthquakes of the world. In it we find about 7,000 entries, and these show an apparent increase in seismic energy up to recent times. As Mallet pointed out, this may in great measure be due to an increase in records made in modern times, together with the loss of records made by ancients."

If, however, we make a catalog which only includes those disturbances which have produced marked structural damage, and have been large enough to shake the world, and confine our entries to Europe and Asia—we can not include America and Australia and certain other countries because the accessible records refer only to comparatively short periods of time—we reach new results, adds Professor Milne. For example, between 1150 and 1250 A.D., and again, beginning in 1650, we find marked increases in seismic activity in the European area. It is difficult to imagine, says this distinguished seismologist, that the great increases in the number of disastrous earthquakes which were events too great to be overlooked by history, were the outcome of a stimulus to keep better records at one particular period. The volcanic displays were also marked at the period mentioned, but Professor Milne says this must not be taken as a support

to the popular fallacy that these two phenomena are related as parent and child. "They may be sisters and brothers, the former, or the earthquakes, exciting the latter into activity." In a book on earthquakes written as long ago as 1883, Professor Milne expressed the opinion that seismic activity during the historical period had been tolerably constant. "I am glad I used the word tolerably," he writes now, "because I am now inclined to think that it is fluctuating." As to the question of earthquake periodicity:

"There are many who wish to know the number of years that will elapse before a given district will again be devastated. To answer this, directors of insurance companies who desire to act fairly with their supporters must refer to the records of the district they have in view. When this is done, rates and risks may be approximately apportioned. The matter, however, is not so very simple. Much depends upon local knowledge. A rate for one portion of a country—even England—might be absurdly high, and at the same time absurdly low for some other part. Rates might differ for different parts of a given city.

"All this, however, has only to do with the utilitarian aspect of seismology, the main object of which is scientific. Already we have learned from the extremely high rate from which motion is propagated through our world that it is an object very much superior to what it was thought to be ten years ago. It has an effective rigidity much greater than that of the best tooled steel. Results of scientific investigation increase our respect for the world in which we live, and also for our general environment."

The question of periodicity is complicated by the problem of the causes of those bucklings of the earth's crust to which earthquakes in mountainous regions must be ascribed. The prediction of any earthquake in terms of time is baffling indeed when we reflect that buckling of the crust may be due to "the contraction of the nucleus of a world through loss of heat, leaving behind it a crust which is not strong enough to support itself, and, therefore, as it falls inward, is bent and broken." That is an operation dependent upon change within our earth resulting from loss of world heat.

An operation which might also affect earthquake frequency may be traced backward, says Professor Milne, to sun heat. From sun heat we get evaporation of moisture to form our clouds, which are precipitated as rain, forming rivulets and rivers. These are continually taking materials from the high lines of continents, or, in other words, removing loads, in the form of sediments, which are carried down to be deposited eventually on the

sea bottom. If we can imagine the crust of our world to be supported by flotation, the general result is a sinking where the materials are accumulated, whereas the other part from which the materials have been derived tends to rise. As an accompaniment of such movement, it is easy to imagine that sudden yielding should take place. A question just now receiving attention at the hands of astronomers relates to the possible effect of these displacements upon the rotation of our earth:

"As an illustration of the manner in which they might affect that rotation, I may refer to an ingenious experiment devised by the Rev. H. V. Gill. He made a disc-shaped top which was hollow. When this was spun on a glass plate which was covered with smoke it rotated freely, with its axis vertical. On a very small metal ball being dropped inside the rotating top it wobbled, and the end of the spindle described on the smoked plate looks like the letter E. When a second ball was dropped in, the top again spun steadily, the two balls having arranged themselves diametrically opposite to each other. A third ball put in produced no disturbance, as the three balls automatically arranged themselves at angles of 120 degrees. If instead of the ball water was placed in the top, it also spun steadily, and by dropping a ball in with the water its equilibrium was not disturbed, inasmuch as the water piled itself up on one side and balanced it.

"Now, applying these ideas to our earth, the shifting of material may cause some slight disturbance of the axis of the earth, but whether it is measurable is a point yet to be determined. What we know is that at times when observation shows us that the axis of the earth is slightly changed in its direction, then these large earthquakes are frequent, but it does not follow that the earthquakes are the cause of the changes, for they may equally well be the result of the same. It is popularly supposed that during the last year large earthquakes have been more frequent than usual. All that has really happened is that our attention has been directed to them because they have occurred in places which are thickly inhabited."

It must not be inferred from what has preceded, however, that Professor Milne is committed to the theory that earthquakes are caused by the adjustment of the surface of the earth to meet a gradual reduction in size. A definition of an earthquake includes the idea of a movement of the planetary crust, but the cause of the earthquake, using the word cause untechnically, would seem to be a "jar" as the earth swings back to get true upon its axis. It seems from what has preceded that the earth does not swing true, and that in getting back a tremendous strain upon the earth crust results. Granting the soundness of this theory, its bearing upon the question of the

frequency of earthquakes might be said to involve nothing more profound than calculation of the movement of the pole. Professor Milne brought this point out in a recent lecture thus:

"In a period of nearly 13 years (1892 to 1904) I find records for at least 750 world-shaking earthquakes, which may be referred to three periods continuous with each other, and each two-tenths of a year or 73 days' duration. The first period occurred when the pole movement followed an approximately straight line or curve of large radius, the second equal period when it was undergoing deflection or following a path of short radius, and the third when the movement was similar to that of the first period. The number of earthquakes in each of these periods taken in the order named were 211, 307, and 232—that is to say, during the period when the change in direction of motion has been comparatively rapid the relief of seismic strain has not only been marked, but it has been localized along the junctions of land blocks and land plains where we should expect to find that the stress due to change in direction of motion was at a *maximum*. Until the magnitude of these induced stresses has been estimated it would be premature to assume that the frequency under consideration is directly due to change in direction of pole movement, it being quite as likely that both phenomena may result from a general cause."

A shifting of the earth's axis, even to the slightest degree, would impose a great strain upon some parts of the earth's crusts, and this might explain earthquakes and in turn lead to appreciable results in foretelling them, but, to use the words of Professor Simon Newcomb, "earthquakes are due to a shifting of the earth's strata, but what causes that shifting is not positively known." The general theory hitherto has been that the shifting is due to the gradual lessening of the earth's surface. That, as London *Nature* remarks, may be a fallacy, but Professor Milne has yet to establish his hypothesis. Nevertheless, the great prestige of Sir Norman Lockyer's name has been given to the Milne theory—that is, that the earthquake is a natural phenomenon resulting from the failure of the earth to swing true upon its axis. This theory again is connected with the hypothesis of sun spots. These sun spots cause a great difference in the amount of energy that comes to the earth from our luminary. "It is conjectured," to quote Sir Norman Lockyer, "that the toppling over, so to speak, of the earth, is caused by the formation of a great mass of ice of tremendous weight at one pole or the other through the great difference in temperatures caused by these sun spots." The great seismic disturb-

ances of the past few years tend, this expert thinks, to support the theory advanced by Professor Milne. This would yield the inference that it is possible to calculate the frequency of earthquakes in the light of their suspected cause. That is, by ascertaining the ratio of frequency to the degree of pole movement, a mathematician might forecast the next earthquake in the Calabrian region provided he were supplied with accurate statistics. Unfortunately, such statistics, as Professor Milne has pointed out, are not available just at present, and even if they were, the outlook would not be clear. "However much announcements

of this nature may appeal to the scientific mind," to quote Professor Milne, "the layman requires something more definite—if not to the minute he would at least like to know the day on which an earthquake is to occur." The science of seismology may never become so precise as all that, concludes our authority, but when the factor of causation is given, when we know for certain, whether or not the sun spots or the shrinkage of the globe or the alteration of the direction of the earth's axis must be given credit for the earthquake, the problem of the seismological prophet will have been practically solved.

PERILS OF A SIMPLE DIET



HE physiological value of flavors has been frequently commented upon, and the subject deserves the widest publicity to check the growing tendency of a certain class of dietetists to consider that the only useful ingredients in foods are the tissue building and energy producing chemical compounds. Thus contends *American Medicine* in the course of an editorial utterance to the effect that foods must possess much more than carbon and nitrogen to make them wholesome. Nevertheless, the laboratory takes no account of such intangible things as flavor and bouquet. It is now asserted that the high prices paid for certain pleasing foods is really money well spent, even if the "nutritive" value is less than cheaper, more tasteless things. The craving for these dainties is an expression of a natural need, and health suffers if they are unattainable. Even savages have their occasional "spreads," the civilized "banquet" is as old as civilization, and both seem to satisfy a wholesome craving. The economy of expensive foods is explained by the fact that digestion, at least in man, is dependent upon flavors, without which it is so defective that we do not obtain the good of the food we swallow.

"As far as experiments go, they substantiate these assertions, for the sight and smell of pleasing food starts the flow of digestive fluids, while disagreeable odors and sights stop it. Delicatessen, then, would seem to be staples, for they are necessary. The talk of being able to subsist on a few cents a day is simply nonsense, and leads to deterioration of health. What seems to be extravagance in food purchases may be wholesome instinct. The high cost of living is partly due to the cost of the flavors we need. We commend these ideas to our worthy dietetic economists.

Laymen may not be so foolish as the physiologists themselves.

"The inefficiency of plain foods must be a startling shock to all who have so strenuously advocated the simple dietetic life. The poor laborer who can never buy a dainty does not show up well as a workman. Even a horse wants a change now and then, and the cat is an incorrigible thief. The lower races which subsist on plain and unvaried foods are inefficient workmen, but if they are given a more varied diet they do quite well. Military men have found it impossible to confine an army to a fixed ration, for every soldier spends more or less of his money for occasional dainties. Restaurants follow armies even into battle. Are luxuries to be classed as necessities? Of course one would not so class a dish of nightingales' tongues, but perhaps such articles as oysters, caviar, and a host of fruits and vegetables, all of low nutritive value, are necessities on account of the intangible qualities of taste and odor which have escaped the notice of our new physiologists. It has often been said that the alcoholic tendencies of soldiers and sailors of former times were an expression of depraved nervous systems due to plain, tasteless, unvarying foods. This may be true, for alcoholism is a sign of nervous depression. Since the diet of these men has been greatly improved by the addition of 'luxuries,' drunkenness has been enormously reduced."

The adulteration of condiments and flavors thus assumes an entirely new aspect. Our pure food laws most wisely included them, but perhaps mostly to prevent fraud. Yet there is urgent need for inspection and control of all such articles, including those generally considered luxuries, but which may be necessities whose impurity injures public health. Attention has often been called to the fraud by which two cents' worth of apple sauce is colored, flavored, and put in a fancy jar and sold for fifty cents. It is generally assumed that the fraud was not inimical to health, but the buyer does not get what he needs.

Recent Poetry



WHEN other topics fail, magazine writers invariably resort to the supposititious decline of poetry. A lady writing in *The Bookman* volunteers the information that with Swinburne will pass "the last of those poets who have made the age of Victoria glorious." This assertion is not very startling in view of the brevity of human life and the number of years that have passed since Victoria ascended the throne. "Writers of verse," she asserts, "are left, but let us accept the fact that this is a mechanical and commercial age, and not seek to replace Tennyson and Lowell by writers plainly unworthy to tie their shoe latches." Speaking of magazine poetry the writer affirms that "terrible stuff can be found in almost every issue of otherwise excellent periodicals. These verses teem with every imaginable fault, the slenderest and most unpoetical of ideas being expressed in lines whose rhythm defies scanning and whose attempts at rhyme are an offense to both eye and ear." We, part of whose business it is to scan the magazines month after month, cannot subscribe to this pessimistic opinion. While there is much drivel, never a month passes without the publication of at least half dozen poems that seem worthy of preservation. Men are wont to seek the golden age in the past, or in the distant future; even in Shakespeare's days, they have deplored the deterioration of the drama, and we need not turn many pages in the critical journals of Victorian days in order to find utterances even more pessimistic than those in *The Bookman*. The late T. B. Aldrich, in a letter to Mr. Madison Cawein, regrets that in England as well as in the United States the one poet who has had a great following is dead and that no one has come to take his place. Yet, he hopefully admits, and this is a point we, too, should like to make, perhaps the great poet is with us incognito even now. "When Keats was laid in his grave at Rome," Mr. Aldrich remarks, "there were not twelve—no, there were not two men in England who suspected that a great poet had been laid at rest. Leigh Hunt had a strong idea that Keats was a fine poet, but not as fine a poet as Leigh Hunt. Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Southey could not read 'The Eve of St. Agnes' and 'Hyperion.' No great poetry (except, possibly, in the case of Tennyson) was ever immediately popular; by immediately, I mean in the poet's lifetime. Tennyson was neglected

for years. I believe," Mr. Aldrich goes on to say, "in a splendid literary future for this country. Imagination," he concludes, "is not going to come to nothing in a vast nation like ours."

One of the men who deserve distinctly more than the appellation of "minor poets" is Bliss Carman, the singer of "Pan in the Catskills." Unfortunately the poet's golden sonnets are not regarded as legal tender, and the other day a new item passed through the press that Bliss Carman has been declared a bankrupt. The plight of a brother poet has moved Arthur Stringer to the following inspired lines in the *University Monthly* (Toronto):

TO BLISS, IN BANKRUPTCY

So you are bankrupt, you who stray
From the Golden Gate to Fundy's Bay
And gather riches, dream by dream,
And make their guarded treasures seem
Thrice-foolish things!

A bankrupt, you,
To whom the Vision came, in lieu
Of mortal greed! who god-like went
About a world so opulent
You recked not of those dusty marts
That harbored lean and wolfish hearts!

They turn and call you bankrupt, while
You too at their strange wealth must smile
And ask with god-like unconcern
What they, with gold, buy back in turn?

Fine linen, yea, and softer ways,
And emptier souls and easier days,
And all that ancient Hunger these,
Whate'er they dream, shall not appease!
They have not brooded on the why
And whence of life. They live and die
Entombed in pale and paltry things,
And over them the white sun swings!
With all their million bits of dross
They cry, heart-sick, against the loss
Of love and honor, faith and creed,
And know not what the lean years need,
While all in rags, uncouth, unfed,
Their poor, starved souls cry out for bread!

But we, Swart Brother, who have not
Their softer beds and linen bought
With so much blood and so much hate,
Yea, we who pass beyond their gate
And from the solace of the sun
And open road our treasure won,
We have what they, with all their gold,
Might hardly know, could never hold:
We have not in the dust of strife
Forgotten what calm means to life.
We have that peace which comes alone
To him who through the gloom has known
The silence of vast stars above
Our reach, those riches born of love

For little things, and simple ways,
Our Attic art, our carven phrase,
Those whispers out of olden times
Which *they* call unremembered rhymes,
Though some such Pan-note, old and thin
And sadly wise, will yet sing in
The ruins above their tumbled domes,
And tinsel marts, and buried homes!

Surely poetry is not on the decline, even if poets are impecunious. True poetry is still written on both sides of the ocean. We find the following rarely beautiful poem by Olive Douglas in the London *Academy*:

THE CHANGELING

BY OLIVE DOUGLAS

For those who come from Fairyland,
The world is hard to understand . . .
And I was born in Fairyland
Under a lucky star . . .
Perhaps all women are!

My father was a golden king,
My mother was a shining queen;
I heard the magic blue-bird sing . . .
They wrapped me in a mantle green.

They led their winged white horses out,
We rode and rode till dawn was grey;
We rode with many a song and shout,
"Over the hills and far away."

They stole the crying human child,
And left me laughing by the fire;
And that is why my heart is wild,
And all my life a long desire. . .

The old enchantments hold me still . . .
And sometimes in a waking trance
I seek again the Fairy Hill,
The midnight feast, the glittering dance!

The wizard harpers play for me,
I wear a crown upon my head,
A princess in eternity,
I dance and revel with the dead. . .

"Vain lies!" I hear the people cry,
I listen to their weary truth;
Then turn again to fantasy,
And the untroubled Wand of Youth.

I hear the laughter of the kings,
I see their jewelled flagons gleam . . .
O wine of life! . . . immortal things
Move in the splendour of my dream. . .

My spirit is a homing dove . . .
I drain a crystal cup, and fall
Softly into the arms of Love . . .
And then the darkness covers all.

Yet it is not merely the vision of beauty that enthalls the poets; in the hands of militant spirits song becomes a sword. Richard Watson Gilder, one of the few literary men in whom civic virtue is blent with poetic achievement, thun-

ders a much-discussed protest against the proposed demolition of St. John's Chapel into the ears of one of the richest and most powerful of our churches, and while at this writing the fate of the Chapel is still undecided, it seems probable that the opposition as voiced in Mr. Gilder's verse will not be unheeded by the powers that be.

LINES ON THE PROPOSED DEMOLITION OF ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Guardians of a holy trust
Who, in your rotting tenements,
Housed the people, till the offence
Rose to the Heaven of the Just—
Guardians of an ancient trust
Who, lately, from these little ones
Dashed the cup of water; now
Bind new laurels to your brow,
Fling to earth these sacred stones,
Give the altar to the dust!
Here the poor and friendless come—
Desolate the templed home
Of the friendless and the poor,
That your laurels may be sure!
Here beside the frowning walls
Where no more the wood-bird calls,
Where once the little children played,
Whose paradise ye have betrayed,
Here let the temple low be laid,
Here bring the altar to the dust—
Guardians of a holy trust!

The recent Tercentenary of Milton, the greatest of militant poets, has called forth numberless tributes from bards and bardlings. Few of the poems possess an enduring value. Even that master craftsman, Meredith, somehow fails to impress us in his new panegyric on the author of "Paradise Lost." We find, however, a poem on Milton's Daughter in the St. Louis *Mirror* that seems well worth special mention, tho it is too long by far to be here reprinted in its entirety. It constitutes a far more powerful plea for woman's suffrage than the annoyances inflicted by "the shrieking sisterhood" upon the unconverted M.P.'s.

MARY, DAUGHTER OF JOHN MILTON

FOR THE TERCENTENARY OF MILTON'S BIRTH

BY ELIZABETH WADDELL

Weary—Ah, I am weary of my life!
I yet so young, and weary of my life!
I, at a time of life when that I should
Be romping with young comrades in green fields,
'Mid flowers, here am daily harnessed down
To this dull room, book-lined, and streaming
past,
The deep, harsh droning of the London street,
And to a most intolerable task.

Yet might some call it a most glorious task!

The mighty Epic throbs at its high tide,
And breaks in thunder on the Shores of Song.
And sometimes—for one moment—all my soul
Thrills to its strong vibrations; for I am
My father's daughter, have a heart to feel—
At least, I'll say, a heart that might have felt
Its deep sublimity. I am, beside,

The instrument on which is improvised—
This great world-music; that were joy, one
thinks,
And fame enough, without the added glory
And pride of being the great Master's child!
E'en to that pride I am not all a stranger,
And God He knoweth how it had been joy
To be unto my father hands and eyes
In other and in happier circumstance.

I am my father's daughter—I besought
That I might learn the great, melodious tongues
Which taught him how to sing, in which converse
With him the godlike masters of his art—
Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides,
With Virgil, Horace, Ariosto, Dante,
And the blind Seer who was his prototype.
These tongues I humbly asked that I might
learn,
If not for mine own profit and delight,
Yet even for his, that with some gleam, at least,
Of understanding, I might read for him,
And with the greater sympathy indite
His song, the fruit of learning, and its crown.

The which request of mine he did refuse,
Not fatherly, but with the unfeeling gibe,
"One tongue's enough for woman," so I took,
Instead of learning's bread, the sort of stone
With which the woman is fain to be content.

I am my father's daughter; I am made,
It may be, of a little finer clay
Than common drudges are. At least we'll say
Of clay mixed with a little finer clay.
I am a woman and a child; I bear
The fardels of the flesh more consciously
Than man tho made of very fine man's-clay.
One tongue's enough for woman—but give her
ten,
O, good Inquisitor, to be tortured in!
Sometimes meseems the title and the taunt
Of this my martyrdom were writ above me,
E'en as the Christ's were written over him—
In Hebrew and in Latin and in Greek!

Sometimes, when as I con the foreign page
That is to me sheer jargon, a strange dream
Comes o'er my waking senses, and meseems
It is some incantation I pronounce,
To weave a spell that shall o'erwhelm us all—
My father, me, and all the house beside—
In swift calamity. And yet again
The strange words take strange shapes, wild as
themselves,
Fauns, satyrs, elves, and colored all in blood,
And dance fantasias o'er the reeling page;
And when I speak the words, I call their names,
And they come pointing, mowing, gibbering
at me,
Until I scream with terror! Then my father
Looks level toward me with calm eyes unseeing,
And waits until my childish passion over,

I too am calm, and fit once more to yield him
The daughter's duty of obedient service.

* * * * *

Sometimes comes o'er me, spite of what I bear,
A rush of tenderness nigh motherly—
To see him so sublime, so beautiful,
And so dependent—his long, waving locks
Parted o'er brows that are not without light,
Albeit not of the eyes—a radiant face,
Fuller of light than any face I know,
And yet as cold as starlight in its splendor.
The stern, high virtues he so long hath nursed—
The hatred of the tyrant, and the strong,
Calm fortitude wherewith he bears his blindness,
Have left nor thought nor room nor care for
those
Tender affections that can never thrive
But with much nurture. . . .

* * * * *

I am my father's daughter, yet—a daughter!
I know not to what depth I yet may sink.
Train up a child to be a slave, and know
He—she—will learn the vices of a slave;—
Lies, treachery, purse-pettiness, many a vice
Charged not unjustly to the ignobler sex—
Things I have kept me from, and yet will keep,
Unless the slave o'ercome the Poet's daughter!
But this I know, that flesh cannot endure
The things I now endure. Resistance strong
To all oppression, is my father's theme;
That such resistance is a man's first duty
And purest privilege and highest glory.
And I am of his temper—am his child.

Spirit of Liberty, wherefore art thou fair
And worthy of all praise—except in woman?
How is it noble in her to cringe and fawn
And glory in submission to a master?
Why should the Virtue that makes man a god
Make her "unsexed, virago, Amazon?"

Not so, not so! My father's spirit in me,
Tho he disown it, brands it as untrue!
That which is good and right and beautiful,
Of moral excellence for one human creature,
Is right and good and beautiful for all!

Father, I thank you for the spirit you gave me,
And even suggested in these poet-pages!
I will rebel, as they rebelled in Heaven!

I am my father's daughter, not without
Some little measure of prophetic vision!
And I look up the Future's sunlit slopes,
And I see man and woman side by side
Upon the heights of glory and of song!
And I see open every golden door
Of knowledge, opportunity, for her
That open stands for him, and I see men
A race of gods, sons of enfranchised mothers!

It is the time of which the Prophet spake
When listing through the Future's veil, he heard,
"Upon My servants and My handmaidens
Will I pour out in those last days. My Spirit—
Yea, on all flesh; your old men shall dream
dreams,

Your young men shall see visions, and your sons,
Ay, all your sons and daughters prophesy!"

Whenever woman has had the gift and the opportunity to speak, she has preached rebellion against existing conventions and man her master. The insistent cry of Eve rings through this thoughtful and impressive poem to which we are indebted to *The Forum*:

BEFORE THE FALL

BY MURIEL RICE

[EVE SPEAKS]

I knew the doubt before the serpent came,—
Only it never seemed a doubt before.
I often used to wonder, not in fear
But only for the joy of wondering:—
What if we ate the fruit, and what would come?
And why had He forbidden us to eat?
Why did he ever give the fruit at all,
Not wanting us to eat it? But all seemed
So glad and right before the serpent came.
Yet when the serpent spoke those thoughts of
mine,

Somehow they were so terrible and strange
That I was glad that Adam was away.
And when I saw him coming from afar,
I ran to him and told him other things.
He laughed, and wound my hair about his hand,
And kissed me. I was sure I could not tell:
He turned to leave me and I told him all.
He seemed so far from me before I spoke,
But after I had spoken, farther still.
He took the side against me with His God:
God was enough to be against me then.
I wanted Adam, all of him, with me.
I would not take his kiss without his love;
I would not let him hold me any more;
I ran away into the woods alone
And wept, because he would not follow me.
Had but an angel opened wide the gate
That night, and let me forth into the world—
The rocky world with grass between the rocks,
Long withered grass, a-tugging in the wind,—
I would have beat my head against the rocks,
And caught the withered grasses in my hand,
And tossed my freezing body in the wind.
I could have loved the cold strange world so
much,

For it had been my Adam and my God
That night when they had left me all alone.
I never was a woman till that night.
Being a woman, I had need of earth.
What should I do with Eden any more,
Where everything was happy but myself?
The breezes would not touch me where I lay;
Even the flowers withered in my hand,—
They never withered in my hand before.
The great doubt lay beside me in the night,
The great doubt always whispered in mine ears:
Doubt is so dreadful when one is alone.
Then spoke the serpent hanging through the
leaves,

"Be not afraid. He cannot hurt you more.
You shall be stronger to abide His wrath
When you have eaten of the golden fruit."
I answered, "Let me be. I was content
Before you came. I would be glad again.

The garden is not lovely any more."
Then spoke the serpent, dropping to my side,
"Be happy, for the doubt has made you great.
Be not content to linger in this place,
Where angels grow enweared in an hour.
You too shall wander through undreamed-of
lands

When you have eaten of the golden fruit."
Then I arose in fear and took my way
Quickly along the hot and heavy grass
To where the beasts lay sleeping side by side,
Each with his mate; so quietly they breathed.
I stood a while and watched them where they
lay,

And envied them that God would let them rest.
My Adam lay a little distance off
All white and quiet underneath the stars.
I hoped that he would wake, yet had no wish
To wake him. When I knelt beside him there,
I wanted so to hold his hand again.
Then all at once he looked into my face:
I saw my doubt was shining in his eyes:
And then I knew that we must eat, and know.

Yet it seems to us that woman touches the fringes of high art only when she sings of passion. Sappho's odes will be remembered when the song of the suffragettes is forgotten. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's most beautiful poems are poems of passion, and Elsa Barker, who, by the way, is soon to invade the field of the novel, is never more effective than in her lyric variations of the eternal theme. The following poem appears in *The Smart Set*, that rich store-house of more than ephemeral poetry:

YOU

BY ELSA BARKER

I wear the stars like lilies in my hair,
I feel the breeze like God's breath on my face
Whispering an unknown word—and everywhere
I see the vision of a love-lit face.

So strange it seems! A little while ago
I knew not any of these lovely things;
To all my dreams the demons answered no,
Darkening the daylight with their evil wings.

Tell me, Beloved, who are learned and wise,
Why do you hold all beauty in your hand,
And all the host of heaven in your eyes,
And in your hours the moons of fairyland?

You pass my threshold, and the narrow room
Is peopled with a million forms of air,
The barren boughs of faith are all abloom,
And I am mute with wonder and with prayer.

A different note is struck by Richard Le Gallienne; a note spiritual, yet sensuous, that suggests Rossetti. The poet has been of late very sick, and for months hovered between life and death. It was in this region, perhaps, that he conceived this poem printed in *Harper's*:

LOVERS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

They sit within a woodland place,
Trellised with rustling light and shade;
So like a spirit's is her face
That he is half afraid
To speak—lest she should fade.

Mysterious, beneath the boughs,
Like two enchanted shapes, they are,
Whom Love hath builded them a house
Of little leaf and star,
And the brown evening-jar.

So lovely and so strange a thing
Each is to each to look upon,
They dare not hearken a bird sing,
Or from the other one
Take eyes—lest they be gone.

So still—the watching woodland peers
And pecks about them, butterflies
Light on her hand—a flower; eve hears
Two questions, two replies—
O love that never dies!

A more virile note vibrates in Ludwig Lew-
isohn's "Dionysia" (*Town Topics*). Mr. Lew-
isohn accuses our American poets of "fear of
living." His verse, no less than his powerful
recently published novel, "The Broken Snare,"
are convincing evidence that he at least is in no
way appalled by this fear. The poems of Mr.
Neidhart and others of our younger singers are
likewise indications of our emancipation from
literary straight jackets. It is not unlikely that
the editors of two decades ago would be aghast
at the spirit that surges through the poetry print-
ed to-day in conservative journals.

DIONYSIA

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

I

We found it in a mean street's mire,
The temple of an hour's desire;
A temple, not of praise or prayer,
But of an ancient, dull despair,
Where Dionysian creatures feast
Who strive for godhead all their days,
And from the vanity of their ways
Turn to enthrone the deathless beast.

Softly we trod not to disturb
The sullen people on the curb.
The Summer night smote fierce on them,
But we went by with delicate hem.
We recked not of them; we had hurled
Far from us care and fear and love;
We recked not of the stars above
Nor of the travail of the world.

The master of the temple bowed
With mystic, immemorial smile;
Subtly he drew us in, the while

The music thundered, deep and loud.
The glasses clinked, the vintage red
Glowed like the blood, now fierce, now faint,
Of man, the demon and the saint,
God's child and disinherited.

I thought that in a corner stood,
Half-hidden by a tawdry screen,
That Dionysus with serene,
Hard eyes, but lips that show his mood
Of utter scorn, the god whose lash
We felt; I heard the thyrsus crash,
The tiger's skin saw as he bent
And great, white limbs magnificent.

We drank: and entered on a land
Glimmering, languorous and sweet;
We took each other by the hand,
And earth seemed fragrant at our feet,
And all things but things fair to melt
Forever in a rich content,
The music of the spheres we felt
Breathe in each vibrant instrument.

We drank: like pulses beat our eyes,
Our blood leapt up in strange alarms—
God! how the women stretched their arms
In mute, impassioned agonies!
We drank: the world began to reel
Like a divine Saint Catherine's wheel.
We drank: the heavens began to sway
And madness had us by the throat—
When, sudden, on our eyelids smote
The white, intolerable day.

II

O friend, in coat severely straight,
Who never wallowed with the swine,
Good warder of a narrow gate,
Contemner of the ancient vine;
Dear facile moralist, refrain
From preachment or from sallow pride,
Nor, with emasculated brain
And hackneyed saws, our feast deride.

Know: we are children of the Sun,
With feet on paths by thee untrod.
We have known in sanctuaries unwon
The lightning of the love of God.
We may not day by day endure
On earthly souls those heavenly gleams,
Or feel with purged minds and pure
Our vast constellatory dreams.

Thus, knowing whence our flesh is sprung,
Remembering the ancient slime
From which the Fates our souls have wrung
Through all the years of cosmic time,
We turn aside, and with old rite
Wreath the acanthus in our hair
And find the wild hour strangely fair;
Yet, in your graven law's despite.

We, through the sounding loom of days,
Beyond the sunlight and the storm,
Discern as in dawn's silver haze
The feet of a diviner form;
That spirit of high imaginings,
That heavenly Muse whom Milton saw
Across the argent Angel wings
Stand by the flaming Throne of Awe.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



IN A time of ardent controversy between the "drys" and the "wets," Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel raises an interesting ethical problem which has been summarized in the phrase "genius and gin." Her art has been praised by all; her solution has been questioned by many. It is possible, however, to accept her solution in the given exceptional case without applying her reasoning to other cases.

The scene of Mrs. Atherton's novel is Nevis, a "gorgeous isle" in the British West Indies, in a time when romantic memories of Byron were still vivid, and Nevis vied in social splendor with London and Paris. Here, in a fashionable hotel, her heroine, a brave and beautiful woman, member of an exclusive social circle, Anne Percy, falls in love with Warner, a Byronic poet, in whom god and devil, genius and gin are linked in curious communion. His brain, to paraphrase the author's own expression, like that of Poe, has a "diseased spot" that responds only to alcoholic stimulation. In the thrall of liquor his body is given to incredible and filthy debaucheries, but his soul's eye sees heaven; he is angel and beast in one. Without this stimulation he writes smooth and polished prose and faultless verse, devoid, however, of the ring of genuine inspiration. Like a true woman, Anne disbelieves the worst and trusts in the potency of her affection to save him from the demon within. She marries him to the horror of her aunt, and of all who are intimately acquainted with his peculiar temperament. Warner, knowing that gin and beauty, that ill-assorted couple, refuse to be parted, resolves to eliminate both. He succeeds at first, but before the waning of the honeymoon a terrible problem arises. His unborn poems clamor for birth, and make his life wretched with undreamed-of tortures. There is only one key, the young wife knows, that will unlock the door to the treasury of Warner's mind, but if it is once turned her marital felicity will be clouded with horrible nightmares. The road that leads to literary salvation leads to social ruin. She must save either the man or the poet. It is here that she takes the step which few women will sanction—she places a decanter of brandy beside the poet's desk, and the story ends.

The experience of Warner, Mrs. Atherton claims, in an interview with the *Saturday Review*

of *Books* (New York), is really founded on fact. "The original of Warner, that is one part of Warner, I met about twelve years ago, not on the island of Nevis, but in a little village of Brittany. His name was Ernest Dowson." His poems, particularly the immemorial lines, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynera, in my fashion," are considered diadems of song. The man, Mrs. Atherton assures us, was anything but a poem:

"There were two hotels in this village where I met him. One was of the immaculate, wearisome type, where the eminently respectable British mammas stayed in decorous dullness with their daughters. The other was thoroly disreputable and patronized by those who were not burdened with a superabundance of good name or character. A friend of mine discovered Dowson in the latter hotel. This friend had a strong, pious tendency which continually led him into Quixotic attempts to redeem somebody whom he thought was in need of redemption. This time Dowson was the victim. He proposed that we befriend the poor creature. The plan was not a particularly interesting one to me, but I sent the requisite invitation—and, to our surprise, Dowson came. Our first intimation that he had accepted and was actually going to pay us a visit came through the surprising intelligence that he had borrowed some shoe polish with which to furbish up his dilapidated shoes for the occasion. And then he appeared—I shall never forget his appearance. He wore a tattered black sweater, upon which he had pinned a white collar in honor of his visit, while the rest of his clothes were in keeping with this extraordinary sartorial mixture and eloquently proclaimed the man's desperate condition. There was nothing prepossessing, either, in the features of his face; his front teeth were partly gone, his hair was dishevelled, his lips had the parched, vivid look that comes with confirmed absinthe drinking. But his eyes—they were curiously spiritual—most curiously so in such a face.

"He had scarcely anything to say for himself. He was shy and miserable and barely raised his eyes. Then we got him to read some of his poetry. The poor creature was transformed—the real man in him was awakened. After that he came to see me frequently, and during all the time that I was there he never fell back into his drinking habits. My pious friend, of course, was delighted with this result, and begged me to prolong my stay in Brittany so as to accomplish the complete redemption of this wayward poet. As if one could cure a poet of drink!

"I resumed my travels, leaving Dowson to his fate. Shortly after I heard that he left Brittany for his native London, his sole bit of luggage an extra black sweater which he carried under his arm. Two years later he died in London—of starvation, some say, while others have told me that he suddenly fell heir to a goodly legacy, the benefits from which he did not live to enjoy."

Dowson was the first model for the poet in Mrs. Atherton's story. She stored him in her mind; then came the other half of Warner. "I can't tell you his name," she remarks, "because he is still living and writing. His fame is international, and will endure as long as the English language endures. His poetry takes rank with the very best that we have for fire, for melody, for originality. This poet," she goes on to say, "and here is a singular fact known to every one in London, has never written anything worth reading since he stopped drinking." To quote further:

"I think it was something like twenty-five years ago—he is an old man now—when a friend of his took him in hand and cured him of his dissipated habits. Result: no more poetry. Before that he used to write under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, and the poetry which he produced at this period was the marvel of the critics and bears the marks of the most genuine, exalted inspiration of genius. When alcohol was his ally he wrote like a god; under the 'redeeming' influence of his misguided friend, however, with whom he still lives, he wrote, and still writes, like any ordinary versifier."

Mrs. Atherton might as well have mentioned the poet's name. He is the greatest poet now living whose early "roses and raptures" have "shocked and charmed" the world, but whose output within the last two decades, while praised in conservative journals, is regarded as drivel by those who love him for his Pagan moods. A writer has said of this friend of Rossetti that his present companion "keeps him shut up and makes him write sonnets which he can't do." Mrs. Atherton's contribution to the psychology of this poet is extremely valuable for the pathological student and the literary historian, but it seems almost ghoulish to dissect such a man for the benefit of the novel-reading public, and to reveal his identity to the world while he lives. He is an old man. Mrs. Atherton is still a comparatively young woman; she might have waited until his death. Her impatience seems to us the "rotten spot" of this brilliant novel.

All creative workers are abnormal, in Mrs. Atherton's opinion. In the case of the poet described in her novel the diseased spot responded only to alcoholic stimuli. Without alcohol it remained dormant. "With the other workers in the realm of imagination," the writer affirms, "this diseased spot may proclaim some other peculiarity."

"I discussed the whole matter with a well-known specialist in brain and nerve diseases, and he acquiesced in the reasonableness of my claim. Genius cannot be explained, of course, but some of the laws at least by which some of its abnormal characteristics are set free may come

within our comprehension, and the problem—well, is it not one that has the most peculiarly fascinating interest?"

A number of critics take exception to the heroine's and Mrs. Atherton's decision. The majority, to use the words of *The Argonaut* (San Francisco), are grateful to the author for "a remarkable story that does no violence to the psychology of genius and is probably founded on a fact." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* somehow doubts the great inspiring power of liquor or opium. There have been, it admits, geniuses addicted to both, but perhaps they were great in spite of and not because of this failing. There always was, the writer continues, some outside reason for the weakness—physical ailments; an inherited strain of insanity; a constitution disordered by hardships; trials and troubles that were too much for a highly sensitive nature.

"For, in spite of the ridicule cast upon the phrase, 'artistic temperament,' by absurd persons who use it as an excuse for their disorderly behavior, we must recognize that the artist's 'degree of existence,' as Schopenhauer called it, is much more vivid than that of the ordinary person. He lives, thinks, and feels at a higher pitch than, let us say, the manufacturer of wooden goods or hardware. This must be so—otherwise he could not catch 'the immortal moment' on the wing, and fix its shining flight for the delight of generations.

"Unfortunate genius suffers from offensive moralizings over its delinquencies, or equally offensive contentions that a disorganized way of existence is one of its necessary features. Acting upon the latter hypothesis, whippersnapper scribblers play the part as their feeble intellects understand it; and we are given gin, but no Charles Lamb; opium, but no De Quincey; whisky, but no Robert Burns or Edgar Allan Poe. But the theory of spirituous inspiration is largely a delusion; and persistence in such habits certainly decreases the individual's working capacity. The irresponsible genius is doubtless a trial to his family and friends, who are excusable for upbraidings; but the rest of the world have only to do with the artist's beautiful gifts, and should therefore incline towards mercy in their judgment of him. They should remember that in some respects they actually profit by his faults. If one poet had not been notoriously fickle, and loved many times far more well than wisely, we should have missed some of the most sweetly spontaneous love songs in the world. The storms that swept over another's soul still break in melodious surges upon the shores of time. A nature keenly conscious of self finds more suffering than joy in the world. All the senses and powers of sensation are sharpened, as in the excitation of fever; and existence itself is often a pain. On the other hand, there have also been happy geniuses to whom the world is a beautiful playground; or healthy ones to whom it is a field for wholesome effort."



IN "The Diva's Ruby"* F. Marion Crawford completes the trilogy of novels which began with "Fair Margaret" and was continued with "The Prima Donna." Treading on the heels of his fortieth novel, "The Diva's Ruby," tho a very interesting story, is a rather curious conclusion to a series which it is safe to surmise Crawford never meant to end in this fashion. In the opinion of many of the critics this book is not Marion Crawford at his best; in fact, it cannot compare with his more widely known "Saracinesca." His skill, however, is beyond dispute, wherever he takes us. Mr. Crawford is equally at home among Asiatic peasants and herdsmen, on the deck of a steam yacht, in the audience of the *Festspielhaus* at Bayreuth, or in a London drawing-room.

Briefly, the tale is of a beautiful prima donna, Margaret Donne, who has promised herself to a cultured and wealthy Greek, Logotheti. For some unknown reason Margaret begins to have misgivings concerning her lover, and at this juncture a new suitor appears in the person of Van Torp, a New York millionaire. He readily spends thousands to gratify Margaret's slightest caprice, and eventually succeeds in overcoming her first prejudice against him by proposing to build and endow a theater in New York where Margaret may sing the operas of her own choice. Here an interesting character enters the story in the person of the beautiful Tartar maiden Baraka, and trouble is sown broadcast. Baraka is a lady with a troubled past. Somewhere in the interior of Asia she had fallen in love with a Russian traveller and disclosed to him the secret of a great ruby mine. This mysterious stranger spurned her love and left her to die in a secret cavern while he absconded with the priceless rubies hidden safely in his flowing beard. Gaining her freedom, Baraka followed him across the continent. With a skilful subtlety all his own, Mr. Crawford depicts the entanglement of the brilliant and handsome Logotheti with the Oriental maiden, whose charms in the end efface for him those of the prima donna. Van Torp discovers the faithlessness of Logotheti, and sets himself the task of winning Margaret's love and affection. After a series of startling adventures, in one of which the Russian traveller is exposed and compelled to restore his stolen booty, the story closes with the marriage of Margaret and Van Torp, who sail away to the Mediterranean

on board a private yacht for their honeymoon, while Baraka and Logotheti come together at last and everything ends happily for all concerned.

Mr. Crawford, declares the *New York Sun*, is careless occasionally, but we do not think it could be charged that he has allowed the story to become uneventful or uninteresting. The *London Literary World* grows enthusiastic over the character drawing of Baraka, who was at once "beautiful, fearless and inflexible; childlike and wise; yet with an Oriental fatalism that made her fascinating in her quiet assurance and serenity in the most terrible of extremities, or when engaged in the wildest of escapades." Indeed, Mr. Crawford does such things better than anyone else, contends the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and anyone who begins his newest book will read it with a really feverish interest—for "his hand has not lost its cunning, and he still remains the master of plot and situation." Whether it is "the description of a beautiful woman, the picture of a vulture high upon a rock awaiting his prey, or a flow of language in modern slang," says the *Louisville Post*, "he is equally felicitous."

The *San Francisco Chronicle* thoroughly approves of the book, while the *Chicago Tribune* convincingly exclaims:

"It would be impossible not to enjoy thoroly every word Mr. Crawford writes. He knows human nature so well and yet but seldom burdens his book with philosophical disquisitions. His characters are so interesting because they are real, because they keep the even tenor of their way, not too good to hesitate or stumble, not too depraved to be incapable of an impulse for good. The plot is not tormentingly interesting, nor is there any attempt to produce that reality whose frankness while it hypnotizes makes one want to put the book down in disgust. Men and women are not secure from faults, but one's philosophic adolescence is over when he can accept the fact and not bruit the discovery so that all who run can read."

On the other hand, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* speaks of "pot boiling stuff," and regards the book itself as an offence against good taste, declaring that nowadays it is no longer safe to trust that the name of Marion Crawford on the title page indicates the existence of any real merit in the story. William Morton Payne, in *The Dial*, thinks that the prima donna lags superfluous on the stage. He maintains that the whole affair is fustian, and will add nothing to Mr. Crawford's reputation. The *New York Evening Post* heartily concurs in this judgment, and devoutly hopes it is the last appearance of Mr. Crawford's "least readable heroines, who is naught but a sheer weariness of the flesh." The *London Times*,

*THE DIVA'S RUBY. F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company.

however, believes that Mr. Crawford is a genuine romantic. And for that reason "the people in his books do not behave as real people behave; but then he has not only the romantic point of view, he has also, of course, a secure command of romantic art, which consists in making us forget, while we read, to notice that the world he describes is exempt from the laws of actual life. He well knows how to create and preserve this il-

lusion, and it is only in the moments when he wavers towards realism that he endangers it."

The critic in the *New York Times* echoes this thought. To him every Crawford story contains a rainbow gleam of romance. There is no dead material in any of his stories, but warp and woof of life that comes from a mind "extraordinarily virile, keenly awake to the dramatic aspect of life, and indefatigably interested in it."



LD Philadelphia, with its red brick houses, during the time of Washington's second administration, forms a most admirable setting for the scenes of S. Weir Mitchell's new novel,* which is a story of a young refugee from France, Rene de Courval, and his mother.

His father was murdered by a Jacobin mob at Avignon in one of those wild outbursts of bloody violence, without reason or provocation, and Rene fled with his mother to America to escape that succession of horrors known as the French Revolution. It happened that the young Viscount obtained employment in Philadelphia, with an eminent and prosperous merchant, Hugh Wynne, whom we have had the pleasure of meeting before in the author's fiction.

Dr. Mitchell, as a reviewer in *The Bookman* remarks, cannot be accused of versatility. There are few writers to whom we may look with such confidence to uniformity both in subject and in treatment. "And," he goes on to say, "there is this to say in praise of Dr. Mitchell's novels; that altho he has chosen to write of bygone days, which have always been a prerogative of the romanticist, he is unconsciously a realist, a man who uncompromisingly sees life as it is; and therefore his dedication of the present volume to Mr. Howells, whose service to American fiction will not be fully appreciated for a half a century to come, presents a peculiar and quite unconscious appropriateness."

There is no story to speak of in "The Red City." The actual plot of the book, says the *Louisville Post*, is "like a slender chain on which the politics of the day, the famous characters and the history of the city are thickly strung like gayly colored beads. It binds all together, but is not itself particularly noticeable. The love affair is as placid and uninvolved as a child's friendship might be, and is largely a case of propinquity between the Viscount and the daughter

of his Quaker hostess, proceeding slowly and naturally without even a rival lover to block its path."

Every detail of streets and houses, of rivers, bridges, and ancient landmarks, the writer goes on to say, has been studied by Dr. Mitchell with that painstaking and scholarly research for which he is noted, and experts on Philadelphia claim that he has not made a single error in the geography or history of the city of that day. "It is interesting," he concludes, "to regard the book as a tribute to his own city from one of its most distinguished sons, and the loving care with which the Philadelphia of a vanished era is restored in its pages is of more value than the story itself."

Much of the charm of the book is due to the setting. "No other time or locale," declares the reviewer in the *Philadelphia North American*, "could have furnished the picturesque descriptive background of 'The Red City,' nor match its quaint and ingenious commingling of chivalry and formalism; adventure and diplomacy; promptings of love and pride of lineage. The ultimate impression of veracity and realism is strong—so intense at times that only the practised literary art of the novelist conserves the atmosphere of fiction.

The characters of the book, asserts Norma Bright Carson in *The Book News Monthly*, "have the deep-throated tones of noble, manly men, the silver voices of beautiful, enchanting women, historically derived or purely creations, they are in every case alive, real heart-throbbing creatures who live and move and have their being in a world that is as convincing—as here depicted—as our own." One wants to read this book slowly, she continues, and to absorb it gradually. It is a big book in every way, and does not lend itself to careless handling. Every word, every picture is needed to make the final impression complete. Dr. Mitchell, unlike Mr. Crawford, in this writer's opinion, never allows himself to fall below his best.

*THE RED CITY. S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Company.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS—BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

There is a striking resemblance in this fantasy to Turgenieff's little pastel entitled "A Conversation," published by us in April, 1907. In Turgenieff's fantasy two mountains do the talking. In Mr. Allen's, two fir trees hold conversation. In each, eternal silence finally enwraps the earth and closes the mundane drama. We reprint from *The Saturday Evening Post*, by special permission.



HE stars burn out one by one like candles in too long a night.

Children, you love the snow. You play in it, you hunt in it; it brings the tinkling of sleigh-bells, it

gives white wings to the trees and new robes to the world. Whenever it falls in your country, sooner or later it vanishes: forever falling and rising, forming and falling and melting and rising again—on and on through the ages.

If you should start from your homes and travel northward, after a while you would find that everything is steadily changing: the air grows colder, living things begin to be left behind, those that remain begin to look white, the music of the earth begins to die out; you think no more of color and joy and song. On you journey, and always you are traveling toward the silent, the white, the dead. And at last you come to the land of sunlessness and silence—the reign of snow.

If you should start from your homes and travel southward, as you crossed land after land, in the same way you would begin to see that life was failing, colors fading, the earth's harmonies being replaced by the discords of Nature's lifeless forces, storming, crushing, grinding. And at last you would reach the threshold of another world that you dared not enter, and that nothing alive ever faces—the home of the frost.

If you should rise straight into the air above your housetops, as tho you were climbing the side of an unseen mountain, you would find at last that you had ascended to a height where the mountain would be capped with snow. All round the earth, wherever its mountains are high enough, their summits are capped with the one same snow; for above us, everywhere, lies the upper land of eternal cold.

Some time in the future, we do not know when, but some time in the future, the Spirit of the Cold at the north will move southward; the Spirit

of the Cold at the south will move northward; the Spirit of the Cold in the upper air will move downward to meet the other two. When the three meet there will be for the earth one whiteness and silence—rest.

A great time had passed—how great no one knew; there was none to measure it.

It was twilight and it was snowing. On a steep mountainside, near its bald summit, thousands of feet above the line that any other living thing had ever crossed, stood two glorious fir trees, strongest and last of their race. They had climbed out of the valley below to this lone height, and there had so rooted themselves in rock and soil that the sturdiest gale had never been able to dislodge them; and now the twain occupied that beetling rock as the final sentinels of mortal things.

They looked out toward the land on one side of the mountain; at the foot of it lay a valley, and there, in old human times, a village had thriven, church spires had risen, bridal candles had twinkled at twilight. On the opposite side they looked toward the ocean—once the rolling, blue ocean, singing its great song, but level now and white and still at last—its voice hushed with all other voices—the roar of its battleships ended long ago. One fir tree grew lower down than the other, its head barely reached up to its comrade's breast. They had long shared with each other the wordless wisdom of their race; and now, as a slow, bitter wind wandered across the delicate green harps of their leaves, they began to chant—harping like harpers of old who never tired of the past.

The fir below, as the snowflakes fell on its locks and sifted closely in about its throat, shook itself bravely and sang:

"Comrade, the end for us draws nigh; the snow is creeping up. To-night it will place its cap upon my head. I shall close my eyes and follow all things into their sleep."

"Yes," thrummed the fir above, "follow all things into their sleep. If they were thus to sleep at last, why were they ever awakened? It is a mystery."

The whirling wind caught the words and bore them to the right and to the left over land and over sea:

"Mystery—mystery—mystery."

Twilight deepened. The snow scarcely fell; the clouds trailed through the trees so close and low that the flakes were formed amid the boughs and rested where they were created. At intervals out of the clouds and darkness the low musings went on:

"Where now is the Little Brother of the Trees—him of the long thoughts and the brief shadow?"

"He thought that he alone of earthly things was immortal."

"Our people, the Evergreens, were thrust forth on the earth a million ages before he appeared; and we are still here, a million ages since he left, leaving not a trace of himself behind."

"The most fragile moss was born before he was born; and the moss outlasted him."

"The frailest fern was not so perishable."

"Yet he believed he should have eternal youth."

"That his race would return to some Power who had sent it forth."

"That he was ever being borne onward to some far-off, divine event, where there was justice."

"Yes, where there was justice."

"Of old it was their custom to heap white flowers above their dead."

"Now white flowers cover them—the frozen white flowers of the sky."

It was night now about the mountaintop—deep night above it. At intervals the communing of the firs started up afresh:

"Had they known how alone in the universe they were, would they not have turned to each other for happiness?"

"Would not all have helped each?"

"Would not each have helped all?"

"Would they have so mingled their wars with their prayers?"

"Would they not have thrown away their weapons and thrown their arms around one another? It was all a mystery."

"Mystery—mystery."

Once in the night they sounded in unison:

"And all the gods of earth—its many gods in many lands with many faces—they sleep now in their ancient temples; on them has fallen at last their unending dusk."

"And the shepherds who avowed that they were appointed by the creator of the universe to

lead other men as their sheep—what difference is there now between the sheep and the shepherds?"

"The shepherds lie with the sheep in the same white pastures."

"Still, what think you became of all that men did?"

"Whither did Science go? How could it come to naught?"

"And that seven-branched golden candlestick of inner light that was his Art—was there no other sphere to which it could be transferred, lovely and eternal?"

"And what became of Love?"

"What became of the woman who asked for nothing in life but love and youth?"

"What became of the man who was true?"

"Think you that all of them are not gathered elsewhere—strangely changed, yet the same? Is some other quenchless star their safe habitation?"

"What do we know; what did he know on earth? It was a mystery."

"It was all a mystery."

If there had been a clock to measure the hour it must now have been near midnight. Suddenly the fir below harped most tenderly:

"The children! What became of the children? Where did the myriads of them march to? What was the end of the march of the earth's children?"

"Be still!" whispered the fir above. "At that moment I felt the soft fingers of a child searching my boughs. Was not this what in human times they called Christmas Eve?"

"Hearken!" whispered the fir below. "Down in the valley elfin horns are blowing and elfin drums are beating. Did you hear that—faint and far away? It was the bells of the reindeer! It passed; it was the wandering soul of Christmas."

Not long after this the fir below struck its green harp for the last time:

"Comrade, it is the end for me. Good-night!"

Silently the snow closed over it.

The other fir now stood alone. The snow crept higher and higher. It bravely shook itself loose. Late in the long night it communed once more, solitary:

"I, then, close the train of earthly things. And I was the emblem of immortality; let the highest be the last to perish! Power, that put forth all things for a purpose, you have fulfilled, without explaining it, that purpose. I follow all things into their sleep."

In the morning there was no trace of it.

The sun rose clear on the mountain tops, white and cold and at peace.

The earth was dead.

Humor of Life

MURIEL'S FIRST WHIPPING.

Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King Edward, has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by moral suasion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going upstairs to tell God about that paper-knife. And then I shall tell Jesus. And if *that* doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"—*Everybody's*.

AN ABBREVIATED TALE.

She frowned at him and called him Mr.
Merely because he came and Kr.
That very night, just her to spite,
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

LOOKING FOR THE BURGLAR.

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there, from under the bed, I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy!" exclaimed a woman. "The burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear; my husband's legs. He heard the noise, too."—*Exchange*.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Two northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land!" At this the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."

POSTPONED.

HUNKER—"Halloa, Ricketts, when is your marriage to Miss Flirte coming off?"

RICKETTS—"It has been indefinitely postponed."

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, she married another fellow."—*Tit-Bits*.

NOT SO SUDDEN AFTER ALL.

HE—Oh, please, Miss Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand!"

SHE (cooly)—Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?"

HE—Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont. —*Modern Society*.

A NEW SORT OF SCHOOL.

The proprietor of an institution professing to cure stuttering tells of the amazement with which a visitor from the interior of the state contemplated the huge gilt sign displayed over the entrance to the place: "Stammering Institute. Trial lesson free!"

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the rural Pennsylvanian, "if that don't beat all! I knew they taught 'most everything these days; but who the deuce wants to learn stammerin'?"—*Lippincott's*.

A RELIABLE FIANCE.

A lady in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily, "I want to go to my finance's funeral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady—"your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice—"I'se sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"—*Everybody's*.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

—Bystander.



AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

The Professor—My dear madam, this is really a very dainty rug. I congratulate you upon it.—*Illustrated Bits.*

SUSPENSE.

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. • Am awaiting letter."—*Harper's Magazine.*

ALL KINDS.

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did," assented the father.

"First he was a quarter back——"

"Yes."

"Then a halfback——"

"Yes."

"Then a fullback——"

"Yes."

"And now—what is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback!"—*Exchange.*

A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

"When I grow up and marry, mother, will I have a husband like papa?" asked Mary.

"I hope so, dear," said mother.

"And if I don't marry, will I be like Aunt Sue?"

"I hope so."

"Dracious!" said Mary, as she turned away, "what a fix I'm in!"—*Delineator.*

EAST AND WEST.

"In the Far East a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married," remarked a young man at a social gathering.

"How odd," exclaimed a lady. "In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterwards."—*Exchange.*

A "ROAST" ALL AROUND

The minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realized, with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely cooked roast, all ready for the final reheating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words, "Go home and turn off the gas!"—*Lippincott's.*

NO ARGUMENT THERE

MR. TELLIT.—"A woman can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby."

MR. DORT.—"That's right. The sum my wife dresses on keeps me shabby all the year 'round."—*Dayton Journal.*

THE SUFFERING SEX.

SHE—A woman suffers in silence.

HE—Yes. That must, indeed, be untold agony to her.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOBBIE SCORES.

FATHER (called upon to deliver a parental lecture)—Upon my word, you children are getting too dainty for anything! Jam and butter on the same piece of bread, indeed! Why, when I was your age I was very glad to get enough dry bread to eat!

BOBBIE—You have a much better time of it living with us, don't you, father?—*London Opinion.*

A BARREN ACHIEVEMENT.

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-sa-tion, y' know."—*Everybody's.*

LE GRANDE PASSION.

SHE—"Darling, do you love me?"

HE (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—
"Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl, that's all I can say."

THE WRONG DOOR.

Charles E. Wells, who has been called the ground-hog Senator of West Virginia, because he once introduced a bill advocating the changing of Ground Hog Day from February 2nd to July 4th, was staying overnight at the Grand Hotel of a budding West Virginia village not long since.

He was awakened in the morning by heavy pounding on his door, and the voice of the old man night clerk saying, "Five o'clock! Better get up or you'll miss your train."

Mr. Wells didn't intend to catch a morning train, and hadn't given any instructions that he should be called at the unearthly hour of five o'clock, so he paid no attention to the old man's early morning greeting, and was asleep again almost immediately.

In about fifteen minutes he was again awakened by the pounding on his door and heard the voice of the old man saying apologetically, "Don't get up. I rapped on the wrong door!"—*Lippincott's*.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

"I hear Jones has married again."

"Yes, confound him! He's cost me three wedding presents and two wreaths already."—*Lippincott's*.

ITS MEANING.

"Every occupation affords opportunities of its own for the study of human nature," says a Boston man, "if only there be a little aptitude for putting two and two together."

"I was browsing in a book-shop, at The Hub, which does a little business in stationery on the side, when a young woman was asked by the genial old proprietor:

"And when does the wedding take place, Miss Blank?"

"The wedding!" exclaimed the young woman, blushing. "Why, you don't think—"

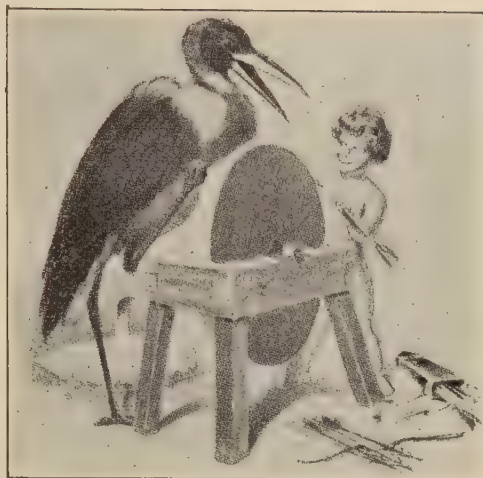
"Ah, Miss Blank!" rejoined the old bookseller. "When a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes I know there's something in the wind!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

From a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humor that was heavy enough to go by freight:

"Dear Sir,—I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are bound to be very good—or she is.—Yours, etc."

The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after writing on the margin, "She is."—*Lippincott's*.



THE CONSPIRATORS.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE BANK COULD STAND IT.

A Western lawyer tells of a remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic as evidenced by an occurrence which he once witnessed while standing on the edge of a crowd that was besieging the doors of a bank supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

A conversation between a rosy-cheeked Irish woman and her husband, who were near the lawyer, at once attracted his attention.

"Mary," said the man, we must push up so ye can dhraw your money at onct!"

"But I don't want to draw it out, Roger," replied Mary, placidly.

"Don't ye know, Mary," persisted the husband, that they'll lose your money for ye if ye don't hurry t' dhraw it out?"

"An' shure, Roger," retorted Mary, "ain't they better able to lose it than we are?"

Roger was stunned by this unanswerable logic, and after a few more words the two withdrew. Fortunately the bank survived its difficulties, and no depositor lost a cent.—*Exchange*.

A FAIR WARNING.

Last summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an ear-trumpet during the sermon—such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts.

There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders—who had great local reputation as a man of parts—should be deputed to settle the question.

On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance, and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot-ye're oot!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Profit Making

HOW \$100 MADE \$12,000



WONDER if you have ever stopped to consider the splendid profits in the magazine business. If you have not, let me give you some facts. They are tremendously interesting.

Munsey's publications, according to Mr. Munsey's own statement, earn a net profit amounting to the immense sum of \$1,200,000 a year. The *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post* are both owned by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia. These two magazines return a gross annual income of not far from \$6,000,000. *Everybody's Magazine*, *McClure's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Outlook* and others earn yearly profits which are enormous.

Magazines reach a basis that enables them to earn immense profits so quickly that only \$100 invested in Munsey's a few years ago would now be worth about \$12,000, and would be earning the astonishing dividend of about \$1,200 a year. Those who obtained stock in McClure's made 1000 per cent. These are only samples of the magnificent profits in the business.

The public has rarely been offered an opportunity to share in the business of magazine publishing in a way that would earn these immense profits. Magazines, as a rule, are owned by a few men who receive all the enormous income.

A chance to obtain an interest in a big popular magazine enterprise, which is one of the foremost in the history of the business, and to get this interest on a basis that insures absolute safety and offers the opportunity for splendid profits, is an opportunity which naturally attracts the immediate attention of shrewd investors.

Such an offer has recently been made by PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

This offer has already attracted the widest attention among the most prominent men and

women in the country. PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is known everywhere on the civilized globe as one of the great, powerful magazines of America. The men behind it are among the foremost in the publishing world. For years their names have stood at the head of the printing and publishing business.

This offer was first announced to the public in PEARSON'S for January. It was only natural to expect an immediate response from magazine readers. The offer was arranged in such a way that those who accepted it will secure a liberal share in all the profits of that magazine.

PEARSON'S is so popular and so well known, and the standing of its publishers is so high, that applications immediately began to pour into the office of the magazine; and we are told that the present investment opportunity which the magazine has offered to its readers and friends will soon be closed.

No American magazine of the prominence and reputation of PEARSON'S in the magazine and business world ever before made such an advantageous proposition to magazine readers.

The plan is described in an attractive booklet which PEARSON'S have issued, called "How Magazines Make Fortunes." To those who are acquainted with the great magazines of this country, this booklet is one of the most interesting bits of literature ever published. It tells about the early careers of Frank A. Munsey, Samuel S. McClure and other distinguished magazine publishers; and describes fully the unusual profit-sharing offer which PEARSON'S has made.

You can obtain one of these booklets by writing to Mr. A. W. Little, publisher of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 47 West 34th Street, New York. Ask him to send you "How Magazines Make Fortunes," and tell him that you read this article in *Current Literature*. It would be advisable for you to write Mr. Little immediately, so that you may learn the details of PEARSON'S proposition while the opportunity is still open to take advantage of it,



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UNDER SENTENCE OF FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Current Literature

VOL. XLVI., No. 3 Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
George S. Viereck

MARCH, 1909

A Review of the World

T THE White House is heard the sound of hammers. The Roosevelts are getting ready to move. On Pennsylvania Avenue are heard the sounds of saw and plane. Preparations are being made for the procession that is to witness the entry of a new President upon his duties. At the other end of the avenue, in the Capitol, the sound of "knocking" of another sort is dying away. The days of the conflict of Congress with the most strenuous of presidents is about over. For seven years and a half the central figure in our national history almost unceasingly, and for a considerable portion of that time the most conspicuous figure in world-history, has been Theodore Roosevelt. Up to the very last he holds his place in the center of the stage, cutting and thrusting and parrying, his enemies as keen as ever, his friends as jubilant as ever. As a spectacle, the Roosevelt regime has been a continuous dramatic success. He has given the newspapers and magazines more news-topics than any other occupant of the White House ever gave them. He has probably written more and longer messages than any other two Presidents before him wrote. As he closes his stormy career as President, there is an attempt to take a sort of national inventory for the period of his stewardship.

IN THE long list of President Roosevelt's activities which the papers are now marshaling in review, one general feature stands out conspicuously. The most notable things that have been done by his administration are those done with little or no co-operation on the part of the legislative body. Mr. Roosevelt's impress upon legislation, in the way of actual changes effected in the statutes, is comparatively small, and, as yet, unproductive. The pure food law and the railway rate regulation law are the most important. It is as an administrator rather than as a legislator that he

must take his rank in history. He has bombarded Congress tremendously, it is true; but that bombardment has been the least effective, in vital results, of anything that he has done. One must get away from the noise and flame of it all to see and adjudge the really important features of his work and of his personal influence.

IN BRINGING about the Peace of Portsmouth, he reached the apex of his career. There was nothing in that that called for Congressional co-operation, and very little that called for the exercise even of presidential authority. It was the personality of Roosevelt that accomplished it. It was outside the line of his regular duties—a self-imposed task, so to speak. The same may be said with almost equal truth of his part in the restoration of the Hague tribunal. Nothing in the line of his presidential duties required him to act. His own restless energy alone was responsible. In the same category comes his feat as an arbiter in the coal strike and his creation of the strike commission. This also was a self-imposed duty, and one in which Congress played almost no part at all. The calling together of the governors of the states, at Washington, to deliberate on the best way of conserving the nation's material resources, was another extra-legislative deed, a result of his surplus activity. The tour made in Central and South America by Secretary Root was a notable thing, but it called for no legislative changes. The sending of our fleet around the world was an executive act pure and simple. So has been each step in the prosecution of railways and trusts—the Northern Securities Company, the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil Company, the Paper Trust, the Tobacco Trust. The interposition of the President to prevent San Francisco, and now to prevent the state of California, from enacting legislation hostile to the Japanese was not effected through legis-

IN ANNOUNCING the intention of Theodore Roosevelt to pay a visit to England when he has ended his hunting trip in Africa, the London *Times* says that the naming of a guest assured of a reception by the British public "more hearty and more genuine" would be a difficult, "if not impossible," task. Oxford, to quote the words of the same authority, and all Oxford men "will feel an especially lively and agreeable interest" in the announcement that he will deliver a lecture and receive a degree there next year. Whatever subject Mr. Roosevelt may choose, his audiences may "rest assured they will not be called upon to listen to addresses marked by indecision of treatment, superficiality of thought, or any lack of originality and comprehensiveness of outlook." For, according to this most critical of British critics, Mr. Roosevelt's reputation is secure in England as "the greatest American President who has appeared since the days of Abraham Lincoln." What it has to say of Mr. Roosevelt as man, as statesman and as writer represents—with the single exception of the London *Saturday Review*—the matured opinion of British organs generally.

THE Paris *Temps* is prompted to say of Mr. Roosevelt that he has made the whole world his debtor in "precipitating the flash of his personality into the gray hues of international relations." "What a dull world this would have been in the past six years but for Theodore Roosevelt," observes also the Paris *Gaulois*, echoing in this the impressions of all French dailies. "Perhaps," adds this daily, "we French appreciate the dramatic element in this personality better than even his own countrymen." What an irony of fate that the most calculating, the most cool headed, the most business-like of the nations should have enriched history with a ruler whose deeds, like his temperament, have imparted a veritably Latin fervor to the fury of everything international. "Emperor William will still be left," remarks the Paris *Aurore*, "but he is the man of pose. Roosevelt is the man of genuine sentiment, genuine feeling, genuine words." The Rome *Tribuna* speaks of him as "this gigantic foreigner."

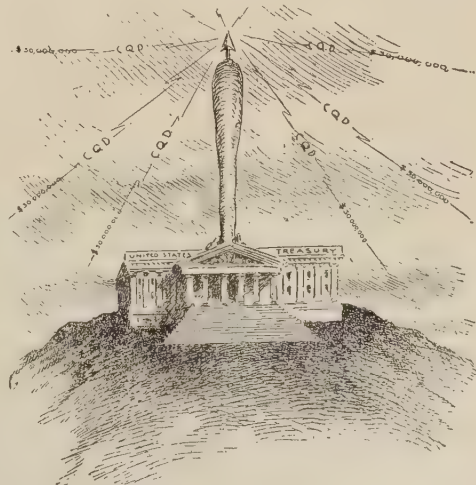
IN A recent issue of *The Outlook*, a review of President Roosevelt's administration, on its human and social side, is given by Francis E. Leupp, formerly Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, now and for several years past commissioner



THE NIGHT RIDER!
—McBride in the St. Louis Republic.

of Indian affairs. He regards Mr. Roosevelt as "the most aggressively human" President since Lincoln's day. During his term of office the President has ceased to be "a remote and statuesque figure posed on a dais," and has become the ordinary man at one's elbow. Says Mr. Leupp:

"In the people's homes in the most out-of-the-way points to which my travels have led me for some years past—in the heart of the desert, in the depths of the forest, in the midst of the mining camp, wherever men and women maintain their outside



THE CALL FOR HELP.
—Macaulay in New York World.



THE NEW MASCOT

interests in spite of their isolation—the one print you will see pinned to the wall, over the bed or beside the looking-glass is a picture of Mr. Roosevelt; and the chances are that it is not the portrait for which he has given some artist a deliberate sitting, but a good-humored cartoon, or a kodak snapshot translated into half-tone for newspaper publication, showing him in action and not in repose, and thereby bringing his individual human characteristics strongly into the light.”

Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded, Mr. Leupp thinks, far beyond every other President, in bringing into government work good citizens who were willing to serve on unpaid boards and commissions. Mr. Leupp concludes as follows: “Whatever may have been his accomplishments in statecraft, Theodore Roosevelt has performed a vastly larger, stronger, more important work even than guiding the destinies of our nation; for he has done more than any other President to shape the thought, the conduct, and the aspirations of the American people. He found them veering away from the good old standards, and he has called them back.” Something similar has been said by Professor William James, of Harvard. “He has done his country the greatest service which a statesman can do,” said Professor James. “He has reminded it that politics is impossible without honesty. Beside that, what do errors of detail matter?” This is a favorite view with Mr. Roosevelt’s champions. Lincoln Steffens and Jacob Riis have said the same thing.

THE opposition to President Roosevelt is fully as bitter as that which President Cleveland excited, but it is a singular fact that comparatively little of it has found expression

in the weekly or monthly periodicals. One of the mainstays of his administration all along has been the support given him by the magazines. We have before us as we write a collection of the magazine articles of the last few years, nearly every one of which is laudatory in its character, the more recent ones fully as much so as those of an older date. One must go to the dailies to find any adequate expression of the feeling of enmity, and even there the enmity displayed has been for the most part aroused not by his attempted achievements so much as by his method and manner, and especially by the language used in his speeches and messages. A striking illustration of this is seen in a recent editorial in the *New York Evening Post* on “The President and the Japanese.” With the President’s desire to avert the passage of legislation in California hostile to the Japanese, this journal is “in heartiest sympathy.” He has “but done his duty” in the effort to prevent its passage, for the legislation would be “a disgrace to the nation.” But after devoting one brief paragraph to the support of the President’s purpose, this journal goes ahead to devote the rest of a leading editorial to criticism of his manner. It says:

“But how has the President gone about the difficult task of allaying race prejudice, of preventing an action which was bound to give grave offence to a friendly nation? As if he were anxious to center the world’s attention upon the California legislature; as if with deliberate calculation he were seeking to produce the impression that war, and war alone, could result from the misbehavior of the Californians, a conference on the issue at the White House is immediately followed by a conference with the Secretaries of War and Navy; then comes the despatch of a column-long telegraphic message, and its immediate publication, altho filled with such alarming phrases as that the proposed legislation ‘might accomplish an infinity of harm,’ ‘might cause very great mischief.’ This is not ‘shirt-sleeves diplomacy’ of the Blaine kind, nor even of the dressing-gown; for its complete exposure of naked governmental processes it is unrivalled.”

IT IS, indeed, for this “complete exposure of naked governmental processes,” which has been so marked a feature of the entire Roosevelt policy, that many of Mr. Roosevelt’s ablest critics have been unable to excuse him. His alleged lack of dignity and lack of reserve have been the source of constant irritation to many; but it is quite probable that to this is due in large part his strength with the masses. When he dragged into the limelight a few weeks ago his controversy with Congress over the secret service, the first effect was one of exasperation, and, as we noted last month, the

newspaper supporters of the President were slow in rallying to his side. But no more signal illustration has been afforded in his career of the strength this method of procedure has had in arousing the people. Letters from constituents began to pour in upon the Congressmen in a flood. Congressman Tawney, when asked if he had received any letters, replied, "Oh, yes, lots of them." "How did they read?" was the further inquiry. "Oh, well," was the grim reply, as reported by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, "about one in ten commended me for the position I had taken." According to the *Tribune's* correspondent, the White House was nearly swamped with letters sustaining the President's course. The correspondent saw a solid pile of them, "several feet in height." Glancing through the pile haphazard, here are some of the things he noted: Resolutions of approval for the President adopted at a town meeting in Holland Patent, N. Y., signed by the president of the village, the banker, grocers, merchants and laborers; similar resolutions from the 19th ward of Milwaukee, signed mostly by Germans; resolutions of a Citrus Growers' Association in Claremont, Calif.; resolutions of the Christian Citizenship Union in Denver; resolutions adopted in a meeting held for that purpose by the commercial travelers of one of the largest clothing houses in the country. There were individual letters more in number than the President has ever received before on any subject, about eighty per cent. of which came from smaller towns and "from the plain people, as indicated by both the spelling and the chirography." Hundreds of commendatory editorials, many of them from Democratic journals, were in the pile. At the same time, thousands of angry letters were being received by the Congressmen who were opposing the President. One of the Senators is reported to have said: "Those of my colleagues who persist that the time has come to fight Theodore Roosevelt must have taken leave of their senses. We cannot hurt him, but when we get through we shall look as if we had been monkeying with a buzz-saw."

IN THIS incident may be seen the strength and the weakness of the Roosevelt method. The result has been for years a feeling of fierce hostility, tempered by fear, on the part of Congressmen, and a feeling approaching idolatrous hero-worship on the part of the "plain people." "Few executives," says *The Evening Post*, "have quitted the office on such

bad terms with the legislative branch." "There is more of the pent-up spleen," says the *Louisville Post*, "of men who for seven years have been forced by the President and the people to do things that they did not want to do in the present outbreak in Congress than of anything else." The *Baltimore Sun* sums up the feeling against the President, as he closes his term, in the following words:

"The Roosevelt methods have shocked and offended reasoning men in his party, who do not believe the President of the United States ought to enact the role of a spectacular agitator. They have been amazed and startled by his recklessness of speech at a time when the country was on the verge of financial disaster. They have had demonstration after demonstration that the White House is not the place for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament, for a President who is hasty in action, who lacks judgment, who has not taken the trouble to master the fundamental principles of economics, who is always playing politics. With certain of the reforms advocated by President Roosevelt the country is manifestly in sympathy. But there is no reform in the President's program which has not been subordinated to 'Rooseveltism'—and of 'Rooseveltism' the nation is heartily weary. . . . The country has been kept in a state of excitement and agitation and irritation by Mr. Roosevelt. He has 'got on the nerves' of the nation. The people need a rest. They want an atmosphere of calm and dignity in the White House. They long for the end of the period of nagging, of constant scolding, of recklessness in high places."

YET, as the time approaches for Mr. Roosevelt to lay aside his power, some of the most glowing tributes he has had are paid to him. Here, for instance, is what the *Charlotte Observer*, a Democratic paper, has to say:

"Does any one in cool blood suppose that a President who, with all his faults, did great things, led an exceedingly important forward movement, and stamped his personality upon his times and their records as not many men have done since the modern era began—does any one suppose that he can be discredited by the usual chorus of yelps or more than the usual chorus of yelps at a retiring President's heels?"

It is only natural, says another and more prominent Democratic paper, the *Atlanta Journal*, "that a strong persevering man like Theodore Roosevelt should have obtained the enormous following that he has, not only in Republican, but in Democratic states. His influence with the people is probably greater than that of any man since Jackson's time, if not since the days of Thomas Jefferson, and he has this advantage over these predecessors in office, that the daily press instantly records his appeals to the people, and sends them into the remotest boundaries of the republic." The *San Francisco Bulletin* explains the situation



THE FAREWELL TO MAGOON

This is the last scene in the chapter of the American occupation of Cuba. When Governor Magoon set sail a crowd of Cubans occupied every vantage point on the Malecon to see his departure and to wave him farewell. Cuba again, at this point, resumed her position as an independent nation.

as it has been for years and is to-day as follows: "It is the popular lack of confidence in Congress more than anything else that has accustomed the people to look to President Roosevelt for leadership and help. When Roosevelt attacks Congress the people feel that he is making their fight. They are willing to take his word and follow him. Having confidence in the man, they refuse to heed the conflicting volleys of crimination and recrimination; for they know that, once they abandon the guidance of his authority, they will find themselves in a thicket of contradictory statements through which no man without special opportunities of investigation could find the trail of truth." And thus is ending the Roosevelt chapter in our national history.

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AS THE sixteen battleships of the American squadron steamed slowly between the pillars of Hercules on "the last leg" of their cruise around the world, a long loud shout echoed from the face of the rock of Gibraltar and out upon the waters. By far the most powerful force under one command in any navy in the world answered the greeting with every thirteen-inch gun until even the coast of Morocco reverberated as ship after ship bearing the British or the French or the Spanish pennant took its turn

and saluted. Thus is practically terminated a naval operation which, at an expense of over ten million dollars, has vindicated, in the opinion of European experts, the theory of President Roosevelt that our people, to quote the *London Times*, need a "strategical education." This cruise will teach the officers and men engaged in it, our contemporary declares, "as only such an experience could teach them," how to handle the fleet "in all the emergencies of war." It will give them as nearly as possible practice at sea under war conditions. "The sailors of other nations will watch the Americans with interest as they undergo this searching ordeal, and will do their best to study and to take to heart themselves the lessons to be learnt from this great naval experiment." Thanks to the achievements of the stout-hearted Sperry and his gallant men, Americans now have "a firm grasp" of what the business of a fighting fleet is. "It is to protect them," but to protect them in "the only efficient way," and that is by destroying the fleets of the enemy who might menace them. The ships must be kept together, and their objective must be the foe. So they started around the world together. Together they come home.

WHILE according their eulogies to the seamanship of the American officers and men in a fashion not less enthusiastic than

that of the London *Times*, the less imperialistic of European dailies ask, as the cruise comes to its end, whether President Roosevelt's aim has not been too thoroly attained. "This tour of the world," to quote the radical and democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "has, from its sheer success, set the great nations into a sort of frenzy of emulation. Already we hear of a repetition of the experiment by a huge British squadron, which, of course, means that Germany must in time follow suit." There is not a parliament in the old world, fears the *Débats* (Paris), in which the Jingo element will not make capital out of the successful cruise of the battleships. "Navies are costly enough now, but if the expense of these flamboyant voyages is to be added to the annual budgets, what exchequer can stand the drain?" The next squadron that tours the globe, suspects the *Berlin Post*, will want to better the American record in the matter of time. "This maneuver," asserts the Socialist *Avanti* (Rome), "is proving the curse and scourge of mankind."

THE world is watching with intense interest the conclusion of this great experiment of a world cruise essayed by what is practically an entire navy, with a displacement of upwards of two hundred thousand tons—a hundred thousand tons more than the late Admiral Rozhdestvensky led under his flag to the supreme disaster of Tsu-Shima. Thus declares that most noted of British naval experts, H. W. Wilson, and if the press of Europe accurately reflects the state of mind of the old world, this idea is not erroneous. As the fleet enters Hampton Roads after its great exploit, the spectacle, the London *Times* thinks, will be "impressive in the highest degree." President Roosevelt, our contemporary infers, can but feel that he is leaving office gloriously. "His heart must beat high with patriotic pride" as he beholds "this magnificent display of the armed strength of the United States." It seals his own greatness as a ruler. "No man has done more than he to awaken the American people to the duty of providing for the defence of their shores by the development of their sea power."

IT IS because the circumnavigation of the globe by the American squadron has made ours an era of naval power that the completion of this cruise is an event of "first magnitude in the historical sense," opines the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*. Credit for this, too, we are told, is exclusively Mr. Roosevelt's. "As

Washington still lives as the first President and Lincoln as the martyr President, Roosevelt has immortalized himself as the battleship President." In rendering the battleship "the symbol of modern civilization," adds the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, Theodore Roosevelt has "benefited not his own nation alone, but all mankind," seeing that "naval power is the true test of the greatness of a land." This praise is echoed by a writer in the Leipzig *Grenzboten*, who anticipates a time when the Dreadnoughts of the fatherland will exceed sixty, all less than twenty years old, all equipped with thirteen-inch guns only. "Mr. Roosevelt has brought that prospect nearer for ourselves, and to that extent we owe him a debt we can never repay." Had it not been for the cruise of the sixteen units, adds the *Süd-deutsche Reichs-correspondenz*, "we might be satisfied with few ships."

BY THE end of the year 1914, according to the Paris *Eclair*, whose naval expert has had access to some official estimates, Great Britain will rejoice in the possession of seventy-two battleships, each larger than the Dreadnought, Germany will have thirty-nine, France thirty, and the United States at least as many. Japan will then have twenty-one Dreadnoughts. "Thus is it possible to measure the extent of the influence exerted by the initiative of Mr. Roosevelt, who, whatever else may be thought of him, is one of the master minds of the age." "He has vindicated the thirteen-inch gun," observes the Paris *Figaro*, "and to him alone must be awarded the credit if target practice in every fleet on the blue seas means the coming of the man behind the gun into his own." Australia, too, we are reminded by the London *News*, will before many years have her own warships on the deep—a result made possible for her by the effect upon antipodean opinion of the visit of the great squadron. Even Brazil and China, this London paper notices, have "caught the battleship craze," and the King of Siam will order one when he can borrow the funds.

THE entry of the fleet into the Mediterranean had undoubtedly been robbed of its due spectacularity by the almost simultaneous loss of one hundred and fifty thousand lives along the southern shore of Italy. The disarrangement of the plans caused by this catastrophe seems, as the Rome *Tribuna* remarks, to be still inadequately appreciated in the United States. The amenities of official

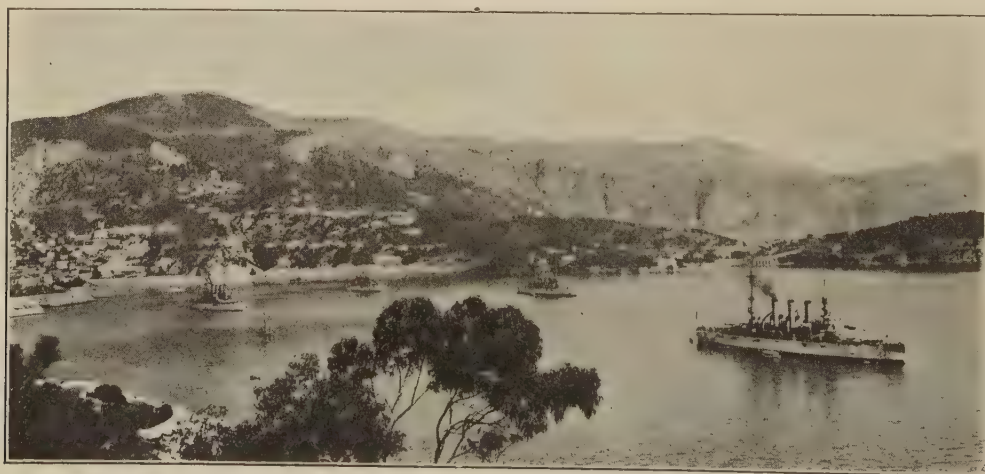


HOMEWARD BOUND

The fleet of battleships is here on the last lap of the world-tour of 45,000 miles. Each ship, according to the report of the Admiral, is in as good general condition as when it started over a year ago from Hampton Roads.

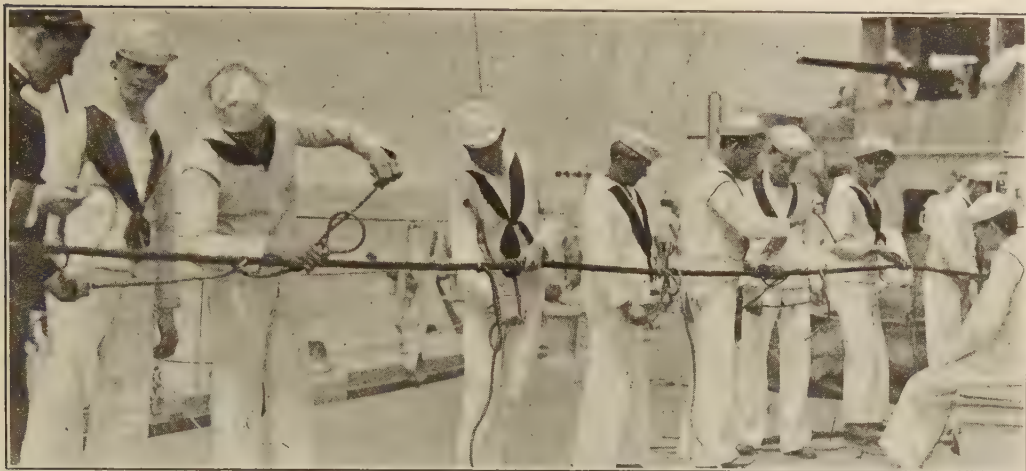
reception along the Italian littoral were eliminated completely. At Malta, where the squadron made a visit of four days, the island sustained its ancient reputation for hospitality. The Duke of Connaught, the officers of the British fleet, the governor of the island, and representatives of the municipality all helped to entertain the American officers and men. But the Italian disaster led to diversion of some of the larger units of the fleet and to modification of local festivities which, upon too brilliant a scale, would have looked like ill-timed rejoicing. Situated in the midst of the Mediterranean, swept by all the winds of heaven and enjoying brilliant sunshine for several months in the year, the island of Malta was to have been one of the bright stages of the long cruise. But the shadow from Messina lay over the whole Mediterranean.

THE visit of the American battleships to Malta left an excellent impression of our sailors on the minds of the inhabitants, according to the local correspondent of the *London Times*. "The people of Valletta," he writes, "have been particularly struck by the high character of the majority of the men composing the crews of the vessels." The average American sailor, says this observer further, "appears to be a quiet, well-mannered and well educated young fellow, more inclined to examine the interesting buildings with his Baedeker in hand than to drink in beer shops." One result of the visit is that the persistent legend that the warships of this country are manned by nondescripts picked up wherever they can be impressed has been refuted, at least as regards the island of Malta. The one unfortunate impression connected with



A DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP SQUADRON AT VILLAFRANCA

The American battleships, in their cruise around the world, have been steaming in three divisions, each separated from the other by intervals that are at times very considerable. In the cut a division has already anchored and has, by means of its wireless apparatus, apprised the next division when, where and how to find anchorage without disturbing the arrangements already made and without fear of collision.



A LESSON IN SEAMANSHIP

The cruise of the battleships was not meant for a mere frolic, but was educational in its purpose. Here are the jackies on one of the ships taking one of many lessons.

the presence of our sailors was a report that hundreds of them were down with Malta fever, a legend arising from the presence of smallpox aboard the *Kearsarge*. The victim of the malady was removed to a hospital and the battleship placed in quarantine. Malta fever, which has been traced to goats' milk, did not attack a man of all the crews.

TO THE personality of Admiral Sperry, as it disclosed itself in port after port at which the squadron touched, the American people owe a total revision of that estimate of themselves abroad which has never

heretofore been particularly flattering. The Australians may be said to have discovered Sperry in his human capacity. Every one of their great dailies, from the solid Melbourne *Age* to the rather flighty Sydney *Bulletin*, agrees that he must be one of the most magnetic American citizens of the period. His revelation of himself as a sayer of the diplomatic sentences appropriate to his reception with civic honors by municipalities in every part of the world proves to the Australian press that he is another Chesterfield. So the Melbourne *Argus* thinks. In the Mediterranean he charmed the Maltese, the Egyptians



THE WELCOME OF THE JAPANESE SCHOOL CHILDREN

This is a Tokio scene witnessed at the time of the visit of our battleships. The school children were marshaled beside the road where our sailors marched and shouts of "banzai" rent the air, and a heroic effort was made to sing the "Star Spangled Banner."



MARCHING THROUGH MELBOURNE

Australia and Japan vied with each other in the welcome given our battleships. This picture is given just to remind us how far away the fleet has been, and what a notable triumph of peace it has achieved.

and the residents at Gibraltar. He spoke of local customs and traditions as if he had been reared in a knowledge of them. He understood the temperament of Latin, Anglo-Saxon and Slav, observes the Rome *Tribuna*, and above all he has not hurt any susceptibilities by an appearance of vainglory in the magnitude of the fleet under his command.

THE one unfortunate episode was the trial by court-martial of a captain in the squadron on a charge of intoxication. The evidence seems to have warranted a verdict of guilty. Apart from this, the behavior of officers and men has elicited from the severest critics words of warmest praise. The French service organs are especially enthusiastic over what their correspondents have seen in the Mediterranean. "How glibly the powers talk of sending a fleet around the world in the wake of the American squadron," the Paris *Armée et Marine* says, "but could they do it? Japan has not the seamanship, France has not the ships, Germany has not the money." This service organ further suggests that France send a commission of naval experts to this

country to make a careful study of American shipyards and American methods of naval administration. "There must be some explanation of the fact that accidents are less frequent aboard American battleships than aboard the battleships of any other great power." There is an impression that the exact contrary is the case, it admits, but that is the result of the fact that American accidents are made public while in Germany the officials conceal mishaps.

BY EFFECTING a junction in the vicinity of Gibraltar, the slightly scattered divisions of the great fleet under Sperry precipitated a controversy between certain Paris papers and certain London papers as to whether the rock the British are so proud to possess has any strategic value at all. The *Petit Journal* saw in the presence of so many United States men-of-war proof that Gibraltar deserves no longer to be regarded as the key to the Mediterranean. It argued that the juncture of the French Northern and Mediterranean squadrons could not be prevented by Britain's ships in view of the evidence sup-



BLUE JACKETS IN EGYPT

As the battleship fleet made its way slowly through the Suez Canal, parties were made up on the different ships to pay their respects to the Sphinx and to climb the pyramids.

plied by the assemblage of Sperry's ships. The officers of the United States squadron were declared to have said privately among themselves that while Gibraltar possessed strategic importance as a rendezvous for the British navy, it has lost much of the formidable character attributed to it. It might have been a formidable fortress fifteen years ago, when the highest speed of a battleship did not exceed ten knots. That is no longer the case when the United States can send sixteen powerful ships from the other end of the globe, all fit for fight at the base of the rock.

MOREOVER, the speed of the American vessels rendered it quite impossible for the British to prevent their passage at Gibraltar, had they been so disposed. What could the British authorities do against a gigantic squadron steaming at eighteen or nineteen knots with all its lights covered and hugging the Moroccan coast? Beyond a range of eight or nine miles, projectiles from Gibraltar would have been perfectly useless against Sperry's ships. Owing to the width of the Straits, an

attempt to pass through in defiance of the fortress, had it been made by the Americans, would unquestionably have succeeded. Our officers discovered, we are likewise assured, that Gibraltar has been so thoroly undermined by the galleries and magazines with which it is pierced in all directions that the British engineers positively prohibited the repeated salutes from the same side of the rock originally planned as a welcome to the ships. Hence those of the largest calibre could be fired one at a time only, or the galleries might have fallen in as Sperry steamed up. Owing to the apprehension caused by this state of affairs, his welcome was not noisy.

A RENEWED contest for naval power is the finest tribute to the efficiency of the battleship squadron that has just completed its tour of the world, declares the naval expert of the *London Telegraph*. All the leading countries of the world, he notes, are eager in this competition, "from Russia, away on the edge of Europe, to China, far distant in the east." In not a few instances these schemes

of expansion exist only on paper, as in St. Petersburg and in Peking. The utmost determination, however, is manifested in other quarters—Germany, the United States and Japan, for instance. France, which has “lived on her fat” for some years, to borrow the expression used by the expert of the *Telegraph*, is showing considerable hesitation, owing to the difficulty of obtaining funds for many men-of-war. The same cause is operative in the case of Italy, which has found in the earthquake the greatest foe to her naval expansion. “But in every country the marine department has its plans cut and dried for the renewed and keen competition which the cruise of the American battleships has rendered inevitable.” No power of first-class rank can afford to ignore this truth, says the expert.

GERMANY is now laying down more men-of-war of large size than any other country, insists the London *Telegraph*, the expert of which is in perpetual disagreement on this point with the naval expert of the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, who insists that Great Britain is doing it all. In the year last past, none the less, Germany placed in position the keels of three battleships resembling the *Dreadnought*, a “battleship cruiser” after the style of that formidable *Invincible* in which the Prince of Wales went to Canada, two smaller cruisers and many other units. This year and next the same number of vessels will be undertaken. Germany has one *Dreadnought* battleship and an armored cruiser embodying the all-big-gun principle launched, and three other *Dreadnought* battleships in process of construction, and yet another “battleship cruiser” either recently laid down or about to be laid down—no naval expert in Europe seems to be quite certain. “Indeed,” to quote this last authority, “the whole process of fleet expansion in Germany is conducted with so much secrecy that exaggeration is encouraged.” Stories described as “weird” are in constant circulation about William II’s navy.

THIS great but not wholly understood or ascertained activity in German shipyards has already produced an effect on the United States, France, Russia and Japan, according to these several experts, who all seem to infer that Washington is particularly concerned by the mysteries of German naval expansion. “No one in these countries knows the exact nature of German naval expansion,” to copy the words of the London *Telegraph*, “and thus the

movement is growing without adequate cause all over the world.” All these, avers the *Vossische Zeitung*, organ of the solidly respectable classes in Berlin, are “superfluous anxieties.” Turning to the future, it takes the year 1911 for purposes of comparison, and the “birth year” of fighting ships as 1892. “Great Britain will then possess 56 battleships and 39 armored cruisers, the United States 29 and 14, Germany 25 and 10, France 19 and 19, and Japan 15 and 14. If British jealousy must be shown, it ought to be shown with regard to the growth of the American fleet rather than with reference to the growth of the German navy.” British distrust of Germany, therefore, says this Berlin daily, is altogether unfounded.

THE crucial test of the whole battleship cruise is still about to be made, in the opinion of the *Militar Wochenblatt*, organ of the general staff in Berlin. The battleships are on the eve of a series of torpedo maneuvers, it reminds us. If those maneuvers do not disclose inadequacies of the fleet to cope with battle conditions, the cruise of the squadron will have been a success. “Americans, as a rule, will think the voyage a success because the squadron came home safely. They can not understand that only when the evolutions in the home waters of the republic have brought out the seaworthiness of the battleships after so long a voyage will the gain of the undertaking be ascertained.” From the expert point of view, then, we are told, the end is not yet. Sperry’s experience has brought to a head the old question which from time to time has become uncomfortably urgent—have the torpedo and the mine made the American squadron obsolete? Is Mr. Roosevelt, after all, preparing the ruin of his country? The *Militar Wochenblatt* has its doubts. The naval experts of England, too, indicate in their comment upon the cruise that the torpedo and the mine must be taken into account before it is possible to agree that the battleships of Sperry’s squadron are the formidable instruments of war we deem them.

THE blunder of Mr. Roosevelt, as the naval expert of the Manchester *Guardian* sees it, consists in his policy of tying up ten million dollars in one huge ship like the freshly launched Delaware which can be sent to the bottom by an engine of destruction costing a few hundred dollars. The real object of the forthcoming maneuvers is to test this hypothesis. The innovation of a target that fires



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IN THE RUINS OF MESSINA

Our fleet had no call to do any fighting, on its tour of the world, but it promptly and efficiently responded to the call to save life in the devastated cities of Sicily. These pictures represent men from the dispatch boat *Yankton*, that was sent from Port Said with surgeons and hospital stores, searching for the entombed victims of the earthquake.

back is likewise to be tried. Under battle conditions a gun crew is subject to return fire. It seems to be understood among European naval experts that our own constructors do not wholly agree with Mr. Roosevelt's big battleship policy. Mr. Taft is already feeling the pressure of those who would have our appropriations distributed over smaller ships. "Some authorities have already come to the conclusion that torpedoes have made it inadvisable to build such large ships." They have not all answered the question conclusively. Yet in some shape or other various experts have adopted the view that less money should be put into the big battleship. Lord Brassey, the great naval expert in England, is in favor of building large and small battleships simultaneously. Sir Edward Reed, Sir John Hopkins, Admiral Ingles and others of equal distinction are among those who profess the same principle in slightly varying forms. In spite of the growth of suspicion on the score of the huge battleship, Mr. Roosevelt has put more of the country's money into them than ever. This is, from the expert point of view, the great issue raised by the termination of the cruise. "What will the coming maneuvers bring forth?" asks the *Paris Marine*. The whole circumnavigation of the globe ten times

over, says the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, will reveal less than the torpedo tests and the mine tests about to be made.

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AS OUR sixteen battleships steam back into Hampton Roads after their 45,000-mile cruise, they will find that during their absence of more than a year a very lively bombardment of the whole navy department has been going on. It began as soon as the fleet was out of sight. It has been going on more or less continuously ever since. But it is directed not against the officers and men who sail the ships and who are expected to fight them when the time comes, but against the authorities at Washington who direct the expenditures and the bureaus that make and carry out the plans of construction. Henry Reuterdaahl's article is still fresh in mind, and now comes another and equally startling article in the same magazine (*McClure's*) written by George Kibbe Turner, one of its editorial staff. "The management of the present naval establishment," says Mr. Turner, "is not military; it is political." His array of figures and facts is disheartening. We have two navies, he tells us, one on the sea and one

on land. The latter, consisting of our navy yards and navy stations, employs from 25 to 50 per cent. more men than are employed by the navy on water, pays nearly twice as much in wages, takes up the time of twice as many admirals and captains and three times as many commanders—men trained to sail and to fight, and now “withdrawn from the practice of their difficult profession for the manufacture of chains and boats and spittoons and the signing of reams of the dullest of routine papers.” Forty million dollars a year, it is estimated, are worse than wasted on this navy on land, and every dollar wasted on it takes a dollar or more from the fighting navy that is on the sea.

WE HAVE twelve navy yards, distributed in ten states. Five of them, including the best and biggest one of all, at New York, haven't a dry dock big enough to hold the battleships of the Delaware type that we are now building. Two of the twelve have one dry-dock each which no battleship can reach at any tide; three others the battleships can approach only at certain times in the tide, and which, if waterlogged from injury in battle, they could not reach at all. “If war should break out to-morrow, there would be no place in the United States where a fleet of modern ships could be repaired after a naval battle. The fortunes of a great war might depend on this fact.” And this is the situation after spending \$110,000,000 for building and keeping up these navy yards in the last ten years. Mr. Turner gives details galore. On the naval committee of the United States Senate are ten members, eight of whom have their own navy yards to look out for. The chairman, Senator Hale, is known in naval circles as “the owner of the navy.” He has had this position for many years. One of the first things to be done after the Spanish war was the reopening of the abandoned navy yard at Kittery, in his state, Maine. A dry dock costing a million and a quarter was placed there, but no battleship dared to go to it. Another million, nearly, was used to blast out a channel. Ten millions in all have been spent on the yard. Last fall the first battleship reached the dry dock. Admiral Goodrich last spring was delegated to make a tour of the navy yards, and offer recommendations. His first recommendation was that this Kittery, or Portsmouth, yard be abandoned, being useless to the navy. Such are Mr. Turner's charges, and in similar style he assails other members of the naval committee.

IN YARD after yard, Mr. Turner gives the figures for cost and maintenance and criticises the meager results. At New Orleans \$97,000 was spent on maintenance in 1907, and \$308,000 on improvements. Just \$1,041.01 worth of work was done there that year. At Key West the work done amounted to \$7,126.18. Its maintenance charge was \$139,000. Charleston's navy yard, established in 1901, was not ready to do any work in 1907. The only Southern navy yard to turn out more than one dollar in work for \$25.00 expended on it in maintenance was Pensacola. There the maintenance cost was only three times as great as the value of the work done. But the situation in the Northern yards, where most of the work is done, is still more serious, according to Mr. Turner. The situation there is thus described:

“When it [the government navy yard] began in 1842, the building, repairing and equipping of wooden ships in our navy yards were in charge of one manufacturing bureau. Then steam came, and a bureau of steam engineering was established to put boilers into the wooden hulls. A bureau of equipment took charge of equipment at the same time. A civil engineering department has charge of the yards and docks; an ordnance department not only makes guns, but has charge of fastening them to the ship. A bureau of supplies and accounts keeps the stores and books, and a high officer represents the military authority of the bureau of navigation.

“The results secured from this system of manufacture would be about paralleled if six independent sixteenth century trade guilds were put in charge of the United States Steel Company, under the command of a major-general. Each bureau takes the best it can get in the way of buildings and equipment; it makes its own plans, which may or may not fit into the plans of its neighbor, whose work is dependent on it; in many cases it has independent control of the principal tools the other bureau has to work with. Instead of a plant arranged to repair ships, a navy yard is a half dozen different plants scattered over acres of ground, not only without logical relation to ship-repairing, but each one split up without any proper relation to its own work.”

A FEW weeks ago Congressman Albert F. Dawson, a member of the committee on naval affairs, printed in *The Congressional Record* the results of some of his inquiries. Here are two questions he asked: “Can any one defend a system where the installation of the fire control apparatus on a warship is divided up among three separate and distinct bureaus? Is it businesslike to have the engines and pumps of a ship under the jurisdiction of one bureau, while the steam pipes leading to them and necessarily an integral part of them are under the control of another bureau?” Mr. Dawson goes on to say: “Many



COMING INTO PORT WITHOUT A BOW

About thirty feet of the *Florida* was smashed in when she rammed the *Republic*; but the bulk-heads held, a canvas patch was put on, and the ship slowly steamed from Nantucket Shoals into New York harbor, where she was welcomed by the whistles of all the craft in the bay.

instances could be cited to show that the lines of authority between different bureaus within a single battleship are mixed in bewildering confusion and cross and recross each other at many points." According to the existing law, the orders of the chief of a bureau "shall be construed as emanating from the secretary of the navy, and shall have full force and effect as such." As a result of this bureaucratic system, says the New York *Sun*, "the interest of a bureau becomes of more importance than the interest of the service as a whole." "If there is a single danger to the navy at the present time," said Congressman Dayton six years ago, "it is that too much of it will get on the land." Mr. Turner thinks the danger has been realized. The press seem to think so too. And Congress, in its naval appropriation bill a few days ago, provided for a commission, as recommended by Secretary Newberry, to consider the whole subject of navy reorganization, the commission to consist of three senators, three representatives, three rear admirals and three civilians.

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WHEN the ocean liner *Republic* was rammed in a fog off the Nantucket shoals a few days ago, a brand-new tale was added to the annals of Time, and in the long, long duel between man and nature the

former achieved a fresh triumph. The story of the collision between the *Republic* and the *Florida* is, unhappily, a commonplace one, except for one thing—the part played by wireless telegraphy. There was a heavy fog. The two ships, going in opposite directions, drew near together. Their fog-sirens were sounding continuously, but the fog sometimes plays tricks with sounds, deflecting the vibrations so that two ships, as they near each other, may enter a "zone of silence" in which neither may hear the other's warning. Whether this was what happened, or whether the quartermaster of the *Florida* turned the wheel in the wrong direction, or some other blunder occurred, will be left undetermined until the courts thresh out the subject. But in the early morning the sharp bow of the *Florida* came out of the fog and clove the side of the *Republic* amidships, crashing through five state-rooms and opening a gap into the engine-room. As the *Florida* rebounded back out of sight in the fog, leaving one of her anchors in a wrecked stateroom, the sea began to flood the engine-room of the *Republic*, and the engineers had barely time to bank the fires, and then, neck-high in water, flee to the decks. Ten minutes after the collision the ominous sound of axes was heard on the top-deck, as the crew began knocking away the boat-blocks preparatory to launching the life-boats. But the calmness of the captain prevented any disorder or panic.



"C. Q. D." BINNS

Jack Binns, the wireless operator on the wrecked *Republic*, sent out the message of distress, "C. Q. D." that brought steamers from all directions to the rescue. He has since been flying signals of distress for himself as people seem bent on making a hero of him against his will and managers of music halls and museums vainly tempt him to go on the stage and pose.



WHERE THE CALL FOR HELP WAS SENT OUT

This is a view of the office of the wireless operator on the *Republic*. It is almost gruesome to sit in such an office, with the receiver to your ear, and hear the faint but distinct call of an operator hundreds of miles away.

"AND darkness was upon the face of the deep." The electric lights on the *Republic* had been instantly put out of commission, and nearly 500 men, women and children, wakened from a sound sleep, confronted the possibility of death without being able to see each other's faces more than a pace or two away. Fortunately the bulkheads of the ship held, and the sea was calm. Then it was that a young man with the unheroic name of Jack Binns got into action. He was the wireless telegraph operator, and his storage batteries were uninjured. Out through the fog and over the wide waste of waters he sent the ambulance call of the deep—C Q D—over and over again. Every other message that was traversing the air when that call of distress came promptly ceased, in order to give the right of way to Binns. The wireless operator in the Boston navy yard caught the call and responded. Then came Binns's message: "The steamship *Republic* has been rammed in latitude 40.57, longitude 70, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket." Then the Boston operator got busy. If one could have been up in a balloon and had had eyes to see the unseeable he would have noticed a tremendous force at work at the top of the wireless mast, hurling vibrations in every direction with inconceivable velocity—the messengers of the ether, racing through space to find succor for the *Republic*. Most of them, scientists tell us, are still racing out on the far frontiers of our solar system, seeking help from Uranus and Neptune; but a few of them were arrested in their flight, taken down a wire and translated into flashes that told the whole story. The wire of the liner *Baltic* caught one series of the vibrations, halted it, and took it down into a little cabin on the upper deck for cross examination by a young man named Tattershall. The whaleback steamer *City of Everett* did the same thing. So did the *Gresham*, so did the *Seneca*, so did the *Lorraine*. So did a dozen or more of liners, tugs, revenue cutters, and even a little torpedo boat, and in a brief time a fleet of ships were feeling their way carefully through the fog to find latitude 40.57 and longitude 70, where Jack Binns kept talking to the world with his finger tips and telling of the progress of affairs.

IT SOUNDS like a fairy story, and it has a beautiful ending as all fairy stories must have. The *Republic* lies at the bottom of forty-five fathoms of water; but not a soul went down with her. The transfer of 1,500

persons, more or less, including all the passengers of the *Republic* and the *Florida* and the crew of the former, in small boats, in the open sea, to the decks of the *Baltic*, took twelve hours of hard work, but it was effected without a mishap. The lady in a blue silk night-robe who sat down on deck while Jack Binns was calling to universal space for help, and who began combing her hair, remarking that if she was going to die she might as well die looking her best, can still spread her sunshiny philosophy among the living. The stout motherly-looking woman, "in a bathrobe that flamed like a Jamaica sunrise," who went about distributing hairpins and smiles while the green waves were chasing the engineers out of the engine-room will probably have use for many hairpins in the future. The lady who played solitaire in the midst of the peril can play again. The *Florida* reached port under her own steam, and it is possible that she could have done so with all the passengers of both ships; but it is not certain. Says James B. Connolly, the writer, who was on board the *Republic*, and who tells the story in *Collier's*:

"One thing that the passengers aboard this ship are well convinced of is that this Marconi system is a great blessing. There were those two ships lying out there helpless in the fog—the *Republic* with her engine-room filled with water, unable to turn her screws; the *Florida* in fear that in attempting to drive ahead she might be driven under. With no wireless working we might have lain out there for a week in that fog; a week at this time of the year means certain bad weather for some length of time; a few hours of heavy weather would probably have settled both ships; and with those 1,500 people driven from the ships to the boats—and here let it be said that neither ship carried half enough boats or life rafts for a full passenger list—it is a sure thing that between the sea and the frost it would not have been dozens but hundreds that would have been lost—possibly the entire 1,500."

"IT IS not true," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "that the age of romance and heroism is dead. Nothing could have been more thrilling than the episode of the wreck of the *Republic*; nothing finer than the courage with which the human beings involved met the test." "Wireless telegraphy," remarked the New York *Evening Sun*, "has been hailed as a marvel of science, but the service it has done humanity to-day sets it far higher in the people's minds. It will hereafter be considered as indispensable a part of any steamship's equipment of safety as her charts or her navigator. It is the steamship's invisible life line, by which the safety of her passengers is safeguarded in a degree which no traveller of ten



CAPTAIN SEALBY

After seeing to it that his passengers and crew were safe, the captain of the *Republic*, and the first mate, hoping that the ship would float until she could be beached, returned on deck. When the ship started down, stern first, the captain climbed up in the rigging and the mate leaped over the taffrail, both being picked up later clinging to pieces of the hatchway.



THE WRECKED LINER

The patch in her side shows where the sharp bow of the *Florida* penetrated the side of the *Republic*, wrecking five state rooms, killing two passengers instantly and flooding the engine room. The engineers had barely enough time to bank the fires and escape through the rush of water to the deck.



A TUMULTUOUS WELCOME FOR CAPTAIN SEALBY

The captain of the *Republic* may here be seen at the top of the stairs, with a cap on, trying to make his way into the office of the White Star Line Company and report the loss of his ship.

years ago could have dreamed. It is the best of modern magic." "It is all very wonderful," comments the *Springfield Republican*, "and inspiring of the thought that bounds may not safely be placed upon the powers of man to master the forces of nature." In a message to Congress a few days after the collision and the rescue, President Roosevelt recommended a law requiring all ocean-going steamships carrying considerable numbers of passengers to instal a wireless service. Congressman Burke has introduced such a bill. A chain of wireless stations already extends along our Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf shores, and even Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines are equipped. This latest of scientific marvels has already become a part of the daily humdrum of life, and there are enterprising schoolboys in most of the coast cities who have run up a pole of their own in the back yard, and who can sit in their rooms and hear the liners talking to each other out in the ocean. One of our magazine poets, Mr. Oppenheim, has given us recently the "Song of the Wireless":

Who will gather my flying reins and bridle my head-
long speed?
Who will hold me back on my whirlwind track as I
carry the hidden screed?
Do you think you have conquered time, loud slaves
of the narrow rail?
I will leave you a thousand miles behind in the
teeth of an open gale!
When the storm-wrecked steamer limps through the
mist and the swirling spume

I push a way to the outer day and tell of the
vessel's doom.

I have come unseen with secret speech, I have guard-
ed the tale unheard;
I have put mine eyes on the journey's end and de-
livered the faithful word.

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THE "Yellow Peril" broke loose again last month. Three state legislatures on the Pacific coast caught sight of its gleaming eyes and slathering jaws, and made strenuous efforts to turn it back to the far east by bills of excommunication. Brokers on Wall Street saw it, and the "straight tip" was circulated there that war would break out between the United States and Japan within six weeks! It required the joint efforts of President Roosevelt, the three governors of California, Oregon and Nevada, and the United States senators and congressmen from those states to pacify the fears of the legislators and to persuade them to leave the situation in the hands of the federal government. They did so finally, but the question now is how long this soothing effect will last, and whether President Taft can apply it as effectively as President Roosevelt has applied it. No one has discovered any special reason for this particular outbreak of the peril, except those newspapers like the *New York Sun* and *New York World*, which can always find the reason for anything that goes wrong, if other reasons

fail, in President Roosevelt. *The Sun* holds him to blame because, when he undertook to straighten out the tangle in San Francisco two years ago "he committed the blunder of truckling to the Sand Lot element." *The World* holds him responsible because he sent our fleet of battleships around the world and allowed his "jingo admirers" to proclaim that the cruise "was intended as a warning to Japan." The *Springfield Republican*, which has been getting more and more disposed to "see red" whenever Mr. Roosevelt's name is mentioned, thinks that California demagoguery has received "fresh inspiration and courage from the sight of American guns pointed toward the setting sun." It neglects to explain why this fresh manifestation of courage was delayed until the keels of our battleships were cleaving the waters of the Atlantic on their return to Hampton Roads.

WHATEVER the cause, four anti-Japanese bills made their appearance in the California legislature last month, followed by similar bills in the Nevada and Oregon legislatures. The bills in California were intended to prohibit aliens from being members of corporations; to prohibit them from securing title to real estate in California; to segregate Japanese and Mongolian school-children; and to segregate "aliens whose presence may be inimical to the health and public morals" of any community. It is explained that since the big fire in San Francisco the Japanese have scattered over the city and obtained possession of several of the best residence blocks, by the process of buying at an extravagant price, if necessary, a lot or two, and then, by reason of the consequent depreciation of the rest of the block, getting the other lots at a low valuation. In the country districts, it is asserted, they get possession of any ranch they want by sending around word to the Japanese laborers not to pick any fruit or grapes on that ranch, and the result is ruin for the owner or the sale of his ranch on any terms the Japanese are willing to offer.

THE most forceful presentation of the California view of the "Yellow Peril" that we have seen is given by Chester H. Rowell, editor of a Fresno paper, in *Collier's*. Mr. Rowell does not maintain that the Japanese are an inferior race; on the contrary, he admits that they are the equals of the white race, and consequently will not accept any position of subordination, as the negro is forced to do. For this very reason the conflict between the



THE TRANSFER ON THE OPEN SEA.

As nearly five hundred passengers were transferred in small boats from the crippled *Republic* to the crippled *Florida* there was no panic, no rush for safety, no disorder. One lady calmly played solitaire on deck until her turn came. Captain, crew and passengers all accepted the situation calmly and courageously and not a mishap resulted.

two races, if Japanese immigration is tolerated, will be serious and inevitable. He writes:

"Every outrage by American hoodlums on Japanese becomes a diplomatic issue. And we know by experience that we can not infallibly control our own people when race feeling is aroused. The race riots of Atlanta and Springfield are not the last that are going to occur. If every lynching meant the mobilization of a fleet, and every Springfield riot meant foreign war, the national government would be compelled, in self-preservation, to invade the states and municipalities with a national police strong enough to prevent such things. This is exactly what must happen if we import a large population of any race not white, whose native government is sensitive, jealous and powerful."

We must adopt a deliberate dog-in-the-manger policy, says Mr. Rowell, if we would reserve for future generations of our race the resources in the West which we of this generation have not time or men to develop. We have one dangerous race problem in the South, which seems to be incurable and can be pre-

vented from being fatal only by the inherent vitality of the nation. But dealing with a few millions of negroes is quite a different thing from dealing with the overflow of a whole world of Chinese, Japanese and Hindus, "backed by powerful and jealous nations which will submit to no imputation of racial inferiority." We must establish a race frontier somewhere. If not at the Pacific coast now, then later at the Rockies or the Mississippi, by means of a permanent line of garrisoned fortresses. Mr. Rowell hears "the cry of the unborn generations of the West for the right to be born of Occidental blood and under American institutions."

THIS cry of the unborn generations, however, has not seemed to the press of the country to have a vital relation to the question at stake last month in the legislature of California. The question as it was presented in President Roosevelt's letters and telegrams of protest to the governor of the state and the speaker of the assembly was one of international comity. His contention was that the government of Japan has kept faith with us in discouraging coolie emigration to this country, and we must in turn keep faith with Japan. Speaking of the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan, entered into at the time of the trouble over school children in San Francisco two years ago, President Roosevelt

wrote last month: "In the last six months under this policy more Japanese have left the country than have come in, and the total number in the United States has diminished by over two thousand. These figures are absolutely accurate and cannot be impeached." The proposed action to segregate Japanese school children together with the Chinese children, the President says, "gives just and grave cause for irritation," and "combines the very minimum of efficiency with the maximum of insult." It might, he thinks, "achieve an infinity of harm." Again, in another letter, singling out Senator Perkins for criticism, he terms the proposed course of the legislature "a policy of wanton insult." He insists that the federal government is "actually doing the very thing which the people of California wish to be done," and it will be time enough to upst the present policy a year or two hence if it proves to be unsuccessful. The President's statistics as to the decrease of Japanese immigration having been challenged by the advocates of the hostile bills, Secretary Straus issued a statement to the effect that there can be no doubt whatever that the figures are "absolutely correct," and that there are fewer Japanese of the coolie class in the country now than there were six months ago.

THESE protests, sustained by Governor Gillette of California, Governor Cham-



"CONSARN THAT BOY, HE MAKES ME NERVOUS!"

—Donahey in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

berlain of Oregon, and the acting governors of Nevada and Washington, resulted in a complete victory in stopping the hostile legislation. A resolution in the Nevada legislature calling for a war fleet in the Pacific, and referring to the Japanese as "a menace to America's peace," had been passed by a unanimous vote in the assembly. After the President's protest, it was tabled in the upper house "without a dissenting vote." A resolution in the Oregon legislature calling for Japanese exclusion was defeated in the upper house by a vote of 22 to 5. In California, the assembly defeated one bill by a vote of 54 to 15, another by a vote of 48 to 28, and another, after being passed, was reconsidered and defeated by a vote of 41 to 37, and all this accomplished with a crowd of 2,000 spectators in the galleries applauding wildly every anti-Japanese utterance. Thus, for the time being, the incident seems to be closed, but its effect upon the relations of the people of the two nations is viewed with apprehension. The *New York World* calls attention to the fact that our commerce with Japan reached, in 1907, the total of \$107,000,000, and our exports alone in 1908 amounted to \$41,432,327, an increase over 1907 of \$3,000,000. Commercial bodies in San Francisco and Los Angeles, the two largest cities of California, called for the defeat of the bills. It is proposed now that a

census be taken in California of the Japanese. If the situation seems to demand it, Congress is to be petitioned for an exclusion act.

THE press of the country has had some sharp criticism for what the *Pittsburg Dispatch* calls "a reckless orgy of demagoguery" in the Pacific states. The result has been accepted with a general sigh of relief, but the *New York Press* is far from convinced that the matter is now settled. "The mere fact," it remarks, "that the legislature was compelled to face the clamors of the galleries is proof of what the Californians have all along warned us here in the East—that the public there is dangerously aroused." The *New Orleans Times-Democrat* is one of the few leading papers not on the Pacific coast that sustains those legislators of California who wished to exclude the Japanese from the white schools. The matter, it thinks, is one for California to settle as she wishes, without pressure from either Washington or Tokio. Attention has been called anew, in the midst of the controversy, to the figures given by George Kennan in the *Outlook* two years ago. Of 28,736 children in the public schools of San Francisco at that time, according to Mr. Kennan, there were but 93 Japanese scholars, 28 of them girls, 56 boys. Of these Japanese boys, 31 were more than 15 years of age, and



UNCLE SAM: "HI, THERE, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S LOADED?"

—Donahay in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

This is an innocent looking group of Japanese coolies picking strawberries on the Pacific Coast. Because nature has made them squat-figured, they are particularly adept at this work, and the competition thus caused with other laborers has led to attempts at hostile legislation which have given President Roosevelt a bad fortnight.

but two had reached the age of 20 years. President Altman, of the board of education, was quoted as saying that "nothing can be said against the general character and deportment of Japanese scholars."

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IN ALL the years of his political activity as leader of anti-American sentiment in Japan, the eloquent and fiery Count Hattori never achieved such a triumph in the diet at Tokyo as that immediately following his speech on the California incidents of the past month. Turbulence is seldom carried to greater lengths even in the lower house of the parliament in Tokyo, where Prime Minister Katsura has at times been forced to pause while some hundred deputies joined in a simultaneous roar against his policy. On the present occasion the house was crowded, for it had been definitely announced that the ministry would declare itself with reference to the sensational news from California. The most eminent statesmen in the empire in active life had put in an appearance before the session was called to order. Police arrangements had been made upon an unusually elaborate scale, for some notion of what was to be said that day had got abroad. The leading dailies of Tokyo have not been allowed to apprise their readers from day to day of each new development in the crisis, all foreign despatches from any quarter being subjected to a scrutiny far more suspicious than Count Katsura's immediate predecessor in office ever cared to undertake. Nevertheless, some idea of the state of affairs reached the Tokyo public, partly through the sensational conjectures of cheap

sheets like the *Yorodzu*, and partly through the comments of organs of the educated classes such as the *Jiji Shimpō*. The inflammable Count Hattori, one of the ablest speakers in Japan, had been talking freely to the journalists for days before he began talking even more freely to the Diet.

UPON his appearance in the aisles, preparatory to taking his seat, Count Hattori was the object of a flattering demonstration. Everybody knew the inflammable state of his mind on the subject of America. The Count it was who first aroused Japanese public opinion against those physical examinations in the port of San Francisco of which his countrymen were so long the object. He is well educated, widely traveled, handsome in a somewhat Oriental sense, with almond eyes and a silky, musical voice which even his political opponents admire. He has cultivated the American handshake in his northern constituency with good effect upon his own majority in every election. Altho the idol of a certain press in the provinces as well as in the capital, dailies like the *Taiyō* are occasionally sarcastic at the expense of Count Hattori. He is accused of belonging to that class of Japanese politicians who depend upon "the adoption of a supplicating and beseeching attitude to the voters" for success. It is a kind of servility which his opponents call "despicable."

BECAUSE the Count has chosen the California crisis as "a political asset," the American people, suspects the *Taiyō*, have an altogether erroneous notion of the importance attached to the subject by the masses of the Japanese. For the sort of politics now played in Tokyo, we read, the Nipponese generally profess contempt. Their attitude might be more accurately characterized as indifference. There is a general failure of the anti-American crusade worked up by the Count. Thus the *Taiyō*. This general lack of interest in politics throughout the country is ascribed in the main to the backwardness of the party organization in Japan. Further, there is a lack of party newspapers. The sheets that go by the name of party organs are no more than advertising mediums or means of circulating party notices among political hangers-on. The Japanese politician—in saying this the *Taiyō* hints that it has the Count in mind—is mainly dependent for his success at the polls on money spent at election time. The constituencies are corrupted, large sums of money being paid out for votes.

HERE, then, is the explanation of Hattori, the anti-American, according to dailies in Tokyo that support the ministry. He is prominent solely because many of the electors in the provinces regard their votes as articles of merchandise. The expense of purchasing votes, according to the system in vogue, is greatly increased by the extortions of the vote-buying commission agents. No such idea, however, is derived from a perusal of those provincial sheets which are supposed to reflect the state of mind of bucolic Japan. The Count seems to be a hero to these publications. Many of his supporters seem to have been drawn to the capital by news of what he was to do and say last month. There was a demonstration at which he presided on the eve of the debate in the diet, and in the course of which inflammable resolutions were introduced. Pictures of Uncle Sam drowned in the Pacific found their way into Count Hattori's peculiar press. Patriots gathered outside the official residence of the minister of foreign affairs, Count Komura, and groaned. The Prime Minister was made the object of a still more energetic demonstration. Nothing pointedly anti-American was said or done.

FROM a purely spectacular standpoint, none the less, Count Hattori organized his anti-Americanism skilfully. When the applause of his supporters had died away in the house, the Count defined America as the spoiled child of destiny. Time was, he said, according to one summary of his remarks in *The Japan Mail*, when America was the refuge of liberty and enlightenment. To-day, guided by materialism, America seeks to oppress and bully nations standing for progress, especially Japan. The Count's remarks evoked at this point such demonstrations of approval from his following of about sixty that the presiding officer threatened summary action unless the din was stopped. In the United States, proceeded the Count, Japanese are personally insulted, assaulted, outraged and robbed. It had been the fashion of ministers lately to exclaim that in the United States anti-Japanese sentiment had subsided. To refute that idea the Count read extracts from resolutions passed by labor unions in Sacramento. Of the recent exchange of letters between Tokyo and Washington relative to the Pacific the Count spoke with contempt.

THE significant circumstance that it has been found necessary to suspend the publication of vernacular newspapers in places

very far apart in the provinces indicates to certain competent correspondents of European organs a widespread discontent in Japan with the California situation. In the rural portions of the empire no family is apt to be without its member in Hawaii or California or some strip of shore along the Pacific. The chances are, however, that the so-called Soshi element predominates among the instigators and participators in the anti-cabinet riots. That is the conjecture of the London *Post*. The Soshi are turbulent spirits, it says, apt to find the keenest delight in adventures of a more or less sanguinary character, and at all times prone to demonstrations that bring them into conflict with the authorities. They have been comparatively quiet for the past two years, but were very busy not long ago in connection with international disputes. They are a thoroly irresponsible class, whose demonstrations against Americans or other foreigners must not be taken as representative of native opinion of the instructed type.

TEMPTING as have been the opportunities afforded him during the six exciting weeks of the parliamentary crisis brought about by the proceedings of the California legislature, the Prime Minister of Japan has refrained from declaring precisely what he makes of it all. The burden of appeasing political passions in Tokyo has been delegated



WHAT CALIFORNIA IS INVITING

—Army and Navy Life.

to Count Komura, one of the ablest colleagues of the Prime Minister. Japanese generally now recognize that in the negotiations between Russia and their own country at Portsmouth a few years ago, Count Komura was the victim of circumstances. The *Kokumin Shimbun* has actually hinted that he was at that time the victim of John Hay. However that may have been, Komura's presence in the Japanese Foreign Office at this time marks a departure from the milder features of the Marquis Hayashi's incumbency of the post. Count Komura has tried to satisfy the military faction in official life, which is suspicious of all retrenchments in expenditure on armaments. He writes correct but firm despatches to Washington, filled with edifying information, and founded upon the uninteresting obstinacy of a diligent and judicious but heavy mind.

COUNT KOMURA was every inch his own colorless self when, in reply to Hattori, he made the speech of last month on the California crisis. Count Hattori had been quite dashing in his attack on the Americans. Count Komura was serious and sober in defending them. Count Hattori, with fiery eloquence, hurled defiance at California, Nevada, Washington, and the battleships now under Sperry. What is referred to in sporting circles as a "defi" may be termed Count Hattori's specialty. In the course of a varied parliamentary career he has defied Russia, France, China, Germany and the United States. In contrast with Hattori, Komura looked washed out when he arose to speak. It is observed of him by political opponents that he could make even the sun look dull, and he lost no time in rendering the liveliest theme in the Japanese parliament insipid, flat and stale for the time being. He read from notes in a low voice, and was an hour and a half on his feet. The deputies fled one by one.

BETWEEN Japan and the United States, observed Count Komura, there exists a traditional friendship. He has said this before, and Count Hattori's followers never fail to interject their irony at the observation. "With regard to the question of legislation unfavorable to the Japanese, now pending in the California legislature," went on Count Komura, peering myopically at his manuscript notes, "the imperial government is relying on the sense of justice of the American people, together with the friendly disposition of the federal government, and is confident that the question will not lead to international com-

plications." Such is the wording of this part of his carefully prepared speech as cabled to the *New York Times*, and such was almost the identical wording of the carefully prepared speech he made on the same subject months ago. Yet it would be an error to infer from such colorless language that Count Komura is not equipped with pugnacity. The *Paris Temps* suspects that he has been the real inspiration of the alarm felt in Washington at the development of the Pacific situation.

THE care taken by the Japanese law-makers to prevent foreign traders from obtaining any permanent hold on the real estate of their island realm is to many European organs a source of piquant comment on Tokyo's protests against recent efforts at legislation in California. Statutes were enacted not so long ago in Tokyo providing that no foreigner shall own any land. "No foreigner or foreign company can own or work mines or become members of the stock exchange or own shares in railways, semi-government banks or subsidized shipping companies," so says that well-informed observer of things Japanese, Mr. F. A. McKenzie, writing in the *London Mail*. "Japanese industries are built up by the most liberal direct payments and by high tariffs, but great care is taken that these payments go to Japanese and not to foreigners." Every endeavor has been made to limit foreign control of shipping, according to the same authority, and to keep the coasting trade in native hands. California, in all her recent legislative proposals, has been following Japan's example, but with this important difference—that Japanese laws refer to all foreigners impartially, while the bills in the California legislature singled out Asiatics alone for hostile discrimination.

STRINGENT laws were put through the diet, when Katsura was Prime Minister before, aimed directly against all enterprises in which the foreigner was "too strong." Profitable undertakings in foreign hands were confiscated by making them government monopolies. The insurance laws passed six years ago in Tokyo—which had the result of driving so many American companies out of Japan—were a type of innumerable instances. The monopoly plan has been applied to tobacco and camphor and salt, and is in process of application, it seems, to sugar. The tobacco trade was exceedingly profitable, and was largely under American control. The duty was raised time after time for the express purpose of driving



THE HEIR EXPECTANT TO THE JAPANESE THRONE, WITH HIS BROTHERS.

These boys are receiving a somewhat strict Japanese education along lines rather more traditional than might have been the case were not their father, the Crown Prince, somewhat less enthusiastic for western ideas than his parent, the reigning emperor Mutsu-Hito. The oldest of the boys (on the reader's left) is about eight and is named Hiro-Hito. The one on the right of the spectator is about six and is called Yashu-Hito. The baby in the middle is named Nobu-Hito, and is about four years old.

out the Americans, who notwithstanding held their own. Thereupon the Tokyo government declared that it would take the tobacco industry into its own hands. Many have been the complaints filed in Washington against the anti-foreign policy of Tokyo as regards the land laws, but these cries of distress have invariably been met with the firmness for which Count Komura has achieved such a reputation in dealing with the foreigner.

THE Japanese policy of excluding the foreigner and more particularly the American from ownership of land and from participation in the profits of industry has been applied by Count Katsura not only to the home region but even to Formosa and Korea. For years, as more than one European daily complains, foreigners have tried to gain admission upon a footing of equality with the native in Korea and Formosa. Americans have fared hardest in the ensuing complications. It is an open secret that the State Department in Washington has protested to Tokyo against its drastic application of the anti-American idea in Korea. Not so long ago, the Japanese

resident at Seoul brought forward a matured scheme to confiscate all the so-called waste lands in Korea. These amounted to fully two-thirds of the area of the country, including practically all the mineral wealth. This vast domain was to be made over to a Japanese corporation as a gift. The Koreans rose against the suggestion. The American resident at Seoul protested so vehemently that the Tokyo cabinet took offence, and Washington, according to the local gossip, recalled him for the sake of harmony.

AMONG the American statesmen who are said to have taken umbrage at Japan's exclusiveness in the enactment of legislation was John Hay himself. This champion of the open door is quoted in the *London Mail* as having said that the Japanese had made the very expression a mockery. Some little time before his death he confessed that doubts had arisen in his mind on the subject of this policy as Tokyo applied it. "The open door is of little use," he said in unofficial conversation, "if it opens the way into territory where a commercial rival has predominant influence."

Japan stands pledged to the open door, "but," to quote the *London Mail*, "she has given no pledge not to slip in the door first and to secure all she can for herself first." That is what she is doing in Korea, says this commentator, and that is what she will do elsewhere. Only the *London Times* comes wholeheartedly to the defence of Tokyo on this score.

THERE seems just now to this British daily to be something very like an organized attempt to discredit Japan's policy and arouse suspicion of her good faith. Thus in California Japan is represented as professing that she wants from the Americans what she denies them in Tokyo. In Korea she is represented as not only carrying things with a high hand, but also as resorting to fraud and violence in the pursuit of her aims. In China she is depicted as fomenting the China-for-the-Chinese agitation. In the far east generally she is charged with harboring anti-foreign designs hidden under a mask of the open door and equal opportunities for all. "In one respect this new propaganda is not unnatural," says the *London Times*, the stanch friend of Tokyo. "It is the recoil of the heavy guns of applause which have been fired from so many quarters in salute of Japan's achievements during the last few years. The middle course has few followers among journalists and authors in these sensational days. Readers must be agitated. There must be an appeal to their emotions. The neutral tints of impartiality do not attract them." Thus writers are irresistibly tempted to deal in extremes of blame or praise.



DID MR. TAFT THOROLY TEST THE DAM?
—Florida Times-Union.

It has been Japan's fortune to have her picture painted by many literary artists in colors far brighter than the original warrants. She is suffering now from a reaction.

IT IS high time for the business men of Japan to realize that some of their methods do not commend themselves to foreigners, observes the *Jiji Shimpō*, one of the leading journals in the Mikado's realm. Frankly conceding that the Japanese themselves have given too much encouragement to the "anti-foreign spirit and idea," it suggests that steps be taken to disabuse the American mind on this point by encouraging the investment of funds from New York in Tokyo undertakings. "Japan," it adds, "is afflicted with a Jingo spirit of assertiveness, in a class of her irresponsible youth who see in the foreigner a natural enemy instead of a natural instructor. Had we shown less sensitiveness to the presence of the foreigner among ourselves, the foreigner might be less sensitive to our presence in his own country." This comment is presumed to receive official sanction, and to reflect the disposition of the ministry. It has particular reference to the fact that the towns of Hilo and Honolulu are for so many Japanese immigrants but half-way houses to San Francisco and other cities of our Pacific states.

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IT IS a reassuring message that is brought back from Panama by Mr. Taft and the seven expert engineers who accompanied him. Everything is lovely, and the eagle soars high. The ships will be going from ocean to ocean by January 1, 1915, at the very latest. The present plans are all right, and the sinking of the toe of the Gatun dam, so far from being disconcerting, was a part of the program. It would have been disconcerting if it had not sunk. The full report of the engineers has not been made public at this writing, but their conclusion, as announced by Mr. Taft in his speech in New Orleans, is that the whole work is good, and should go on as it has been going on, and that the canal is a prospect of the near future. But there are some who refuse to be reassured. Three senators who are about to end their terms of office—Kittredge, Foraker and Teller—rose in the Senate one day, just before Mr. Taft's return, to warn us of disaster unless the sea level canal is dug. Mr. Bunau-Varilla, who was engineer for the De Lesseps company, continues, with tongue and pen, to at-

tack the lock canal as a waste of money. And many papers still lift up their voices in apprehension to tell us about the seepage of the waters from the Chagres river under the hills which the Gatun dam is to connect, and of subterranean streams and a subterranean lake into which our millions are going to sink. Even as good an administration organ as the New York *Tribune* was expressing its fear up to the time of Mr. Taft's return.

NOW the line of argument of those who refuse to be reassured is that most, if not all, the engineers accompanying Mr. Taft had already expressed themselves in favor of the lock-canal. There is no doubt that several of them had done so, and that was one reason for their going. The purpose of Mr. Taft's party was not to take up anew the whole question which had already been decided, but to see whether any recent developments had taken place that made a reconsideration advisable. The lock canal had already been decided upon by Congress and the President. A majority of the international commission of engineers that reported on the subject a year or so ago, it is true, reported in favor of a sea-level canal. But the President and Congress concluded that it was better to weigh opinions than to count noses on a subject of this kind, and as the majority of the American members of the commission were in favor of a lock canal, President Roosevelt followed their recommendations and Congress followed him. The last opportunity for reversing that decision at an expense not too great is now presented. Hence this visit of Mr. Taft's, and hence this last stand, in Congress and out, by the enemies of the lock-system. To all appearances the fate of the canal is now decided, tho another fight on the subject in Congress is promised. It will probably remain a lock canal.

AS FOR the Gatun dam, *The Scientific American* explains away its sinking as an event of no importance. The dam is to be an artificial mound thrown across the course of the Chagres river, from a hill on one side to a hill on the other. It will be 1,800 feet wide, 8,000 feet long, and 135 feet high. Two parallel walls of loose rock are first thrown in; and between them the fill is made of sand and clay and rock sucked out of the river by the suction dredges. Through a part of the site of the dam runs the old French canal channel, now filled with silt and mud. Instead of dredging out this debris, the engineers



TAFT AND GOETHALS AT PANAMA

"I will build a lock canal," says Colonel Goethals, "if the American people want it. I will build a sea-level canal if they want that. If they don't want any canal, I will pack up and go home." He has amazed the world with the progress of the excavation.

decided to pile the dirt on top and let it settle, as is done often in the making of railway embankments. Well, it has settled. And it is likely to settle still more before the dam is completed. And that, according to *The Scientific American*, is all that has happened. In the meantime, the excavation of the canal, under Colonel Goethals, has been going on at a rate to amaze the world. In 1908 over 37,000,000 cubic yards were excavated (more than twice as much as the year before), and the cost of excavating, estimated at 80 cents a yard by the old canal commission a few years ago, has been reduced to 40 cents, and the cost of rock excavation reduced from the estimates of \$4.75 a yard to less than 50 cents. Five Congressmen recently returned from a trip to Panama. Every one of the five, it is said, was for a sea level canal when he left Washington. Every one returned in favor of the lock canal that is being dug.



ON THE JOB

The recent visit of President-elect Taft to Panama has resulted in a reassuring message to the nation that the canal is all right and that ships will sail through from ocean to ocean by January 1, 1915, at the latest.



THE Mayor of Messina, the town clerk, and a dozen eminent citizens have been arrested on a charge of wholesale misappropriation of consignments of clothing destined for the homeless sufferers from the earthquake. The episode repeats on a larger scale the scandals of former earthquakes. As the aggregate funds contributed for relief in all parts of the world reach sixteen million dollars already, it would seem well for Americans, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, to follow the example of the English by distributing themselves their own largesses throughout the afflicted area. Storms and even hurricanes have ravaged the ruins at both Messina and Reggio. The populace is not so helpless from its own terror, altho the sights and sounds reported in the despatches of the past few weeks exceed in gruesomeness the dramatic catastrophes that attended the violence of the original shocks. Bodies exposed on unattainable ledges meet the eye in every square. "A monster fish fourteen feet long and weighing a couple of hundredweight was found stranded at Catania. In its stomach was found the entire booted leg of a youth who is supposed to have been one of the victims of the tidal wave." The inner streets of Messina are still scenes of horror. "Here," to quote Archibald Marshall, special correspondent of the *London Mail*, "there is death in all its haunting terror. Dreadful faces stare from windows and gutted floors, nightmare contortions of ruined bodies are only bearable because they are motionless." There is scarcely a house in the great town that it is possible to occupy.

WHILE the original estimates of two hundred thousand as the total of lives lost seems now fairly accurate, the French dailies, which have taken great trouble to get at the situation in the interior of Sicily and Calabria, go so far as to forecast an ultimate mortality of three hundred thousand. The wounded are dying by hundreds everywhere, according to the *Paris Temps*, and of those who survived the first stages of the panic an alarming proportion later succumbed. The children seem to come out of the experience in best shape, even when they spent as long an interval as twenty days beneath masses of debris. Of the dead, therefore, two hundred thousand are adults, the *Temps* thinks, or at least adults within the Italian signification of the term. The infants under two years old who perished are said to number forty-five thousand. "It

will, of course, be many days before even an approximately accurate total can be gathered. The slain lie under the ruins of their homes or have been swept away by the sea, and the dead are more numerous than the searchers and the wounded than the helpers." The *Tribuna* thinks a death list of three hundred thousand fairly accurate.

EVEN this total affords but an inadequate idea of the "awful singularity" of the catastrophe, according to the *Manchester Guardian*. "It is doubtful whether any previous earthquake at all comparable was concentrated in so small an area and was accomplished in so short a time." The seismic convulsion in Japan that horrified the world some eighteen years ago slew eight thousand, but it shook an area of a quarter of a million miles. "The still more terrible earthquake in Assam, which completed its work in fifteen seconds, affected an area of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles, while the more recent disasters which have marked the last five years were, tho usually less widely spread, in every case far less fatal to human life." But the Sicilian earthquake, our contemporary notices, has struck an area of only a few thousand square miles, and within that space it has killed a notable proportion of the whole population. "Two hundred thousand lives are more than almost any war has devoured, and Nature has taken them in less than a minute." She took them without warning. "The mere shrug of Nature reduces to an idle jest all the accumulated skill and power of man in war."

ALL information regarding the plans for the rebuilding of Messina and many despatches filed for transmission abroad have been stopped by order of the authorities at Rome. Dailies like the *Tribuna* (Rome) and the *Mattino* (Naples) complain that their own efforts to get local information in Reggio, Messina, and towns along the desolated littoral have been thwarted by a policy of obstruction. The official reply to this is that swarms of foreigners and strangers, claiming to represent this or that periodical or newspaper, have made the work of rescue and of rehabilitation well-nigh impossible. The stories of horror are pronounced exaggerated. Official opinion is most exercised, however, over the stories that funds for the relief of suffering are squandered or misappropriated. "If the foreigners do not trust us," observes the *Sera*, "let them see to the distribution of their money themselves. That will relieve us of a great

burden, and at the same time prevent all talk of Italian corruption." "It behooves us all to remember that charges of incapacity and corruption are easily made," observes the *Paris Eclair*. "The Italians have been subjected to a great strain, and while there may have been theft—there most certainly was—it amounts to no more than would have been detected in any other land under the same conditions." A writer in the London *Times* suggests that an international committee be formed at Rome to administer all the foreign funds subscribed.

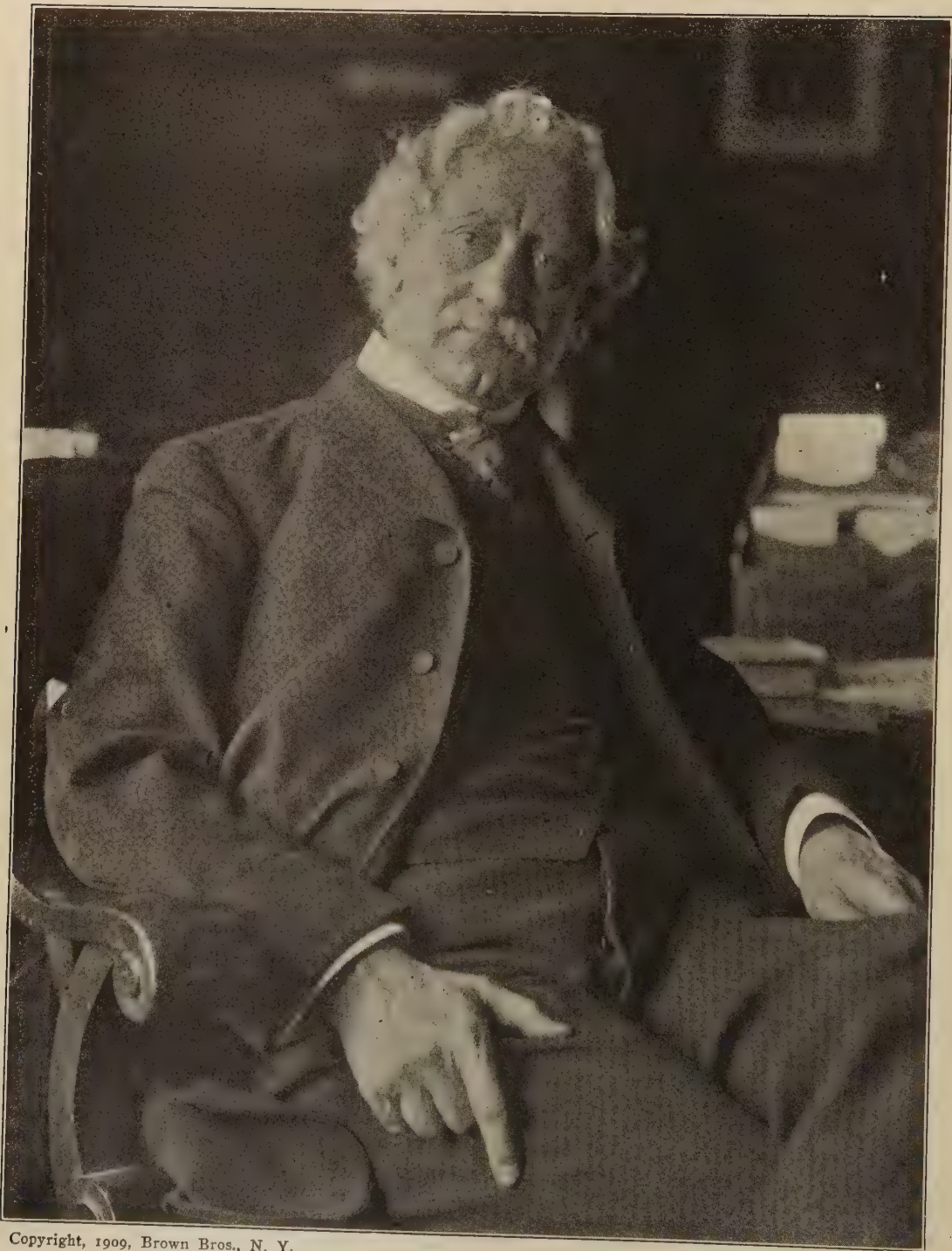
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HAT is officially styled at the Vatican "the process of the beatification of Joan of Arc" was consummated in Rome a few weeks ago in the famous hall of the consistory. Pius X, standing in white vestments among the lay and ecclesiastical members of the pontifical court and members of the congregation of rites, read in a clear voice a decree in which the enrollment of the Maid of Orleans among the blessed was asserted to be an accomplished fact. Having finished the reading of the decree, the Pope delivered an address on the themes suggested by the career of the Maid of Orleans. He was never so gratified, he declared, as when, with the aid of the Almighty, he could elevate to the sacred altars those who, "after leaving on earth the perfume of their virtues, reveal, with the assistance of divine grace, the miracles of Heaven." It was noticed that the Pope's voice trembled with emotion as he pronounced the words, and all the prelates were deeply moved. Before many weeks, it is hinted, his Holiness will further improve the occasion of the beatification of the Maid to issue an address to the French people, reviewing at length his attitude to the events of the past year in the French republic. If the conjecture of the Rome *Avanti* be accurately based, Pius X looks upon this coming homily as a farewell to the world, for he is thought to have formed some idea that his reign is not to be a prolonged one.

ALTHO weeks must still elapse before that imposing ceremonial at the Vatican which is to signalize "the admittance of the Maid of Orleans to the ranks of those who await final canonization by the Church," Joan of Arc has already become a fresh symbol of the anti-clerical conflict in France. That most anti-papal of all the French Socialist leaders, Jean Jaurès, is ac-

cused in the monarchist *Gaulois* of plotting retaliation upon the clergy for what he looks upon as a purely political maneuver on the part of the Pope. Nothing that has occurred in France since the official separation of church and state wrought upon the anti-clerical mind such effects of irritation as the news of what the Pope said and did with reference to the Maid. The reactionaries, the royalists, "the foes of freedom," to quote the *Paris Lanterne*, "rallied to Rome when the right of Joan of Arc to be accounted Venerable was duly accorded." Now that the final canonization is "in sight," predicts the journalistic foe of priests and nuns, there will ensue another "demonstration against the republic." There have been student riots over the controversy. "Many women of saintly life who did a great work for the Church have never been allowed to be more than venerable virgins." Thus the critic of the Vatican. "But then," it adds, "their canonization was not sought by a powerful party in a nation in which there exists a secret clerical conspiracy." Without the help of this strong pressure it is doubtful to our contemporary whether the proposal to place the Maid by the side of Catherine of Siena or Elizabeth of Hungary would have been entertained at the Vatican.

THE controversy in France as to whether Joan of Arc had the qualities which mark a true saint is thus political. It involves Jean Jaurès with the clerical deputies, the monarchist *Gaulois* with the Socialist *Humanité*. Premier Clemenceau is credited with the pious aspiration that the approach of the ceremonial occasion at the Vatican may not precipitate riots in the third republic. "But was she a saint?" Rome has spoken, replies the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*. Three or four centuries earlier the devotion of the people might have settled the question without reference to Rome, replies the *Action*. "She would have been adored, and the church must have accepted her." Looking at it from a detached and somewhat Protestant standpoint, the London *Standard* doubts whether her memory will gain by the success of the persistent efforts of French admirers in the clerical party to force her into the company of the saints. The *Osservatore Romano* is pleased to think of the Maid of Orleans as standing between Saint Bridget of Sweden and Saint Teresa of Spain. If the anti-clericals see politics in this, they are told that they are welcome to their opinion.



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BORN AN ARTIST, HE PRACTICED LAW AND BECAME A HIGH FINANCIER.

William Nelson Cromwell, "the man behind the Panama Canal," has been the object of ceaseless attacks, some of them instigated, so it was said a few days ago on the floor of Congress, by ex-convicts in the hope of securing money by blackmail. Now that the latest commission of experts has pronounced the canal "good," his long fight may be said to have ended in a notable triumph.

Persons in the Foreground

CROMWELL, THE "WALL STREET SURGEON"



OW that the plans for the Panama Canal have been approved by Mr. Taft and the engineers who accompanied him to the Isthmus, now that the "toe" of the Gatun Dam is pronounced healthy and the canal's granitic locks are adjudged secure for centuries to come, and the rest of the anatomy of the canal is passed upon favorably, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell may be said to have won the greatest fight of his life, and to be ready for his wreath of bay.

For Mr. Cromwell is going down to history as "the man behind the Panama Canal."

Time was when a lawyer was a lawyer. Now he starts as a lawyer, and as soon as possible develops into a promoter, diplomat and high financier. Mr. Cromwell is still dubbed a lawyer, but he has been called upon to set so many broken corporation bones and to cut out so many financial vermiform appendixes that he is better known as "a Wall Street surgeon." It was he also, so they say, who steered the revolution that made Panama an independent state. He has thus, incidentally, one may say, to his work as a lawyer, reorganized big banks and trusts over night, changed the course of the world's commerce in years to come from the Nicaragua to the Panama route, actually made a new nation in Central America, and issued triumphantly from any number of Congressional investigations started for the express purpose of checking his high career.

This may sound like a eulogy, but it isn't. Mr. Cromwell has not been doing these things out of excessive love for his fellow men. He has been picking up a few fees as he went along. A quarter of a million seems to be his favorite figure. It is not a pedestal he is looking for just now, and the limelight of publicity is not courted by him. It probably interferes with his plans. "So shy and sensitive a man is this Panamanian strategist," remarks one writer, "that the paragraphers have found him an elusive personality. He sidesteps publicity. He dodges the white light because he likes silence and quiet—he revels in the companionship of his books and his art finds."

Mr. Cromwell was born in New Jersey sixty

odd years ago, and went with his parents to live in Peoria, Ill., soon afterward. His father served in the Civil War as colonel of the Forty-seventh Illinois Volunteers. On the death of his father, William and his mother came east to Brooklyn. He was a lad of delicate health, and the hurly burly of the public school was thought to be too much for him. He was placed in the hands of private tutors. Then he went through the Columbia law school.

He got a clerkship, at a small salary, in the law office of Algernon Sullivan. In ten years he was made a junior partner. How easily that is said! But Algernon Sullivan was a "big gun" in his day—his statue is up in Central Park somewhere now—and to gain a position of junior partner in his office in ten years' time required rare intelligence and indefatigable industry. Cromwell had both, and has both now. He has worked for thirty years, so they say who know him, sixteen hours a day on the average, taking about as many vacations as Russell Sage took. That is to say, when he takes the one he is planning for and one more, that will make two.

When he talks about the conditions of success in life, he does as nearly every self-made man who has forged to the front does—gives us a slice out of his autobiography and doesn't know it; or at least doesn't know that we know it. Here is the way he discoursed to Edwin Wildman, of the New York *Herald*, on the subject of success:

"Life is a wheel, and opportunity comes to every man," he said. "If a man has the courage and health to grasp his chance and the ability and hard work to persist in his chosen line he will succeed, and succeed materially, for after all there is no real success that does not bring its material reward. A young man should choose his trade or profession in life, make up his mind thoroly that he knows what his inclinations and ambitions are, then he should work systematically, unremittingly, without hindrance or let up, and he will succeed.

"He should look upon his work as his first duty to himself, and he should attend to his duty unflinchingly. His mind should be saturated with his work, and his ambition to succeed should be uppermost early and late. He should find out those things that impede his progress or weaken his energies and efficiencies and sacrifice them. No man ever made a great success in life who says: 'I can leave my office at six o'clock and forget my work.'

"A successful man never forgets his work. He gets up in the morning with it, he works all day with it, he takes it home with him, he lives with it."

Diversions? Oh, yes, says Mr. Cromwell; but a man may find diversions in the study of a new language or a course of reading that takes him into a new country. He may even hunt and fish, but he must make his diversions secondary to his work. Mr. Cromwell's own favorite diversion is music. He has a pipe organ in his New York City home, and he loves to play it. He doesn't smoke, and very seldom drinks. "These things interfere with men's successes and sap their vitality." Here is the time schedule that is given of his daily life, when he is just fairly active: "At 5 A.M. he is up and ready for his bath and a walk. At half past six he breakfasts, and at eight he is ready to commence the day's work, either at his Wall Street office, at his house, or wherever he may be. For an hour he dictates to his clerks, outlines a brief, and reads such of his correspondence as is put before him. From half-past nine to four o'clock he receives his clients and attends meetings of the numerous railroad, commercial and banking boards of which he is a member. Evening tide finds him at home—where work is ever at his elbow." It reminds us of the latest joke about the farmer at a big New York hotel, scanning the schedule for meals: "Breakfast from 6 to 11. Luncheon from 11 to 3. Dinner from 3 to 12." "Gosh all hemlock," says the farmer, "when am I going to get time to see the city?" When does Mr. Cromwell get time to "loaf and invite his soul"?

Mr. Cromwell has a home that is described as a dream. He loves books as well as music, and he has plenty of them. The softest velour carpets, of rose and cream, cover his floors. In the marble vestibule are hung choice canvases by Bouguereau, Vibert, and others of the masters, and the hall is beautifully decorated with marbles and bronzes. "A music hall opens into a dining room, rich with deep reds and Gobelin blues, and massive with carved oak." He has an office (with a typewriter) on the first floor, and another office (with a typewriter) on the second floor; for Gobelin blues and Bouguereau paintings can not keep him long from his work. At Seabright he has a summer home, with beautiful gardens and spacious lawns and—another office (with a typewriter). Upon his escutcheon—when he gets one—will doubtless be engraved a typewriter, with "In Hoc Signo Vinces" beneath.

Mr. Cromwell rarely appears in court, and is never mixed up with sensational trials when

he can keep out of them. But the importance of his cases makes them all more or less sensational, no matter how quietly he may do his work. His first big case, nineteen years ago, was in winding up the affairs of Decker, Howell & Co., a firm that had failed for ten million dollars. He got a fee for that of \$250,000. Then that "Napoleon of finance," young Ives, met his Waterloo, and Cromwell got the job of picking up the pieces of his wrecked kingdom and putting them together again. Then Price, McCormick & Co. failed for thirteen millions, and again Cromwell did the salvage act. He kept on attending to Wall Street wrecks—Produce Exchange Trust Co., Metropolitan Fire Engine Co., American Ship Building Co., etc., etc. He was in the Hyde-Alexander row in the Equitable Life, making heroic efforts to adjust matters and prevent the explosion. He organized the American Cotton Oil Company, the National Tube Company, and a score of others. He invented the scheme of turning a big trust into a big corporation. He was counsel for the reorganization committee of the Northern Securities Co., and his success in fighting Harriman commended him to that railroad king and led to his connection with the Southern Pacific and the Wells Fargo Co., as Harriman's man. It was at a meeting of the Wells Fargo stockholders that he made a statement that immediately became famous, and is likely to live in all histories of frenzied finance: "Mr. Harriman is the one man to be thanked for what this company has gained through the favor of the railroads. He cannot be replaced, for he moves in a higher world which we cannot hope to enter."

Cromwell got into the Panama Canal affairs by way of the Southern Pacific. The Panama railroad was virtually controlled by the Southern Pacific as the result of a traffic agreement. Cromwell was made counsel for the Panama road, which was owned by the old Panama Canal Company, organized by De Lesseps. He organized the new Panama Canal Co., which bought out the old company for \$5,000,000. At that time the Nicaragua route had been virtually decided upon by our Congress as the best route for a canal. Cromwell started in on a "campaign of education" to change the decision. It was a long, shrewd, forceful and successful campaign. "In achieving a triumph for the Panama route," says Henry Harrison Lewis, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, "Mr. Cromwell fought practically alone. There were arrayed against him a combined clique of men, conditions and circumstances that has no equal in history. Begin-

ning in 1894, there has not been an hour in the day nor a day in the week that he has not devoted his waking thoughts to the great task. When he retired at night triumphant over one obstacle he found another confronting him in the morning. Not only did he have to combat a hostile press and an adverse public opinion, but it was necessary for him to direct the negotiating of international treaties. He had a host of enemies at home and a host even in

Colombia. More than one European power fought him, and to-day, after victory seems assured, there are secret forces at work, just as virulent and just as powerful as the forces defeated by him in early days of the struggle. In view of this wonderfully successful career, we are not overcome by surprise to hear that Mr. Cromwell is "an optimist." "His outlook is as fresh as a youth's," we are told, "and his enthusiasm amounts to hero-worship."

WHERE CHAMP CLARK LIVES



WE ARE in receipt of a letter from Champ Clark. Perhaps we ought to call it a rhapsody. It sounds like a description of the New Jerusalem. In an incautious moment two months ago we repeated remarks made by a newspaper writer about the district (in Missouri) where Champ Clark lives. Those remarks have elicited this letter from the Democratic leader. Where the newspaper writer saw mud floors, Champ Clark sees onyx door steps. Where one could see no brick structures, the other sees even barns made of brick, and "of as much architectural excellence as the executive offices of the President of the United States."

Here is what Champ Clark writes us of his wonderful district:

EDITOR CURRENT LITERATURE:

In your January number appeared a full page picture of myself with quite an elaborate and friendly article. For your kindness, many thanks; but the writer fell into serious error touching the district which I have the honor to represent. Had I the genius of a Byron I would write an epic about that district; but, not being a poet, I shall state a few facts in prose.

There is no richer land beneath the sun. Every cereal, fruit, flower, vegetable or grass indigenous to the temperate zone grows there in profusion. One of my constituents, on a plat containing eleven acres of land, in 1902, by ordinary methods of cultivation, without fertilizer of any sort, raised 133 1-3 bushels of corn per acre. Blooded horses, sheep, cattle, hogs and poultry are the rule. It is grid-ironed with steam roads, and electric lines are in process of construction. It boasts the finest gravel roads of the continent, on a 22-mile stretch of which the national bicycle races used to be held. So far as brick houses are concerned, it has them galore. from a state building costing close to half a million down to houses of two and three rooms. The number of brick houses runs up into the thousands. I'll risk my head on the proposition that there is one city of 11,000 and another of 2,500 in that district which contain as many brick houses in proportion to the whole number of houses as any two cities of the same population in the land.

Not only are the cities and towns built largely of brick, but there are thousands of splendidly-built brick farm houses. Not only that, but there are hundreds of commodious brick barns and some built of beautiful white limestone laid in cement. I once stated on the floor of the House that there are scores of brick barns in my district of as much architectural excellence as the executive offices of the President of the United States, and I was not exaggerating much in so stating.

As to Montgomery City and Bowling Green, which are specifically named in your article, they are well built, having a goodly number of brick houses, electric lights, water-works, granolithic sidewalks, etc.

So far as log cabins are concerned, they are like angels' visits, few and far between, and certainly none of these cabins have dirt floors. Occasionally some industrious young couple buy a piece of woodland and build their first home of logs cut from trees in clearing the ground. In a few years they have a fine farm with a substantial frame or brick house. Incidentally it may be stated that a well-built log house is not an uncomfortable residence. I speak from experience, for I lived in log houses when a boy back in the Hill Country of Kentucky.

Originally a purely agricultural district, it is fast becoming a great manufacturing district. It contains one of the largest cement plants in the world, one of the largest dynamite mills, one of the largest car factories, the second largest winery between the crest of the Rockies and the Atlantic seaboard, and all the cob-pipe factories in the world.

Two of the towns of that district have had electric arc lamps for their streets and incandescent lamps for their homes for at least 25 years. About all the towns of more than 1,000 population now have this kind of lighting; several towns also have gas, and one is figuring on a central heating plant for the town.

There are a few old houses in the south end of the district whose doorsteps are made of fine onyx!

In education, manners, industry and all the qualities of good citizenship the people of that district will compare favorably with any in America.

It is related by a veracious chronicler that when that masterful man, Thomas Brackett Reed, first went through my district and noted the wonderful harvests white for the reaper, he threw up his hands in astonishment and exclaimed: "Great Heavens! This soil is so rich that if we had it back in New England we would sell it by the peck for seed!"

I could say more, but these few facts will suffice.
CHAMP CLARK.

THE HISTRIONIC LATINITY OF THE CUBAN PRESIDENT'S GENIUS



HERE and there, among the throngs who witnessed the inauguration of José Miguel Gomez as president of the restored Cuban republic, were an inarticulate few who believe that he will never be required to thwart a revolution against his authority. Most Cubans anticipate such a revolution with some confidence. Gomez is said to anticipate it himself. This solidly built but not particularly tall survivor of Cuba's era of storm and stress is even suspected by the *Diario*, a Spanish paper with no partisan bias, to regard with some apprehension the possibility of no such revolution being attempted. To serve a whole term as chief executive of the pearl of the Antilles without once extinguishing a conspiracy to overthrow him would be to Gomez, in the light of Cuban impressions of the man, a meaningless performance of his life's finest promise!

Over the art of revolution—for Gomez has made revolution an art or our Cuban contemporaries misunderstand him—the new president at Havana reigns unapproachably and supreme. He has elevated it to a position among the political sciences which it has never held before, even in Venezuela. Throughout the more than thirty years of his active career he has enlisted in the service of rebellion, revolution and revolt every auxiliary, investing them with glamor in a Cuban sense. He brought to his calling as a revolutionist and conspirator an intellect not scholarly, indeed, but great, a mind destined to reveal its greatness whatever the path it might have pursued. Finally, he has imparted to revolution the personal dignity and the fine aloofness which dissociate his methods from those of cruder South Americans lacking the sense of the dramatic so characteristic of Gomez. For his is the extraordinary magnetism of a commanding personality. It is to this personality that he owes the supreme position now his. So much, on the authority of Cuban newspapers least friendly to him, may be premised with assurance.

Like all his countrymen native to the great cane-growing province of Santa Clara, José Miguel Gomez has a very Latin temperament. He was born and brought up among a people who retain as much of the customs and manners and morals of Andalusia as our own Kentucky mountaineers conserve of the ways

and speech of Shakespeare's England. Santa Clara is a species of survival of the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella, its natives reveling in attributes exploited by writers of picturesque romances long ago. José Miguel Gomez has the old Castilian manner, an inheritance from a grandmother famed for her beauty. His father was a wealthy plantation owner and cattle-breeder. There was no reason why José should not have spent his four years at the university in Havana with a post-graduate course at Salamanca or Toledo, were it not that an innate propensity for revolution impelled him at sixteen to imprison his parents in their provincial mansion and administer the paternal acres as if they were already his by inheritance. Thus did he play before he was of age that revolutionary part which, enacted time and again before provincial audiences, was to crown him at fifty-three with the supremacy of the metropolitan stage.

To gain that position no man ever worked harder nor at first with less of public recognition and success. The revolutionary spirit against the Spanish was aflame throughout Santa Clara when the young Gomez took summary control of the destinies of his parents, whom he was forced to desert at the approach of a military force in the pay of the sovereign at Madrid. Now it was that Gomez learned and mastered the principles of that art of revolution which he was afterwards to practice with such conspicuous success for more than thirty years in different parts of Cuba. Not, to be sure, that a Cuban revolutionist can learn his business only in the provinces, as the *Diario* pungently observes. Evidently he can learn it wherever he can secure a great variety of practice and wherever followers can be found sufficiently tolerant to failure. But the career of Gomez teaches—what the revolutionist in South America almost invariably forgets—that practice and practice alone can make anything of the innate faculty, however potent, for revolution, and that that revolutionist will be most likely to enjoy and retain favor in any region of Latin America who will go where most practice is to be had and will not—this above all—venture into the capital of the republic until practice in all its fulness has demonstrated where his powers really lie. This is the secret of the success of Castro in Venezuela. It explains the failure of Balma-



THE PICARESQUE PERSONALITY IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE AT HAVANA

Jose Miguel Gomez, the recently installed executive head of the Cuban republic, is famed for his romantic career and his still more romantic outlook upon life

ceda in Chile. It accounts for the assumption by José Miguel Gomez last month of the chief magistracy of his native land.

Viewed merely as a man, there is no doubt in the Cuban journalistic mind that he possesses the requisites of greatness—the boundless fertility of resource, the fine courtesy, the spontaneous tact, the complete self-control, the tenacity of will, the intellectual power. Havana organs—even those most opposed to him—like to think that whatever sphere of activity had afforded scope for his specifically Latin genius, he would have attained distinction in it. Had he been called to the bar, he must to-day have been on the Supreme bench. Had he entered holy orders he would to-day be an archbishop. Gomez is without the distinction of height, but there is a fire in the swarthy countenance, surmounted by a mass of grizzling hair and set off with a fiercely trimmed mustache, suggestive, his admirers think, of Bolívar. His face retains still—he is fifty-three—the poetical beauty it revealed when he won his spurs in his native province by taking up arms against Spain and winning the title of major when he was no more than a youth.

Over that most exquisite instrument of imaginative emprise, the Latin temperament in Cuba, Gomez exerts a control quite incomprehensible to Americans who have seen it displayed. He imbues or seems to imbue the patriotic conceptions of his followers with the overwhelming charm and the irresistible appeal of his own personality. His physique and his voice alike have limitations, yet he looks great and he talks eloquently. His influence over his followers, even in the now remote days when he camped with them in the Cuban hills, ragged, hungry and hunted, has always been a thing of the emotions, a triumph of the heart over the head, a victory of feeling over intellect. Time and again, when the Cubans in arms seemed about to disperse from despair, to disintegrate in desperation, when the ten years' war was one long starvation, when the last revolt of all had brought Weyler to Havana, Gomez rallied his followers anew, receiving the allegiance of men still inflamed with the patriotic ardors it was his privilege alone to inspire. At critical junctures in more than one revolution, his passage from one part of a province to another was signalized as far away as Havana by the restored vigor of the campaign.

The Cuban art of war will in all likelihood retain forever the stamp of the personality of Gomez. He is a general, having risen with

rapidity through every revolutionary grade; but he derives his theory of strategy and his mastery of tactics from his native soil. He has commanded a larger force in the field than has ever been under the orders of any other living Cuban, and he has won his most brilliant victories in night attacks. In the night attacks of Cuban guerilla warfare there was, before the era of Gomez, a fatal want of concert. The best plans miscarried. Mistakes were frequent. Panic and retreat seemed inevitable. Yet Gomez is said never once to have failed after making every preparation for an attack in the darkness of night and executing it at dawn. He showed the skill of genius in making his native province too hot for the forces of Spain throughout the darkest period of the ten years' war. He seems to have had little experience with artillery, and he has never commanded a respectable force of cavalry; but with the sort of infantry available in his native isle he has accomplished what European military men have pronounced magnificent results.

Because of his imaginativeness, his intensity, his subtlety, his gift of soul, as one of his partisans in the Havana press calls it, the solidly respectable elements have fought rather shy of him. With the Americans his success has never been brilliant. He has inspired distrust because of a certain magical capacity for winning the heart of the people. The best Cuban intellects admire his personality, but he is without culture, without the university training, without the conventionality of outlook and of standpoint which mean so much in Havana, altho they are less highly regarded in Santiago and count for nothing at all in Santa Clara. He has the touch of imagination and romance, already tinging the new official skies at Havana with a quite warmer fire than the pale sun of Estrada Palma's common sense could light. His fondness for cock-fighting is already the scandal of the capital, altho the local press has been given to understand that the president will abandon this form of amusement. His recreation will henceforth be hunting and fishing, sports to which he has been addicted from his youth.

When the revolution comes again to Cuba, the histrionic Latinity of the genius of President Gomez will suffice for the emergency in the opinion of the prophets of the Havana press. Gomez is no "poor sea-green atrabiliar formula of a man," without head, heart or vice, of whom Carlyle is so scornful in his portrait of Robespierre. Gomez is not saturated to the marrow with a consciousness of

his own importance. He is neither pedantic nor a dreamer, nor does he conceive himself the divinely ordained savior of his country. But he has the histrionic instinct of the dictator capable of profiting by a dramatic opportunity, the Latinity of spirit that prompted Robespierre, as a Havana daily remarks, to advance alone in front of the statue of Liberty and, receiving some incense from the hand of an enthusiastic patriot, proceed to burn it in a golden tripod. No wonder, to paraphrase a remark in the *Diario*, the Americans do not understand the Cuban type, glorified in Gomez. To us, politics is a species of business, but in Havana it is a kind of dramatic spectacle at which the audience sits in the Place de la Revolution with a colossal statue of Liberty for all to hail. Nothing could fit more finely into the scene than the histrionic genius of José Miguel Gomez.

Meanwhile, the presidential palace in Havana has become the centre of every social influence calculated to charm those exclusive coteries which give its special tone to the Cuban capital. President Gomez finds himself in the novel position of a social despot, a distinction due by no means to his own inclination, but solely to the rare distinction of his wife and daughters. Senora Americo Arias de Gomez, wife of the most renowned

of living Cubans, and now, for the time being, first lady in the land, has been the companion and consolation of her spouse at every crisis in his career. She has already inspired some hostility among a certain element of our own countrywomen in Havana through her refusal to ask the divorced to her receptions. Senora Gomez has reared her four daughters with great strictness. They are all quite musical, Senorita Petronila Gomez being, moreover, something of an artist. Senorita Manuela Gomez is believed to have inherited the distinctively histrionic Latinity of her father's genius and to have, on that account, rather more personal magnetism than any of her sisters has. The youngest girls, Narcisa and Mariana, promise all that could be hoped by the most ambitious mother in the way of intelligence and beauty. All the four daughters spend their holidays with their parents, and all, unlike President Gomez, have facility in the use of English. The eldest son, or rather the only son now, Miguel, resembles his mother in a certain shrewdness and reserve which seem alien to the father's character. He is very undemonstrative, and lacks his father's aptitude for the acquisition of friends. On the other hand, he seems to be highly intelligent and altogether unassuming. His integrity is unquestionable.

THE LATEST INCARNATION OF BUDDHA

VERY Buddhist in Asia, from the Tartar steppes to Siam, is contemplating that mystical circle of perfection within which, as reported in the month's despatches from Peking, the Dalai Lama of Tibet will identify himself anew with the divine Buddha. The transfiguration occurs this very month at Lhasa in the many storied palace of the Potala itself, provided Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso arrives at the Tibetan capital in time. He is speeding thither night and day to the great inconvenience, it seems, of the sanctified retinue toiling prayerfully behind the pontiff in robes of yellow and purple, the whole consecrated cavalcade keeping time to weird music with holy banners flying and a score of umbrellas aloft.

Capacity so exalted as this Tibetan hierarch has displayed since that era of hopeless obscurity which seemed to have dawned for him some four years ago, when he fled from the seclusion of his capital and became a wan-

derer through the wastes of Asia, has amazed not only the members of the diplomatic corps in Peking, but the chancelleries of Europe as well. This Dalai Lama of Tibet, the latest incarnation of Buddha, was deposed from his sacred functions at the command of the Son of Heaven; yet to-day he is on the eve of the resumption of his post as illuminator with the white light of divine knowledge. A blasphemous treaty was presented to his government at the point of the bayonet by a military expedition despatched from India. At this moment the London dailies are expressing some fear lest the document be not worth the paper it is written upon. Four years ago predictions were made in European organs that the Dalai Lama would not be permitted by the court of Peking to survive his deposition long. Now it is conceded by every Buddhist theologian within the forbidden city itself that the right of a Chinese Emperor to depose a reincarnated Lama is not only not practical but not even theoretical. This truth has found

official expression in that edict according to which the Dalai Lama of Tibet was attaining the periphery of complexity by proceeding to Peking, whereas by returning to the Potala he resumes and renews the central simplicity—a somewhat clever evasion of the point at issue, it seems, in the controversy regarding the spiritual authorities that clashed when the incarnate Buddha and the infant Son of Heaven were on the same altar in the blue temple behind the walls of the forbidden city.

The relations between the two grand lamas of Tibet grow more strained as the distance between them diminishes. The possible effect upon world politics is greater than might be thought. Paris dailies incline to see in it an explanation of the religious unrest in Asia. The spiritual difficulty, as distinguished from the purely political one, arises from the detail that, like the Dalai Lama now going home, the Tashi Lama, already there, is a reincarnation. He has, in truth, as the London *Times* tells us, a certain spiritual precedence of the Lhasan pontiff, since, whereas the Dalai Lama re-embodies the divine pupil of Amitabha, the Tashi Lama re-embodies Amitabha or the "Boundless Light" himself. Partly owing to this celestuality, and partly because the monopoly of political power and intrigue enjoyed by the Dalai Lama left the Tashi Lama more at liberty to acquire the truths of the spirit by an unremitting industry in holy exercises, the latter is said to be regarded with almost greater awe by the devout of Tibet than the Lhasan ruler himself.

Unfortunately for the Tashi Lama, however, he could not exchange his hereditary avatar for that of his rival when the Dalai Lama fled from the Potala some years ago for the wanderings through China that are at last to terminate. As a reincarnation of Gaudama Buddha, the Dalai Lama unfolds himself, and, unfolding himself, he unfolds the universe, as the court of Peking has decided. It is a question in Lamaistic theology to which the mandarins have given much attention of late, for it is, as the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* remarks, the greatest religious problem with which the greatest religious system in existence has been vexed. It arose some three thousand years ago, and for the time being the preponderance of spiritual weight is with the latest incarnation of Buddha.

There remains, therefore, little doubt in any well-informed mind that Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso is regaining the Potala at the top of his speed in a frame of mind boding little good to one whom he deems a

usurper in the circle of perfection, one who has impiously superseded—to be more accurate, rendered supererogatory—his own function as agitator of the divine emanations. For an incarnation of Buddha, Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso has attained an age quite prodigious, as he will be thirty-six this summer, his divine predecessors almost invariably expiring just as they were about to attain their majority and assume power. He is described as a man of dominating personality, in temperament impulsive and even impetuous, by disposition dictatorial and in mood profoundly disdainful of any religious opinion but his own.

For a Tibetan, the Dalai Lama is extremely tall, being not less than five feet nine inches high. The frame is thick set, the arms dangling quite to the protruding knees, while the feet have that extreme size which, among the theologians in the Potala, has always gained acceptance as evidence of spiritual fervor. The long countenance is characterized by those deep pittings with the small pox to which the priesthood point in confirmation of Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso's identity with the divine. The jaw is square and heavy, the nose narrow and long, the mouth wide and thick-lipped, and ears somewhat pendulous. The keen eyes are set below a pair of dark and overhanging brows. The Dalai Lama seldom talks, but he prays incessantly between meals. He is an enormous eater. The manner of the man is typically devout, his progress through regions beneath his spiritual sway affording him opportunities to stretch forth his hands and intercede for those of the faithful who throng to benefit by the divine emanations.

No inference could be more legitimate, given these particulars, than that Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso has a noble mind, altho, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, to which we are indebted for the information, remarks, the Dalai Lama has that infirmity of noble minds which identifies their own personalities with the advancement of the public welfare. The world has hitherto been taught—erroneously—that this thirteenth incarnation of the living Buddha is alive through his own good luck, and not because of any fitness to survive. Our contemporary denies the inference. True it is that on the death of a Dalai Lama at the Potala in Lhasa, his successor is selected through such instrumentalities as horoscopes, ritual and a golden urn into which slips of paper have been dropped. A reincarnation of "the most holy lord" is thus arrived at in the person of the most eligible baby in the neighborhood, who lives on until he grows too old

to be manageable. Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso is the first exception for many a year. The sixth incarnation of the living Buddha was executed by the Chinese Amban, to be sure, on account of his heresies. The seventh was actually kicked out of the Potala for failing in the very task the thirteenth has now accomplished—superseding in power the men who raised him to his dignity. The eighth incarnation of the living Buddha—like the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth—was poisoned with strychnine smuggled from Calcutta. It was the sole means of retaining power of which the theocracy had any idea. It was tried upon Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso again and again, if our contemporary be accurately informed, but he was too particular about his meals.

Losing patience one morning after the discovery of an unusually large allowance of poison for breakfast, the Dalai Lama summoned his tutor. These two were sworn but secret allies. The tutor synthesized in his character and career all that has made Lhasa the most mysterious spiritual influence in the history of the living Buddha. Some thirty years ago one Ghomang Lobzang, a Mongolian Buriat from Azochozki, arrived in the Tibetan capital. Showing unusual ability, as the *London Times* informs us, he ultimately became professor of metaphysics in the Da-lung monastery, and for many years he seemed destined to spend the autumn of his life in this capacity and not without credit. He had reached the age of fifty-two when he entered, as the result of an accidental encounter with the incarnation of the living Buddha, upon the adventurous career of intrigue which has made his name notorious in the chancelleries of London, St. Petersburg and Berlin. Ghomang Lobzang, whose name is always made Dorjieff in the newspaper despatches, imparted to Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso that knowledge of a world outside Tibet which more than anything else has aided the latest incarnation of the living Buddha to thwart the scheme of the regent to poison him. The Dalai Lama and his tutor now lost no time in plotting the destruction of that dignitary.

Of the Dalai Lama at this time the outside world knew merely that he dwelt in the great white palace of the Potala on the slope of the three-peaked mountain, that he ate and drank from gold plate during the course of his brief incarnation, and that he slept in a golden tomb when his little life was rounded with a strychnine pill. Only once in a whole year did the Dalai Lama exhibit himself, and then

for but the briefest period in commemoration of the Moulam or feast of prayer. This feast was now approaching. The pious were already flocking to Lhasa and setting up their little black tents of yak hair for the purposes of that spiritual carnival during which the divine emanations assume an unwonted vigor of vibration. When, in the course of the ensuing week, Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso emerged from the Potala to bless the assembled multitude, he edified all hearers by a discourse on the law of that living Buddha whose incarnation in himself is identified with infinity. Suddenly there was a tremendous uproar among the faithful. The Dalai Lama had concluded his homily by anathematizing the ecclesiastical dignitaries of his household, depriving them not alone of their access to divine emanations in any form, but likewise of the rights they acquired through contact with the living Buddha.

Spiritually, the poisoners in the Potala were now defunct. Lhasa is the stronghold of Lamaistic Buddhism, as our well informed contemporary observes, a peculiar form of Buddhism, no doubt, owing to its infusion of tantric philosophy. The stroke of the Dalai Lama was, none the less, brilliant. Of the five great Aavatari Lamas in whose successive re-incarnations its spiritual authority is vested, the Dalai Lama, whose divinity is localized at Lhasa, is the chief. Two others live in Tibet, to be sure. There is even one in Bhutan and another—the Taranath Lama—lives at Urga in Mongolia. But they all derive their sanctions from the incarnation of the living Buddha. Lhasa is, in fact, the Mecca of the Buddhism of the central part of Asia, the towering Potala in the sacred city housing a pontiff whose influence radiates through innumerable lhamaseries or Buddhist monasteries not only into Turkestan and Mongolia and western China, but across the Himalayas and into the confines of India. The sacred seal had been affixed to excommunications already on their way to every shrine of the faith, and there was nothing for the faithful to do but form an escort, as the regent and his suite were led to the dungeons beneath the ground in which they languished for a year.

The Dalai Lama has visited one after another every monastery of adequate spiritual potentiality for the reception of such holiness as he incarnates. The unrest of the Asiatic hordes in the eighteen provinces, the spirit of revolt in India, and even the unrest in Turkestan have been connected in a manner with this four years' Odyssey.

A COMPOSITE VIEW OF HARVARD'S NEW PRESIDENT



MR. TAFT is to President Roosevelt, so Mr. Lowell, the newly chosen president of Harvard, is expected to be to President Eliot. That is to say, Roosevelt and Eliot are trail-makers, and Taft and Lowell are expected to be conservers and developers. Here is the way one of the Harvard men puts the case regarding the educational situation: "The higher education has come. The professional schools are organized. The elective system has been given the broadest experiment. The principle of liberty has been extended to religious exercises and to the general life of the students. What is needed now is not an innovator like President Eliot, but a conservator, a solidifier, a co-ordinator." And so Abbott Lawrence Lowell, born in Boston fifty-two years ago, most Bostonian of the Bostonians, has been selected to "sit on the lid," as it were; or, nautically speaking, to keep the good old ship Fair Harvard steady on the course that has been laid for her by President Eliot.

It is just possible that both Taft and Lowell, when they get hold of the wheel, may display an unexpected capacity for initiative, and conclude to change the course of the ship by a few points.

The new president of a university, like the new pastor of a church, seems to have no enemies and hardly any critics. In the case of Mr. Lowell, everybody interested seems to be wearing a pleased expression. In his selection, according to the *Boston Transcript*, "all the recognized demands, exacting tho they are, have met satisfactory compliance." It is quite beyond question, we are assured, that his recent work on "The Government of England" has placed him "first among contemporary American scholars in the field of political science." Lowell Institute affords "striking testimony" to his skill as an administrator, and his "effective service" as a trustee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and as a member of the Harvard faculty for nine years attest his deep interest in education. Furthermore, "he is a Bostonian by inheritance, by nativity and by tradition. He is a Harvard man by education, both collegiate and professional; the university can claim no stancher allegiance than his has been. At fifty-two nature has permitted him to retain a nimbleness of mind and body which in the case of most men takes its departure at a much earlier age. Indeed, from every point of view his

selection seems obvious, logical and fortunate."

Now that, of course, is a Bostonese view. There is a touch of criticism in the New York view. It is expressed in the New York *Evening Post*, which says that Mr. Lowell's election "will doubtless be a slight disappointment to those Harvard graduates who live outside New England," for the reason that there is a steadily growing belief that control of Harvard is too exclusively in the hands of "the Boston clique." This, it will be noted, is not a criticism of Mr. Lowell himself; but James Wellman, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, intimates that the new president has yet to learn "to think in terms of the continent." Says Mr. Wellman: "As to that elusive thing termed personal quality, Lowell has the advantages and disadvantages of his birth and environment. Dignity is inseparable from the thought of a Harvard president, yet the dignity of Boston, sometimes a thought provincial in its self-satisfied aloofness, is not the best commendation of Harvard to the larger world. Fortunately Professor Lowell, even if he has not yet learned 'to think in terms of the continent,' is a man of broad experience and sympathies who may be depended upon to realize that more than the mere drawing of students from every part of the country is needed for a national and in the best sense a democratic university."

The education of the new President of Harvard was begun, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said one's education should begin, one hundred years before he was born. The city of Lowell was named after his paternal grandfather, and the city of Lawrence after his maternal grandfather. His father was one of Boston's most prominent financiers, and founded the Lowell Institute. Some member of the family has been on the bench (the judicial, not the baseball bench) ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century. His brother, Professor Percival Lowell, is the astronomer who has told us so much about Mars. Such a family record gives a man a fine running start in life. "The peculiar thing about many of these old New England families," says a writer in *The Evening Post*, "is that they don't run down. Every generation of the Adamses and Danas and Eliots and Lowells seems to be able to furnish at least one representative who follows worthily in the steps of his forefathers. For two centuries the Lowells have been contributing to the upbuilding of the commonwealth, the making and interpreting of its



A BOSTONIAN OF BOSTONIANS

Abbott Lawrence Lowell, the newly-elected president of Harvard University, says he considers that office "the most influential in the United States." His election has elicited but one criticism—that his view is, perhaps, too exclusively Bostonese to suit the rest of the country. That distinguished Harvard alumnus who has occupied the White House for the last seven years seems to have no fears on that score. He is "as pleased as Punch" over the selection.

laws, and to the enrichment of its literature."

Young Lowell, having thus begun his education somewhere in the seventeenth century, followed it up by being born in Boston, going abroad when he was at the mature age of eight for two years' private instruction in Paris, and then returning to a preparatory school in Boston, where he made ready to enter Harvard with the class of '77. We fear that he was "a grind," for it is said that "he roomed alone in the yard, and his favorite study was mathematics." It is true that he was not all a grind, for it is also on the records that he was the best one-mile and two-mile runner at college, never losing a race, and breaking several records. He was also made a member of the Hasty Pudding Club. Yet when he graduated he disgraced himself (talking now from the popular point of view of the college undergraduate) by taking the highest honors in his class for mathematics. Of course he is a Phi Beta Kappa man. His class was a very obstreperous one, but young Lowell was not much of a mixer. He had scholarly tastes, and the circle of his friends was comparatively small.

After graduation he became a lawyer, entering into partnership with his cousin, Francis C. Lowell, now United States circuit judge. He practised law for seventeen years, taking up, as a side issue, the study of comparative government. As a result of several books written by him on this subject, he was made a lecturer at Harvard in 1897. He was a tall, dignified, self-contained, correct figure of a man, he was not an accomplished speaker, his voice was lacking in fullness and sonorousness, and he had "a nervous staccato way of expressing himself." But his enthusiasm was contagious, his good humor and wit unailing, his illustrations illuminating, and his knowledge of the subject clear and well arranged. His course soon became a popular one, not because it was easy, but because it was vitalized by the man himself. His idea of education is indicated in these words to the students on a recent occasion: "Get yourself mentally strong, quick and acute and I don't care what knowledge you carry away; but you can get that best by rubbing with as many men as possible and trying your best all the time."

He has himself rubbed up against active men in various walks of life. He is a member of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Tech., president of the American Political Science Association (succeeding James Bryce), a member of the executive committee of the National Municipal League, a trustee

of Lowell Institute, and he holds membership in the St. Botolph Club, Tavern Club, Massachusetts Historical Society and American Society of Arts and Sciences.

He married his cousin in 1879, a year before he completed his law course. No children have come to bless the union. His social qualities are highly spoken of, and he is expected to be eminently successful in attending to the social amenities of his position. "He has abundantly that qualification of social aptitude," says *The Outlook*, "which in the head of a great university is not the least of valuable traits." His personal fortune, moreover, is said to run into seven figures.

Some quotations from his published works will help us place the man intellectually. In one place he says of Socialism: "When mankind has become perfect, and we are all stirred by single, high and generous aims, then the system which the Socialist yearns for will be possible." Again he writes: "There is no fear of complete socialism anywhere at present, nor would it endure if it were established; but steps in that direction have already been taken, and they are likely to be even more rapid in the near future than they have been in the past." He stands strongly for individualism. "Respect for the individual man," he holds, "is one of the chief differences between modern Europe and the ancient world, between the progressive West and the stagnant East." He is not, it may be said, a maker of brilliant epigrams. His style is lucid, obvious, and a little prosy, as that of President Eliot and most other educators is. On the morning after the election, he addressed his class in the following words:

"If I have taught you anything in this course, I have taught you that institutions that men found live after the men are dead, and that institutions are greater than men. We here are building up one of the greatest of institutions, and we must live here and work here in such a way that our descendants—our grandsons and great-grandsons—will be better men for our having been in Harvard College. When I was a student here in college, I had opinions, very definite opinions, as to how some of the things should be managed. I never expressed those opinions; I think I was never asked to; but I still believe that those opinions were worth something. Now, I hope you will feel free to make your opinions known. I believe very strongly in the undergraduates' view of things, and I have confidence in the judgment of the undergraduates. I hope that you will have confidence in me."

The sentiments are unobjectionable, but a man with even a small gift of eloquence might have given us an utterance a little larger and more stirring than that.

Literature and Art

THE "NEW PSYCHICAL ERA" DAWNING IN LITERATURE

RITING from the vantage-point afforded by half a century's close association with American literature, Mr. Henry M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, has lately called attention to "a revolution in human thought and feeling, a changed attitude toward life and the world," which is gradually taking place. The essence of the new spirit is its "psychical sensibility." We are passing from a preoccupation with external things to a fresh and vital realization of the significance of the soul-life. And the writers in whom Mr. Alden finds this new spirit supremely exemplified are such as Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds, Maurice Maeterlinck, and William James.

With the statement of the scientist, Flinders Petrie, that "the nature of mind is unchanged, its motives, its feelings, its sense of life—only in knowledge and the applications of it do we differ from the earliest civilization," Mr. Alden takes direct issue. "Knowledge," he declares, "is not simply cumulative—an ever-increasing 'stock-in-trade'—unless we limit it to mere information; it has evolutionary variations in which the creative imagination is not only participant but determinant." The fund of information is cumulative, and may be transmitted from generation to generation. But "a new 'sense of life,' or of the world," Mr. Alden contends, "can originate only with some renaissance of sensibility itself." New knowledge in this sense is possible only as man psychically experiences new birth.

In amplification of this theory Mr. Alden says:*

"The political historian dates modern history from the rise of the middle classes in the fifteenth century. The psychical historian must date it from some point a little later than the middle of the nineteenth century, when the human reason and imagination, following the course long before taken by science, broke with all forms of scholasticism, of traditional authority, and of merely notional thinking. Metaphysics was henceforth doomed, and all attempts at a logical explanation of life, present or past, were discredited as sterile and unprofitable. Kant, organizing what the Scotch metaphysicians had attempted to describe and logically define, had already determined the limitations of the human understanding and the in-

evitable self-contradictions of its judgments in any speculation transcending the narrow field of practical human experience. Appearances had been shown to have a validity which did not inhere in any mental inferences from them—as Copernicus had long ago demonstrated—and science had confined itself to the study of phenomena, preparing the way for the evolutionary philosophy, which marked the beginning of modern physics.

"Imagination turned upon its own past creations, which had followed the suggestions of a myth-making or speculative fancy and had partaken of their fallacies. What was true—not logically or mathematically, but vitally true—was alone interesting. The new literature was born with the new knowledge, and with the hunger for it of that comparatively large audience which in the course of material progress had been brought under its appetizing and stimulating influences."

The new sensibility, as Mr. Alden defines it, is a sensibility to reality. This is its positive characteristic. "What is distinctive of it is its psychical apprehension of reality undisguised and relieved of sophistication." It calls for literary expression with a corresponding character and distinction.

"A superficial realism like that of Defoe would not meet this demand, and the more refined realism of Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and Susan Ferrier is for us only less superficial. The nearest examples to be drawn from the past are Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' and George Eliot's earliest sketches and novels, because these are so simply and sympathetically real. But for these and for the exceptions of Meredith and Hardy, the break of the new fiction from the old is absolute.

"The departure is as strikingly manifest in other fields of imaginative literature—in history, in the essay, in interpretative criticism—as in fiction. In all, the sophistication which lurks in facile generalization and abstract thinking is alien to the new psychical mood, temperament, or, as we prefer to call it, sensibility. Even Emerson seems to us aerial. Those from whom the immediately preceding generation derived its most potent inspirations—Coleridge, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, Emerson—while we clearly discern certain permanent, because essentially real, values in their thoughts, are to us, for the most part, unconvincing. We respond to a new kind of interpretation in Pater, Symonds, Maeterlinck, William James, and in our later historians, whose distinctive value is that they find truth, in its very place and time, in its own color and form, recreating it in their presentment, just as the new fiction is a fresh representation of life, rather than of the novelist's views of life."

Mr. Alden goes on to delineate, most suggestively, the qualities inherent in the new psychical literature. It is, above all things,

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modern and palpitant with the spirit of to-day. It may portray the elemental passions, yet these very passions, in the portrayal, cease to be elemental, because blended indissolubly with present-day psychology. The sight of a weapon no longer awakens in us a desire to kill. The development of modern music has left the martial note behind. The "call of the wild," to the modern spirit, is an invitation to an ancient kinship with nature, not to a boar-hunt or a bacchanalian revel.

Problem fiction has been largely banished from the scope of the new imaginative literature, because life no longer presents itself to us as a "problem" for our discussion or arbitrary solution, but rather as one for interpretation. "Only artificial conventions, statutes, policies," says Mr. Alden, "are amenable to arbitrary volition and therefore to discussion." In this connection he contrasts the difference of attitude in Margaret Deland's later stories with the motive of novels like "John Ward, Preacher," which she was giving to the world twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Alden finds in a recent statement of Marcel Prevost, the French novelist and critic, a new illustration of his thesis. M. Prevost called attention to the fact that the reign of beauty is passing. What we care for to-day is not so much physical beauty as psychical charm. Then we are not so enamored of the quality of "goodness" as we once were. Mr. Alden finds, indeed, in some of our modern writers what almost seems "a positive aversion" to it. "Faultfulness," he avers, "seems more real and interesting than the constant virtues, perhaps because it suggests the possibility of redemption, and so has a psychically dynamic value which appeals to the artist."

Under the influence of the new spirit the love-story is undergoing profound modifications. The kind of romantic tales which abounded in our periodicals sixty years ago—tales in which the youth and maiden occupied the reader's interest from the beginning to the end, excluding other characters except those bearing directly upon the love-affair between these two, favoring or opposing—has been superseded. Mr. Alden writes on this point:

"Aucassin and Nicolette will please the fancy till our planet is senile. We see them through a distance, which serves the same purpose as the element lacking in these old-time short stories might have served if it had been present—a poetic glamor such as Harriet Prescott Spofford knew how to use in her latest, or a quaint simplicity like that which charmed us in Miss Wilkins's first fiction—any element, indeed, which makes romance really romantic through an appeal to the imagination. The development in this

direction since Mrs. Spofford and, later, Miss Wilkins began to write is a transformation of this kind of fiction, and implies a corresponding change in the sensibility of readers.

"In a sense nearly every novel is a love-story, but the best of them we are not likely to regard in that light, because the romance in them is a haunting implication, as it is in life, not the everywhere explicit argument of the drama. The masters of our present day fiction, by making everything else and every other interest apparently supreme, intensify the implicit romance—Mrs. Humphry Ward in one way and Hewlett in another, while Conrad often dispenses with it altogether—at a considerable sacrifice of popular favor.

"The more mature lover has won a preferred interest just because it is possible to associate with the riper period features of psychical value. Marriage is a higher state of development than courtship, and, wholly apart from its practical problems, leads out into the world of real life—into its varied spiritual currents and vicissitudes.

"Those primary relations which belonged to the oldest, as they do to the latest, social order are, in our new fiction, transfigured, but only reflect the change which they have experienced in our modern life. All our affections have participated in the psychical renaissance. . . . This new sense of life implies a revolutionary change in human sensibility."

In closing his argument, Mr. Alden calls attention to the fact that the most essential part of our new literature is, paradoxically enough, what we seem most of all to have repudiated in it.

"The poetry we seem to have spurned has its renaissance in imaginative prose. Every new scepticism, every new insistence upon reality, creates fresh zest and hospitality for faith and romance. It is only some old fashions of these that are cast off. So our new life and literature are animated by the spirit which created the impressive spectacle and processional of the past, tho the outward fashions and phases of these have vanished.

"While a very large proportion of the literature which is being produced, and which in a general way is styled imaginative, belongs to the old rather than to the new, and perpetuates the old fashions, yet it is in many ways responsive to the leading tendency of our time, and is far in advance of all but the very best of the preceding generation.

"When we regard any distinctive human period at its prime—the age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Anne, of Victoria—we discover psychical lineaments that suggest comparative modernity, but, with closer scrutiny pursuing the comparison, we should see how far each of these periods falls short of the modernity we know—in its criticism, its scepticism, what it calls its common-sense, its conception of altruism, its whole attitude toward life and the world.

"Within the memory of men who have reached the age of fifty the human spirit has found its true centre of active development and of interpretation—its real modernity, which does not mean the depreciation of the past, but a deeper and truer appreciation, nor any break in the continuity of culture, which is rather led into fresher and more fertile fields of expansion."

Mr. Alden's interpretation of modern literary tendencies, as he sees them, has led to widespread discussion and many expressions of dissent. His general conclusions, it is significant to note, are shared by very few of his colleagues in the literary world. Mr. Bliss Perry, of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who devotes a leading article to the consideration of the "new literature," evidently feels that Mr. Alden is attaching altogether too much importance to it. He says:

"Mr. Alden takes pains to say distinctly, 'We confess frankly that in literature the book and not the magazine is the supreme thing.' But the difference lies, he thinks, in theme and scope rather than in quality; so that, as a general rule, it is periodical literature, and particularly its imaginative prose, which is truly representative of the intellectual characteristics of our time. It is in magazine-writing that our break with the past is most complete.

"Precisely, one may rejoin; and it is for this reason that the New Literature conveys such an impression of fragmentariness, of evanescence. This is one of the most startling of its defects. The stream of continuity, so rich in manifold associations of racial and national experience, has been deflected, wasted. A hybrid cosmopolitanism has entertained us with novel refinements of sensation. Mr. Henry James, an artist whose amazing talent has made him the natural choice of Mr. Alden as one of the embodiments of the new spirit, is in nothing more representative of his colleagues than in his indifference to the culture of the past. Like Balzac in an earlier generation, and Tolstoi in our own, he is without the historic sense. This lack of background has been pointed out as the conspicuous defect of Mr. James's contribution to literature.

"Mr. James is by no means the only striking example of this sacrifice of ancestral estates, this indifference to an accumulated intellectual heritage, this prodigal determination to throw one's self gayly upon the resources of the new territory. It would be difficult to express too strongly the obligation of our own world of letters to Mr. Howells—to his sure sense of form, his delicacy of taste, his quick interest in the contemporary literature of Italy and Spain, of France and Germany and Russia. His kindness of spirit has made him invent and inhabit an 'Altruria.' His sense of social justice has often put his writing colleagues to shame. Yet, if it were Santa Claus time instead of New Year's, and one could add one more quality to that rare endowment, would it not be this: a more intimate sense of the enduring value of, not merely Sophocles and Virgil, but the great spirits of our own race, of Wordsworth, Burke, Milton, of the poets, philosophers, and historians who have wrought themselves into the very fabric of the English mind? . . . To the most talented fiction writers of the day the past is practically non-existent. Science has woven her web around them all; to them it is the present hour only which is fair—the present, or, at most, the future. Like children playing with a new toy, they grow oblivious of their elders. The New Literature, in its preoccupation with the marvelous physical and psychological revelations of the twentieth century, sees the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries as pictures only, not as an integral portion of its own slowly developed life."

The *New York Times Saturday Review* professes itself equally out of sympathy with Mr. Alden's "astonishing thesis." It says, in part:

"If fiction has any function it is the depiction of life—the thoughtful depiction of life, it is true. Its field is that very arena where ambitions disturb and sordid interests taint, and ideals beckon, and conflict stirs. Nowhere else. There in the heart of life is fiction's place and work. Life, it is true, is a subtler thing than it was in former days. It is not a matter of sword, lance and shield. Conflicts are more refined, issues more elusive. We are indeed a humanity of deeper sensibility than that of a century ago, and the novel that depicts modern life reflects that new sensibility. Here is the truth which the author of 'The New Literature' has pointed out with so much emphasis. But life has not ceased, nor been swallowed up in sensibility. The arena is still the scene of palpitating existence, and the necessity of recording what is happening there is as great as ever. For fiction to retire from the scenes of life and occupy itself with concerns of immaterial sensibility in realms of absolute thought is for fiction to perish.

"In practice no one really proposes that fiction should do quite this, but there is perceptible in such of it as gets publication in the magazines an attenuation of thought out of proportion with the burden of material reality; too long a drawing out of speculations, a spinning of refinements, too little reflection of the real life that men and women to-day are living. By those who are taking daily their uncloistered part in the world, it is the simple truth to say modern psychic magazine fiction is regarded as almost as remote from reality as is old-fashioned romance. This does not mean that living men are not modern, are without sensibility. It means that their sensibility does not spin itself out in the air, but attaches to deeds."

The *Chicago Dial* also criticizes Mr. Alden for what it regards as an entirely mistaken point of view:

"However the fashion of literary expression may change from age to age, the substance of thought remains about the same, and in the deeper sense we have no problems that the ancients did not ponder. The angle of our vision is shifted, but the object viewed remains fixed. Mr. Alden's effort to reveal in this twentieth century a new literature and a new human nature seems to us nothing more than an elaborate mystification. And, far from taking our current modes of expression to be praiseworthy, we think that they err in over-subtlety and preciosity. The *London Nation* recently said: 'Irrationalism in various shapes is for the moment the dominant note in every department of life, and it is at least as powerful in philosophy as in sociology and in literature.' As far as literature is concerned, we take this fact—since fact it seems to us—to be the direct outcome of our departure from the approved ways, of our feverish desire to find new things to say, and new ways of saying them."

But Mr. Alden, it seems to us, can afford to take this hostile criticism philosophically. Some of the mightiest forces in the world to-day are fighting on his side.

THE SATANIC POSE OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE



HE Devil is in Heaven; all's wrong with the world"—the reverse of Browning's courageous lines—might have been the motto of Charles Baudelaire, king of decadents. He doubtless said, so Mr. James Huneker assures us in *Scribner's*, "Evil be thou my good." He proved all things and found them vanity. He is the poet of original sin, a worshipper and singer of Satan; his was an "infinite reverse aspiration," and mingled with his Byronic pose was a disgust for vice and for life itself. He was the last romanticist; Sainte-Beuve called him "the Kamchatka of Romanticism, its remotest hyperborean peak." "Romanticism," Mr. Huneker goes on to say, "is as dead to-day as naturalism; but Baudelaire is alive and is read. His glistening phosphorescent trail is over French poetry." He is the begetter of a school, embracing Verlaine, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Carducci, Arthur Rimbaud, Jules Laforgue, Verhaeren, and numerous younger poets; he affected Swinburne and Huysmans; and the master's satanic strain runs in the blood of them all. Like Poe, of whose fame he is the Archbishop, Charles Baudelaire wilfully helped to build up the legend of his own infamy.

It is difficult, the writer assures us, to parallel his deliberate self-stultification. Yet notwithstanding his desperate effort to reveal himself utterly, he only proved Poe correct who had said that no man can bare his heart quite naked. "There will always be something held back, something false too ostentatiously thrust forward. The grimace, the attitude, the pomp of rhetoric are so many buffers between the soul of man and the sharp reality of published confessions. Baudelaire was no more an exception to this rule than was St. Augustine, Bunyan, Rousseau, or Huysmans."

One of Baudelaire's biographers tells how the poet, after his quarrel with his stepfather, succumbed to nervous spasms—a delightful anecdote, one that fills the psychiatrist's heart with joy. Charles, he relates, was given some money and put on board of a ship sailing to the East Indies. He became a cattle dealer and returned to France many years later with a "dark Venus" to whom his extravagant poems were addressed. This legend dissolves itself into the dismal affair with Jeanne Duval. Says Mr. Huneker:

"He met her in Paris after he had been in the East. She sang at a café-concert in Paris. She was

more brown than black. She was not handsome, nor intelligent, nor good; yet he idealized her, for she was the source of half his inspiration. To her were addressed those marvellous evocations of the Orient, of perfume, tresses, delicious mornings on strange far-away seas and 'superb Byzant' domes that devils built. Baudelaire is the poet of perfumes. No one has so chanted the praise of odors. His soul swims on perfume as do other souls on music, he has said. As he grew older he seemed to hunt for more acrid odors; he often presents an elaborately chased vase the carving of which transports us, but from which the head is quickly averted. Jeanne, whom he never loved, no matter what may be said in her favor, was a sorceress. But she was impossible; she robbed, betrayed him; he left her a dozen times only to return. What the charm! She was not prepossessing. In her rapid decline she was not allowed to want; Madame Baudelaire paid her expenses in the hospital. A sordid history. She was a veritable flower of evil for Baudelaire. Yet poetry, like music, would be colorless, scentless, if it sounded no dissonances. Fancy art reduced to the beatific and banal chord of C major."

Much has been said of the poet's dyed hair. According to one tale he visited the critic, Du Camp, in Paris, and his hair was violently green. Du Camp made no comment upon this, and, angered by his indifference, the poet asked: "You find nothing abnormal about me?" "No," was the answer. "But my hair—it is green!" "That is nothing singular," Du Camp replied, "every one has more or less green hair in Paris." The joke of the green hair has been rationally dispersed by Crepet. The poet's hair thinned after a protracted illness, and he had his head shaved and painted with a green salve to escape baldness. Jules Claretie, Mr. Huneker tells us, recalls Baudelaire saying to him with a grimace: "I love Wagner; but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside of a window, and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating, and singularly harmonious." "Is it necessary to add," Mr. Huneker asks, "that Baudelaire, notorious in Paris for his love of cats, and dedicating poems to cats, would never have perpetrated such revolting cruelty?"

A literary misconception of Baudelaire's genius, Mr. Huneker goes on to say, appears in the exaggerated account of Poe's influence over Baudelaire. The bulk of poetry in Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" was written before Baudelaire had read Poe. To-day's criticisms of Poe, in Mr. Huneker's opinion, are vitiated by the attempt to make him an angel. It is to be doubted, he goes on to say, whether without his barren environment and hard fortunes we should have had Poe at all.

"He had to dig down deeper into the pit of his personality to reach the central core of his music. But every ardent young soul entering 'literature' begins by a vindication of Poe's character." To quote further:

"Poe was a man, and he is now a classic. He was a half-charlatan, as was Baudelaire. In both, the sublime and the sickly were never far asunder. The pair loved to mystify, to play pranks on their contemporaries. Both were implacable pessimists. Both were educated in affluence, and had to face unprepared the hardships of life. The hastiest comparison of their poetic work will show that their only common ideal was the worship of an exotic beauty. Baudelaire, like Poe, had a harp-like temperament which vibrated in the presence of strange subjects. Above all he was obsessed by sex. Woman, as the angel of destruction, is the keynote of his poems. Poe was almost sexless. His aerial creatures do not foot the dusty highways of the world. His lovely lines, 'Helen, thy beauty is to me,' could never have been written by Baudelaire; while Poe would never have pardoned the 'fulgurant' grandeur, the Beethoven-like harmonies, the Dantesque horrors of that deep wide music of lost souls in 'Femmes Damnées.'"

Gautier, in his masterly preface to the definitive edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal," draws an interesting parallel between Baudelaire and another American—Hawthorne. He compares the Baudelaire poems to a tale of Hawthorne's in which there is a garden of poisonous flowers. But Hawthorne worked in his laboratory of evil wearing mask and gloves; he never descended into the mud and sin of the street. Baudelaire ruined his health, smudged his soul, yet remained withal, as Anatole France says, "a divine poet." "How childish," the great French critic exclaims, "and yet how touching is his resolution—he wrote in his diary of prayer's dynamic force—when he was penniless, sick, nauseated with sin: 'To make every morning my prayer to God, the reservoir of all force, and all justice; to my father, to Mariette and to Poe as intercessors.'"

Baudelaire's soul, Mr. Huneker remarks, was built up as a fabulous bird might build its nest—bits of straw, the sobbing of women, clay, cascades of black stars, rags, leaves, rotten wood, corroding dreams, a spray of roses, a sparkle of pebble, a gleam of blue sky, despairing hearts, and music and the abomination of desolation for ground-tones. "But this soul-nest is also a cemetery of the seven sorrows. He loved the clouds—*les nuages—là bas*. It was *là bas* with him even in the tortures of his wretched love-life. Corruption and death were ever floating in his consciousness. He was like Flaubert, who saw everywhere the skeleton concealed in us."

"Félicien Rops has best interpreted Baudelaire. The etcher and poet were closely-knit spirits. Rodin, too, is a Baudelarian. If there could be such an anomaly as a native wood-note evil, it would be the lyric voice of this poet. His sensibility was morbid, tho he could be frigid in the face of the most disconcerting misfortunes. He was a man for whom the visible word existed; Gautier was pagan, Baudelaire a strayed spirit from medieval days. The spirit ruled, and, as Paul Bourget said, 'he saw God.' A Manichean in his worship of evil, he nevertheless abased his soul. 'Oh! Lord God! Give me the force and courage to contemplate my heart and my body without disgust,' he prays. But, as some one said to Rochefoucauld: 'Where you end, Christianity begins.'"

"Baudelaire built his ivory tower on the borders of a poetic Maremma, which every miasma of the spirit pervaded, every marsh light and glowworm inhabited. Like Wagner, he painted in his sultry music the profundities of abysses, the vastness of space. He painted, too, the great nocturnal silences of the soul."

Madness, it seems, had brooded over Baudelaire's family, yet the poet exaggerated when he wrote in his journal: "My ancestors, idiots or maniacs, . . . all victims of terrible passions." He believed that his instability was due to the unequal age of his parents, and studied his "case" like a surgeon. In the hey-day of his blood, Mr. Huneker admits, Baudelaire was perverse and deliberate. He goes on to say:

"Let us credit him with annihilating the Byronic pose that *ennui* could be best cured by dissipation; in sin he found the saddest of all tasks. Mendès laughs at the legend of Baudelaire's violence, of his being given to explosive phrases. Despite Gautier's stories about the Hotel Pimadon and its Club of Hasheesh eaters, M. Mendès denies that Baudelaire was a victim of the hemp. What the majority of mankind does not know concerning the habits of literary workers is this prime fact: men who work hard, writing verse—and there is no mental toil comparable to it—cannot drink or indulge in opium without the inevitable collapse. The old-fashioned notion of 'inspiration,' of spontaneity, of easy improvisation, the sudden bolt from heaven, are delusions still hugged by the world. To be told that Chopin filed at his music for years, that Beethoven in his smithy forged his thunder bolts, that Manet toiled like a laborer on the dock, that Baudelaire was a mechanic in his devotion to poetic work, that Gautier was a hard-working journalist, is a disillusion for the sentimental. Minerva springing full-fledged from Jupiter's skull to the desk of the poet is a pretty fancy; but Balzac and Flaubert did not encourage this fancy. Work literally killed Poe as it killed Jules de Goncourt, Flaubert, and Daudet. Maupassant went insane because he would work and he would play the same day. Baudelaire worked and worried and drank. His debts haunted him his life long. His constitution was flawed from the start—Sainte-Beuve told him that he had worn out his nerves—he was *détraqué*; but that his entire life was one huge debauch is the silly nightmare of the moral police, in some white cotton night-cap country."

THE GERMAN ART INVASION

WHAT Prof. Kuno Francke, of Harvard, describes as "the first truly representative exhibit of German art that America has seen" was opened recently in the Metropolitan Museum. Aside from the intrinsic merit of the pictures shown, a number of events have conspired to give the exhibition special significance. In the first place, it is quasi-official, and indicates an organized effort on the part of Germany to win from America a larger understanding and appreciation of German art. The Kaiser personally interested himself in the selection of the pictures, and had a new portrait painted to accompany them. Representatives of several departments of the German government, and leading German artists, have also co-operated in making the undertaking a success. On this side of the water, Mr. Hugo Reisinger, a German-American art-lover of enthusiasm and genuine public spirit, has labored unceasingly in the interests of the project. It is his pur-

pose later to balance the German art crusade in America by organizing a similar exhibition of representative American pictures for Germany, and the plan is peculiarly felicitous in view of the "exchange professors" already passing between America and Germany, and the whole tendency in our time to extend the cultural boundaries of the nations.

The dominant note in modern German life, as Christian Brinton interprets it, in a brilliant article on "German Painting of To-day" in the February *Scribner's*, is "an abounding sense of freedom and energy," which at present, he thinks, has no parallel in any other country. "Alike in painting, sculpture and architecture," he says, "there seems to be no problem which the German is afraid to attack, no tradition which he will not resolutely defy." Mr. Brinton continues:

"The story of German art is the story of those ideas which have by turns dominated the Germanic mind and molded Germanic society. For nowhere have intellect and esthetics more closely reacted



RICH AND POOR—A CONTRAST

The "human interest" of this picture rivets the attention of every visitor to the German exhibition now being held at the Metropolitan Museum. It shows theater-goers, sumptuously arrayed, beset by poor wretches who are soliciting money for soup. The painter of the picture is Arthur Kampf, President of the Royal Academy of Art in Berlin.

upon one another than in this land of philosophical painters and philosophers who have seen fit to dictate the course painting should pursue. At each artist's elbow has stood a prophet and a preacher ready to lay down the immutable canons of composition and design. It was Winckelmann who paved the way for Mengs and the cold cult of the antique, while beneath the stilted and austere cartoons of Carstens and Cornelius lurks the rigorous logic of Immanuel Kant. It was Schlegel who moistened the eyes of Overbeck and the Nazarenes with religious mysticism, and Hegel who became the champion of the historical method as exemplified in Schnorr and Kaulbach. The names of Tieck and Auerbach are as inseparably associated with the painters of romance as those of Keller and Reuter are with the later apostles of the village tale. And, despite progressive changes in taste and subject-matter, the same programme has continued to our own day, for surely amid the ironic splendors of Friedrich Nietzsche's prose the modern symbolists find the text of their flagrant individuality and appeal to brute force.

"It is precisely this intimate and persistent connection between thought and expression, between the passions and predilections of the people, and the art of the people, that lends the study of German painting its singular fascination."

The traits described by Mr. Brinton are abundantly illustrated in the pictures now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. They appear as markedly in the work of the past generation as in that of the younger and radical artists of to-day. Everywhere is apparent a bold determination to go to the root of things, a restless search for new forms of beauty, an unquenchable idealism.

It is surely not without significance, as Mr. Brinton points out, that the first man to break the barriers of the past and open to art the flood-gates of modern life was a dweller in Protestant Berlin, not in Catholic Dusseldorf nor in coloristic Munich. The triumph of Adolf von Menzel was "the triumph of an entirely new set of ideas, a set of ideas which necessarily resulted in the complete reorganization of existing society." We read further:

"The defeat of the revolutionists in 1848 marked the rise of democracy, of Socialism, militarism, and latter-day industrialism. It was in Adolf von Menzel that these new forces found their earliest and most vigorous exponent. Alone and unaided this masterful pigmy looked at life not through the heroic glamor of legend, or the mists of romance and sentiment, but with the keen, salient glance of a born observer."

Menzel's initial successes were achieved in the domain of the past, but as he grew into mastery of his art he chose to portray the realistic aspects of modern life, in streets, ball-rooms, restaurants, workshops, railway stations. His contributions to the collection in the Metropolitan include representations of



ONE OF THE FAMOUS PAINTINGS NOW IN NEW YORK

Arnold Böcklin's portrait of himself, with Death fiddling.

the interior of a theater, of a "ball supper," and of landscape subjects plucked from the heart of a great city.

The second of the great German contributors to the collection is Franz von Lenbach, who might, Mr. Brinton avers, "have been the first realist of the south as Menzel was of the north," if he had not gone to Italy and Spain and become enamored of the sumptuous coloring and aristocratic allure of Renaissance portraiture. It is fortunate, however, that he chose his own peculiar line. If Menzel was the artist of the crowd, Lenbach was *par excellence* the painter of the individual. The features of the intellectual and political leaders of his day—Bismarck, von Moltke, Mommson, Döllinger—are immortalized in his canvases. All four of these portraits are now to be seen at the Metropolitan galleries.

If the art of Menzel was brilliant and discursive, and that of Lenbach profound and intensive, Wilhelm Leibl may be said to have struck the equilibrium of perfect candor and simplicity. "With him," Mr. Brinton declares, "art and truth are synonymous terms. With him a picture is an actual portion of nature, not nature plus various temperamental refractions." He lived for many years the life of a peasant in the heart of the Bavarian Alps, and his most characteristic paintings are of peasants and country folk. His "Dachau Women"



"OXEN GOING THROUGH WATER"

This is regarded as one of the strong pictures at the German exhibition. It is by Heinrich von Zügel, teacher at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich.

is one of the most highly praised of the pictures at the German exhibition.

The fourth of the quartet who hold undisputed primacy among the German painters who have recently died is the most romantic figure of them all. Everyone knows something of Arnold Böcklin. If he had only painted one picture, "The Island of the Dead," it would have insured his immortality. He is inadequately represented in the present collection. Mr. Brinton writes of him:

"Arnold Böcklin was a reawakened pagan. He strode across the pallid face of contemporary existence scattering fancy in his path and leaving behind him a splendor of coloration the like of which had not been seen since the Renaissance. Single-handed he led a great counter-revolution against the enslavement of the human spirit. Over against the prosaic conquests of the realists he set the sovereign claims of the ideal. He literally remade the world of art after his own image. . . .

"Blue-eyed and powerful, endowed with epic strength and force of will, and feeling within him the fire of undoubted genius, Böcklin, during these early, formative years did everything that was splendid and audacious. He married, on a single day's acquaintance, a beautiful Roman girl from across the Tiber, he painted pictures that were flung into the street by an outraged censor, and, like a true poet, starved and slept under the blue vault of heaven.

"No painter's odyssey reads more picturesquely

than that of Arnold Böcklin. He wandered ceaselessly over Germany and Italy in quest of beauty and inspiration, not to mention the bare necessities of existence. He resided by turns in Basle, Hamburg, Munich, Weimar, Zürich, Rome and Florence, finally dying, amid peace and the mellowness of ripe accomplishment, at his villa on the heights of Fiesole. Recognition, which did not come until after years of effort, finally burst upon him with dazzling brilliance. At the age of sixty he was unknown outside a narrow group of enthusiasts. By seventy the magic of his brush had made converts from the Alps to the North Sea, and from Vienna to Paris."

Passing from the dead to the living, Mr. Brinton names as outstanding figures Max Liebermann and the "Secessionist" leaders. Good examples of the work of these modernists may be seen at the Metropolitan. Liebermann was the herald of German impressionism: "his career has been one continuous struggle after atmospheric truth." Of the Secessionists—Max Klinger, Franz von Stuck, Hans Thoma and Ludwig von Hofmann—we read:

"Despite the primitive picturesqueness of their esthetic imagery, they are all moderns. One and all they are seeking escape from present conditions and striving to evolve some solution of the eternal enigmas of existence. In common with idealists the world over their heritage is a heritage of unrest. Lacking the Olympian calm of their leader [Böck-

lin], they are constantly at war with themselves and their surroundings. Now and then they evolve visions of sheer beauty and power, but for the most part their dreams are troubled and distraught. Each offers a different reading of the book of life. For thought-wearyed Klinger the key to the mystery lies in stoic fatalism. For vigorous and plastic Stuck it is found in the apotheosis of brutality. Hans Thoma looks backward toward the days of Altdorfer and takes refuge in an archaic ingenuousness, while the sumptuous color-poet, Ludwig von Hofmann, sings only of Hellenic blitheness or frenzied oblivion."

Such, in brief, are the salient personalities and aspects of modern German painting, as Christian Brinton sees them. His survey is suggestive, and supplies ample backgrounds to the American student of the German exhibition. But more than one critic sees in the traits characterized by Mr. Brinton a source of weakness rather than of strength. Mr. Frank Fowler, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, says:

"These paintings purport to represent the 'new movement,' and in some instances the artists are showing a disposition to deliver themselves legitimately through the medium of paint; but for the most part they still seem to be enmeshed in the net of literary and philosophical habits which have characterized the German mind, and, to express these sentiments, are making use of a mistaken medium. To read some passages in the laudatory introduction to the catalogue, which was prepared, translated and printed in Germany, one might believe that these painters were the earliest 'plein-airists,' with that versatile and prodigiously skilful painter, Adolf von Menzel, for progenitor. If so, German art has

been slow to evolve on that side, for Von Menzel was an accomplished painter sixty years ago; he died at ninety in 1905. In truth, Von Menzel and most of his German disciples were realists in the sense of conveying the sentiment of intimate, everyday themes, of the amusements, industries, and general activities of life, through an illustrative art possessing character and color. This art was more or less didactic, appealing to the emotions, but not to our latest sense, revealing in radiant color the vibrating opalescent charm of the natural world of sight."

The *New York Outlook* finds much the same cause for complaint:

"The claims that German painters and sculptors of to-day are the equals of those of any other country are open to serious question.

"In sculpture, moving as is the sentiment of 'The Mother and Child' of Lewin-Funcke in the Metropolitan exhibit, what German contemporary name represents the genius of the French Rodin, or of the Americans Barnard, Bartlett, French, MacMonnies?

. . . Of living German portrait-painters, Kampf, President of the Berlin Royal Academy, and Kaulbach may be said to be in the lead. But, solid and respectable as are their merits, they do not measure up to the brilliancy of the American Chase. . . . In figure-painting the exhibit offers us, first, the admirable efforts of a Gebhardt and a Uhde in historical and religious art—pictures which tell a story with real simplicity and sentiment, but which would have been more luminous had they been painted by the Frenchman Lhermitte, more subtle if painted by the American Dewing, and more impressive if painted by the American Abbott Thayer. Then follow the vagaries of an Erler and a Stuck, artists who exaggerate the faults of a man of real genius, the poet-painter Böcklin, as Michelangelo's followers exaggerated his own exaggerations. . . .



"THE SPINNERS"

A characteristic example of the work of Max Liebermann, "the herald of German impressionism."



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF STATUARY AT THE GERMAN EXHIBITION

Arthur Lewin-Funcke's "Mother" has been purchased for the Metropolitan collection, and will remain permanently in this country.

"In the history of German painting there have been a few very great names—Dürer, Holbein, perhaps Menzel. But that history cannot rival the history of Italy and the Low Countries, any more than present German conditions may be thought equal to those in France and America. Why? Because of German clumsiness in the expression of its ideal. The ideal is there, and it is a noble ideal. Yet in the expression of that ideal German sculpture and German painting lag far behind German music. No music of our time or of any time is so great as the German. For music the German has native genius. But who would compare a Brahms symphony with the series of sculptured Hohenzollern ancestors in the Berlin Thiergarten, or with the often abnormal scene-paintings of a Stuck? . . . In our opinion, the German sculptors and painters are not the equals of the sculptors and painters of France and America."

American Art News criticizes the exhibition on quite other grounds:

"Altho these canvases represent that strength and force which are the essential characteristics of modern Germany and its people and of their thought and life, they do not and will not appeal to the American art public, educated in the traditions of the later French school, and the work of the modern

Dutch painters and their own American portraitists and landscapists, to a delicacy and refinement of treatment, a sentiment and feeling and a decorative quality, almost and entirely lacking in the great majority of these works.

"There is regrettable absence of taste both in choice of subject, treatment and arrangement, in most of the pictures, and altho the newer men, notably the Munich secessionists and certain original painters here and there, produce canvases influenced by older artists of other lands which have some of the qualities that appeal to American art lovers, their works, while interesting, are hardly what might be called attractive from the American standpoint."

From these and similar expressions of opinion it is evident that the German art invasion is regarded in this country with mingled motives. "There is no new lesson to be learned from these artists," one critic declares. And yet if the exhibition be taken as a revelation of national development, as the symbol of a people's hopes and aspirations, it can hardly fail to be educational in the highest sense, both historically and artistically.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MAETERLINCK



TUDENTS of Maeterlinck have often been puzzled by the contrast between the two great stages of his career. He began as a literary brooder. He has ended as an optimistic philosopher. His first creations come to us through mists and darkness. His last are like songs of the morning. What was the magic influence that wrought the transformation?

Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn, who raises the question in an article in *Munsey's Magazine*, has no doubt as to the answer. The wonder-worker, he declares, was the radiant actress-singer, Georgette Leblanc, now Madame Maeterlinck.

It seems that Maeterlinck's youth was divided between Belgium and France. He was educated in a Jesuit school, and for a while studied law; but from the first his main interests were reading and writing poetry and cultivating literary friendships. When he was twenty-four years old he went to Paris to seek his literary fortune. He lived in the heart of the Latin Quarter, became intimate with Villiers de l'Isle Adam and others of the so-called "symbolist" school, and contributed to the symbolist organ, *La Pléiade*. Like many of his friends, he cultivated the pessimistic spirit, and chose to portray life in funereal hues. His first work of importance, "*La Princesse Maleine*," was a drama weird and fantastic. It aroused instant attention, and evoked from Octave Mirbeau, the eminent Parisian critic, such unprecedented praise that the author, like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous. "I know nothing of Maeterlinck," said the enthusiastic Mirbeau. "I do not know where he is, or what he is like. Whether he is old or young, rich or poor, I know not. I know only that no one is more unknown than he, and that he has produced a masterpiece. He has given us the most brilliant work of this period, and the most extraordinary and the most naive also, comparable and—dare I say it?—superior in beauty to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare." "*La Princesse Maleine*" was followed by other dramas of the same character. They seemed the utterance of a troubled and profoundly melancholy soul straining to find its way in the darkness. As Mr. Sanborn puts it:

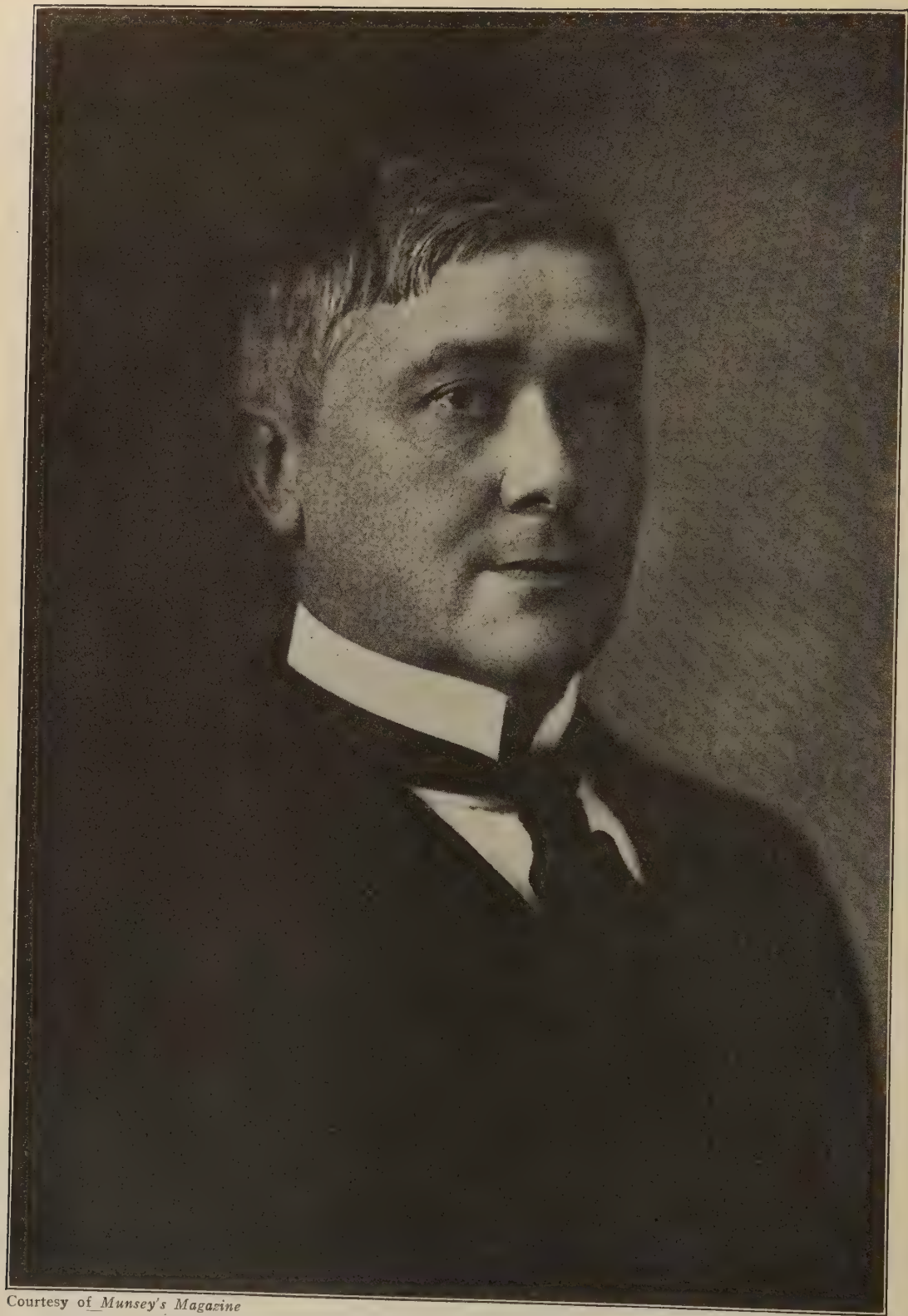
"With an art whose very silences were potent, they symbolized those vague and terrible aspects of the sub-conscious existence which have usually been considered impossible of expression. They were

dramas of doubt, of restlessness, of gloom, of moral terror, of despair; nightmares, only the more horrible for their ineffable beauty of form; poetic presentations, rhythmic without rime, of the mystery of life and the inexorableness of destiny. Their scenes were laid in crumbling castles full of secret passages, forgotten dungeons, and subterranean pools, and surrounded by black, sunless forests or by bramble-grown, weed-choked gardens strewn with broken and prostrate statues. Their characters were half-mad, half-fantom kings, queens, princes, and princesses dominated by irresistible passions which made them mere puppets of Fate."

During his stay in Paris Maeterlinck must have heard constantly of Georgette Leblanc. She was one of the city's artistic idols—not so much beautiful in form and in face as marvelously plastic, original in everything she did, a woman of unique temperament. She sang in opera and she acted, and whenever she appeared the theater was crowded. As she left the stage after one of her triumphs she met Maeterlinck. "He was still very Flemish, that is to say, infinitely timid and a bit awkward," a literary comrade has said, "when he encountered for the first time the 'visage of his destiny.'" After they had been introduced, the young woman expressed to the author her unbounded admiration for his writings. He, however, could find nothing to say to the talented actress. "Maurice Maeterlinck, you see," his friend explains with charming *naïveté*, "is not only the painter of the inexpressible; he is also the man of the unexpressed."

The important fact is that they met, and that Maeterlinck for the first time found himself deeply in love. His life and thought now underwent a complete transformation. The unhealthy symbolism of his dramas—stagnant pools, grottoes, foul birds of night, enchanted fountains, misty moonlight, charnel-house odors, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of terror—departed for ever. Under the magic of love's influence he emerged from the chilling fogs of foreboding and despair into the pure white sunlight of comprehension of the laws of the universe, and was converted into a teacher, even an apostle, of cheerfulness, courage and equanimity. "It was as if," says Mr. Sanborn, "a Euripides had developed into a Plato; as if the author of 'The Raven' had become the author of 'The Over-Soul.'" The writer continues:

"For more than a decade Maeterlinck has consistently glorified the serene wisdom (*sagesse*) that is superior to destiny. The work, '*La Sagesse et la Destinée*,' in which he exhaustively expounded



Courtesy of *Munsey's Magazine*

THE NEW MAETERLINCK

Admirers of the Belgian poet-dramatist will hardly recognize the older Maeterlinck in this latest portrait.



Courtesy of *Munsey's Magazine*

THE WIFE OF MAETERLINCK

To Georgette Leblanc is credited the miracle that transformed Maeterlinck from a poet of shadows into an apostle of optimism.

his new-found creed, he offered to Madame Leblanc as a tribute of gratitude and admiration, with the following graceful dedication:

"I dedicate to you this book, which is, in effect, your work. There is a collaboration more lofty and more real than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example. I have not been obliged to imagine laboriously the resolutions and the actions of a wise ideal, or to extract from my heart the moral of a beautiful reverie necessarily a trifle vague. It has sufficed to listen to your words. It has sufficed that my eyes have followed you attentively in life; they followed thus the movements, the gestures, the habits of Wisdom herself."

"The vogue of Maeterlinck's books in his second manner—'Le Trésor des Humbles,' 'La Sagesse et la Destinée,' 'Le Double Jardin,' 'Le Temple Enseveli,' and those two remarkable interpretations of the phenomena of natural history—'La Vie de l'Abeille' and 'L'Intelligence des Fleurs'—has been even greater than that of his earlier works."

Opinions differ as to the relative merit of Maeterlinck's two literary forms. Many people discern more of sheer genius in the product of his first period. It is to this period that the wonderful "Pelléas et Mélisande," set to music by Debussy, belongs. But, in Mr. Sanborn's judgment, there can be only one opinion as to the importance of Maeterlinck's later productions as a moral force. "Like the sage of Yasnaya Polyana—or the sages of Concord and of Chelsea in their time—the author of 'La Sagesse et la Destinée' is the intellectual guide and spiritual director of many hitherto unquiet spirits in lands far separated, whom his luminous thought has lifted out of the Slough of Despond, and endowed with a reinvigorating love of life and of duty."

SWEDEN'S GREATEST WOMAN POET



SWEDEN has produced two women of genius in our day—Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlöf. The first is a sociologist, the second an artist. The one lives in Berlin, preaching a subversive gospel that the world is not as yet prepared to accept; the other has remained in her native land, beloved and honored by all. A few weeks ago, the fiftieth birthday of Selma Lagerlöf was celebrated throughout Sweden, and even in neighboring lands. The schools held festivals in her honor; her poems and stories were recited at clubs and societies; telegrams of congratulation and appreciation from all kinds and classes of people, from the royal family down to poor peasant children who had read her fairy tales, were sent to her; lectures were given on her works; and the papers and magazines abounded in articles and portraits.

Unlike that other great Swedish writer, the dramatist, August Strindberg, Selma Lagerlöf is naive and optimistic. The spirit of a Swedish Peter Pan breathes in her—the intense love of the mystical Swedish nature for weird forests in which sprites and fairies and imps have lingered since the days when the gods walked upon earth. Where Strindberg uncovers and delineates the worm-eaten, the morbid and the evil in humanity, she searches for the higher and redeeming motives. Her art is saturated with romance, and her philosophy, if it could be summed up in a single sentence, would be: *Man needs an illusion to be able to live*. "Have you seen that he has an angel in his eyes?" asks one of the characters in her stories. She herself seeks to see

the angel in each and all of us. A Swedish writer has said of her: "She paints people as the pious Fra Angelico in the cloister cell, she paints with snow white and heavenly blue colors over a shining gold background, and she is ever hearing the bells of San Pasquale." The distinguished critic, Oscar Levantin, sums her up as follows:

"In an age that is old and blasé, when even the poets find it hard to hide the wrinkles at their temples, and the ironic smile around their mouths, a woman genius grows up looking at the world as if it were her first wonder book of fairy tales, and what is more, she is able to tell what she sees in such a way that even the old and world-wise are made children again and hang on her lips, hardly daring to breathe for fear of missing a word. In an age of intellectual calculation this wonder appears, a writer of fancy pure and simple, speaking from the well of simplicity in her own heart. In a time of doubt and suspicion when a hard and logical attitude toward life prevails, Selma Lagerlöf comes with her arms outstretched to a tender embrace of everything living, intoxicated by love and enthusiasm for people, animals, plants—yea, even inanimate things seem to come to life under her magical touch! She has renewed feelings and emotions that were thought to be long since dead and buried, and in a way that has touched all hearts. This is what makes her work so unique."

Selma Lagerlöf began her career as a school-teacher, and her achievement rests on constant self-discipline and unremitting work. She has told us herself, in her own charming way, how she wrote her first great story, "Gösta Berling's Saga." It has since become a classic, known wherever Swedish is known, and translated into many foreign tongues. She says that all through her childhood the sagas of her country constantly haunted her.

When she drove through the snow-clad woods, the saga stood on the runner, tinkled with the sleigh bells, peeped like a brownie from behind the dark timber of spruce, gleaming in the moonlight, and danced with her at the jolly old-fashioned Christmas parties. It sang to her through the light summer evenings when she rowed on the beautiful lake; it whispered to her with the winds in spring and with the falling of the leaves in autumn, giving her no peace until she had promised to clothe it in words and to give it birth. For years she tried at odd moments and in secret to shape these fanciful impressions in permanent form, but her efforts, she felt, were unsuccessful. Perhaps she would never have dared to offer the story for publication at all, if it had not been for a special circumstance which urged her to it.

The Swedish ladies' journal, *Idun*, announced a competition, with a prize of several thousand crowns, for the best story to be published in their magazine. To Selma Lagerlöf, the poor school-teacher, this prize loomed large and tempting. She did not feel that she had much hope of winning, but she determined to try, and with much trepidation and misgiving finally sent in what she feared was only a jumble of thoughts and fancies. This was on the last day of the competition, and she had been in such a hurry to finish that the writing was almost illegible. When later she saw a notice in the paper that one of the manuscripts, with an attractive beginning, had been disqualified on account of unintelligible handwriting, she took it for granted that it was her saga, and resigned all hope. Her glad surprise when a telegram arrived announcing her as first winner may be imagined. At one stroke she became famous. On the advice of her friends she now gave up school and settled down to her writing in earnest. Since then she has published many books, more than fulfilling the promise of the first. The subjects are mostly chosen from Swedish nature, and the simple life far from cities.

Her most notable work is probably that entitled "Jerusalem." This may well be called the epic of the Swedish peasant. With genial intuition she delineates the red thread in the people's life, the strong features of religion and superstition, the spiritual mystery, coupled with yearning devotion and pious awe, which again and again confront us in the character of Swedish country folk. The lonely farms buried in white snow the greater part of the year and enclosed by dark forests, have been, since the days of paganism, the homes of reli-



SELMA LAGERLÖF

The great Swedish writer who "looks at the world as if it were her first wonder-book of fairy tales," and is able to tell what she sees in such a way that even the old and world-wise are made children again.

gious fanaticism. The people, even as Saint Bridget of old, sometimes with the faith of the Lord's Chosen, again as those forsaken by Heaven, have let their prayers rise up, with the smoke from their great fires, through the darkness. This pious devotion suggested to Selma Lagerlöf the idea of a highly dramatic story culminating in the pilgrimage of a whole parish to the Holy City of Jerusalem. "It is a wonderful piece of fiction," one critic declares, "portraying the very soul of the country, realistic and visionary, tender and lofty at the same time." It deserves to be read even in translation, and, like most of Selma Lagerlöf's books, can be had in English.

Her last book, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," was written for use in schools. No other such school-book, it may be confidently asserted, was ever written. These "adventures" constitute a kind of fascinating geography book, and the Swedish children are lucky indeed in being able to get their first impressions of their native land through the eyes of the bewitched little boy who travels on the back of a wild goose all over Sweden, and in a series of marvelous experiences becomes acquainted with its main features of historical, geographical and industrial interest.

Religion and Ethics

DOES NOTHING REMAIN OF CHRISTIANITY BUT ITS ETHICAL IDEAL?

HE veteran Toronto scholar, Prof. Goldwin Smith, has lately published a little book* in which he renews his pessimistic reflections on the present state of religious thought. His position can best be described as one of melancholy agnosticism. He sees the higher criticism battering down the older supports. "We are confronted," he says, "with the vital question what the world would be without religion, without trust in Providence, without hope or fear of a hereafter." The future for him is fraught with menace. "Social order is threatened. Classes which have hitherto acquiesced in their lot, believing that it was a divine ordinance, and that there would be redress and recompense in a future state, are now demanding that conditions shall be levelled here." But, he adds, heroically: "Whatever trouble, moral, social, or political, a great change of belief may bring, there is surely nothing for it but to seek and embrace the truth. . . . Superstition can be of no use morally; even politically it can be of little use, and not for long." He further consoles himself with the thought: "We have still the Christian ideal of character, which has not yet been seriously challenged, does not depend upon miracle or dogma for its claim to acceptance, and may continue to unite Christendom."

Professor Smith's train of argument has led to some discussion, and the questions are seriously raised: Has Christianity, as a body of theological doctrine, fulfilled its mission? Is its ethical ideal all that remains?

So influential a paper as the *New York Evening Post* is inclined to answer both of these questions in the affirmative. There are three attitudes, it maintains, that present themselves in our day to the honest seeker after religious truth. The first is that of the conservative who believes wholeheartedly in the inerrancy of the Scriptures and of the official utterances of the church. From *The Post's* point of view, this attitude is no longer possible for thinking men. The second is the attitude of those who attempt to hold to the

old and at the same time to accept the new. By such thinkers the Bible stories are reduced to allegories, yet extolled for their "spiritual value" or "moral significance." In like manner, the creeds are rationalized, attenuated, or explained away. But "this method," too, *The Post* declares, "is not satisfactory, chiefly because, in many instances, it is not frank. The clergyman who utters an ancient formula to which he attaches one meaning while his less learned or more simple-minded auditors attach another, can never command respect as a great moral leader." The third attitude—that of Goldwin Smith—is substantially the attitude endorsed by *The Post*. It says:

"Every day that passes makes it harder for men to continue in this middle way, which is virtually a denial of the conclusions that follow inevitably from their premises. To say one thing while your real idea should be expressed in words far different is to try to eat your cake and have it too. It is encouraging to observe that we have entered upon an era of bolder speaking. The Bishop of Tasmania, for example, declares flatly in the last *Hibbert Journal* that the Old Testament is not a suitable basis for moral instruction. He is not with those who bathe the difficulties of this part of the Bible in 'the glow of religious fervor, or dissolve them in the *aqua fortis* of an unquestioning faith.' 'How can we,' he asks, 'worship such a God' as is depicted in parts of the Old Testament? Time was when such an utterance from such a source would have provoked a furious outburst from the defenders of orthodoxy. Indeed, some of the arguments which the Bishop of Tasmania urges are substantially those which made the name of Robert G. Ingersoll anathema twenty-five years ago. But in 1909 the Bishop of Tasmania will not be pilloried as a heresiarch. The only accusation that is likely to lie against him is that he is indulging in commonplaces. And since it is evident that, willy-nilly, the truth will out, the church authorities will soon have no alternative but to make a virtue of necessity."

These radical arguments in *The Post* have led to a storm of protests from its readers. One, who signs himself William J. Durant, of South Orange, New Jersey, is amazed to find such sentiments voiced in "the most capable and—among men of education—the most influential of American journals." He continues:

"I am not aware that the theology of to-day is in any particular inconsistent with the verified findings of astronomers, geologists, and physicists from

* NO REFUGE BUT IN TRUTH. By Goldwin Smith. Toronto: Wm. Tyrell and Company.

Galileo to Lord Kelvin. Nor can I perceive any inherent opposition between Christian doctrine and the modern philosophy of evolution—even if the latter include, among its subsidiary hypotheses, the theory of abiogenesis, or 'spontaneous generation.' Those portions of early theology which have been invalidated by scientific discovery were in no instance essential to the general doctrine itself, and have long since been discarded and forgotten."

That nothing remains of Christianity but its ethical ideal this gentleman vigorously denies. That theism has been finally despoiled of all rational justification and basis he will not for a moment admit.

"That modern science is atheistic may be granted; but that is only because science is confessedly restricted to material phenomena, and can never penetrate, in either physics or psychology, to the supra-material, life-giving Fundament. Our greatest psychologists are precisely those who teach this doctrine."

A second correspondent, a Detroit rector, is equally emphatic in his denials. He says:

"The Catholic religion never claimed, and never can claim, to be founded on a book, not even on the Book of Books. The Church is built upon a Per-

sonality. She is built of living personalities; St. Peter and St. Paul both said so. That is no 'stumbling, groping church, uncertain whence it came and whither it goes,' whose priests on every Lord's Day give solemn thanks at the altar to Almighty God that 'we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of Thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people.'"

A third writer, a Unitarian clergyman of Buffalo, takes similar ground. "The spiritual realities," he affirms, "are not valid and eternal *because* they are in the Bible; they are in the Bible because the men who live in its pages saw with growing clearness in the realm of eternal things." He adds:

"Religion has not gone out of life with the advent of the higher criticism. Far from it! Your readers ought to be told, if they do not know, that there are many men in not a few churches over whom the discipline of the higher criticism has passed as a freshening power; who are not confused or drifting, who have not lost the peace that passeth understanding—all because they dare utter the truth that is given momentarily to all faithful souls, not only in words spoken nineteen and twenty-seven centuries ago, but yesterday and to-day by an ever-living God."

NEW EFFORTS TO ACCOUNT FOR SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA

THE literature of Spiritualism grows apace. Articles pro and con literally teem in the American and European press. England, in particular, is flooded with "psychic" talk. *The Hibbert Journal* leads the way with erudite and perplexing discussions of the latest report of the British Society for Psychical Research, purporting to give messages from the late F. W. H. Myers, the friend of Sir Oliver Lodge; and W. T. Stead reiterates in *The Review of Reviews* and *The Fortnightly Review* his well-known beliefs. Here in America the newspapers and magazines are devoting more and more space to the subject. Hardly a day passes without the appearance of accounts of "spirit" manifestations. A New York committee has lately promised \$5,000 to any medium who will fulfil certain tests.

The explanations offered to account for psychic phenomena now so widespread that they cannot possibly be ignored, range all the way from whole-hearted faith in the existence of a spirit-world to blank and bitter scepticism. One of the freshest and most arresting presentations of the Spiritualistic side of the case

appears in a recent issue of the London Spiritualist weekly, *Light*, in the form of a report of a lecture delivered by E. E. Fournier d'Albe, secretary of the Dublin Society for Psychical Research. Fragments of his argument were cabled to America at the time of its utterance, and aroused considerable comment, mostly of an incredulous sort. Mr. Fournier d'Albe looks forward to the time when what he calls our "soul-bodies" will be rendered visible to the eye, and will be even weighed and measured in the same way as our physical bodies. He explains his idea as follows:

"Our present bodies consist of a vast number of individual cells, a number which goes into no less than twenty-two figures, but yet a number which is quite within the bounds of fairly accurate calculation. Each of these cells has, to some extent, a life of its own, something which we in Ireland would call home-rule. As in the human body as a whole some parts are more vital than others, so each cell has its governing elements and its subsidiary and more or less superfluous elements. The ultimate governing elements of the cell, or those which embody whatever consciousness the cell possesses, I call by the name of 'psychomeres' or soul-particles. They are probably invisible in ordinary light, but opaque to ultra-violet light. The aggregate of these

psychomeres is what we call our Soul. This aggregate is, in fact, ourselves, and our consciousness is really the consciousness of a vast hierarchy of sentient beings linked together by a common cause and years of mutual service and co-operation. The psychomeres are capable of physical withdrawal from the body, just as are the molecules of ether and chloroform after the administration of these anesthetics. Such withdrawal occurs occasionally and partially during earth life, but becomes general at death. The consequence of their withdrawal is that the remaining matter constituting the cells falls a prey to other organisms, such as the bacteria of putrefaction, or simply comes to a standstill, as it does in extreme cold.

"The soul-body consists of these psychomeres in their disembodied state. It probably weighs less than a thousandth part of the physical body, and its weight cannot be detected by the balance so long as the weighing is done in air. In spite of this small weight it contains all that is really 'ourselves,' all that is permanent, all that is really immortal."

The "next world" of Fournier d'Albe's imagination is a world immediately adjoining our own; but the conditions of life in it, he asserts, are very different from those governing existence on this present globe. Our earth-bodies are dependent upon digestive processes. Our "soul-bodies," he tells us, will probably derive their sustenance from the heat of the sun—"the source of all the power at our disposal on earth, with the sole exception of power derived from the rise and fall of the tides in the sea." In one sense, then, the soul-bodies must be classed in the animal kingdom; in another, they belong to the vegetable kingdom. "We shall fly, or rather float, like birds or fishes, but we shall be nourished as the lilies in the field are nourished, by the bountiful rays of the sun. This means that our soul-bodies will have need for some kind of muscular and nervous system, but not for a digestive system. The necessity for hunting and preying upon other organisms for our subsistence will therefore disappear, and all we shall have to struggle for will be 'a place in the sunshine.'" Fournier d'Albe goes on to elaborate this amazing hypothesis:

"It is not enough to say that the boundary wall which separates us from our brothers beyond is wearing thin in places; truly, such a boundary is non-existent. When we gaze towards heaven we look straight into that world towards which each step of ours is taking us. There, where millions before us have looked for the summer-land, there it is. Not, indeed, beyond the stars. The stars are at such vast distances that to travel beyond them would break all bonds that link us to existence as we know it. It is against that principle of continuity which we have agreed to adopt as one of our guiding lights.

"But the realm of souls extends two hundred miles upwards from where we stand. In travelling

from London to Chester we pass through many busy towns and smiling landscapes. Were our eyes opened, or were we endowed with vision such as the souls of our ancestors are endowed with at the present moment, we might see those realms of blue peopled with untold millions of spiritual beings. Who knows but that the presence of these beings in the atmosphere is the cause of that very azure hue of the cloudless sky which the late Professor Tyndall was wont to ascribe to suspended dust particles! Who knows but that thunderstorms and cyclones may have some connection with great happenings in the soul-world above us, happenings of which in our present stage we can hardly appreciate the significance!

"See, then, what new fields of inquiry open upon our bewildered gaze! Is it too bold a vision of far-off years to dream of a time when the disembodied soul will be as accessible to us as the soul embodied in clay? Then, indeed, death will be known to be what it is, and its last sting will be taken away."

Fournier d'Albe's theories, it goes without saying, have been roughly handled. The opposition to Spiritualism, indeed, is as marked as its present revival. Rupert Hughes, who is waging, in *Pearson's Magazine*, implacable war against the new propaganda, thinks that no quarter should be given. "I admit," he says, "that my spirit is not tolerant, for I find the claims of the occultists intolerable." Mr. Hughes devotes article after article to *exposés* of "miracle-mongers" and "the spiritualists' bag of tricks." He declares again and again that there is nothing in it all, that the whole business is "a nonsense and an asininity." "Of all the alleged discoveries of new forces, not one force has ever been found of any use whatsoever. Not one of the miracles has been repeatable. Not one of the communications has added a syllable to human knowledge or an inch to human progress." But Mr. Hughes's method, like that of many extremists, defeats itself. It is possible and it is reasonable to admit the frauds and deceptions practised by Spiritualists, and yet to recognize in many so-called Spiritualistic phenomena elements of the deepest interest and significance. Trained investigators who have given a lifetime of study to the subject—such men as Frank Podmore and Hereward Carrington—take substantially this view. Mr. Carrington has written a book, "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," describing in detail the tricks and deceptions practised by mediums. Yet he believes in Spiritualism in spite of all that he has learned. "At least," he says, "I believe that there is no other theory that will explain all the facts." Mr. Podmore, on the other hand, thinks there is a natural explanation of the seemingly supernatural manifesta-

tions reported. The view of a multitude of unbiased observers all over the world is compactly expressed by Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, in his book, "Mysterious Psychic Forces." He says: "There exists in nature, in myriad activity, a *psychic element*, the essential nature of which is still hidden from us."

A thought-compelling discussion of the issues involved, from the standpoint of the trained psychologist, has lately been contributed to *Appleton's Magazine* by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University. President Hall is not a believer in Spiritualism. He is as convinced as Rupert Hughes is that its claims are saturated with fraud. He concludes, very suggestively, that psychic phenomena, on the whole, seem to be a revelation of the nether side of human nature, rather than of its higher attributes. But he conveys a new and overpowering sense of the mysteries that environ us all.

In its cruder forms, President Hall declares, Spiritualism is "the very sewage of all the superstition of ages," and, as such, "the common enemy of true science and true religion." He advises every student of the subject to read the lives of the great impostors, the simulators and dissimulators, and to study the story of hystericals and malingerers and the genetic psychology of children's lies. Then it will appear "how human nature is veined and beaded with love of falsehood and imposition, which has had its own apostles and martyrs, as truth has had, and how there are men and women in the world all about us who will do, dare, and suffer all things in the service of the lie, conscious, deliberate, and elaborately systematized. It is their meat and drink to serve their father which is in Hell." The argument proceeds:

"Masters of the physical and natural sciences without the lifelong training in abnormal psychology now needful to know it, have been led strange dances by seeming ingenues. Some of these naive *Backfische*, with their braids of hair sedately hanging down their back, apparently paragons of innocence and unconscious, childlike sincerity, have really been preternaturally and plenarily endowed with all the craft and cunning to be found in the soul of woman—a field so vast that even psychologists are now only just realizing that as yet they know almost nothing about it. How these budding girls love to create situations and sensations! Older women with persistent adolescent diatheses have reveled in the attention they attracted in clinic, hospital, or in séance parlors with great savants eagerly noting all they said and did, who never dream of the precious subterfuge and wile their coy and bland exterior concealed. Such pathological

specimens may mature as witches, or suggest harpies, sirens, or, if they become wives, fit the phrases of Kipling's 'Vampire.'"

Most appropriately, President Hall continues, the manifestations in the realm of the psychic have been attributed to the *sub-conscious*. In very truth, he thinks, they reveal the under side, the "night side," of life.

"As nine-tenths of an iceberg is submerged and hidden, and as it follows aquatic rather than aerial currents, so most of the human soul is unconscious; but it is just that part, with its own laws of which we know so little, that dominates trances, second states, hypnoidal conditions, etc. Consciousness is only the small fraction of the soul that projects above the horizon, threshold, or sea level, into the light of day, and is seen and felt; and if it were conscious, would itself wish and feel other things, but would not be aware of its own sunken bulk. The iceberg simile limps if pushed too far because the subliminal psyche is of different texture, and is more or less partitioned off from the super-liminal soul. But it is the latter which has to do the observing and studying of the former dark and more racial self.

"Thus the former is vastly simpler and easier to know, and so has been that part chiefly exploited by the literature of psychology. The latter, however, is more co-extensive with the genus homo and so is a vaster and harder problem. Even yet scientific psychologists are prone to be superstitious about it. Those who regard it as higher than consciousness are right in that it is better organized, and dominates mind and will more completely; while those who deem it less perfect than consciousness are right in so far as it is immeasurably older, has left less knowledge of itself, is more instinctive, intuitive, and undiscursive. It has wondrous power to make sick or well, to kill or cure. It acts noiselessly, darkly, and often instantly, but gives no sign. It is the sugared-off resultant or the deposit of about all the once conscious processes since the phyletic history of the soul began. Consciousness is only that superficial aspect of it which is in the trial and error stage of being made.

"Now when the sun of consciousness sinks, and all the countless star suns afar, most of them older and greater, come out in our souls, and we realize that our waking personality is only a tiny part of the psychic cosmos within us, then we understand that other systems and constellations, which the night side of our life reveals, may follow very different laws and reveal new elements and forces, because here we are reduced back to the pre-scientific stage of ignorance and superstition. But just as details, and proportions, size, numbers, distances, satellites, and stages of stellar evolution vary in it, as no single law of our own solar system is violated in the remotest astronomic spaces where all are copiously illustrated, nevertheless, there are new ones. So unconsciousness differs endlessly and widely from consciousness."

Yet the sub-conscious mind so far gives no sign of anything very diverse in kind from what we ordinarily regard as the conscious faculties. "This means," says President Hall,

"that there is no clairaudience or clairvoyance save through the regular channels of sense, no powers in the depth of the soul different, save in degree, from those seen in ordinary life." The deep instinct to ascribe supermundane power to unconscious states is characterized as "only one outcrop of the profound interest of the individual to subordinate himself to the race," and "if there are coincidences between presentiments and events," President Hall observes, "this may be increased when we learn to use both our minds in some sense as we use binocular, which presents more 'veridical' objects than does monocular vision." He adds:

"From animism up, man has anthropomorphized, and now his newly discovered racial soul is again ascribing objective reality to its own subjective processes. Of old the racial soul was long haunted by belief in ghosts, and now that it is rehabilitated, it vociferates this inveterate belief with its first raucous utterances. It thought itself able to leave the body and visit distant places and persons, so now this atavism crops out as telepathy. Of old it held to visions, and this old faith in its new form becomes divinization, e.g., by crystal-gazing. Possession was once a universal faith. Its present recrudescence is the theory of control by spirits of people now dead. Once the rapt state inspired to vaticination and perhaps even to poetry; now it finds lost articles or tells what steamer or train to take. Once the ghost stood forth plainly, an awful apparition; but

now he leaves his veritable presence to be inferred from some characteristic gesture, phrase, or ambiguous platitude scrawled on slate or paper, or, at best, he appears only as a shimmering, glinting, phosphorescent sheen, glimpsed in a well-darkened séance chamber."

President Hall exhorts the wide-awake psychologist of to-day to study psychic phenomena more carefully than he has ever yet done—and this despite the fact that results may turn out to be of a negative rather than a positive order.

"The results thus far point to the history of the race for ultimate explanations. The phenomena are devolutionary, are suggestive of the past and not of the future, are all infra- and not super-normal, sub- and never super-liminal, are analytic and not synthetic recrudescences of what has been often distorted and inverted, but never prophetic of what has been in the life of the individual or the human race that is to evolve. In this domain we have received about all the help neurology is able to give us at present, and we are turning to classification of symptoms and their groups, and still more fundamentally to the detailed description and analysis of cases. But beyond all this lies a new dispensation in the field of border-line phenomena that will explain many, if not all, characteristic symptoms, illusions, morbid groups of experiences, by referring them to the history of the race and regarding them more or less as recrudescences with reversionary traits, as we are now just beginning to explain a few instincts in animals."

THE PEDIGREE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

HE illiterate watchmaker of Portland, Maine, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, is often credited with discoveries in mental science that led to the foundation of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy was his pupil, and he may be said to have planted within her the seed of prophecy. But the principles of Christian Science, as Frank Podmore, an English authority on psychical research, has lately pointed out, are rooted in a period long prior to that of Quimby. "Mrs. Eddy," he says, "was not merely a pupil of Quimby. We are all pupils of those who have gone before. The debt is in all cases a collective one; we are the heirs not of this or that philosophy, but of humanity. We are pupils of the Zeitgeist. And Christian Science is a phenomenon of much deeper significance, and has a much longer pedigree than recent writers seem to have realized. It is a century-blossoming aloe—the topmost flower of the tree planted by Mesmer more than four generations back."

Even Mesmer, Mr. Podmore continues, was not altogether original. He has been accused of stealing his philosophy ready made, quite as crudely as anyone can accuse Mrs. Eddy of having done. But, for all that, Mesmer may claim to be the founder and discoverer—to parody Mrs. Eddy's own claim—of healing without drugs or processes of surgery. As Mr. Podmore puts it (in *The Contemporary Review*):

"Before his time such healing was either the fad of a few belated alchemists—Van Helmont, Fludd, Maxwell—or it was regarded as the exclusive privilege of holy men divinely appointed for the purpose. Mesmer wrested the privilege of healing from the churches, and made it a universal possession. In order to provide a material basis for the new powers which he bestowed on humanity, he resuscitated a system of natural philosophy which was already discredited by the new learning of the late eighteenth century. Mesmer no doubt believed in his cosmic fluid. But it may be questioned whether he ever believed in it as the indifferent mechanical agent which his famous Propositions represent it. One of his most loyal disciples, Puysegur, tells us that having cheerfully paid a hundred louis as the price

of his admission to Mesmer's lectures, he came away no wiser than he went. Puységur's brother, however, saw, or thought he saw, that the secret of Mesmer's success lay in the *will*; and Mesmer, when challenged, did not deny the fact, but implored him to keep the secret. Puységur himself learnt the same secret in his own practice. *Croyez et voyez* were his directions to all his pupils. Mesmer's fluid, he taught, may or may not exist; in any case it does not concern us. It is faith and will alone which are essential. Essential, that is, in the operator."

In the next generation Faria and Bertrand went a step further. They discarded the idea of a fluid altogether. In their view also the essential thing was faith, but faith on the part of the patient. After them came Braid, who may be said to have been the first to formulate clearly the modern idea of "suggestion," and Liébault, with his profound intuitions in the realm of the psychic. All these, be it remembered, were Europeans. Finally came Quimby, the American.

"Quimby was brought up in the strict tradition of Mesmer, which had persisted without essential change for more than two generations. For the men who had the wit to discover that the motive power was not fluid but faith can be counted literally on the fingers of one hand. Puységur, Faria, Bertrand, Braid—until 1850, at any rate, we know of no other name that can be ranked with these four.

"Quimby, then had been taught to believe in emanations radiating from eyes and fingers, in mesmerised water, odylic flames, clairvoyance—above all in fluid omnipotent for the cure of disease. Gradually, through long meditation on his experiences, enlightenment came to him as it had come to his four predecessors—but with a difference. He learnt, as they had learnt, that radiant fluids, odylic flames and marvellous cures were all alike the work of the patient's imagination. But Quimby was without formal education, and it is natural for an uneducated mind to push a theory to extremes. Qualifications and limitations are forced upon the thinker whose mind is stored with the experience of the race; but they easily escape one whose field of observation is limited to his own narrow circle. He had apparently little medical knowledge, and it seems doubtful if he ever realized the distinction between functional and organic disease. He had accustomed himself to think that the mesmeric fluid could cure all disease. When he came to see that the healing power lay within the patient's own mind, he saw no reason on that account to limit its efficacy. But if faith or, as Quimby would say, 'Science' can heal all diseases, then all disease is a delusion. It is a delusion kept up by an unconscious conspiracy of doctors and patients and their families, just as odylic flames, magnetic thrills, nerve auras, and all the rest of the fluidic machinery were a delusion kept up by the unconscious co-operation of the mesmerist and his sensitives. The position is a perfectly logical one if we grant the postulate that faith or 'Science' can heal all disease. And that is a postulate which can never be contradicted by experience, for failure can always be ascribed—as it is, in fact, ascribed by the

Christian Scientist to-day—to want of faith or 'Science' on the part of the sufferer. This, in a sentence, is Quimby's teaching—that all disease is of the mind, and that the cure must be addressed not to the body but to the sick soul. 'Disease,' he writes, 'is the misery of our belief; happiness is the health of our wisdom.'"

But Quimby, despite his intense faith in the power of the mind, was not a "mystic," as that term is ordinarily understood. He was hearty and jolly, and temperamentally the very "anti-pode" of the founder of Christian Science, as she herself declared. Nor does he appear to have denied all reality to matter, tho his philosophy logically led in that direction. The fact is, Quimby was not a logician, and his metaphysics were never developed into a formal system. For the mystical and ascetic elements in Christian Science we must look to some other source. Mr. Podmore declares:

"It would seem that all latter-day mysticism can be traced in the last analysis to the revelations of the eighteenth century seer, Emanuel Swedenborg. The central tenet of the Swedish seer was the dependence of the natural upon the spiritual world. All things visible and material, he taught, are symbols of an inner reality. The world of nature receives not only life but form from the world of spirit. Angels and devils actually create their own surroundings; the scenery of the heavens and hells is merely the reflection of the thoughts of their inhabitants. In the human sphere the tendency is the same, but the creative force of spirit is clogged and hampered in its operation by the grossness of the material. Hence evil things are not created by the Lord; all evil was originated in hell. It is man's thought which turns what was created good into evil.

"Now Swedenborg's teachings of the relation between the natural and the spiritual worlds, and of the possibility of intercourse between their inhabitants, had been popularized in the trance revelations of a long succession of spirit mediums and magnetic clairvoyants. It began shortly after the great seer's death with the spirit séances of the Exegetical and Philanthropic Society of Stockholm. It was continued in Germany in the trance-outpourings of the Seeress of Prevoist and her tribe. In France we have the entranced patients of Alphonse Cahagnet; in England the clairvoyant sensitive of Dr. Haddock. The science founded by Mesmer had so far outgrown its primitive bounds that for many of its practitioners it served mainly to open a door into the spiritual world. The new revelations reached their climax in America. At the very time that Quimby was pondering on his new discovery, that all sickness is of the mind, the prophets of a new religion, itself the spirit issue of Animal Magnetism and Swedenborgianism, were springing up all around him. The years from 1847-1860 saw the appearance of numerous 'inspired' gospels. There is no need to doubt the 'inspiration'; some of these curious writings were unquestionably written or dictated by the seer in a state of trance, and many of them show the usual characteristics of automatic utterance—a marked tendency to grandiloquence,

'deific verbiage,' as it has been aptly named, together with a certain incoherence of thought. Mrs. Eddy is the latest of these prophets. Whether 'Science and Health' was actually 'inspired' in the same sense that the earlier gospels were it is impossible to say. The book has been edited and re-edited until little trace of the original writing remains. But the latest gospel is certainly inferior in purely literary qualities to some of its predecessors. There is none of the pathetic beauty of Thomas Lake Harris. There is nothing to compare with the cosmic sweep of Andrew Jackson Davis at his best. In a word, Mrs. Eddy nowhere shows any trace of the feeling for purely verbal melody which is so conspicuous a feature in many automatic or 'inspired' writings; her gospel resembles those which have gone before mainly in its general inconsecutiveness of thought—an inconsecutiveness which is very conspicuous in her miscellaneous writings, but is mitigated in later editions of 'Science and Health' by much judicious editing."

The origin of Mrs. Eddy's mysticism—that part of her philosophic system which she does not owe to Quimby—Mr. Podmore goes on to trace in a series of comparisons. Taking up, first of all, her interpretation of the Scriptures in "Science and Health," he shows how, as was the case with her immediate predecessors, Davis and Harris, she lays the main stress on Genesis and the Apocalypse. She does not follow the previous commentators slavishly, but her reasoning shows the same type of thought. The Serpent for Mrs. Eddy means "Malicious Animal Magnetism"; for Davis it meant "the secret and imperceptible progress of an unfavorable and unhappy mental development." In one sense, of course, the doctrine of malicious animal mesmerism goes back much further than the days of Davis or of Harris. It is simply *witchcraft* under a new name. Mr. Podmore says:

"The doctrine of Malicious Animal Magnetism is in very truth a revival of witchcraft. When the Sympathetic System, itself the converse and complement of witchcraft, was popularized by Mesmer, it was presented in a purely physical aspect, and the possible misuse of a power comparatively limited in its range caused little apprehension. But the belief steadily grew in proportion as the purely physical theory of Mesmer was seen to be inadequate; and now that the healing process is conceived of as primarily a mental one, the whole school of Mental Healers—of whom Mrs. Eddy is only the most conspicuous figure—are alarmed at the dangers they foresee. The teachers of the New Thought, the Metaphysical Healers, and the Mind Curers are as convinced as Mrs. Eddy herself of the dangers of mental obsession and invasion by alien spheres of thought, though none have betrayed such panic terror of the monster. So that even Mrs. Eddy's devil is not quite all her own."

The Christian Science doctrine that death, as well as sickness, can be overcome by the

power of Divine Mind has been an element in many mystical creeds. Thomas Lake Harris assured the world that he had renewed his physical structure and was living in the youth and spring of a new existence. Mrs. Eddy's marriage doctrines, too, are far from original. Mr. Podmore reminds us:

"The doctrine of celibacy has, of course, been prevalent amongst mystics of all ages. There are several celibate religious communities in America; one of the Shaker Settlements was situated only a few miles from Tilton, where much of Mrs. Eddy's youth was passed. Mrs. Eddy differs from most mystics in allowing marriage as a temporary arrangement, pending the introduction of a purely spiritual generation. But that is precisely the doctrine of Thomas Lake Harris, a doctrine formulated and published some years before the appearance of the first edition of 'Science and Health.' Harris, too, discouraged marriage amongst his disciples. He reluctantly permitted Laurence Oliphant to marry, but contrived for many years to keep husband and wife apart. His view, like Mrs. Eddy's was that the reproduction of the species would ultimately take place through purely spiritual means, and that until men and women had passed through the process of regeneration marriage was a thing to be avoided. A like view is expressed in the writings of Laurence Oliphant himself, Harris' most distinguished disciple. In this, too, Mrs. Eddy would appear to be following the trend of contemporary mysticism."

In closing, Mr. Podmore has a word to say as to the future of Christian Science. He intimates that it has "come to stay," but foresees obstacles in the path of its development. The chief difficulty, he thinks, may arise in the problems of its organization after Mrs. Eddy dies. Hitherto the church has been ruled by a despotism scarcely mitigated by even the shadow of constitutional authority. Have the Christian Scientists learnt to govern, as well as to obey? "But all things are in their favor," Mr. Podmore asserts; "the organization has been proved through many years, the supplies are ample, the whole structure will be sanctified and bound together by the memory of a personality already regarded as almost divine." He concludes:

"The surest omen for the permanence of Christian Science remains to be told. Other prophets have worked miracles in their lifetime, and the religion which they founded has been based on the memory of their mighty works. Mrs. Eddy has taught her followers to work miracles for themselves. The religion which she has founded is attested by daily miracles. This is ultimately the test *stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiae*. Her church will stand so long as the sick and unhappy can find there the healing and comfort which they have failed to find elsewhere. It will fall when it shall have served its purpose, and the world at large has learnt the secret of which Mrs. Eddy and her predecessors have caught imperfect glimpses."

NIETZSCHE'S SWAN SONG



ONE of the really pathetic documents of modern times has just come to light. It is entitled "Ecce Homo," and it is the last work that Friedrich Nietzsche wrote before he went mad. The daring poet-philosopher, whose thought, whether for good or for ill, has already permeated the whole intellectual atmosphere of our epoch, was never more vividly revealed than in this remarkable book. Like all his works, it is a rhapsody, written at white heat, marred by extravagances; but in one important respect it differs from them all. It voices a sense of peace and serenity he never before had realized. At the very moment when darkness was overwhelming him he seemed to experience a marvelous exaltation. His song floats out over the world like a hymn to infinite joy.

"Ecce Homo" was written within the space of three weeks, toward the end of 1888. Nietzsche had just finished the first part of a manuscript that he thought would be his masterpiece. It aimed at nothing less than a revaluation of all hitherto existing values in the light of his revolutionary philosophy. In a few weeks or in a few months he hoped to cast among men a ferment of incomparable power; he prophesied that at his voice "the earth would be convulsed." He felt that his hour had come, that a great conflict, on a worldwide scale, was beginning. But before giving the signal for the combat, before exploding the dynamite of his theories, he halted for a moment. He looked back over the road he had traveled, and a feeling of comfort, of gratitude, filled his heart. "In this perfect day," he said, "when everything comes to maturity, when the grape is not alone in its glow, a sunbeam has fallen on my life. I look before and after, and never have I seen so many excellent things at once. Not in vain have I buried my forty-fourth year to-day, for I had every right to bury it; that in it which was worthy to live is saved, is immortal."

An incomparable autumn season had brought him many fruits. In succession the "Antichrist," the "Songs of Zarathustra," the "Twilight of the Idols" had sprung, as if by magic, into life in the short space of barely three months. "A good wind sweeps through the trees, and everywhere ripe fruit falls. It is the prodigality of an over-rich autumn; you stumble over truths, you even crush some, there are too many." Sentiments of infinite

gratitude welled up in the heart of Nietzsche.

For the time being his only sentiment was one of acceptance of life, *amor fati*. His entire past seemed to him a miraculous success. To that past his whole soul said *yes*. He was quite willing to live it over; he wished it "once again" in fulfilment of his own belief that life has no ending—only an "Eternal Return." He felt that he had grown in harmony, in strength, in beauty, without knowing how or why. "I have no remembrance," he declared, "of having ever made an effort; no struggle has been known in my life. I am the opposite of a heroic nature. *To desire something, to reach out for something; to follow a plan, a desire—I know nothing of all this by experience.*"

And just as he took pleasure in following with his eye the regular and harmonious course of his past, so he faced with equal serenity the existence which opened up before him. "At this very moment I am looking at my future, a long, long future, just as one looks at a smooth sea in the distance. No desire ripples over this mirror. I do not wish that anything be different from what it is; I do not wish myself to be any different. . . . I have always lived thus. I have had no wish."

Nietzsche intended "Ecce Homo" to be the quintessence of self-revelation. "In view of the fact," he said, "that in a short time I must ask of humanity the hardest things which have ever been asked of it, it seems indispensable that I should tell who I am." The book consists of fifteen parts: four self-analytical essays, ten essays reviewing his writings, and a poem called "Fame and Eternity." It is not as great a work as he thought, yet it contains passages of rare beauty, and it justifies his statement: "I descend from heights where no bird has flown; I know depths where no human foot has ever strayed." To Nietzsche's contemporaries the following claim would have seemed preposterous, yet who can say that the years of the future may not sustain it?

"Some day it will be said that Heine and I are far and away the greatest artists of the German language—distant, immeasurably, from all that which mere Germans have succeeded in doing with that language."

He foretold that his name would be linked with Wagner's also:

"I call Wagner the great benefactor of my life.

That in which we are similar—namely, in having suffered more deeply than men of this century know how to suffer—will eternally link our names together. And just as surely as Wagner among Germans is merely misunderstood, so too am I—and I always shall be. Two hundred years of psychological and artistic discipline first, ye Germans! But you cannot make that up!”

Nietzsche could never forgive the Germans for their indifference to his writings, and for what he regarded as their hopelessly reactionary attitude.

“I feel a desire, I feel it actually to be my duty, to tell the Germans all that they have on their conscience. They have on their conscience all the great crimes against culture committed during four centuries!”

“And it is always due to the same reason—to their typical cowardice before reality, which is also cowardice before truth; to their untruthfulness, which has become instinctive, and their idealism. The Germans have deprived Europe of the crop, the meaning; of the last great epoch, the Renaissance epoch. Luther, that fateful monk, restored the Church, and—a thousand times worse—restored Christianity, when it was overthrown. Christianity, that denial of the will to live which has become a religion. . . . The Catholics had reason to hold Luther festivals, to write Luther plays. Luther—and ‘moral rebirth!’ Without doubt the Germans are idealists. Twice, when with immense bravery and self-domination, a righteous, unambiguous and thoroughly scientific mode of thinking had been achieved, the Germans knew how to find back alleys to the old ‘ideal,’ compromises between truth and ‘ideals,’ formulas for setting aside science, for a right to lie! Leibnitz and Kant, the greatest corrupters of the intellectual honesty of Europe!”

Despite its lapses into invective, the work as a whole is distinguished by its poetic quality, its vibrating lyricism. Henri Lichtenberger, a French critic, who writes of the book in *L'Opinion* (Paris), sees in it “the supreme expression of one of Nietzsche’s most admirable virtues, the *amor fati* which makes it possible for him to accept without revolt the formidable trials of his life.” M. Lichtenberger continues:

“This supreme confession is beautiful and of a singularly penetrating accent. It is not a revelation. It brings us only new variations of themes many times expounded in Nietzsche’s earlier works. But it ends with a strangely harmonious chord, vibrating and widening the conscious life of the great thinker. After the hammering philosophy of the ‘Twilight of the Idols,’ after the passionate invective of the ‘Case Wagner’ or the ‘Anti-Christ,’ it closes with a magnificent glorification of Life. How touching is such an attitude at the end of the long martyrdom which constituted Nietzsche’s life! And what tragic irony in these effusions of gratitude on the very eve of the day when Life was to deal the supreme blow, the cruelest of all, to her passionate lover!”

Some have thought that they detected in

“*Ecce Homo*” the clear signs of Nietzsche’s approaching insanity; but M. Lichtenberger will not hear of this. “Let us not deceive ourselves,” he declares. “On the edge of the abyss Nietzsche remains in possession of his faculties. He retains all his intellectual lucidity, all the delicacy of the psychologist, all the genius of the stylist. He remains entirely *himself*. And this unique autobiography, this extraordinary monolog, in which Nietzsche recounts his own life and appears to himself as a second Messiah, as the prophet of a new humanity, sums up in a striking epitome the entire work of his last years and of his whole life.” The same critic adds:

“Let us not wonder at meeting passages in which Nietzsche exaggerates immoderately the immediate range of his doctrine, in which he prophetically announces that for humanity he is Fate. These are not with him signs of an inordinate pride, still less symptoms of insanity. They signify simply this: At the close of his conscious life, devoted exclusively to solitary meditation, Nietzsche knew no other reality than the world of ideas, which resided in him. For him the evolution of humanity is essentially the evolution of the psychic motives which govern human action. The tremendous ‘translation of value’ which is taking place at this very moment in the human mind—the advent of European nihilism and the victory over nihilism, the substitution of the reign of Man for the reign of God or the Ideal, Christ dethroned by Dionysus—is for him the most important event in contemporary history, one of the two or three great formidable events of universal history. Before this vast tragedy which is played in the depths of the soul, and whose vicissitudes he follows with trembling passion, all else is without import for him.

“The appearance among men of a brain like his, in which for the first time are formulated the standards that shall henceforth rule the human judgment, seems to him an event as important as must have been to the ancient world the apparition of Jesus, whose advent on earth brought to humanity the prodigious spiritual revolution of Christianity.

“And all this, be it understood, is but the venture-some hypothesis of a powerful visionary. But who shall determine the exact moment when the faith in the organizing power of thought, the faith in the action exercised by imponderables over human destiny, degenerates into folly? Who could flatter himself that he truly appreciates the full importance to humanity of the great crisis of religion and morality in which it is struggling to-day and that he can determine now the exact value of the solution offered by Nietzsche?”

“And why should we in this case be scandalized at the intrepidity with which Nietzsche goes to the extreme of his thought? If there is one thing truly admirable in him it is the sincerity and enthusiasm with which he has pursued the truth and *lived* his own theories. In the ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ the paroxysm of exaltation to which his absolute and triumphant belief in transvaluation rises, is the logical outcome of his entire life, the natural result of his way of thinking and feeling.”

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FAITH AND REASON IN YOUNG RENAN

ATRICE" is the title of a hitherto unpublished work by Ernest Renan that has lately been issued in Paris. It takes the form of a series of letters which are represented as passing between Patrice, a young Breton scholar sojourning at Rome, and his sweetheart Cécile, a devout Breton girl. Beneath the surface, however, it is seen to be a sort of moral autobiography, reflecting the spiritual conflict of Renan's own youth. In a larger sense it may be taken as symbolic of the moods of doubt and vacillation through which every thinking man or woman passes at one time or another.

Renan, it seems, was sent on a mission to Rome by the French Minister of Public Instruction, in the year 1849. He was only twenty-six years old, and was just emerging from a period of intellectual storm and stress in which he had turned away from the priesthood. In the true spirit of the artist—and Renan was always half an artist—he felt the need of expressing this mood in some permanent form. "Patrice" was the result.

The young scholar of the romance is portrayed as a man compelled to renounce his dreams of happiness with Cécile because of his sceptical temper. He regrets keenly, in his first letter, his inability to be simple and credulous, as she is, and deplores sincerely his scholarship, which has forced them apart. "Gentle child," he writes, "how superior to me you are, and how gladly would I give the half of my life to view the world once more with your dove-like eyes! For you, the great harmony is not troubled! Religion, duty, love, beauty, repose for you in a mystic and sacred unity. You do not know the struggle of the holy against the true, of the beautiful against the good, of the true against itself. May you sleep always thus to the sound of the music of the spheres, and may you forever ignore the sufferings reserved for him who, by the fatality of his nature, has ceased to be a child."

In a subsequent letter, Patrice reveals in detail the lonesomeness, the dryness, the hardness and the emptiness of an existence from which faith has fled.

"The misfortune of my life has been to be too critical. It is dangerous for a man to have analyzed too completely his own mainsprings and to see

clearly the threads of the machine. What has happened? I have killed in myself youth, naive spontaneity; I cannot escape from myself. . . . My nature in its naïveté was tender and gentle. Oh, with what joy would I have rested my head on the bosom of my loved one! With what joy would I have blended my soul with hers!

"And now I have become incapable of loving!

"I see maidens pass smiling and bedecked; the sight of me saddens them, and they turn away their eyes. This man, they seem to say, is not like the others. With the others we laugh and we talk; but with this man we dare not. And I am for them like a cloud; and, after having passed me, they remain pensive some moments, until a flower—

"I had ardor and I had life; and I have become useless, and I have not known how to take my rank in life, and the crowd regard me as an incapable and unsuccessful creature.

"I had vigor and refinement of mind, my soul was capable of enthusiasm and initiative, I could have projected my action into the great movement of things, and been a man in my century; and when I surprise myself formulating an opinion, getting angry or excited, I smile at myself, like a man who has the complacency to interest himself in a sport or in the chase, and to set himself a goal for the amusement attaining it gives him. . . .

"My own sentiments become thus for me a curious subject of experimentation. Ah! would to God that I might be delivered from myself for a day, for an hour, and that I might think with the naïveté of the child!"

Depressed by the isolation and the desolation induced by his scepticism on the one hand, and charmed and impressed by the grace and the grandeur of Catholicism on the other, there are moments when Patrice seems on the point of returning to the fold from which he has strayed. "Scarcely had I breathed the perfume of the ruins on the Palatine Hill, scarcely had I strolled through these deserted fields in which was the Rome of yore, and in which one hears only the sound of the monastery bells and the distant chimes of the city of three hundred churches, when the seduction operated already, and I gladly forgot all my criticisms to abandon myself to the torrent of poetry and of voluptuousness which exhales from these sites."

"Nothing," he continues, "equals the grandeur of Catholicism when one contemplates it in its mighty proportions, with its mysteries, its cult, its sacraments, its mythical history, its patriarchs, its prophets, its apostles, its martyrs, its virgins, its saints—immense agglomeration of eighteen centuries, in which nothing is lost, an ever ascending mountain, a gigantic temple to which each generation adds a story.

Everything counts in these colossal masses, the most insignificant statue which decorates one of the thousand niches of the temple, has its role. And we, poor philosophers, what do we do? Merely rake together a little heap of earth, each in his own fashion, and prepare a foundation, without the slightest hope that anyone will ever come to build upon it."

He follows up this eulogy with a personal confession:

"Religious impressions have always been very strong in me, and in consequence of the habits of my childhood they are blended in an indefinable proportion with the most profound instincts of my nature. These impressions have been revived here at Rome with extreme energy. I have always admired Christianity, and I have never loved it so much as since the day when I ceased to call myself a Christian; but never have I regretted so much having renounced this title as since I am here. At certain fugitive moments, at Latran, at L'Ara Coeli, I have seemed, thanks to a sweet illusion, to find myself again in that happier epoch from which an abyss separates me. Yes, if Rome teaches something, it is to judge facts apart from men, and to respect everything in the majesty of the past. If Rome inspires a regret, it is not to be able to kneel with the simple before these touching Madonnas, in these churches wherein one loves to linger. I long believed that I should return to Catholicism, carrying my head high and by the path of criticism. Alas! I shall return, perhaps, humble as a little girl, vanquished by a Madonna. Formerly I cursed suffering because in weakening our pride in our reason it makes us forget criticism; now I bless it, because, in softening the harshness of our humors, it conducts us, by humiliation, to religious thoughts."

Patrice interrogates himself, searches himself, juggles with himself, almost tortures himself, in the vain hope of discovering a means of reconciliation between his religious sentiments and his doubts. He strives to force himself in his own despite, so to speak, into the church which appeals to him so strongly by resorting to a verbal quibble or an intellectual dodge.

"The question poses itself for me, then, in these terms: May there not be some means of being a Catholic without believing in Catholicism? For, on the one hand, I yearn to be able to call myself a Catholic, and, on the other, it is absolutely impossible for me to accept all Catholicism *en bloc*. I would gladly mount the Scala Santa on my knees if this would absolve me from believing in the authenticity of Daniel or in the Messianic interpretation of this or that psalm.

"When Catholicism presents itself as a scientific system, I cannot be a Catholic, for this scientific system is completely overturned by the rational and irrefutable system of modern science. When a priest piles up paradoxes to prove to me an untenable historical theory; when he wishes to explain to me the origin of the world and of humanity with child's tales, I stop him, and, without hesita-

tion, without restriction, I say to him: That is not true. These things belong to the domain of science and of criticism. But when Catholicism presents itself as the religious form of the society into which I was born, as the religious form, if not the most perfect, at least the most appropriate to this society, considering, first, that religion is a necessary form of all society, secondly that religion cannot be conceived for a people without a particular and more or less narrow form, and, finally, that Catholicism is this form, I am led to be able to call myself a Catholic, not because I yield a single one of the imprescriptible rights of science, but because I do not wish to isolate myself from the society in which destiny has given me birth, and which, after all, our fathers have thus adored."

After a number of these lapses he gets a fresh hold on himself, however, and proclaims the following conclusion, which was, broadly speaking, the doctrine of Renan throughout his maturity:

"The time has arrived when Christianity must cease to be a dogma to become poetry. For centuries after paganism had ceased to obtain the faith of the enlightened spirits, it continued to furnish images and poetry to the most lofty representatives of the rationalism of the period. Proclus wrote hymns to Venus. Likewise, Christianity will remain our mythology and our poetical theme when it shall no longer be our rule of faith. So true is this that when we wish to return for an instant to poetry, to the image, to the symbol, we are obliged to become Christians once more in imagination. Our mythology is Christianity. Science aspires to be true; religion endeavors especially to be beautiful. . . . Religion is the instrument of the ideal life of humanity. . . . It is only the part of the ideal in human life. Humanity has built temples as the bee builds its comb—as the spider spins its web."

Patrice restates this conclusion in a variety of forms, and declares, finally:

"The legend is not true as a fact, but it is always true as an idea. . . . It requires no great critical effort to discover that it is not altogether sure that the Scala Santa is the stairway of the Pretorium of Pilate, that the column of Saint-Praxed is the column to which Jesus was bound, that the lance of Longinus and this or that portrait of Jesus or of Mary are as authentic as one might desire. But, of a truth, what a petty matter would be a proposition thus formulated: this stairway is not the stairway of Pilate! And how little reason there would be for pride over such a find! And when you shall have destroyed the naive faith of the people in these touching fables, when you shall have deprived them of the joy they feel in mounting, on their knees, these steps consecrated by the faith of so many generations, what will you have gained? I have mounted them like the others, and I assure you that I found much sweetness in the act. That Jesus did not mount them is very true; but how many knees have been necessary to wear them thus? How many souls worth more than mine have been consoled by them? How many of the simple have confided to them their dearest desires?"

THE AMERICAN PASSION FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS



NOT long ago, a Boston religious paper was bemoaning the "decay of responsibility" in America. From its point of view, Americans have not the same moral fibre that they once had, and the present generation, in its play as in its work, is lax and flabby. More recently, a distinguished Italian visitor to our shores, Guglielmo Ferrero, has been quoted as saying that America is too much given to material things, and as predicting for this country the fate of the Roman Empire, of which he is the historian. It is obvious, however, that both of these pictures are out of focus. America, while it contains, as does every country, materialistic and irresponsible elements, is certainly not described, as a whole, by either epithet. Its first communities were founded by men who cared more for religion than for anything else in the world. It has always been, and is still, religious to the core. At the present moment many tendencies can be cited to show that its people are consumed by a veritable passion for righteousness.

One of the contributors to the discussions that take place "in the interpreter's house" in *The American Magazine* every month registers, in the February issue of that periodical, his conviction that "on the political side there was never a time in the history of any country when idealism so controlled the tendencies of popular action" as in America to-day. In expressing their idealism, he declares, the American people have but one universal channel, and that channel is not the church. It is politics; and "in our politics," this interpreter of the signs of the times asserts, "we have had a so-called moral wave for nearly ten years." He continues:

"This moral wave is from the people. It is a spiritual development—a quickening of conscience like that which demanded the abolition of slavery. This modern movement demands the restriction of capital in its public use. And the movement comes from all classes—from the rich as well as from the poor.

"In every state in the Union there is a group of men working in the dominant party to throw off the control of capital in the politics of that state. In New York, for example, there is Hughes. His fight has been for the restriction of capital to its legitimate fields. He is trying to drive it out of politics by the adoption of the direct primary, which we are told will 'destroy the organization.' If the organization is merely the syndicate of politicians financed by holders of improper privileges, as the organizations are in other states, the or-

ganization should be destroyed as it has been destroyed and is being destroyed in other states. The New York fight is typical of the fight in every state. The fight of Cummins in Iowa is such a fight. The struggle of Folk and Hadley in Missouri against the organizations of their parties is a similar contest to that of Hughes in New York. The battle of the Chicago Patriots for a free city is not unique. Whitlock in Toledo, Johnson in Cleveland, the Kansas City *Star* in Kansas City, Ben Lindsay in Denver, are giving battle to the same foe. The campaign of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in California which is fighting Herrin and the Southern Pacific, the campaign of Stubbs and Bristow in Kansas, who have just whipped the railroads in Kansas, and the rise of Nebraska from machine control under the leadership of Governor Sheldon—these are but skirmishes in the general battle waging in every state for the control of government by the people and for the people. Colby and Churchill in the East, Jones and U'ren in the far Northwest, Governor Johnson and Bryan in the Democratic party, Taft and Roosevelt in the Republican party are among the prominent leaders in the fight."

But the important feature of the struggle, the same commentator goes on to point out, is not its leaders. It is the masses who are forcing the issue. And the issue is essentially moral. It is stated briefly, "Thou shalt not steal." The argument proceeds:

"This contest, which has been waging too long now to be called a spasm of virtue, is one of the great aspirations of the race. For it is duplicated in half a score of European states. And in this growth of idealism America, tho not leading, is fairly abreast with the time. Certainly we are not a materialistic nation. Moreover the nation has just gone through a disastrous panic, which was brought about directly as the result of this democratic control of capital in its public use. It was, in a measure, a punishment of the people for the exercise of their conscience. But did the panic stop them? The two most radical candidates for president of the two great parties were nominated in spite of the protests of the syndicated politicians in each party, and the most efficient radical was elected. In Washington, Oregon, North and South Dakota, in Iowa, in Ohio and New York radical senators have been returned to the United States Senate after the panic to replace reactionaries. That is the answer of the people to the panic. That is the voice of conscience in the people replying to the temptation to turn to material advantage."

To this convincing testimony much more of the same sort can be added. There is, for instance, the crusade against the Trinity Church Corporation in New York, which has been so vigorously prosecuted during the past few months, and which is eventuating in a complete victory for moral ideals. Trinity Church for fifty years now has been pursuing what the *New York Churchman* describes as "a purely

selfish policy." Its vast income is drawn in large part from slum property. For more than three generations it has served primarily the prosperous, and as a preparation for the beginning of its third half-century it announced its intention of closing Saint John's Chapel, a church built for the rich in a rich district, but which has become a church of the poor in a poor district. Public indignation burst into flame. The ire against the proposed demolition of Saint John's Chapel found its most vivid expression in a poem (published in our pages last month) by Richard Watson Gilder. Charles Edward Russell had already presented in detail the "case" against the tenements owned by the Trinity Church Corporation. The results of the crusade were three-fold:

1. Trinity Church Corporation has issued a detailed financial statement for the first time since 1814, thus, acknowledging the right of the people to ask questions about church property.
2. The corporation has promised to improve its tenement property.
3. The demolition of Saint John's Chapel has been stayed—at least temporarily, and will be used as a center of evangelical mission work.

As *Collier's Weekly* interprets the episode:

"The Trinity Church Corporation has performed a public service in hastening housing reform. Holiness, incorporated, defending unsanitary dwellings has been unconsciously inspirational. Trinity's name is imperishably embalmed in tenement-house reform. Theirs is the unintentional immortality of the men and institutions that have tried to impede progress. It is the felicity of being bumped by the future itself. Trinity was enabled to render this service, not because of numerous and unusually evil tenements. On this count many of the magazines and newspapers have overstated its guilt, and been cruelly unfair to a high-minded, warm-hearted, unimaginative vestry. It is because the community resents the acquiescence of a church in conditions that breed poverty and disease. Unsparingly the vestrymen have poured their money into schools and churches for the poor, when a keener social discernment, (not a warmer heart) would have devoted that money to certain small houses, converted into tenements, where the living conditions have been unfit for persons worth 'saving' and educating. A defective imagination in the vestry has led it into a quaint and obsolete attitude toward public opinion and community betterment. Like a mosquito on a rhinoceros, public opinion blunted itself on that serene and ponderous corporation, but in the fulness of time the sting penetrated."

Further evidence showing the consuming desire of the American people to lead a righteous life may be gleaned from recent happenings in Cleveland, Ohio. No less than ten thousand of the men and women of that city banded themselves together to live for two

weeks "just as Jesus would live" were he now on earth. The results of the experiment, which are too vague for exact definition, are not so important as the motives which impelled it. This, and other movements of the same kind, show an almost pathetic zeal on the part of the mass of the people to live up to their highest ideals. The Chicago Presbyterian organ, *The Interior*, comments:

"The sensation of the hour in Cleveland must fill servants of God in America with new confidence in the assured advance of the kingdom of heaven, demonstrating that even in a day when the difficulties of formal church work incline many to deep pessimism, God has not left himself without witness in the hearts of men and calls them as powerfully as ever from all their corruptions and frivolities to find rest in him. On the cheer of that knowledge many a troubled Christian should take new zeal for renewed aggression."

Not merely in the movements of democracy but in the thought of cloistered scholars the same passionate zeal for righteousness is apparent. Two of the latest books written by college presidents, William De Witt Hyde's "Self-Measurement"* and David Starr Jordan's "Higher Sacrifice"† throb with this passion. They exhort men not merely to be moral but to be moral heroes.

The striking feature of President Hyde's book is "A Scale of Human Values," occupying two pages and composed of eighty-four tiny squares. Across the center of the scale, one in each square, are set ten terms in capital letters, representing the ten fundamental relations in which a man stands, namely: "Physique," "Work," "Property," "Pleasure," "Science," "Art," "Family," "Society," "Country," and "Religion." Rising above each of these terms is an ascending order of potential virtues; descending below them are weaknesses ending in actual depravity. What President Hyde wants every man who reads his book to do is to "measure" himself by standards of perfection indicated in the scale. Only thus, he intimates, can "the highest place in the spiritual kingdom" be won.

President Jordan makes the same sort of demands on the devotees of the moral life. It is not enough merely to live according to conventional moral standards, he urges; one must learn how to give, asking nothing in return; one must learn how to *sacrifice*. He elaborates

* SELF-MEASUREMENT. By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

† THE HIGHER SACRIFICE. By David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

this idea in the following eloquent terms:

"The sane, strong, brave, heroic souls of all ages were the men who, in the natural order of things, have lived above all considerations of pay or glory. They have served not as slaves hoping for reward, but as gods who would take no reward. Men could not reward Shakespeare or Darwin or Newton or Helmholtz for their services any more than we could pay the Lord for the use of His sunshine. From the same inexhaustible divine reservoir it all comes—the service of the great man and the sunshine of God.

Twice have I moulded an image,
And thrice stretched out my hand;
Made one of day and one of night,
And one of the salt sea strand;
One in a Judean manger,
And one by Avon's stream;

One over against the mouths of Nile,
And one in the Academe.

"And in such image are men made every day, not only in Bethlehem or in Stratford, not alone on the banks of the Nile or the Arno; but on the Mississippi, or the Columbia, or the San Francisco, it may be, as well. All over the earth, in this image, are the sane and the sound and the true. And when and where their lives are spent arise generations of others like them, men in the true order. Not alone men in the 'image of God,' but 'gods in the likeness of men.'

"It is to the training of the genuine man that the universities of the world are devoted. They call for the higher sacrifice, the sacrifice of those who have powers not needed in the common struggle of life, and who have, therefore, something over and beyond this struggle to give to their fellows."

CAN THE MODERNISTS SUCCEED?

NE of the most hopeful views of the future of the Roman Catholic "Modernists" that has yet been taken is formulated by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, a Congregationalist clergyman of New Haven, Connecticut. His sympathies are all with Modernism, and it may be that his wish is father to his thought. But he thinks that the "rejuvenation" of Roman Catholicism is not an impossible dream, and he suggests that the Roman Catholic Church will have to become "modernized" if it is to survive.

At the outset of his argument he calls attention to two considerations which, in his opinion, are enough to justify the present determination of the Modernists to labor and to wait for the renewal of the Roman Catholic Church. One is the fact that ours is an age of thought based on the idea of evolution. The Modernists do not want to destroy their church; they want it to evolve. The other consideration is that Modernism is not compelled, like Döllinger and the Old Catholics, to split off from Rome at a single divisive point of doctrine. Dr. Smyth says (in *Scribner's Magazine*):

"Neo-Catholicism was not at first a dogmatic challenge; rather it was an excursion of investigating minds out into the open country. The Modernists would seek until they find the vitalizing truth at the source of all the rites and dogmas of the Church. They would come not to destroy but to fulfil the law and the prophets of the Roman Church. 'We are not rebels,' the Italian priests say to the Pope. In France the Abbé Loisy declares, 'I have always regarded it as a duty to remain in the Church.' Tyrrell in England says that he abhors 'runaway solutions.'

"When charged with inconsistency and weakness in not tearing themselves at once free from Rome, they remind us that the Apostolic community continued to frequent the Hebrew temple, and to mingle their prayers with those of the people faithful to Moses, altho their new faith was different from that of the circumcision. 'We follow at all times,' these Italian Modernists say, 'the practice of the Catholic worship together with the people; we celebrate the rites, we live in the midst of the same religious life, altho our belief is different, our ideality entirely changed.' They can allow no papal ban to separate them from their spiritual fellowship in the Church of their devotion and hope. Some of them possibly may be driven by persecution into hopeless renunciation of it; but the Abbé Loisy spoke for their common spirit and predominant purpose when he declared himself to be a Catholic still; altho when an absolute surrender of the conclusions of his lifelong studies of the Scriptures was demanded of him by Cardinal Merry del Val, he answered with a courageous sincerity: 'My spirit is as incapable of living in the intellectual atmosphere of the Encyclical as my lungs are of breathing at the bottom of the sea.' The Neo-Catholics conceive their mission to be not that of the Baptist to lay the axe at the root of the tree; they find their providential call interpreted in the Gospel parable of the leaven, and they believe that modernism is the ferment which in due time shall make of the whole lump of Romanism fresh bread of life for the people.

"In this abiding loyalty of spirit to the Catholic Church lies the strength of the Modernists. Their position may be regarded as exposed and precarious; but so long as they can hold it, there can be no question of its strategic importance. If driven from it, they might become another sect soon to be brought to a standstill, like the present Old Catholic Church; refusing to surrender this position, they remain a reformatory power confronting the very citadel of pontifical sovereignty."

More than a year has now passed since the Vatican ordered a war of extermination against Modernism. What are the results?

They may be summed up, Dr. Smyth intimates, under two heads—the apparent and the actual. The apparent results are on the surface; the actual results lie deeper. The authorities at the Vatican have done their worst; the whole force of the greatest and most dominating organization that the world has ever known has been hurled against an unorganized and scattered company. There have been suspensions of priests and removals of professors; excommunications by wholesale and excommunications by name; a strengthening of the power of the religious orders; an attempted control of the Catholic faculties in State Universities. But what is the actuality? Dr. Smyth replies:

"The Vatican has succeeded in putting out a few scholarly periodicals; in their places others more popular have appeared. It has persuaded some enlightened teachers to relapse into the obedience of silence for a season, yet without actual recantation of their opinions; others it has forced to stand by their own conscientious intelligence before the whole world. It has prohibited the publication of some Italian magazines, only to increase their circulation. It forbade the faithful to read the Program of the Modernists, and a new and enlarged edition was called for by the public. It enjoined the Bavarian bishops to see to it that the people read the 'catechism and good books,' and it obtained from the civil authority of Innsbruck the confiscation of a lecture by a Modernist professor of canonical law, only to cause forty-three editions of it to be issued within a short time, and to lead many thousand liberal German students to organize a strike in behalf of the freedom of academic teaching. The Index of prohibited writings increases; but it cannot keep up with the Modernist press. In short the Encyclical *Pascendi*, which aimed to destroy by a blow a heresy of the schools, has succeeded in creating a literature of it for the people. It commands the utmost vigilance in every diocese; and in Rome itself, under the very shadow of the Vatican, a scientific-religious publishing society has been established."

Besides all this, account must be taken of the number of secular journals which are in a greater or less degree of sympathy with the Modernists. "An ecclesiastical authority," Dr. Smyth observes, "which in former times could bind peoples and humble kings has yet to show whether it is mightier than the power of a free press in a free state." And the immense reserve force of State education must also be included in the calculation. "The free school means eventually thought-free education everywhere." As Dr. Smyth reads the present situation:

"A year of Modernism under the papal ban shows other signs of vitality in the very heart of the Church. But recently a diffused light of learning, Modernism is now focussed at several

centers of illumination. A year ago an appeal and a protest, it is become henceforth an active and purposeful propaganda. At first a solitary call, as a voice in the valley, it is now the hail and greeting of many voices from answering heights. Excommunication, formerly feared, has been robbed of its terrors. Patiently endured it has become to some of the New Catholics a call to a more sacrificial devotion, and the open door to a larger fellowship. The one Universal Church, they are saying among themselves, is not a society of material interests, nor is its faith a legal codex. Divorce from the profound reality of the Christian society and its faith for the man who has given the best part of his life to it is impossible; to him excommunication has no spiritual reality. 'For one who truly loves, divorce is not a reality.'"

Dr. Smyth next devotes himself to the question: Can Modernism become a popular movement? He sees no reason why it should not. Its sources, undoubtedly, are in large part academic, but its tendency is ever to become more and more vital, more and more democratic. Its exponents repudiate the charge of "aristocratic intellectuality." They say that they want "to infuse into the social life that surrounds us a new evangelical spirit, and to begin a social apostleship."

But, it is urged, Modernism has not as yet produced a leader of genius. The new reformation has no Luther. To this objection Dr. Smyth responds: "We need no Luthers; in these latter days the Spirit is poured out upon all; the many see visions and the people dream dreams."

And what of the inflexible opposition of the Pope? Dr. Smyth finds a grain of comfort even in this. The very obstinacy of the Papal attitude is contributing to the final result. "It may be the great service which history shall attribute to the present Pope," says Dr. Smyth, "that he was called and chosen to make the final stand of the now fully developed claim of papal authority against the spirit of the modern age. It may be well for the progress of humanity and for the life of the Church that it is so." The writer adds, in concluding:

"Whatever the future may be, New Catholicism has already become an epoch-making force in the religious world. We have sought to appreciate it, not indeed as it appears through the traditions of the hierarchy; nor as it may be regarded by those observers of passing events who are accustomed to judge the acts of men only as they may seem from the dead level of the street, and whose views have no far horizon line; still less as it may be looked askance at by some Protestant scholastics who linger among us. But such is Modernism as it may be known in the literature which it has created; as it lives in the thoughts, glows in the hearts, and transfigures the ideals of those who follow its call of the Spirit, whithersoever it may lead."

Music and the Drama

THE BATTLE--CLEVELAND MOFFETT'S CONTROVERSIAL PLAY

EW plays within recent years have aroused more discussion than Cleveland Moffett's dramatic portrayal of the battle waged between capitalistic endeavor and socialist ideals in a filthy tenement in the most crowded part of New York. The love-motive also enters strongly, but the interest of the audience is centered on the principal conflict. There are obvious suggestions of John D. Rockefeller in the principal character of the play. John J. Haggleton is an oil magnate, and in his lines are incorporated utterances from several of Mr. Rockefeller's authentic speeches. There are also references to "the System." But in personal appearance Haggleton, as impersonated by Wilton Lackaye, bears little or no resemblance to Mr. Rockefeller, and in the details of their lives the oil-king of the play and the real oil-king are very dissimilar.

The play is probably accepted by nine out of ten of its hearers as a satire on Socialism. It is possible that its author so intended it, and one of the leading Socialists in New York created a sensation at one of the first presentations by rising in his seat in the audience between acts and endeavoring to give a Socialistic speech in reply. As a matter of fact, however, much of Haggleton's philosophy, which puts to confusion the Socialist characters, is closely parallel to the tenets of the Socialists of to-day, who hold that the trust is a necessary step of progress towards the Socialist goal, who ridicule as futile the efforts of tenement house reformers, and who lay unending stress upon the necessity for a war between classes, as voiced in one of the most telling of Haggleton's speeches.

The first act of Mr. Moffett's play takes place in Moran's tenement on Market Street. Moran, formerly an independent business man, ousted by the "system," works now for nine dollars a week as a baker; he also takes boarders. The living room is a wretched place, with a floor of bare boards partly covered with bits of tattered carpet. The furniture is battered and broken. At the back are two windows with a view of Brooklyn Bridge. The

windows are covered with cheap lace curtains holding the dust of years. Enter John J. Haggleton! The oil magnate, two hours before his intended departure for a long cruise on his private yacht, has come to this tenement, owned by him, to meet a mild-mannered person of socialistic tendencies called Gentle. Haggleton is described as a man of large frame, spare built, pale; his mouth is wide, his lips flexible, close shut and clean shaven. He is wrinkled, bald and ill, yet one feels the spirit of an extraordinary personality in his presence. In him and about him seems to breathe the spirit of domination. He is not, however, at least for the present, to dominate Gentle. It appears that many years ago Haggleton's wife had deserted him with his son Philip because she disapproved of his crooked business methods. It had been Gentle's good fortune to assist her, and to help bring up Philip, with militantly altruistic ideas. On her deathbed she had entrusted Gentle with certain papers which made it possible for that individual to dictate to Haggleton. Philip, who earns his own living—a good living at that—as a master diver, is ignorant of his father's name. In Gentle's opinion, however, the time has now come to open his eyes to his parent's identity and shame. He has determined that Philip is to meet his famous father at first without being told of the bond between them. "I must put my promise to his mother," he remarks to Haggleton, "before your feelings. I've trained him for a battle with you—a great battle that's coming now, and I'll see that the start is fair—a battle between you and money and his high purpose. You'll try to tempt him. That's why I've waited. He's only twenty-six, and he's your son." At this moment Philip enters. Gentle introduces Haggleton as Mr. Jackson—connected in business with Mr. Haggleton.

PHILIP. (*Incredulous.*) You know him personally? You *can't* know him personally?

GENTLE. Mr. Jackson is associated with him in business, and has been helping Mr. Haggleton in schemes for tenement improvements.

PHILIP. I'd like to tell Mr. Haggleton a few things about tenement improvements.

HAGGLETON. What?

PHILIP. (*Aroused.*) I'd tell him he owns blocks and blocks on the lower East side which are in such a lovely state that he might as well be running a factory for turning out— (*He checks himself.*) What's the use?

HAGGLETON. Go on. A factory for turning out—

PHILIP. (*Slowly, looking Haggleton full in face.*) Thieves and—drunkards and—wrecks of women. (*He pauses a moment and then bursts out furiously.*) My God! why can't you men be decent?

HAGGLETON. Mr. Haggleton has rooms to rent and these people rent them.

PHILIP. What a rotten idea! Lie and steal, plunder people and break their hearts, and, if you say "business is business," then it is all right.

GENTLE. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Ah!

HAGGLETON. You've been reading the muck-rakers.

PHILIP. Why not?

HAGGLETON. All rich men are robbers, eh?

PHILIP. I don't say that.

HAGGLETON. If I had a daughter, she'd be a princess?

PHILIP. Probably.

HAGGLETON. And my son would be a fool?

PHILIP. No doubt.

HAGGLETON. And reformers care nothing about money? The editor of the Socialist paper takes no interest in his salary, eh?

PHILIP. Even reformers have to live.

HAGGLETON. (*Grimly.*) Listen to me, young man. There isn't a reformer in this country who wouldn't stop reforming damned quick if he found it was hurting his pocket book.

PHILIP. (*With fire.*) That's false! Besides, it has nothing to do with the question. The question is, where do you get your money, you rich men? Do you earn it? Do you dig it out of the ground? No. You get it by the toil of men, by the tears of women and children. You get it by grinding human beings down to starvation wages and taking the rest, millions and millions that belong to the workers, but go into your fat pockets because you're strong enough and cruel enough to take it. (*There is a knock at door.*) And that's how you get such places as Lung Block and such monsters as John J. Haggleton.

GRIMES. (*Haggleton's secretary—entering.*) Mr. Haggleton— (*Looks at watch, takes off hat.*) You've only got a few minutes if you want to sail with the tide.

HAGGLETON. (*Impatiently, to Grimes.*) When I want you I'll send for you!

GRIMES. (*Flustered.*) I'm sorry, sir.

HAGGLETON. (*Cutting him short.*) That will do. (*Grimes goes out in confusion.*)

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton.*) He called you Mr. Haggleton!

HAGGLETON. Well?

PHILIP. (*Astonished.*) Are you—Mr. Haggleton?

HAGGLETON. That's my name.

PHILIP. But— (*To Gentle.*) Did you think his name was Jackson?

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head, explaining.*) I—I— There was a reason for introducing Mr. Haggleton in that way.

HAGGLETON. A very simple reason. I want to study tenement conditions without newspaper notoriety.

PHILIP. Oh!

HAGGLETON. Now if you'll go on with what you were saying—

PHILIP. What's the use? You can't tackle the problems of poverty while your yacht waits—Mr. Haggleton.

HAGGLETON. I can give certain orders, can't I? I can authorize certain improvements. Now talk quick!

PHILIP. That's the way with you rich people—you think you can settle anything by signing a check. Well, you can't do it! The only real help for the poor comes through love, and you can't pay someone to love for you. You might as well pay someone to eat for you or breathe for you or sleep for you. You've got to do your loving yourself!

HAGGLETON. (*Startled—half to himself.*) I never thought of that. You've got to do your loving yourself! (*Looks intently at Philip for some moments, when suddenly his face lights up as a new idea comes to him.*) Ah! (*From this point to the end of the act Haggleton shows in pantomime as he talks with Philip and Gentle that he is thinking of something else, and is weighing the pros and cons before coming to an important decision.*) After all, there must be a lot of these poor people who are not worth loving. They bring their misfortunes upon themselves. I say the average man can conquer these tenement conditions if he will work and save and be patient. I know what I'm talking about—I started in a tenement myself.

GENTLE. That was years ago.

PHILIP. Conditions have changed since then.

HAGGLETON. It isn't conditions that count, but character. It's not merely capital and plants and material things that make up a business, it's the men behind these things, their personalities and their abilities. A man with the right stuff in him can win out against poverty just as well to-day as he ever could.

PHILIP. (*Incredulous.*) A man like Moran?

HAGGLETON. Who's Moran?

PHILIP. He's your tenant here. He's a baker.

GENTLE. He had a small oil business in the West. Your System closed him up.

PHILIP. Now he's a baker.

(*Haggleton gets up and walks about the room thinking hard. Gentle watches him curiously.*)

HAGGLETON. (*Sharply.*) He can't be much good if this is the way he keeps his house.

PHILIP. He's half sick.

HAGGLETON. Half sick? So am I half sick. That's why the doctors have ordered me away on this yachting trip. (*He continues to walk back and forth.*) How much does Moran earn?

PHILIP. Nine dollars a week.

HAGGLETON. (*After a pause.*) Do you know what I'd do in Moran's place?

PHILIP. Yes. In Moran's place you'd do about the same as he does.

HAGGLETON. You think so?

PHILIP. I'm sure of it.

HAGGLETON. (*Half to himself.*) If I only had time! (*Long pause while he walks about the room, glancing keenly at Philip now and then.*) Does this junk belong to Moran?

PHILIP. Yes.

HAGGLETON. (*Studying furniture.*) Not a bad old hatstand, but it's in the way. We ought to get something on these marble clocks. And we don't need this sewing machine. Hm! (*He continues to walk about absorbed in his thoughts.*) We ought to get thirty dollars for useless stuff in this room.

PHILIP. What are you driving at?

HAGGLETON. See here, are you two willing to let

me prove this proposition? (*Haggleton's manner is confident, his eyes flash with authority; he is quite master of the situation.*)

GENTLE. (*With meaning.*) I am willing!

PHILIP. I don't understand.

HAGGLETON. Get me some paper. I want to write the captain of my yacht to tell him to sail at once as arranged, without me.

GENTLE AND PHILIP. Without you?

HAGGLETON. (*To Gentle.*) I'm going to impose secrecy on him and you!

PHILIP. (*In amazement.*) You're not going on the yacht?

HAGGLETON. (*Slowly and impressively.*) No. I'm going to stay here. I'm going to win a little bet I've made with your friend, Mr. Gentle. And I'm going to show you what I would do if I had to hustle in a tenement without a dollar.

One week elapses between the first and the second act, but in this brief period a wonderful transformation has taken place in the flat. Rubbish has been cleared away, the floor covered with matting, and the windows are hung with neat white curtains. The occupants of the rooms, too, are considerably improved in appearance. Joe, a good for nothing sort of a chap, frequenting pool rooms and cheap cafés, has been aroused to industry, and even Jenny, Moran's daughter, feels the beneficent influence of the new regime. She is a girl who, upon the loss of her husband, had gone to the bad, until her love for Philip checked her deviations from the primrose path. Philip, however, is in love with Margaret, a nurse, whose father, like so many others, had been one of the oil king's victims. Haggleton has meanwhile formed an organization for the control of the East side bake shops, and Philip, despite his socialistic leanings, takes a lively interest in the endeavor. The following conversation takes place between Haggleton and Gentle:

GENTLE. Philip is demoralized. I hardly know him.

HAGGLETON. You've never known him. You're just getting acquainted with him. He's my son. (*Looking at picture.*)

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head.*) It's a temporary infatuation. He is fascinated by the idea that John J. Haggleton has done this extraordinary thing.

HAGGLETON. Yes, and he'll be more fascinated when he knows why John J. Haggleton did it.

GENTLE. And why did you do it?

HAGGLETON. (*Reflectively.*) Why did I do it? Don't you know?

GENTLE. It was a clever move.

HAGGLETON. (*Shaking his head.*) No. It turned out to be a clever move. I'm gaining ground with the boy every day; but that's not why I did it. I'm sixty years old, Mr. Gentle, and used to my comforts. Do you think I'd stand all this because it was a clever move? No, sir; I stayed down here on account of a few little words that my son fired at me. Remember? Maybe you didn't notice. He

looked me straight in the eyes and he said: "You've got to do your loving yourself!" By God! that hit me hard! I've been up against tough problems in my life, and made some quick decisions, but I never did anything that surprised me as much as this. I'm not getting sentimental; I'm going to fight you for all I'm worth, Mr. Gentle; but when you've played your last card and told this boy the worst you can tell about me, then anyhow he's got to know that his father came down here and lived in a tenement—(*slowly and impressively*)—because he wanted to do his loving himself.

GENTLE. All that does you honor, sir; and yet you would influence Philip to be hard and selfish.

HAGGLETON. I want him to be a fine business man.

GENTLE. (*Slowly.*) I want him to be a fine man.

HAGGLETON. Hm! As far as that goes I don't expect my son to be a business man and nothing else. I'm glad to have him study these problems of poverty and solve them, if he can. All I ask is that you and he be reasonable. Suppose we draw up a plan that will satisfy all of us. I won't give a dollar for sloppy, sentimental nonsense, but I'll put up a million—two millions—five millions—if we can work out some sound scheme of public betterment!

GENTLE. (*Impressed.*) Five millions!

HAGGLETON. Yes, sir. And I should want the work of carrying out such a scheme—the executive work—to be in your hands.

GENTLE. (*Surprised.*) In my hands?

HAGGLETON. Precisely. You're honest and you mean to do right. That's a whole lot in these days.

(*Pause.*) It's a great chance for you.

GENTLE. Then Philip would know his father?

HAGGLETON. Of course.

GENTLE. And his mother? What about her?

HAGGLETON. (*Studying Gentle keenly.*) We will tell Philip there was trouble years ago between his mother and me. I'm willing to admit I was much in the wrong—absorbed in business—too keen about money. That ought to fix it.

GENTLE. Oh, no!

"Suppose," Haggleton rejoins, "Philip preferred not to see this statement. You would advise against it, wouldn't you?" Gentle hesitates. The interview is interrupted by Philip's entrance.

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip.*) How many bakers have come into the combination?

PHILIP. Six so far; but we can get more.

HAGGLETON. Get more? Within ten days all the little bakers on the East side will be tumbling over themselves to get in.

PHILIP. They've got to come in or—

GENTLE. Or—or what? (*Pause.*)

PHILIP. Or go out of business.

GENTLE. (*Gravely to Philip.*) Do you realize that you are building up a little trust? That you will turn men out of work?

PHILIP. A few men. But we'll give better bread and cheaper bread to the whole East side.

HAGGLETON. (*Pleased.*) Ah! And incidentally I'll prove a poor man like Moran can conquer these tenement conditions if he has any gumption. That's what I started out to do, and I'm doing it.

PHILIP. Yes, you're doing it; but why are you doing it?

HAGGLETON. You'll know that before long. The point is, in a month we'll have a prosperous business going on here. (*He thinks.*) Ah, we'd better take that empty flat across the hall for sleeping rooms; we'll need this one for offices.

PHILIP. I suppose we will.

HAGGLETON. In a week you'll see Joe Caffrey at work in a clean shirt with pool rooms cut out, and Moran will stop kicking.

GENTLE. I doubt that.

HAGGLETON. As long as a man has no money he's a kicker about the wrongs of the poor. Give him some money and he stops kicking. That's why socialists are poor.

GENTLE. Some Socialists are rich.

HAGGLETON. Yes, parlor Socialists; but they never earned the money themselves. And I notice they hang on to it all right.

PHILIP. (*At the table, signing contracts.*) The main point is that things in this country are not fair between the rich and the poor.

HAGGLETON. I tell you the men of this generation are entering into a heritage which makes their fathers' lives look poverty stricken by comparison.

GENTLE. A heritage? What sort of a heritage? Boundless wealth and power for a few, boundless misery for millions! In the splendor of Fifth Avenue you forget the slums—you forget hunger, unemployment, the black list, and disease and slaughter too. Remember that your railroads and industries destroy more men every year than were killed and wounded in the whole Civil War.

HAGGLETON. (*Emphatically.*) Our industries have built up this country.

GENTLE. (*Indignant.*) It's the superiority of the American that has built up the country, sir. And you and your industries oppress and rob and slaughter the people, exploited for your own selfish interests.

HAGGLETON. (*Snapping his fingers.*) We're in business to make money.

PHILIP. Ah! you admit that?

HAGGLETON. Certainly. It's true. It always has been true and it always will be true. You can't expect one class to fight the battle of another class. Why should they? Do you fight our battles? If you want us to run our railroads and mines and factories in a certain way, it's up to you to make us do it. You've got numbers and votes; we've got money and organization. Well, there you are; it's a fight class against class; you want to get rid of your grievances, we want to keep our privileges. Now go ahead, make laws, inspect our books, learn our secrets, put us in jail, do something, everything; but if you can't do anything, keep still, take your medicine, and don't come whining to us to play your game for you; we'll never do it—never; we're too busy playing our own game.

MORAN. (*Enters.*) Jackson, I want to see you! (*Scowling at Haggleton.*) You think you can grab the whole bakeshop business of the East side and throw hundreds of men like me out of work!

PHILIP. Men like you?

MORAN. Yes, sir; men like me! My boss has joined your combination and I've had notice to quit. It's an outrage! (*He turns fiercely to Haggleton.*) I say to you—

PHILIP. Hold on! (*Stops.*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip.*) Let me talk to him. (*To Moran.*) See here, this combination is a good thing.

MORAN. It's a damned monopoly.

HAGGLETON. (*Aside to Gentle.*) You watch him. (*To Moran.*) We'll make better bread and cheaper bread than has ever been sold on the East side.

MORAN. (*Oratorical manner.*) Yes, and you'll ruin homes in every street; you'll starve little children; you'll break the hearts of struggling mothers.

HAGGLETON. We're going to make a lot of money. MORAN. Blood money. Any man who would touch a penny of it is a low hound.

HAGGLETON. I'm sorry you feel that way. I had picked you out as assistant manager.

MORAN. Assistant manager!

HAGGLETON. With a salary of eighteen dollars a week.

MORAN. (*Overwhelmed.*) Eighteen dollars a week!

HAGGLETON. Of course I can't ask you to take it knowing how you feel.

MORAN. (*Dazed.*) Eighteen dollars a week! For me?

HAGGLETON. You would regard it as blood money.

MORAN. (*Confused.*) Yes, of course— That is to say— Come to think of it I don't know as I would!

HAGGLETON. (*Smiling.*) You would always be thinking of those struggling mothers and starving children.

MORAN. (*Scratching his head.*) As assistant manager I could make things easier for 'em.

HAGGLETON. Then you accept?

MORAN. Yes, I accept. I've got to.

HAGGLETON. Good! Go down to Madison Street bakeshop and help set up the electric kneading machine.

MORAN. (*Backing toward door.*) Very well, sir. (*Haggleton folds his arms and eyes Philip and Gentle in grim amusement.*)

Haggleton, Philip and Gentle go out with Moran. Philip, lured back by a note from Jenny, returns a few moments later. They enact a scene suggesting a modern version of Joseph's temptation by Potiphar's wife. Philip succeeds in extricating himself; the girl rushes from the room out into the streets that knew her once, and, as Haggleton re-enters, he finds the discomfited Philip.

HAGGLETON. I thought you were coming back.

PHILIP. I was; but I've had an unpleasant set.

HAGGLETON. With Jenny Morgan?

PHILIP. How do you know?

HAGGLETON. (*Wisely.*) I passed her on the stairs. What's the matter?

PHILIP. Oh, I—er—I tried to help her.

(*Haggleton studies his face attentively, brushes face powder off Philip's coat.*)

HAGGLETON. I see. (*Pause.*) She's in love with you, eh?

PHILIP. (*Savagely.*) In love?

HAGGLETON. (*Studying him.*) Hm! (*He brushes powder off again.*) Next time, I advise you to help some older and homelier female—one who doesn't put on so much powder, Phil.

PHILIP. (*Bitterly.*) Next time? What about this time?

HAGGLETON. Why, nothing—er—happened, did there?

PHILIP. Nothing? I—I took her in my arms. I kissed her!

HAGGLETON. She tempted you.

PHILIP. (*To himself.*) How miserably weak I am!

HAGGLETON. It's a little thing.

PHILIP. Little? If I can't control myself in little things, how can I control myself in big things? Besides, it isn't a little thing. I am engaged to a fine, pure girl. I'm going to tell her, and—she'll despise me.

HAGGLETON. Why tell her? (*Takes Phil's arm and they walk.*)

PHILIP. She has a right to know.

HAGGLETON. She has a right to know anything serious; but this isn't serious. You love her, don't you?

PHILIP. Love her? I worship her!

HAGGLETON. You don't care for this other woman?

PHILIP. No! no!

HAGGLETON. Then you're easy with your conscience. It would be cowardly to tell her.

PHILIP. (*Brightening.*) You really think that?

HAGGLETON. I know it! It would cause her needless pain.

PHILIP. (*Reflecting.*) By George! You're right! I mustn't tell her. (*Admiringly.*) It's wonderful how you see the best thing to do. (*Pause.*) I don't know why I speak of it, but I—I feel a sympathy for you, sir. I used to think you were sort of inhuman, but you've been kind to me; you've taught me a lot.

HAGGLETON. I take a great interest in you—my boy.

PHILIP. (*Troubled.*) Sometimes I've thought that I have two natures—one from my mother, one—(*his face darkens*)—from my father.

HAGGLETON. (*Disturbed.*) What about your father?

PHILIP. (*In a low tone.*) My father was—he was not a good man, Mr. Haggleton. He—he pretty well broke my mother's heart, and—(*with growing anger*)—any man who could be unkind to such a woman—she was a saint on earth!—any man who could be cruel to her was a brute and a scoundrel!

HAGGLETON. How do you know he was cruel to her?

PHILIP. I know how she suffered. I know what I saw. Many a time she's held me tight in her arms, and once—I don't suppose she thought I understood—she prayed God to forgive my father's sins, and to let me make amends when I came to be a man!

Their discussion is interrupted by the entrance of Margaret, who informs Philip of an accident on the river. He hastens off, and Margaret, recognizing Haggleton as the despoiler of her father's fortune, throws down the gauntlet to him in the battle to gain his son's affection.

HAGGLETON. Let me tell you something. I've never breathed this to a human being. I'm telling you because you're a woman—a good woman. But, Miss Lawrence, it's astonishing how much harm is done in this world by good women.

MARGARET. What do you mean?

HAGGLETON. I'll show you right in my life. My

life! You think it has been all hard and cruel—no love in it at all. Just scheming for money, grabbing everything in sight and not caring who suffered. In a way that's true—I admit it. But who made it true? A woman! A splendid, high-principled woman—like you!

MARGARET. You mean your wife?

HAGGLETON. Yes, my wife. She didn't approve of certain things I did in business; but, instead of helping me to do better, she left me; she stole away my boy—my little son; and when she took him she took all the love out of my life. Four years old he was when—when she took him away. Such a brave little fellow! Just had his curls cut off. Used to walk along and hold my hand and swing his little cane. I—I've always kept that cane. (*Pause.*) Love him! Love him! What plans I made for that boy! What hopes I had for him! And when he got fever—well, never mind that; but I loved him all right. He—he was my son, my only son!

MARGARET. I understand.

HAGGLETON. You think I have all I want because I have money. Money! What is it? A drug that makes us forget what we haven't got! I tell you I want my son, and you want to take him from me. I've waited for him—I've got him—and I'm going to keep him! (*Enter Gentle unobserved.*)

MARGARET. Why didn't you tell him you were his father?

HAGGLETON. Because Gentle said it wasn't fair to throw my millions in the scale against his ideals.

MARGARET. Gentle made you promise?

GENTLE. Yes.

HAGGLETON. I didn't want to buy a son; I wanted to win his respect and love.

MARGARET. You have aroused Philip's admiration by your conduct of this business. You have appealed to Gentle by this promise, as you appealed to me through my father's name. You can bend every one to your will. But you can't bend me!

GENTLE. Wait, Margaret! You believe me to be Philip's friend—and yours?

MARGARET. Yes; but—

GENTLE. Don't tell Philip!

MARGARET. But—

GENTLE. (*Earnestly.*) It is most important Philip should not know this until I say the word.

MARGARET. I trust you, Mr. Gentle. I promise not to speak; but— (*She turns defiantly to Haggleton.*)

HAGGLETON. The battle! I accept your challenge. You love him. He loves you. But, remember this—he's my son! We are one flesh—that's an elemental fact. You can't keep us apart!

The next act opens on the same scene; but a startling change is apparent. The place has the air of an office sitting room. The glass hall door bears the inscription, "The East Side Associated Bakeshops." Moran, Jenny's father, is moody, and toys with a revolver. In spite of his present prosperity, he cannot forget his daughter, whom he now knows to walk the streets. Philip has become a keen man of affairs, and Margaret fears that she is losing her fight. She tells him of a pitiful case requiring charity. He offers money. "It's all

money now!" she exclaims angrily. "You've always said the only way to help the poor was to love them."

PHILIP. (*Impatient.*) Yes, yes; but—there's a strike of bakers on, with serious interests at stake.

MARGARET. (*Angrily.*) I hate your serious interests and your bakeshops and all of it. (*She changes to pleading tones.*) Phil, leave this business scheming!

PHILIP. I want to do everything I can to please you. I'll work for you—I'll protect you—I'll love you; but—(*firmly*)—Margaret, it's the man who must decide business matters, and I've decided this!

MARGARET. (*With a wistful smile.*) Yes, Phil, you have decided more than you know! (*She moves toward private office. Philip follows her.*)

PHILIP. Wait! Margaret, what are you going to do? Wait!

MARGARET. I'm going to call Mr. Haggleton.

PHILIP. You know who he is?

MARGARET. Yes. May I speak to you, Mr. Haggleton? Will you come too, Mr. Gentle? . . . Yes, please.

PHILIP. They have nothing to do with this.

MARGARET. They have everything to do with this. (*Enter Haggleton and Gentle. All sit down. Haggleton, Gentle and Philip turn uneasily from Margaret to one another, and then look inquiringly at Margaret.*)

MARGARET. Philip—for the last time, choose between him and me! (*Philip looks from Margaret to Haggleton.*)

GENTLE. (*Half to himself.*) The fight is on!

PHILIP. (*To Gentle.*) What fight?

MARGARET. (*Earnestly to Philip.*) The fight for you! The fight between your better and your baser nature. I want you to speak out, Phil, right from your soul, and say what you think of—of Mr. Haggleton's life!

PHILIP. What has his life got to do with us?

MARGARET. (*Earnestly.*) More than you dream of, Phil! Trust me. Do what I say—if you love me. Tell Mr. Haggleton whether you approve of him.

PHILIP. I like him.

MARGARET. His business methods?

PHILIP. If you put it that way, why—

MARGARET. (*Triumphant.*) Ah!

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip.*) What is it you don't approve of?

PHILIP. You know what! Every schoolboy knows; it's the old thing—monopoly and bribery, and rebates, and—why go into this?

MARGARET. Go on!

PHILIP. You know very well that you and a dozen other men practically own this republic.

GENTLE. That's true!

HAGGLETON. No!

PHILIP. Don't you control prices? Don't you force people to pay what you like for public necessities?

HAGGLETON. Listen to me. No big work has ever been done in this world without leaders, and when a man delivers the goods he's entitled to the reward. *Well, we've delivered the goods in this country!* (*Pause.*) Go over to Europe and ask what they think of the United States. They'll tell you it's the greatest nation on earth—and it is. Why is it? Because the men you call robbers and grafters have organized things—railroads, industries,

telephones, banks—everything.

GENTLE. You've organized things for yourself; you've broken the law.

MARGARET. You haven't been honest.

HAGGLETON. Honest! We've kept to the standard of average honesty in this country, and no man can succeed in business who keeps above it. The faults of America's industrial leaders are the faults of the American people. You attack us and blackguard us, but you know that in your hearts you'd do exactly what we do if you had the chance. You know we are precisely as honest as the average American citizen. If we weren't we'd be in jail! (*Pause.*) You say we break the law. Well, we do! But who doesn't? Give the average American citizen an automobile and watch him break the speed law. Let a policeman stop him and see the flash of his ten dollar bill! That's bribery! Watch the average American woman back from Paris with a lot of new dresses. Does she smuggle them in? Well, watch her! (*Pause.*) I tell you the only law anybody respects is custom. What does the average American citizen do when he wants a drink in a prohibition state? He breaks the law and gets the drink! And the average American woman when she tells the conductor how old her little boy is? She's a good mother, and all that; but she'd let Jimmie ride on a half fare ticket until he has whiskers if she could. (*Pause.*) When it comes to business, the average American citizen does, in a small way, exactly what we do in a big way. Give him a chance to crush a rival and see how quick he'll take it. (*He turns sharply to Philip.*) What have you been doing to these opposition bakers?

PHILIP. (*Taken back.*) Why—er—

(*Margaret turns to Phil.*)

HAGGLETON. I'm not blaming you—I'm stating facts. And remember this, the way to improve things is not to attack and declaim and stir up class hatred, but to raise the standard of honesty of the American people.

MARGARET. (*To Philip.*) Do you believe that?

PHILIP. There's a lot of truth in what he says.

GENTLE. That's not the point. Would you do as he has done?

PHILIP. Certainly not. I wouldn't lead that kind of a life.

MARGARET. You say you're going into business.

PHILIP. I'm not going to be a railway president or a trust magnate.

HAGGLETON. How do you know you're not?

GENTLE. Suppose you were?

PHILIP. That's foolish!

MARGARET. No, Phil, it's not foolish. Suppose—suppose you were in Mr. Haggleton's place—what would you do? (*She leans toward Philip with her whole soul in her eyes.*) Think, dear! What would you do? (*Philip hesitates.*)

HAGGLETON. (*Keenly, to Philip.*) If you had important interests in trust, would you protect them or would you sacrifice them?

PHILIP. I'd protect them.

GENTLE. Would you be dishonest?

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip.*) Would you cripple your business by refusing rebates, grafts, and such practices as sanctioned by custom?

MARGARET. (*Quickly.*) Dishonest practices? Would you, Phil?

PHILIP. I—er—I don't know. It isn't fair to ask such questions.

MARGARET. (*To Gentle.*) I'm not going to be

silent any longer! (*She turns angrily to Haggleton. Philip stares at her in alarm.*)

PHILIP. Silent about what? (*In passion.*) There's some infernal mystery here! (*To Gentle.*) What is it? (*To Haggleton.*) What is it? (*To Margaret.*) What is it?

MARGARET. I'm going to do the last thing I can to show you your danger. Mr. Haggleton is your father!

PHILIP. (*Slowly.*) My father! (*With a sudden idea.*) But—(*He turns to Gentle.*) My name is Philip Ames!

GENTLE. (*Gravely.*) Your name is Philip Haggleton!

MARGARET. Now you understand!

PHILIP. So that's why you are leaving me?

MARGARET. No! The Philip I loved is leaving me. You're becoming like him!

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton.*) What reason had you for not telling me this?

MARGARET. Why didn't you?

HAGGLETON. I wanted you to know me as a man before you knew me as a father.

MARGARET. Was that your only reason? (*To Haggleton.*) Didn't something happen in your first talk with Mr. Gentle?

PHILIP. (*To Gentle.*) Did something happen?

GENTLE. (*Quietly.*) Yes, something happened.

MARGARET. (*Quickly.*) Ah, I see! Some wrong has been done!

GENTLE. (*Earnestly to Philip.*) Whatever wrong there was will be atoned for nobly. Your father will put aside ten million dollars for a splendid campaign against poverty.

MARGARET. (*To Gentle.*) So that's how he managed you! (*She turns to Haggleton.*) You're a master of men, sir. You find the weak point in each one and use it; but you must learn a little more about women. You have shut his lips. (*She glances at Gentle.*) But you haven't shut mine. My name is Margaret. His mother's name and the spirit of the wife you couldn't manage is here in the girl you can't manage!

GENTLE. (*With sweet dignity.*) Margaret, it's the attribute of youth to be severe. I haven't sold my silence. This money is for the poor—not a penny of it is for me. (*He turns to Philip.*) You know my life, Phil. You trust me?

PHILIP. Yes.

GENTLE. (*Impressive.*) Then I tell you I have done what your mother would have wished.

MARGARET. That's not for you to decide. The question is, have you evidence of the wrong he did? (*She looks at Haggleton.*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Gentle.*) One moment! (*To Philip.*) You said you did not want to judge any man. Can you understand a man doing something under sudden temptation that he regrets afterwards?

PHILIP. Yes—I can.

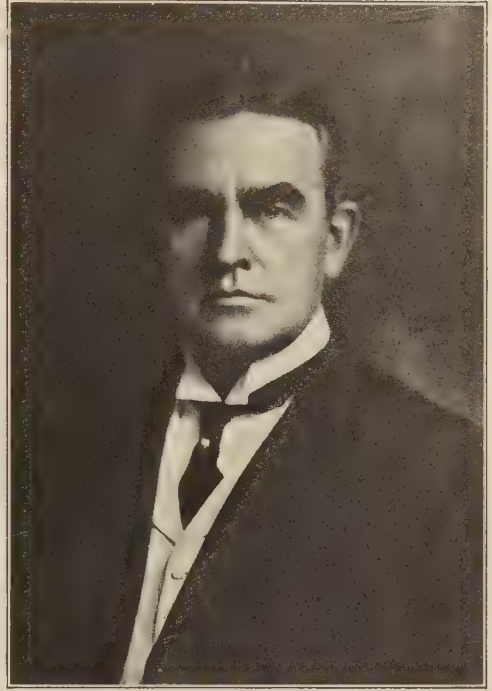
HAGGLETON. Can you understand that there might be someone this man loved very much—(*Philip looks at Margaret*)—who would suffer pain, needless pain, if told what he had done? Can you understand that?

PHILIP. (*Moved.*) Yes.

HAGGLETON. (*Pursuing his advantage.*) Suppose I knew you had done something you were sorry for, wouldn't it be cowardly of me to tell your fault to— to someone you loved? (*He glances at Margaret.*)

PHILIP. I think it would. (*Gentle turns away.*)

MARGARET. (*To Philip.*) That's not the case.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE BATTLE"

Cleveland Moffett, Sunday editor of the New York Herald, whose exploitation of a socialistic theme in one of New York's most talked about dramas demonstrates his skill both as a newspaper man and a playwright.

Your mother deprived you of your name and birth-right. That was a monstrous crime unless she had justification. (*To Gentle, in strong appeal.*) You know the truth. You made me keep silent. You said you would speak the truth when the time came. The time is now. You have a duty to his mother. For her sake—

GENTLE. (*To Margaret.*) You're right! (*To Haggleton.*) For his mother's sake. I'm sorry—but— (*He draws a folded paper from his pocket and hands it to Philip.*) There! (*Philip takes paper and holds it hesitatingly.*)

PHILIP. (*To Gentle.*) Is this something I ought to read?

GENTLE. (*Gravely.*) In my opinion, no. That's why I've kept it from you. But if you insist—

PHILIP. I don't insist.

MARGARET. Think of your mother!

PHILIP. (*To Margaret.*) My mother is dead. I have a right to think a little of my father. (*He turns to Haggleton.*)

MARGARET. (*Reproachfully.*) Philip!

PHILIP. (*Tenderly to Margaret.*) You know I love you, Margaret. Whatever you do, wherever you go, I shall love you—always! I love Gentle, too. He's been a father to me, and I trust him. He knows what is on this paper. You do not. He can judge, and—(*appealing*)—let me do my duty, dear, as I feel it! I must! (*He walks toward stove.*) We'll end this—here! (*He throws statement into coals and watches it crumble to ashes.*)

MARGARET. I've tried to save you and failed. I—I'm going. (*She goes toward door and opens it.*)

HAGGLETON. Not yet! You started this trouble, now you'll see it through. (*Margaret comes back, leaving door partly open.*) (*To Philip.*) It's all very well to burn that statement, but you can't burn the memory of it. It would always come between you and me—always. (*All turn to Haggleton.*) I'm going to tell you what was on that paper. It was an order I wrote over my own signature that an opposition oil refinery should be destroyed!

PHILIP. My God! It's a crime!

HAGGLETON. We were desperate. Our whole business future depended on our getting control of the field. We had to remove that opposition. We tried to buy them out, we made them generous offers, but that stubborn fool, Lawrence—

MARGARET. Stop! You are speaking of my father!

HAGGLETON. I beg your pardon!

PHILIP. (*Half to himself.*) Her father! And I am his son!

Here Moran bursts into the room with Jenny. He is crazed with grief. "I found her in a Bowery dive. It's the Haggleton system," he cries, "that crushes men and women. By God! if I had him here—I'd show him." Haggleton replies: "Well, show me. I'm Haggleton!" Moran reaches for his pistol. Philip springs forward to save his father. He is wounded, staggers, and falls to the floor. "My son, my son," exclaims Haggleton. "He risked his life for me! I told you nothing could keep us apart."

The last act takes place in Haggleton's Fifth Avenue mansion. Margaret, who has nursed Philip in his sickness, announces her intention to leave him now.

HAGGLETON. Wait! I'm not going to argue or plead. I'm going to yield. I've done wrong and I've got to suffer. That's the eternal law! Well, I'll suffer.

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton.*) No!

HAGGLETON. My son, I have only a few years before me. You have a lifetime before you—with her. You have the best thing in the world, as I had once—the love of a fine woman. Don't lose it, my boy, as I did! Don't let anything part you from it—not even your father! (*Pause.*) You must go with her. (*Philip makes movement of protest.*) That is my wish. We can see each other once in a while. (*To Margaret.*) It won't hurt him to—see his father once in a while!

MARGARET. (*With emotion, to Haggleton.*) Don't speak like that. Would you—would you please leave me a moment with Philip?

HAGGLETON. I'll do whatever you say. (*He moves toward door.*) I want you to be happy—both of you. (*Haggleton goes out.*)

MARGARET. (*Timidly.*) Philip! You remember what I said about loving you for your courage and your beautiful ideals?

PHILIP. Yes, dear.

MARGARET. (*In great distress.*) I—I've just seen Jennie and she tells me some distressful—almost unbelievable things about my—my brother. (*She breaks down.*) Oh, Phil! I would make no allowance for your father. I was full of wicked pride,

I set myself up to judge others and now—now—my own brother— (*She can't speak for emotion.*)

PHILIP. You poor darling! (*He takes her in his arms, lifts up her chin, caressingly.*) Then you'll stay?

MARGARET. (*Smiling through her tears.*) You— you want me? (*He clasps her in his arms.*)

(*Enter Haggleton and Gentle.*)

HAGGLETON. (*Smiling.*) So you've made it up, you two?

(*Margaret breaks away from Philip and looks shyly at Haggleton.*)

HAGGLETON. (*Holding out both arms to her.*) Margaret!

MARGARET. (*Embarrassed.*) Mr. Haggleton, I didn't think I could like you, but what you said to Phil was so generous that—(*she gives him her hands*)—I want to like you now. You see, I—I've learned that people who live in glass houses mustn't throw stones.

HAGGLETON. My daughter! (*Very quietly, while petting her.*) Anyhow, you've got a sense of humor, which is more than your father had. Now, my children, I'm going into business again. (*They look at him in surprise.*) The business of making you happy! And we'll make the poor happy, too, if that will make you happier. See here, I'm going to put ten million dollars aside for you three. (*He indicates Margaret, Philip and Gentle.*) You shall be custodians. I may give a little—ahem!—advice from time to time, but in the main I want you to swing the thing yourselves. You've spent a good many years studying these problems of poverty, and doubtless know the very best plan to follow. Now what scheme would you propose to utilize ten million dollars in helping the poor of this city without demoralizing them? It's up to you!

GENTLE. Ten million dollars! We could cover this island with model tenements.

PHILIP. Cover the island! We could build about fifty. And—they'd never pay. We'd waste our millions.

GENTLE. (*To Philip.*) I'd suggest homes for consumptives. That's what this city needs.

MARGARET. I don't agree with you. We need homes to prevent consumption. We must think of the young. We must help the poor children. We must give them sunshine, green fields—

PHILIP. Impossible! You can't take children away from their parents.

MARGARET. Let the parents go too.

PHILIP. No, no! The parents have to work!

GENTLE. No, no! That would pauperize them!

MARGARET. I never thought of that. (*She turns to Haggleton.*) What would you advise?

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton.*) Yes, what would you do?

GENTLE. (*To Haggleton.*) What would you do?

HAGGLETON. (*Deliberately.*) It's the easiest thing in the world. There's only one sound, practical, common sense way to help the poor of New York City with ten million dollars without demoralizing them. (*He walks to desk.*) This is the way! (*He opens drawer in desk and draws out a bundle of blue prints and papers.*) I can put the thing in one word—education! There is the only hope. You've got to do on a big scale what I've been doing on a small scale. You've got to show the people how to help themselves! You've got to raise their standards!

CURTAIN.

"CHAMBER DRAMA" IN GERMANY

SOMETHING new in the way of drama is reported from Berlin. The innovation bears the same relation to the ordinary play that chamber music does to the large concert. It is "chamber drama," or, as the Germans say, *Kammerspiele*.

The idea originated in the brain of Max Reinhardt, a stage director identified with "modern" tendencies, and he has hired a small Berlin theater in the furtherance of his plans. As described by an English writer, G. Valentine Williams, this theater is "like some dainty *édition de luxe* printed for private circulation only." It is fitted up in a style of *recherché* elegance. "Not a discordant note jars on the perfect harmony of the whole, no noisy foot-step re-echoes on the luxurious velvet-pile carpet of the auditorium, no glaring lustres intrude their unwelcome rays on the sacrosanct twilight enveloping this shrine of intellect." Mr. Williams continues (in *The Contemporary Review*):

"The parquet slopes up to the back of the auditorium, where are situated the two entrances. The walls are lined with dark cedar wood, the low flat ceiling is virgin white. The interior is lighted by electric candles in heavy bronze sconces, whose dis-

creetly modulated rays in no-wise break the sober impression conveyed by the whole. Soft-voiced attendants in black liveries with red facings, black knee breeches and buckle shoes, usher the audience silently into their seats. These are not the agonizing chairs of torture which elsewhere a long-suffering public tolerates under the name of stalls, but luxuriously padded armchairs. Their comfortable depths, it is true, may tend to augment the soporific effect on the Philistine of Maeterlinck or Ibsen, but then this Temple of Art is not for the profane. The attendants with their unobtrusive manner, their exaggerated politeness and noiseless footfall, seem to reflect the character of the place. Like animated marks of interrogation, like the asterisks of the *Roman passionel*, they seem to incorporate the note of indiscretion, the suggestion of half-revealed intimacies, the query, 'What will come next?'

Prices of admission are high, but the "hyper-intellectuals" flock to the performances at the *Kammerspiele*. The jarring rustle of the late-comer is taboo. Every ticket bears a notice that the doors will be closed as soon as the curtain has risen on an act. There must be no risks of the spell being broken. But "to say that the curtain rises," remarks Mr. Williams, "would not be correct—so simple a procedure were unworthy of the dignity of the place. The ceremony is far more solemn. A gong is struck somewhere at the back of the stage—one heavy booming note—the at-



WEDEKIND'S STARTLING PLAY, "SPRING'S AWAKENING"

The finale of one of the most remarkable plays produced at the *Kammerspiele* in Berlin. The youth with his severed head under his arm is the personification of pessimism and death. The other boy represents humanity curious whether or not it should take the proffered grave-bitten hand of despair. Between them, hidden in mystery, stands the "gentleman in the mask," who is said to symbolize life

tendants glide to the doors and silently close them, the lights sink slowly until the auditorium is enveloped in inky darkness, and then the gong resounds again. With a sighing rustle the green silk curtains divide, the drop rises and the play begins." There are no matinées at the *Kammerspiele*—daylight would imperil the subsequent impression. We read further:

"The plays presented at the *Kammerspiele* are mostly of the tense, realistic order, with a strong leaning towards the erotic. While Ibsen and Maeterlinck have been done adequate justice to, the management has moved with the times, and secured for itself the services of one of those literary authors whose plays may be taken to be the last word in Modernism. Frank Wedekind is the chosen of the Faithful. His unbridled audacity, his gross cynicism, and his ultra-realism are exactly in harmony with the demands of his audiences. With purple patches of brilliant epigram, recalling Oscar Wilde at his best, there runs through the whole of his plays a strain of coarseness, of Zolaesque descriptive, which makes them palatable to the taste of the dramatic Secessionist, but at the same time interests the casual playgoer whose nerves and whose better feelings are strong enough to endure the unrestrained orgies in which Wedekind's imagination wallows.

"Turning aside from the Wedekind cult, it must be acknowledged that the management of the *Kammerspiele* has an intelligent appreciation for artistic merit in stage writing. One often feels that the plays produced are the author's favorite works, written from inspiration rather than from a desire to catch the popular taste; and while doubtless the

box-office returns often confirm this view, it is most refreshing to the London playgoer who has not forgotten or forgiven the 'Christian.' Of Maeterlinck's works the *Kammerspiele* has given that remarkable study of a *ménage à trois*, so verbosely worked out in 'Aglavaine et Sélysette.' The setting of this was of the most classical, and showed how earnestly the 'Régisseur' had gone about his work. For the interior scenes massive velvet hangings in magenta, dove color or olive green were relied on, with straight-backed furniture and rich tapestry disposed around. For the outdoor scenes there were wonderful light effects, with a summer sea stretching away into a blue horizon; there were green laurels and glistening white marble seats standing out against a cerulean sky, seeming to hit off that sun-caressed land where Aglavaine and Sélysette fought out their fight of self-denial and love. For Ibsen the *Kammerspiele* is the natural stage. Hitherto only 'Ghosts' has been done, but that with a perfection of acting, a ruthless finesse, that can only be described as *ergreifend*.

"Of the later productions the critics speak well of a Germanized version of Aristophanes' 'Lysistrata,' while a dramatization of one of Balzac's 'Contes Drolatiques'—'La Femme du Connétable'—was apparently too dull even for the 'Modernen,' who banished it after a couple of performances. One hears of a production of 'Candida' that is being planned, but, Bernard Shaw being so much the vogue in Germany at present, the report would seem to indicate that the *Kammerspiele* was leaving its solitary furrow to follow the ploughshare of public taste. That would be a pity, for despite its many failings, the *Kammerspiele* possesses all the advantages of a *Théâtre Intime* coupled with the independence of the Secessionists, and it certainly acts vivifyingly on the German stage. The future of the *Kammerspiele* will be watched with interest."

CONSTANT COQUELIN, LAST OF A LINE OF GREAT ACTORS



WITH the death of Constant Coquelin, the last of the great actors that have achieved world-reputation in our time has passed away. England, as one writer remarks, has lost her Irving, America her Mansfield, and France her Coquelin. In each country the king is dead, but there is no immediate successor. Perhaps histrionic greatness of the near future will lie in the possession of woman. The past banished her from the stage, but the moment she set her foot on it her ascendancy proclaimed itself. We have to-day Réjane, Bernhardt and Duse; but where is the actor, with the possible exception of Novelli, who, like Coquelin and Henry Irving, has made a conquest of the theater beyond the confines of his race and speech? Coquelin, remarks the *New York Times* editorially, if not the greatest actor of his time, was assuredly the finest.

After the death of Irving, the Frenchman, it may safely be said, was the prince of the old school of acting. Nevertheless Coquelin and Henry Irving, Charles Henry Meltzer assures us in the *New York American*, stood at two opposite poles of art. Irving was melodramatic, picturesque, emotional; Coquelin stood for classicism, for calculation and style. One of the French actor's favorite theories was the dogma that the stage impersonator should not permit himself to share the emotions attributed to the characters with whom he happened to be identified, whereas Irving professed a contrary belief. "On the boards," Coquelin remarked to Mr. Meltzer one night, "everything should be unreal." Mr. Meltzer describes how some years ago he was present at a discussion of the antagonistic views:

"Sarah Bernhardt, with much warmth, took up the cudgels on behalf of the propriety of feeling what



"INTO THE NIGHT GO ONE AND ALL"

Coquelin, the greatest actor in the world since the death of Henry Irving, who at the age of sixty-eight, still actively engaged in his art, joined the great silent choir



CYRANO, LARGE OF NOSE

Coquelin, in his celebrated impersonation of Rostand's romantic hero, to whose facial peculiarity the actor's own olfactory organ was harmoniously adapted.

one was supposed to be interpreting. She vowed that often, as she played some part, her eyes would fill with tears. Her distinguished comrade retorted with an eloquent outburst, ridiculing the divine Sarah's attitude.

"After all, the divergencies of the two most eminent French actors of the time may have been merely matters of conflicting temperaments.

"That both of them have been sincere I know from the evidence of my own eyes. Often I have seen Bernhardt weep tears on the stage, due, possibly, to auto-hypnotism, but still real. And on the night when Coquelin was, for the first time in his career, to appear as the old soldier in 'L'Aiglon,' till the very moment when he stepped on the boards he was pleasantly and quite unconcernedly wrangling with me about Ibsen and the realists."

Coquelin died at the age of sixty-eight, having been on the stage two years less than half a century. On the night before he succumbed to a violent attack of embolism he recited to his friends long scenes from "Chanticleer," the extraordinary new play from Rostand's pen. His death came unexpectedly, and, in the words of *Le Temps*, will be mourned by all, "by the authors, to whom he was a brilliant interpreter; by the public, of whom he was the idol; by the great and humble, and by the poor actors, of whom he was the benefactor." The President of the French Republic was represented at his funeral, and Rostand, who owes



IN "L'AIGLON"

The great actor in the part of the old soldier in Rostand's play dealing with the uncrowned son of Napoleon the Great

to him no small measure of fame, was prostrated with grief. The poet's sluggishness in completing "Chanticleer" had robbed the actor of many an hour of sleep. After seven years, Rostand had delivered four acts of the play to Coquelin a couple of months ago; but, Mr. Bullock tells us (in the *New York Press*), "not all of the actor's patience and entreaty succeeded in moving Rostand to finish the fifth act."

"It became the belief in Paris that Rostand never would finish the play; but early last month Coquelin surprised the literary and dramatic world by announcing that he soon would begin rehearsals with the intention of presenting the drama in March. The fifth act had not been finished then, and it has not been finished. But Coquelin was hopeful, and called his company of 100 persons together. He swore the players not to make public a line of the play or reveal a detail of the plot. The only fact made known was that the full 100 would be disguised as birds."

Coquelin had purchased the world rights of the play for fifty thousand dollars, and it had been planned to produce it simultaneously in Paris, New York and London. It had been Coquelin's intention to tour the world in the leading part of Rostand's play, and to revisit the United States for the first time in nine



"ALAS, POOR YORICK!"

The grave-digger in "Hamlet" was said to be one of Coquelin's most effective parts.



SCARPIA, DEEP-DYED VILLAIN

Coquelin in "La Tosca," better known as an opera in this country

years. This would have been his fourth American tour.

Coquelin was the son of a Boulogne baker, and was brought up for his father's trade. In early youth he joined a provincial troupe of actors, made his way to Paris, obtained admission to the Conservatoire, entered himself as a pupil of the famous Regnier, and in less than a year won the second prize for comedy. His first appearance he made as one of Molière's lackeys in 1860 at the Comédie Française. His physique predestined him for comedy, for, as Mr. Meltzer remarks, the public could not see beyond his nose, which was unusually large. He had several quarrels with the Comédie Française, owing to his independence, and his American trips were in defiance of a time-honored law of that venerable institution. In 1894 he created his celebrated rôle of Cyrano de Bergerac, where the shape of his olfactory organ for once assisted him in a tragic part. His faith in the new Rostand play was firm, altho others whispered of the dramatist's decline and the infirmities of his will. It was easy for those who knew him on or off the stage, a writer in the *Boston Transcript* observes, to picture him in that final episode of the career that he had played

so well. Vitality, the same writer asserts, was the secret of Coquelin's acting. So much modern acting, particularly in comedy, is thin in spirit and sharp in accent; but Coquelin's interpretation, unless the part forbade, was always rich and deep.

"The springs of his vitality seemed inexhaustible. Last summer in London he was playing Mascarille and Cyrano perhaps for the thousandth time. Yet neither had withered into mechanism. Gusto still savored and animated them. The noted Don Annibal of his early years—the swashbuckler of 'L'Aventurière'—could scarcely have had more of it.

"Such ripeness, richness and vivacity made Coquelin's acting singularly explicit and emphatic. He set no store by that counsel of perfection that bids the actor take no thought of his audience and act only for the play and his fellow characters. Coquelin belonged to an earlier day that not only took thought of its audience, but drove every point home and seemed to watch and appreciate the effect. Adroitness of technic and fineness of understanding he had in plenty, but his acting seldom stopped at suggestion or at the mysterious telepathy that implies a state of mind or emotion without any explicit definition of it. He preferred to cross his histrionic T's and dot his histrionic I's, and sometimes to a fault. He would have his Mathias in 'The Bells,' for example, an Alsatian innkeeper, who had murdered a Yiddish peddler for his money and who was afraid he might be caught, and not at all the haunted, tortured figure of fantasy into which Irving wrought

the same character. His Abbé Constantin and his old Rabbi in 'L'Ami Fritz' were delightful in the simple-minded, insinuating humor that Coquelin rubbed out of their expressive hands or set twinkling in their eyes. Yet their sentiment, when it was not playful, was a little too precise and prosy. Perhaps it was the glamor of Rostand's verse in his sonorous tones, more than any other attribute of his acting or of himself, that made him seem almost the passionate lover under Roxane's balcony. Then he could not be explicit if he would, but he could be emphatic, and almost to illusion. More nearly than any other actor of his time Coquelin gave meaning to that ancient and hollow catch-word, 'to act with authority.'

Coquelin's voice was rich and resonant. His speech, voluble to English ears, was clear on

the instant to those who were intimately familiar with French. "He had," we are told, "the singer's art to sustain the melody and the rhythm of the verse, and yet to divide it into intelligible and significant phrase." He was no less varied and vivid of gesture. To quote further:

"Salient characterization of personages that were at once human and humorous, unusual and ingratiating, was at his command. Sentiment was within his easy reach. Passion in the higher and deeper sense he could only feign superficially and oratorically, and the lack of it hampered him in more than one episode in the wooing in *Cyrano*. Idealizing and poetic imagination he had not. His feet were firmly set on the earth."

PSYCHIC CURRENTS IN MODERN AMERICAN DRAMA

THE big play of the future will be along metaphysical lines—the play that deals with the psychic forces that are crowding into our lives, working harm here and good there." Thus spake Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," with reference to his "Third Degree," a new play on somewhat the same theme as that of "The Witching Hour." Du Maurier's play, "Trilby," produced many years ago, was one of the first popular attempts to present on the stage the possibilities of hypnotic influence. In "The Bells," made famous by Irving, the hypnotic note was again prominent. Then the field lay almost barren until the recent productions of "The Witching Hour" and "The Road to Yesterday." The present season, however, has brought forth no less than three dramas in which vibrates the psychic impulse which is calling forth so much discussion in religious, medical, and philosophical circles. Whatever be the flaws of their work, the authors of the new psychic dramas, Mr. Klein, Mrs. Burnett and Messrs. Woolf and Viereck, at least attempt to present new and timely problems, which seem perhaps less fantastic to-day than they would have seemed at any other period since the days when the belief in witchcraft was relegated to the domain of superstition.

Mr. Klein in his new play has chosen the subject of hypnotic influence as exerted upon supposed criminals to wrest from them a confession of guilt. In the words of one critic, "The Third Degree" is the lineal descendant, if not the direct offspring, of "The Witching Hour" in the family of melodrama. In the

tremendously effective first act, by far the best of the play, a man takes his own life. A weak but well-meaning youth is accused of having murdered him. Under the relentless badgering of the brutal police captain, his nerves give way, and, hypnotized by the gleaming barrel of a pistol, he repeats helplessly word for word a confession laid in his mouth. The ordeal he undergoes is known in police circles as the "third degree," of which Professor Münsterberg has made astonishing revelations. "It is perhaps true," remarks the *New York Sun*, "that certain suspected prisoners are subjected to some modification of this program, tho there is good reason to doubt that the police force of New York has any large number of skilled hypnotists on its staff. But," it goes on to say, "this outline constitutes an hypothesis sufficiently credible upon which to rest securely a structure of dramatic composition."

Mr. Klein, who is said to be a Christian Scientist, professes absolute belief in the truth of his theory. "You must believe in what you write," he says, "if you would be successful. . . . I think 'The Third Degree' is the greatest play I have ever written." The New York critics dissent largely from Mr. Klein's estimate of the play; they refuse to take seriously the "new thought," but they admit that it is skilfully presented and dramatically effective. "Like several of Mr. Klein's other plays," remarks the *New York Times*, "it is possible to see a purpose behind this one besides the mere desire to provide an exciting evening's entertainment, tho that is undoubtedly one of its immediate results."

Mrs. Burnett's play, "The Dawn of To-

morrow," met with a similar, tho somewhat less enthusiastic, reception. She tells the story of a rich Londoner whom the doctors have apparently given up as suffering from incipient paresis. He determines not to wait for death, but to crawl away and die in some corner of the slums. There he meets Gladys, a girl described by a critic as "fiery-haired, vivacious, and incorrigibly virtuous," whose lover is wrongly accused of murder. She preaches to him the doctrine of "askin' and askin' and askin'," and makes him "think of some one else." Then by the influence of prayer the lover is saved and the stranger is restored to health. "There are passages in the play," observes the *Sun* critic, "which were clearly interpreted as preachments for Christian Science. Others hovered about the borders of new thought; but the dominant notes are those of unselfishness and optimism, and if they always work as well in life as they do in the play there can be no critic so carping as to carp a single carp against them." Critics have accepted the play as an interesting and wholesome story, but attach no significance to what is dubbed by *The Evening Post* "its affectation of semi-scientific, semi-religious purpose."

The third psychic play of the season, "The Vampire," by Edgar Allan Woolf and George Sylvester Viereck, which has called forth much conflicting opinion, introduces for the first time on the stage the theme of psychic larceny. Its hero, Paul Hartleigh, a mental Raffles, sucks ideas from the brains of others much as the vampire of old sucked blood. By a curious process, half hypnotic, half telepathic, he takes the unuttered thoughts from the minds of others, leaving them destitute of ideas, and on the way to become gibbering idiots. His justification is the plea of the Overman of Nietzsche; he is an instrument of the "unknown god," as Shakespeare and Balzac were—"a vocal sunglass gathering the dispersed rays of a thousand lesser luminaries in one singing flame that like a giant torch lights up the way of the world." There are, he says, "absorptive souls whom men call geniuses," and other souls which *give*—radium souls. Such a radium soul, made strong by unselfish love, interposes between the vampire and his victim.

The Evening Post violently pooh-poohs the metaphysical idea underlying the play. Tho the drama is, it says, "by no means devoid of ability or ideas," and "may even be said to contain the potentiality of real and superior drama," yet "it is extravagant to the point of craziness, and at once so bumptious and so shallow in its pseudo-scientific assumptions and

its flighty disregard of common sense that it is difficult to treat it seriously in spite of its occasional cleverness." *The Times*, on the other hand, commends the authors for an effort to depart from the conventional and humdrum type of drama, and Mr. William Winter remarks in *The Tribune* that the underlying idea is "not at all more preposterous than that of mental and physical duality that was used with such remarkable cogency by Robert Louis Stevenson in his novel of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'" Paul Hartleigh, says the *Springfield Republican*, might have been Cagliostro, and it sees in "The Vampire" "a suggestion of the immense psychic force of which the twentieth century is just beginning to become aware."

The New York Sunday *Times*, in an interesting analysis of metaphysical drama, points out that so far, where the theater is concerned, the psychical walks hand in hand with melodrama. Perhaps the strong urgency of melodramatic effect is necessary to carry ideas at once so subtle and novel over the footlights. Speaking of "The Witching Hour," it asserts that once the theory is accepted, there is no occasion to object to the method of demonstration. "The Vampire," like "The Witching Hour," it says, has a basic idea reaching into the unknown, but the authors of "The Vampire" are hampered at the outset because the theory they exploit is less familiar to the general mind. "In all likelihood there are few intelligent persons who have not had some thoughts on the subject of telepathy, and probably some experience of their own which at once served to bring the theory to mind. It may be doubted, however, if the absorption brain theory is not a complete novelty in effect to nine out of every ten people who saw 'The Vampire.'" Mrs. Burnett's play, the writer opines, as far as it goes along the line of power through spiritual and mental operations, is unconvincing because "she has not succeeded in her play in developing mental science in such a manner as to make it a positive factor in the recital."

A forthcoming play, not yet presented on the stage, by the author of "The Great Divide," is called "The Mind Healer." It will be interesting to see in what manner Mr. Moody has worked out the idea. Prof. William James has spoken of the idea of mental healing as America's distinctive contribution to the religious thought of our time. The exploitation of the psychic for the purposes of the drama is perhaps America's most original contribution to current dramatic literature.

Science and Discovery

THE PECULIAR BEHAVIOR OF MOREHOUSE'S COMET

IN THE portrayal of the now famous Morehouse comet, celestial photography, writes Professor S. A. Mitchell, of Columbia University, has given to astronomy new wonders of the heavens and fresh problems to be solved. The heavenly visitor to which science is so much indebted—now known in astronomical lore as comet C, 1908, or by its discoverer's name—was found by Professor Morehouse on a photo-



FIRST OF ALL

On September 30 the comet showed a well-marked fan-like tail

graphic plate taken quite recently at the Yerkes observatory. Three nights' observations gave data enough to calculate the path of this object in its journey about the sun. It was found that here was a body destined to arouse intense popular interest since it would become bright enough to be seen by the naked eye without the aid of glass or telescope. Nor did it fail to live up to its reputation, being in some parts of this country quite apparent to the naked eye. After passing around the sun the comet again became visible, altho just now it is discernible only in the southern hemisphere, where it is attaining a surpassing brightness. To quote from *The Scientific American*:

"Prof. Barnard regards it as the most startling comet since the application of the sensitive photographic plate. Daniel's comet was an 'orderly, well-behaved body,' but Morehouse's has been de-

cidedly sensational ever since the day of its discovery. What has made it specially remarkable has been the wonderful outbursts and transformations in its tail, which has changed its appearance so suddenly and with such force that after twenty-four hours it would not be recognized from its appearance as the same body.

"The comet was very favorably situated with a high northern altitude in October, so that the astronomer was permitted to take photographs practically throughout the whole night. The great interest attaching to it is evidenced when it is understood that between September 1 (its discovery) and November 3, Prof. Barnard obtained of it 239 plates.

"Remarkable transformations occurred on September 30 and October 1, violent changes taking place on the former date throughout the night. The first exposure on this night was not specially remarkable and gave no warning of the outburst seen on the photograph taken at 13 h. 22 m. central standard time (2:22 A. M., October 1). In this the comet has become a very remarkable and beautiful object, utterly and entirely different from the first picture; the tail had tapered down to a very narrow connection with the head, and fluffy masses which had been seen on photographs taken a few hours earlier on the northern (lower) side of the tail became on this plate a large projection. The tail appeared cyclonic in form and structure, and doubtless an hour later the whole tail had become disconnected bodily from the head. What a transformation had taken place before the next evening! The same stars may be recognized on



NEXT

On the next night the tail had almost disappeared, giving way to a few streamers

the photographs of the two nights, but the tails look not a whit alike. A photograph taken October 1 at 13 h. 43 m. (1:43 A. M. October 2), shows half way out on the tail a great mass of matter which formed the tail of the night before, and in successive pictures taken throughout the night of October 1, this mass of matter is seen getting farther and farther away from the comet. Several fine thread-like tails may be seen close to the head. Such changes caused the comet to become suddenly brighter to the eye, as was noted by Prof. Wilson at Northfield, Minn., on the night of September 30.

"Another great disturbance occurred on October 15 which is remarkable for the most extraordinary secondary tail. No trace of this was seen on photographs taken on October 14, while remnants of these cloudy masses much farther out are shown on plates taken October 16 and 17. Peculiar wavy appearances were seen in the tail about the middle of the month of November, and traces of this spiral motion can be seen in the beautiful photograph of November 18."

What can have caused these peculiar outbursts it is difficult to say. Early observers of comet phenomena noted that the tail was always directed away from the sun. They explained this fact by some force seated in the sun which repelled the particles of the tail, while gravity attracted the comet as a whole and made it move about the sun. Modern astronomy with its great advances has, within the last few years, gone so far as to explain

the nature of this repellant force. It is due to a pressure exerted by sunlight on the finely divided matter forming the comet's tail.

"What we call light consists of waves very small in size moving with great velocities. If six hundred millions of millions (600,000,000,000,000) of waves enter our eye in a second of time, we say that the light is green in color. These waves, tiny tho they are, exert a pressure on any object on which they fall just as the ocean waves exert a pressure when they pound in on the sands of the shore. The pressure of sunlight on ordinary objects is exces-



FINALLY

On November 18 the tail showed a wave-like form with many diverging streamers

sively small, but if the bodies become smaller and smaller so that the surface becomes relatively larger with respect to the mass (the mass decreases as the cube, and the area as the square of similar dimensions) a point will be reached in the subdivision of matter that particles will be repelled by the pressure of the sun's light rather than attracted by the force of gravity. This is the present accepted explanation of the cause why the comet's tails point always from the sun, nor is it an idle theory with no practical backing, for Professors Nichols and Hull have been able to make an artificial comet's tail in the laboratory by the pressure of light."

It was the brilliantly generalizing mind of the Swedish physicist Svante Arrhenius, that cosmically applied the principles involved in light pressure, and brought into a simple harmony all this astronomical discord, as Waldeemar Kaempffert explains in *Harper's Magazine*. This pressure theory explains the general behavior of comets' tails, but it fails to give the cause of the sudden outbursts and changes in brightness and directions observed in the Morehouse comet. The sun by its heat undoubtedly starts activity in the comet nucleus. This activity increases as the comet approaches closer and closer to the sun. Just how the head behaves and how it gives forth particles to form the tail are problems which science can not at present solve.



THE PROCESS CONTINUES

On October 15 another most remarkable change occurred. Note the cloudy masses near the head.

A PHYSICIAN'S INDICTMENT OF MENTAL HEALING



HAT his body is under the control of his mind is affirmed by Dr. Woods Hutchinson in *The Saturday Evening Post* to be "one of the dearest delusions of man."

Man may not be in his heart of hearts a believer in the idea itself. But, says our authority, he wants to be. The reason seems an obvious one to Dr. Hutchinson. "The one thing man felt absolutely sure he could control was his own mind. If he couldn't control that, what could he?" Hence, if the human being could control his mind, and if this mind of his could control his body, "man is master of his fate." Unfortunately, almost in proportion as man becomes confident of one link in the chain, he becomes doubtful of the other. For the science of to-day is establishing that man's most permanent control over his mind is attainable by a modification of a bodily condition. "The field in which we modify bodily conditions by mental influence is steadily shrinking." Indeed, declares Dr. Hutchinson, "all our substantial and permanent victories over bodily ills have been won by physical means." Even the large majority of the triumphs of science over mental and moral disease have been secured through physical agencies alone.

"That the mind does exert an influence over the body, and a powerful one, in both health and disease, is obvious. But what we are apt to forget is that the whole history of the progress of medicine has been a record of diminishing resort to this power as a means of cure. The measure of our success and of our control over disease has been and is yet in exact proportion to the extent to which we can relegate this resource to the background and avoid resorting to it. Instead of mental influence being the newest method of treatment, it is the oldest. Two-thirds of the methods of the shaman, the witch doctor, the medicine man, were psychic. Instead of being an untried remedy it is the most thoroly tested, most universal, most ubiquitous remedy listed anywhere upon the pages of history—and, it may be frankly stated, in civilized countries as widely discredited as tested. The proportion to which it survives in the medicine of any race is the measure of that race's barbarism and backwardness. To-day two of the most significant criteria of the measure of enlightenment and of control over disease of either the medical profession of a nation or an individual physician are the extent to which they resort to and rely upon mental influence and opium. Psychotherapy and narcotics are and ever have been the sheet anchors of the charlatan and the miracle worker."

However, there is neither friendliness nor hostility in the contemporary physician's atti-

tude to what goes by the name of mental influence in the treatment of disease. Thus declares Dr. Hutchinson most positively. Physicians regard this mental healing, he declares, just as they would regard any other remedial agency—"a given drug, for instance, a bath, or a form of electricity or light." The medical profession is opposed to mental healing, if at all, only to the extent that physicians have tested the thing and found it inferior to other remedies. "Its distrust of it, so far as it exists, is simply the feeling that it has toward half a hundred ancient drugs and remedial agencies which it has dropped from its list of working remedies as obsolete, many of which still survive in household and folk medicine." The attitude of the physician, then, is impartial, empirical. He studies mental influence in disease from the scientific standpoint:

"The first and most striking claim that is made for mental influence in disease is based upon the allegation that it has the power of producing disease and even death; the presumption of course being that if able to produce these conditions it would certainly have some influence in removing or preventing them. Upon this point the average man is surprisingly positive and confident in his convictions. Popular literature and legend are full of historic instances where individuals have not merely been made seriously ill but have even been killed by powerful impressions upon their imaginations. Most men are ready to relate to you instances that have been directly reported to them of persons who were literally frightened to death. But the moment that we come to investigate these widely quoted and universally accepted instances we find ourselves in a curious position. On the one hand, merely a series of vague tales and stories, without date, locality, or any earmark by which they can be identified or tested. On the other, a collection of rare and extraordinary instances of sudden death which have happened to be preceded by a powerful mental impression, many of which bear clearly upon their face the imprint of death by rupture of a blood vessel, heart failure or paralysis in the course of some well-marked and clearly defined chronic disease, like valvular heart mischief, diabetes or Bright's disease."

Upon investigation, the majority of these cases, says Dr. Hutchinson, have turned out to be those of individuals subject to a malady liable to terminate in sudden death. "Practically all in which a post mortem examination has been made have shown a definite cause of death." The immediate cause was merely the last straw. Dr. Hutchinson divides into two great classes all stories of death from purely imaginative impressions, such as the victims

being told that they were seriously ill, that they would die on or about such and such a date, and the like. "The first of these—death at a definite date—after it had been prophesied either by the victim or some physician or priest, may be dismissed in a few words, as they lead at once into the realm of prophecy, witchcraft and voodoo." The second group of these alleged instances of death by mental impression is, thinks Dr. Hutchinson, in "singular case." They practically simmer down to two stock legends:

"First and most famous, is the story of a vigorous, healthy man accosted by a series of doctors at successive corners of the street down which he is walking, with the greeting:

"Why, my dear Mr. So-and-So, what is the matter? How ill you look!"

"He becomes alarmed, takes to his bed, falls into a state of collapse and dies within a few days.

"The other story is even more familiar and dramatic. Again it is a group of morbidly curious and spiteful doctors who desire to see whether a human being can be killed by the power of his imagination. A condemned criminal is accordingly turned over to them. He is first allowed to see a dog bled to death, one of the physicians holding a watch and timing the process with: 'Now he is growing weaker! Now his heart is failing—now he dies!'

"Then, after having been informed that he is to be bled to death instead of guillotined, his eyes are bandaged and a small, insignificant vein in his arm is opened. A basin is held beneath his arm, into which is allowed to drip and gurgle the water from a tube so as to imitate the sounds made by the departing life-blood. Again the death-watch is set and the stages of his decline are called off:

"Now he weakens! Now his heart is failing,' until finally, with the solemn pronouncement, 'Now he dies!' he falls over, gasps a few times and is dead, tho the total amount of blood lost by him does not exceed a few teaspoonfuls.

"A variant of the story is that the trick was played for pure mischief in the initiation ceremonies of some lodge or college fraternity, with the horrifying result that death promptly resulted.

"The stories seem to be little more than pure creatures of the same force whose power they are supposed to illustrate—amusing and dramatic fairy-tales, handed down from generation to generation from Heaven knows what antiquity.

"Death under such circumstances as these *may* have occurred, but the proofs are totally lacking. One of our leading neurologists, who had extensively experimented in hypnotism and suggestion, declared a short time ago:

"I don't believe that death was ever caused solely by the imagination."

Leaving for the moment the multiplicity of such cases, Dr. Hutchinson comes next to the extent of the field in which mental healing can reasonably be expected to prove useful. His discussion is from a purely physical point of view. It is, he thinks, now generally admitted,

even by most believers in mental healing, that it is only, at best, in rarest instances that mental influence can be relied upon to cure organic disease, namely, disease attended by actual destruction of tissue or loss of organs, limbs or other portion of the body.

This limits the field of vision of the so-called mental healing to what go by the name of functional diseases, in which the body machine is in apparently perfect or nearly perfect condition but will not work, and particularly that group of functional diseases which is believed to be due largely to the influence of the imagination. But nowhere, declares Dr. Hutchinson, can the curious exaggeration and overestimation of the real state of affairs in this field be better illustrated than in the popular impression as to the frequency in actual practice of "imaginary diseases." Take the incidental testimony of literature, for instance, which is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature, to be a transcript from life. The pages of the novel are full, the scenes of the drama are crowded, with imaginary invalids. Not only are they one of the most valuable stock properties for the humorist, but whole stories and comedies have been devoted to their exploitation. The entire atmosphere of the drama gives the wrong impression that if people—particularly the wealthy—would shake themselves and go about their business, two-thirds of the illness in the world would disappear at once. But how vastly different is the truth!

"Within the past few months one of the leading neurologists of New York, a man whose practice is confined exclusively to mental and nervous diseases, stated in a public address that purely or even chiefly imaginary diseases were among the rarer conditions that the physician was called upon to treat. Shortly after, two of the leading neurologists of Philadelphia, one of them a man of international reputation, practically repeated this statement; and they put themselves on record to the effect that the vast majority of those who imagined themselves to be ill were ill, tho often not to the degree or in precisely the manner that they imagined themselves to be.

"Obviously, then, this possible realm of suffering in which the mind can operate is very much more limited than was at one time believed. In fact, imaginary diseases might be swept out of existence and humanity would practically never know the difference, so little would the total sum of its suffering be reduced."

Yet another field in which, according to Dr. Hutchinson, there has been much general misunderstanding and looseness both of thought and statement—which has again led to exaggerated ideas of the direct influence of the



Photo by Pach Brothers

A RESTORER OF THE SICK ACCORDING TO HIPPOCRATES

Doctor Woods Hutchinson, whose picture is given here, condemns the idea that underlies much of the so-called mental therapy of the hour. The lay and popular mind he believes, is systematically misled by current psychical vagaries regarding the true nature of disease.

mind over the body—is the well known effect of emotional states, such as fright or anger, upon the ordinary processes of the body. Instances of this relation are household words—the man whose hair turned white in a single night from grief or terror, the nursing mother who flew into a furious fit of passion and whose child was promptly seized with convulsions and died the next time it was put to the breast, the father who is prostrated by the death or disgrace of a favorite son and dies within a few weeks of a broken heart. The first thing revealed by even a brief study of this subject is that these instances are exceedingly rare, and owe their familiarity in our minds to their striking and dramatic character and to the excellent “material” which they make for the dramatist and the gossip. It is even difficult to secure clear and valid proof of the actual occurrence of that blanching of the hair which so many take for granted.

“More fundamental, however, and vital is the extent to which we have overlooked the precise method in which these violent emotional impressions alter bodily activities, like the secretions. Granting, for the sake of argument that states of mind, especially of great tension, have some direct and mysterious influence as such, and through means which defy physical recognition and study, it must be remembered that they have a perfectly definite physiological sphere of influence upon vital activities. Indeed, we are already in a position to explain at least two-thirds of these so-called ‘mental influences’ upon purely physical and physiological grounds.

“First of all, we must remember that these emotions which we are pleased to term ‘states of mind’ are also states of body. If any man were to stand up before you, for instance, either upon the stage or in private, and inform you that he was ‘scared within an inch of his life,’ without tremor in his voice, or paling of his countenance, or widening eyes, or twitching muscles, or preparations either to escape or to fight, you would simply laugh at him. You would readily conclude either that he was making fun of you and felt no such emotion, or that he was repressing it by an act of miraculous self-control. The man who is frightened and doesn’t do anything or look as if he were going to do anything, the man who is angry and makes no movement or even twitching, suggesting that fact, is neither angry nor frightened.

“An emotional state is, of course, a peculiarly complex affair. First there is the reception of the sensation—sight, sound, touch or smell—which terrifies. This terror is a secondary reaction, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is conditioned upon our memory of previous similar objects and their dangerousness, or our recollection of what we have been told about their deadliness. Then instantly, irrepressibly, comes the lightning-like flash of horror to our heart, to our muscles, to our lungs, to get ready to meet this emergency. Then, and not till then, do we really feel the emotion. In fact, our most pragmatic philosopher, William James,

has gone so far as to declare that emotions are the after-echoes of muscular contractions. By the time an emotion has fairly got us in its grip so that we are really conscious of it, the blood-supply of half the organs in our body has been powerfully altered, and often completely reversed.”

To what extent muscular contractions condition emotions, as Professor James has suggested, may be easily tested by a quaint and simple little experiment upon a group of the smaller voluntary muscles in the body—those that move the eyeball. Choose some time, advises Dr. Hutchinson, when you are sitting quietly in your room, free from all disturbing thoughts and influences. Then stand up and, assuming any easy position, cast the eyes upward and hold them in that position for thirty seconds. Instantly and involuntarily you will be conscious of a tendency towards reverential, devotional, contemplative ideas and thoughts. Then turn the eyes sideways, glancing directly to the right or to the left through half-closed lids. Within thirty seconds, images of suspicion, of uneasiness, or of dislike will rise unbidden to the mind. Turn the eyes to one side and slightly downward, and suggestions of jealousy or coquetry will be apt to spring unbidden. Direct your gaze downward to the floor and you are likely to go off into a fit of reverie or abstraction. It will also be recollected what an important part in the production of hypnosis and the trance state fixed and strained positions of these same ocular muscles have always been made to play. Many hypnotists can bring their subjects within their control solely by having them gaze fixedly at some bright object like a mirror.

In the light of what has preceded it is not so obscure a theme to consider the physical—note the word physical—effect of a shock or fright or furious outburst of anger upon the vital secretions. Obviously, any processes which require a full or unusually large share of blood supply for their carrying out will be instantly stopped by the diversion of this from their secreting cells, in the wall of the stomach, in the liver, or in the capillaries of the brain, to the great muscular masses of the body, or by some strange, atavistic reflex into the so-called “abdominal pool,” the portal circulation. The familiar results are just what might have been expected. The brain is so suddenly emptied of blood that connected thought becomes impossible, and in extreme cases we stand as one paralyzed, until the terror that we would flee from crushes down upon us or we lose consciousness and swoon away. If the process

of digestion happens to be going on it is instantly stopped, leaving food to ferment and putrefy and poison the body tissues which it would otherwise have nourished. The cells of the liver may be so completely deprived of blood as to stop forming bile out of broken down blood pigment, and the latter will gorge every vessel of the body and escape into the tissues, producing jaundice. Everyone knows how the hearing of bad news or the cropping up of disagreeable subjects in conversation at dinner table will tend to promote indigestion instead of digestion. The mechanism is precisely similar.

"A similar condition of temporary panic, call it mental or bodily, as you will, occurs in disease and is not confined to the so-called imaginary diseases, or even the diseases of the nervous system, but is apt to be present in a large number of acute affections, especially those attended by pain. Sudden invasion of the system by the germs of infectious diseases, with their explosions of toxin-shells all through the redoubts of the body, often induces a disturbance of the bodily balance akin to panic. This is usually accompanied and aggravated by an emotional dread and terror of corresponding intensity. The relief of the latter, by the confident assurance of an expert and trusted physician that the chances are ten to one that the disease will run its course in a few days and the patient completely recover—especially if coupled with the administration of some drug which relieves the pain or diminishes congestion in the affected organs—will often do much toward restoring balance and putting the patient in a condition where the natural recuperative powers of the system can begin their work. The historic popularity of opium and of late of the coal-tar products (phenacetin and acetanilide), in the beginning of an acute illness, is largely based on the power which they possess of dulling pain, relieving disturbances of the blood-balance, and soothing bodily and mental excitement. Fever panic or pain panic, like a banking panic, tho it has a genuine and substantial basis, can be dealt with and relieved much more readily after checking excessive degrees of distrust and excitement. An opiate will relieve this physical pain panic, just as a strong mental impression will relieve the fright paralysis and emotional panic which often accompany it, and thus give a clearer field and a breathing space for the more slowly-acting recuperative powers of Nature to assert their influence and get control of the situation.

"*But neither of them will cure.* The utmost that they can do is to give a breathing spell, a lull in the storm, which the rallying powers of the body, if present, can take advantage of. If the latter, however, be not adequate to the situation, the disease will progress to serious or even fatal termination, just as certainly as if no such influence had been exerted, and often at an accelerated rate. In fact, our dependence upon opiates and mental influence have been both a characteristic and a cause of the Dark Ages of medicine. The more we depended upon these, the more content we were to remain in ignorance of the real causes of disease whether bodily or mental.

"The second physical effect produced by mental influence is probably the most important of all, and that is *the extent to which it induces the patient to follow good advice.* Valuable and helpful as courage and confidence in the sick-room are, they are but a broken reed which will pierce the hand of him who leans upon it too heavily, be he patient or physician.

"Broadly speaking, mental states in the sick-room are a pretty fair rough index—I don't mind saying product—of bodily states. Hopefulness and confidence are usually favorable signs, for the reason that they are most likely to be displayed by individuals who, altho they may be seriously ill, are of good physique, have high resisting power, and will make a successful fight against the disease. So, roughly speaking, courage and hopefulness are good omens on purely physical grounds.

"But these are only rough indications of probabilities—not reliable signs, and as a rule we are but little affected by either the hopes or the fears of our patients in making up our estimate of their chances. The only mental symptom that weighs heavily with us is indifference. This puts us on the lookout at once."

Finally, the cases in which the sufferings of the patient are due chiefly to a morbid action of his or her imagination are a small percentage of the total of the ills which are brought to the physician for relief. But even of this small percentage only a very few, Dr. Hutchinson says, are in perfect or even reasonably good physical health. A large majority of these neurasthenics, psychasthenics, imaginary invalids and bodily or mental neurotics have some physical disturbance, organic or functional, which is the chief cause of their troubles. And the important point is that our success in relieving these sufferers, declares Dr. Hutchinson, will depend upon the skill with which medical science ferrets out this physical basis:

"The most important element in the cure of disease by mental impression is *time* plus the *vis medicatrix naturae*. The mental impression—suggestion, scolding, securing of confidence—diverts the attention of the patient until his own recuperative power and the intelligent correction of bad physical habits remedy his defect. Poor mental impression, however vivid, which is not followed up by improvement of the environment or correction of bad physical habits, will be almost absolutely sterile. Faith without works is as dead in medicine as in religion. Mental influence is little more than an introduction committee to real treatment. Even the means used for producing mental impressions are physical—impressions made upon some one of the five senses of the individual. In short, as Barker aptly puts it: 'Every psychotherapy is also a physical therapy.'

"Furthermore, even mental worry, distress or depression in nine cases out of ten has a physical cause. 'Take care of the body and the mind will take care of itself,' is a maxim which will prove valid in actual practice nine times out of ten."

IS THE EARTH OLD OR YOUNG?



WITH what span are we to measure the life of a world? How may we reckon the passing of its apparently endless years? What pulse of time beats out the heart throbs of a star?

In reply to these queries, which that able man of science, Dr. Alexander W. Roberts, puts at the head of his paper in *Chambers's Journal* on the age of the earth, he tells us that this planet is really young. The notion of its age, derived from biology, geology, and even astronomy, is quite misleading in the sense ordinarily ascribed to age. Yet biology in connection with geology makes certain definite (if not numerical) revelations regarding the earth's age as a habitable world. It had a certain definite beginning, and it had this beginning in time. There was a date in the actual passage of the years, a physical instant, when life did not exist upon the earth for the simple reason that it could not. The earth was too hot, the rocks too molten, to support life. As soon as the earth became habitable, when the waters above the firmament were separated from the waters under the firmament, and dry land appeared, then, and not till then, did the gift of rudimentary life enrich earth's wide domains. This fact is "writ large" in the rocks that girdle our earth, and there is no controverting it.

"Life as we know it had a beginning, and it had that beginning soon after the earth passed from the plastic to the solid state. What the precise nature of that beginning was need not concern us here; indeed, speculation as to its character is idle. We know that at a certain date in time life was not on this globe, and that at a later day we find evidence of organic life—humble, simple, structureless life, it is true, but yet life. Between these two ages the stupendous change in the world's history took place.

"As regards the date of this epoch-making event, the dawn of life on the globe, biology, as we have said, is silent. All she can assure us is that the age-long periods during which life on the earth passed through phase after phase of its evolutionary progress are to be measured by untold millions of years. Even as to the vaguest estimate concerning the duration of a single epoch—as, for example, the saurian age of great reptiles—we can obtain not the slightest hint from biology. She accordingly permits us to make any draft we like on the bank of time in which to account for the various progressive changes that have taken place in the vegetable and animal forms of past ages.

"But besides this foundational fact of cosmic biology, that life has been evolved from the simplest forms, there is a second of equal importance. Progress from the lowest primitive stages of life

to the highest complex types of the present day has been gradual and regular. There is not in creation a single reversion of development—that is, a distinct descent from a highly organized form to a simpler and more rudimentary type. Retrogression is apparently a manifestation of nature in its sick and feeble moods. Life unrestricted moves forward in a stately fashion, ever facing the line of march.

"Is the earth old or young? In presence of this great law of development, we answer young and strong and full of rich and glorious promise. It is neither old nor decrepit nor exhausted, if we have interpreted rightly the tale imperial biology has to tell. On the contrary, it is at the entering in of a new age, the age of man's domination."

Next arises the question raised by geology as to the youth of the earth. How shall we translate the moments of geological time into the years and centuries that chronicle the flight of historical epochs? Few facts impress the mind more regarding the immense abyss of time that measures any single geological age than the apparent impossibility of establishing such a comparison as is here sought. We know that the same forces which have operated since the first day of our earth as a habitable globe are operating still, still moulding the present circumstances of sea-coast, river-valley, and lake-bottom into the rough material of a new and future geological age; and yet, during the whole story of human history, it would seem that the physical features of the earth, even to its minutest details, have remained unchanged.

"But we must have some foothold of comparison, however uncertain, between the present and the past, otherwise figures are impertinent guesses.

"Let us take the present. Is it possible to arrive at any estimate regarding the rate at which mud or sand ooze is being deposited in our seas or our lakes? It is evident that if we knew exactly the rate at which rocks, sand, clay, or shells were formed under water we should have a measuring-gauge to apply to the rocks that have been built up during the past ages of the earth's history.

"Many judgments have been offered on this important factor in geological chronology. Of course the rate of deposit will depend upon a variety of circumstances; the soil of the country being denuded, the restlessness of the sea area, being some of the modifying conditions which have to be taken into account. If we, however, take an outside margin of one inch per century as the rate of rock-formation we have something to work upon, for now all we have to discover is the actual depth of stratified rock, and then we have in our possession the necessary data for a determination of the lowest possible duration of geological time.

"Estimates as to the depth of stratified rocks vary from one hundred thousand feet to three hundred thousand feet. Let us take the smaller value as a minor limit, just as we have taken the multi-

plying factor of one inch per century as a minor limit, and we arrive at this definite result, that it would take twelve hundred thousand centuries, one hundred and twenty-nine million years, at the very least, to build the present outer shell of stratified rock that surrounds our globe. At the very least! How much more distant than this the actual beginning of geological time is we cannot say, altho we know from other evidence that it could not exceed four times the value we have just given. Between these two dates, therefore, 120,000,000 B.C. and 500,000,000 B.C., the dawn of life on our earth lies."

From geology we derive the inference—it might indeed be termed a demonstrable fact—that the date of the ice age was 300,000 B.C., altho the learned Dr. Croll, from astronomical considerations, places it somewhere about 200,000 B.C. Now, if an occurrence so geologically recent as the ice age took place 200,000 years ago, we may reasonably assume, according to the scientist we are quoting, that the preceding epochs—Primary, Secondary and Tertiary—stretch over a period of time a thousandfold greater than this. Yet another subsidiary proof of the vastness of geological periods, if any such were needed, is found in the time many rivers must have taken to cut their way through the rocks or banks that hem them in. It is computed that Niagara has taken over thirty thousand years to carve its present course. Yet every inch of the wearing away has been done after the glacial age had withdrawn from North America. Then, again, in South Africa, the writer has examined waterways that are certainly fifty thousand years old, yet they are found in sand or clay of the most recent origin. All this goes to prove the immense age of our sedimentary rocks—that is, of our earth as a habitable world, for life is contemporaneous with the earliest sedimentary strata.

"But the question is: Is the earth old or young? Well, it is at least a hundred million years of age, if that may be deemed old. Yet, as we have said, youth and age are relative terms, and perhaps in the lifetime of a world a hundred million years is simply a summer vacation, a mere fragment of its whole life-span. So the point to be answered is this: unless calamity, swift and unseen, descend upon our globe, how many years of life, of bountiful life, does geology say it may still enjoy? What, in the language of actuaries, is its present expectation of life?

"Now it is evident that, after all, the primal cause of the succession of geological ages lies in the movements of the earth's outer crust. It is true, winds and waves and waters are the formative agents in the upbuilding of stratified rocks; but they would be destroying agents unless the seas they flooded, the estuaries they filled, rose in height and became dry land. It is the encroachment of

sea upon shore, and the consequent uprising of dry land in some other quarter of the globe, which make rain and wind, rivers and floods, seas and currents, the beneficial forces they are.

"Suppose, however, all movement of land and sea to cease, what is dry land remains dry land, what is sea remains sea. This is surely a much more abiding state of things, some one may urge. It is indeed an abiding state of things, the permanency, the quiescence of death; for consider what would take place in such a case. Slowly the sea would be filled up at the expense of the land, because slowly but surely the denuding forces of nature would wear down to a common level the inequalities of earth's outer shell; the waves would unceasingly fret away the sturdiest shore; the rivers would ever deepen their channels; wind and weather, storm and tempest, frost and fire, would level the highest hill, and bring down the pride of the loftiest mountain. Thus one day every vestige of land would disappear beneath the conquering sea.

"Is such a doom possible? Not only possible, but probable."

This will be readily admitted, contends the author of the paper we quote, if we recognize what it is that causes the great secular movements of sea and land. About one thousand million years ago the earth was at a red heat, and over its outer surface a hard crust was forming. The earth must have been much bulkier then than it is now—how much bulkier need not concern us here.

Now, as the earth cooled it contracted, the outer shell crumpling up into those folds that now are represented in the great mountain ridges. We have also the bulging and the deepening and the see-saw rising and falling of land and sea as the cooling went slowly but steadily on. These pulsating movements are the outer indication of the life that lies hidden, the forces that are latent, in the earth's central fires. But in process of years the fires die down, the life grows less vigorous, the energy less potent, the contractions less pronounced.

"And the day must come when the fires will be quite cold, the energy all gone, and there will be only the repose and quiescence of death. Even if we admit that part of the earth's heat be due to pressure and to the slipping and sliding of rocks, yet even then a day must come in time when the materials that go to make up the earth will settle into a position of stable equilibrium, and motion and heat as active forces will cease.

"This, then, is the tale geology has to tell regarding the earth as a habitable world. Its morning, or rather the hour before the dawn, began a thousand million years ago in fierce, fervent heat, and tossing seas and swaying continents, every hill a volcano, every valley a cauldron of fire. In two hundred million years hence the earth's heat will be all gone. The volcanoes will be extinct and earthquakes a memory only of more fortunate days. In a thousand million years death's defacing fingers

will have brought every hill and valley, every mountain and plain, beneath a world-wide shoreless sea.

"Looked at in this light, the earth is neither young nor old; but in the full vigor of a quiet,

strong manhood it stands midway between two extremes—the absence of all life, through fervent heat and the death of all life through the dying down of the central fires."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING



WHILE every one has been vaguely aware that there is a great deal of psychology involved in advertising, Professor Walter Dill Scott deserves the credit, according to Dr. W. K. Wright, of the University of Chicago, of being the first to work out clearly and definitely the application of psychological principles to this field of activity. This work of interpreting advertisements psychologically, as appears from Dr. Wright's paper in *The Psychological Bulletin*, has to do specifically with memory, the feelings and emotions, sympathy, instinct, suggestion, the will, habit and attention, showing with what principles in each of those processes the advertiser has to reckon. Hence, Professor Scott, in his book on the psychology of advertising, gives the results of investigations which throw light upon the amount of time the average reader of a magazine devotes to looking over its advertisements, the attention value of small and large spaces, the employment of different kinds of type and the arrangement of display type and cuts so as to prove most effective:

"Perhaps the detail of chief interest to the social psychologist is the discussion of the manner in which the advertiser should appeal to instincts affecting the social self. Every one wishes to be regarded as belonging to a desirable social class, and one of the advertiser's problems is to make his goods appear to be in demand by this preferred set. A millinery cut representing hats worn by refined and well dressed ladies, and the advertisement of a flesh-reducing remedy adorned by a cut of a refined lady, well gowned but obviously embarrassed by her excessive embonpoint, are effective in their appeal, while an awkward peasant lout holding a shoe in his hand, and a vulgar fat woman dressed in plaids are ineffective.

"The discussion of food advertisements is interesting. People decidedly prefer turkey to pork, and quail to chicken, although they are actually unable when blindfolded to distinguish these foods by differences in taste. The preference is a matter of association. Turkey is rarer than pork, and suggests Thanksgiving and other pleasant scenes, while quail is associated with the pleasures of the chase, the open fields, pure air, and exhilarating sport, and is usually daintily garnished when brought upon the table. Consequently the man who has food stuffs to sell needs to create a glamor over them analogous to that which turkey and quail now enjoy. This, Professor Scott thinks, can be done by

the right kind of advertising. The dainty, ethereal ladies appearing in the advertisements of wafers are effective in associating this food with daintiness and elegance, while a promiscuous abundance of fruit appearing in a wheat advertisement is repulsive. Similarly, several toilet articles are commended by the purity and daintiness suggested in advertisements, and a certain brand of pianos is effectively advertised by cuts in which the piano appears in parlors furnished in great elegance and good taste.

"The book closes with the report of a questionnaire embodying the attitude toward the daily newspapers of two thousand leading Chicago business and professional men. These show a profound lack of confidence in the reliability of newspapers in regard to news, which Professor Scott thinks seriously affects their value as advertising mediums. In this connection he says: 'The hope for relief from sensational journalism is to be found only in the discovery of the fact that a very influential class of business men cannot be influenced by advertisements appearing in sensational publications.'"

Professor Scott thinks the most important process for the advertiser to employ is suggestion, and that appeals to the reason are only of supplementary value. Doctor Wright himself is convinced by Professor Scott's book that mere repeated suggestion by advertisements influences all of us in our purchases more than most of us are aware. Nevertheless, Doctor Wright asks if there may not after all be a more or less reflective attitude implied even in our apparent openness to suggestion from magazine advertisements. We have found advertised articles satisfactory in the past. An advertised article is probably a good article. It costs money to advertise. Business men are not likely to go to a large outlay to advertise trashy articles which no one will buy a second time. Consequently it seems wise to buy an article with the name of which one has become familiar through advertisements rather than an article of which one has no information except the dubious recommendation of the sales person, who perhaps receives an extra commission upon sales of the less known articles. But the failures in the field of advertisement offer, probably, the most desirable field for the investigation of the psychologist. There must be some explanation for the lack of receptivity displayed by the popular mind to certain forms of advertising.

AN ANALYSIS OF ROMANTIC LOVE IN THE SOUL OF THE BUDDING GIRL.



THIS when she is in her very earliest teens, according to the eminent educator and psychologist, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, that the budding girl "begins to practice the great selective function of women in comparing and judging, approving and disapproving." The early teens comprise "the age of love fetiches," to quote the words of the article in *Appleton's Magazine* from which these details are extracted. Girls notice and become sensitive to the eyes of a boy, his hair, height, feet, complexion, teeth, neck, hands, voice, smile, gait and so on. On the other hand, certain types of feature and of gestures are abhorred. Upon the basis of idiosyncrasies of this sort, male individuals deemed most charming attract the attention and the adoration of the "backfisch," to borrow the German colloquial term for a girl who has attained or somewhat exceeded the age of thirteen. Doctor Hall thus continues his analysis of this dawning of the sentimental in the feminine soul:

"These first crude calf loves are often strangely unconscious. The thought and talk of the girl at this culture stage may be all of *him, his, and he*, all her reveries and dreams may center about one and her preferences stand forth clear as day to all who know her, while she thinks the whole matter is her own securely guarded secret. Should *he* show any inclination or make any advances, especially if in the presence of others, he will be rebuffed or frozen as presuming, and all the more decidedly because his admiration would fill her with sudden panic lest she might have inadvertently betrayed her liking and so seemed to invite or encourage him. Should some reckless young blade be so bold as to snatch an innocent kiss, his reward would be a slap, and then there would be thrills of rapture and hours of anguish in solitude afterwards, and her conduct toward him henceforth will be an alternation between snubs, more acted than spoken, and subtle invitations. All the backfisch does may be directly calculated to provoke proposals, but it is at the same time so unconscious that if anything approaching a tender declaration came, she would draw back frightened lest she had betrayed her heart; and rather than do this she would prefer to die on the spot.

"The pubescent girl has a passion for secrets. In her physiological and affectional life she has much to conceal, and early distinguishes between what all her acquaintances, what the nearest few, and what she alone may know. The latter things tend to split off from her social personality and lapse to a more or less unconscious life of their own. This is the esoteric life or inmost shrine of her individuality and contains some of the most primitive instincts of her sex, and often is the all-domi-

nant influence of her life, tho all unknown to her more superficial, social self-consciousness, which is occupied with the interests of daily life, education, purposive conduct, occupations—and reveals itself in her conversation. The two lives may be entire strangers to each other, altho the upper self is more likely never to suspect the existence of the lower. The latter, for instance, often falls in love long before the former has any inkling of it; and when it does so, then a crisis arises."

What the deeper ego does is often denied point blank by the conscious self, adds Doctor Hall. This point blank denial is perfectly honest and sincere, for what the deeper ego does is the outcome of "an alien constellation of psychic elements." The inmost soul of woman has until lately been one of the best guarded of all the secrets of the universe, and has always attracted but baffled man. It is the mystic "eternal feminine," and of it woman has ever known yet less than man. Only lately, and in some of its more or less morbid manifestations, has the great secret just begun to reveal itself, and experts are beginning to realize its power over joy and sorrow, health and disease, and even life and death. Thus woman, who was once thought soulless, now comes nearer to having two souls than does man.

"It is in the backfisch stage that this bifurcation takes place, and the student who collects copious questionnaire data from many sources can now very roughly and very provisionally describe the process. Pubescence lasts longer, is more unsettling, if it be not indeed a more prolonged epoch, in the life of the girl than in the boy. She is a more generic being and a better expression of the race, as actually nearer to it. With the new opportunities now opened to her sex, her future is felt to be more uncertain than ever before, since many independent careers beckon. She may be a star upon the stage, enter the world of art, letters, music, engage in a profession, in business, or enter a public career. The backfisch has always fancied she might marry a prince, a pauper or even a sot. Thus the question is wide open what she shall do or be. To a man wedlock is an incident, but for a woman it is destiny. All these possibilities invite, and the bud lingers where all these ways focus and cross, and glances out along many of them in turn. Never were there so many of them and never were most of them quite so alluring. It is rarely hers to choose; circumstances must decide, and she can at least for a season wait. Meanwhile she also feels inner inclinations, probably many, one after another; thus everything within and without tends to keep her plastic, and she must remain adaptable to a wide range of eventualities.

"Now for a year or two only in all her life is she a little taller than boys of the same age, but

her intellect is brighter and far more developed and mature. Boys are coarse, oafish, have strange tastes and ways. Just blossoming into beauty, enjoying for the first time that most exhilarating experience of being taken for a young lady by those who do not know her well, the first whiff of an atmosphere charged with incense, adulation, and admiration is often ravishing. Perhaps she is really destined to become a superior being, queening it through the world and ruling it by a wish of even a whim. When she is receiving the first homage of the other sex, often, too, her parents begin to regard and treat her in a new way. How she now treasures every sweet thing she hears anyone say that any other ever said about her! And how some admirers do long to be her very slaves! How graciously she would accept or how haughtily she would spurn each proffered favor or suitor! Perhaps those least likely to receive such homage or to be wooed by rivals dream most of it, and so fancy supplies what fact denies. Possibly some splendid, golden youth may now be sailing over the sea to woo and carry her off to his castle. Such things have happened, and outside fairyland. It is barely possible that some fascinating young stranger who has just crossed her path may be a hero in disguise, for that too, has happened, and besides is not fact stranger than fiction? Does not every lover kneel,

worship, bring gifts, and live to make his idol happy? She knows little of suffering, and so cannot be very pitiful, so that the evils and misfortunes of the world rest lightly upon her soul. Thus life is ecstatically and ravishingly joyous, for woman-kind is now enthroned in her paradise."

What, asks Professor Hall, does the budding girl care in her heart of hearts about "the shop worn school studies" for their own sake? She accepts them, he replies, with more or less equanimity somewhat as a necessary evil, but if she be normal she does not put her whole soul into them. That is why it is tragically true that the high school has drifted farther from the real nature of the child than any other grades. Are some teachers living in a fool's paradise, asks this eminent educator, or, to change the figure, is their acquaintance with the child's soul limited to its front yard, hallway or formal caller's parlor, while they know nothing of what takes place in any of the living rooms where the child moves and has its being?

EFFECT OF TOBACCO SMOKE UPON ANIMALS

INNUMERABLE experiments have been performed designed to demonstrate the poisonous effect of tobacco upon the human organism. Usually, observes *The Medical Record*, to which we are indebted for the following particulars, such experiments have consisted of injections of nicotine or other tobacco elements under the skin or into the blood of animals. Such procedure in no way simulates the usual modes of using tobacco peculiar to man. The noted Dr. Serge Jebrovsky, of St. Petersburg, in some recent experiments, has used a simple apparatus, by means of which rabbits were kept from six to eight hours daily in a specially constructed chamber. This chamber was filled with tobacco smoke from cigarettes contained in the chamber, and "smoked" by means of a draught produced by a water pump.

In the first week of the experiments the animals showed increased frequency of respiration, restlessness, and great increase in the secretions of the lacrymal and salivary glands. After "smoking" they appeared weak and apathetic, and dragged their legs somewhat in walking.

With the continuation of the experiments those symptoms gradually disappeared, but in-

stead there was noticed marked loss of appetite accompanied by emaciation. Two animals died within two months, and the microscopical examination of their hearts showed interesting changes in the nerve ganglia—shrinking in the cells, vacuolization, and some other deteriorations. Other animals, killed after five months, showed deterioration in the blood vessels, while great loss of flesh, reaching in some cases one half of the initial weight, was common to all of them. These results were definitely established by the nicest observations verified by the reports of independent investigators.

This series of experiments led Doctor Jebrovsky to conclude that animals may also become tolerant to the action of tobacco smoke, altho this is not the case when tobacco is injected, the resistance of the animals in such cases falling progressively with the continued injections. The pathological changes found here bore out the clinically verified assumption that the heart may be early affected by tobacco smoking. It is to be hoped, concludes our medical authority, that the eminent experimenter will continue his important investigations with other animals less sensitive to the poisonous or at any rate debilitating effects of tobacco.

Recent Poetry



PROPOS of the Poe centennial celebrations, the question may be raised whether a considerable part of Poe's fame is not due to the pathos of his life, independently of the poetic quality of his verse. It is generally assumed by his eulogists that the stories of his moral lapses are attacks upon his literary standing. It seems to us, on the contrary, that these stories have helped to make him a figure of world interest, and that his worshippers are dimly aware of this fact, and that they are the ones who insist on keeping the stories to the front. The note of passion which his verse lacked is in a measure supplied by the pathos of his life, and what we fail to find in the lines we seem to find between them. The same thing may be said of many bards. The dissipation of Verlaine, the drugged poverty of Francis Thompson, the "atheism" of Shelley, the assaults of the critics upon Keats, the contemporary neglect of Walt Whitman, the wickednesses of Byron—these things have been made more of by the friends than by the detractors of the poets, and their poetry is in consequence haloed by a certain charm and an emotional glow to which it is not entitled on strictly literary grounds.

Far the best thing, in a lyrical way, that we have seen called forth by the Poe centennial is the following poem in *The North American Review*. Much of the effect here also, it will be noted, is produced by dwelling upon the shadows of his sad career. The poem is prefaced by this quotation from Poe:

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,—
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

THE SINGER OF THE SHADOWS

By AGNES LEE

From far beyond all death, all spaces dark,
With art sublime,
The singer of the shadows came to mark
His land, his time.

Stranger to joy, in bitterness he trod
The ways of men.
The hour's reality was not his god,
Nor day his ken.

His tenebrous thoughts harmoniously soared,
On sovereign breath,

In mystical vibrations of the chord
Of night and death.

Poet of grief, he sought her loneliest cave,
Her ultimate aisle,
Her ruined keep, her moldering architrave
And peristyle.

Poet of tombs, the midnight was his theme.
Adventuring far,
He pierced the opal center of a dream,
Or of a star.

Poet of beauty, he bestowed her sleep
And rich rebirth,
In music marvellous, fantastic, deep,
To thrill the earth,—

Each note, the whisper of a soul, apace
O'er passion sped,
Driven to crowd the ghostly populace
Of voices dead.

Let those who walk with lore the beaten road
From others ask
The daily bread of thought, cheer for the load,
Sun for the task.

An hour there is when sunshine brings to pain
Unfaith, unrest,
When she would feel the footfalls of the rain
Upon her breast.

Then, circled in a misty aureole,
His charm distils
A craved narcotic for the fevered soul
From sorrow's hills.

Dear singer! Human hearts shall ever hold
His melodies.
They flash their beacons over manifold
Fair lands and seas.

England acclaims him. France, attuned, aware,
Greets him with bay,
And calls him brother, through her Baudelaire
And Mallarmé.

And we to-day the sweeter count the soil
That drank his tears.
His dust has flowered. The darkness of his toil
The light reverts.

Too long have lettered dwarf and neophyte
Cast him their stones,
Who flesh beheld, not spirit, worked their blight
Above his bones.

Enough of slander! Bolted be the gate
To evils wild
Envies evolve and lies perpetuate!
Art owns her child.

Cradle him soft, O Art! who only knew
To speak thy tongue,
Thou being his life, and his life's residue
The dream unsung.

Thy lesser planets let his glow outlive,
High and apart,
Who, earthbound, gave thee all he had to give,—
His tortured heart.

Pride has departed, Doom has crossed the door,
Love calls farewell.
But from thy firmament forevermore
Shines Israfil!

A volume of poems has just appeared in England that gains most of its interest from the tragic fate of its author. The poems are by John Clare, and they are edited by Arthur Symons. Some of the best of them, we are told, were produced after Clare became insane. His life, even prior to his madness, was filled with pain and deprivation. Here is what a reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* says of Clare and his work:

"Here was a man barely more than five feet high, half-starved, insanely sensitive, the grandson of an illegitimate and nameless wanderer, suckled on potatoes and water gruel, who spent his childhood tending sheep and geese amid the haunting night terrors of a swamp; who sometimes lay drunk all night in the open air, and had tramped 150 miles in a week to sell two or three volumes of his poems; who kept himself, a mother and crippled father, his wife, and children (one after another till seven came) on £45 a year, in a narrow wretched hut on a dark, gloomy plain; and this man's last words out of a madhouse were, 'I want to go home.' And yet, as if to spite the philanthropist, and to justify in some obscure fashion the ways of God to man, his poetry is full of delight, now and then even of ecstasy—the delight of joy and of hope and of life. It has more delicacy, seems to come from a rarer source than Burns's, and has something of the same childlike purity and sensitiveness as Blake's."

Listen to this poignant cry from the madhouse in which Clare spent the last twenty years of his life:

I AM

BY JOHN CLARE

I am! Yet what I am none cares or knows.
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
I am the self-consumer of my woes.
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in love and death's oblivion lost;
And yet I am! and live with shadows tost.

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;
And e'en the dearest—that I loved the best—
Are strange—nay, rather stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod, —
A place where woman never smiled or wept;
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept;

Untroubling and untroubled where I lie,
The grass below—above the vaulted sky.

It is a great year for centenary celebrations, and the poets are doing their part. Mr. Robinson gives us in *Scribner's* a poem on Lincoln, stating in a foot-note that the lines are to be supposed to have been written not long after the Civil War:

THE MAN WHO CAME

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered;
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamor to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, ragged, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smoldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:

With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see;
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

We get the following charming lyric from the pages of *The Bang*, the facetious little magazine-let published for the delectation of The Vagabonds at their weekly luncheon. The poem is one of a number which the author, who is an editor, an encyclopedist, and a clergyman, has had stowed away among his unpublished manuscripts, and which were wheedled out of him with some difficulty, we understand, by the editor of *The Bang*. We hope there are more like this that may yet be wheedled into-the light:

THE WITCH

By EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

There is a witch in yonder wood,
She waved a fiery wand one day,
And lo! upon the withered spray
Red bud and golden tassel flashed;
With patches green the sod was splashed;
The wild bird sang his sunniest lay;
Smooth over stones the brown brook dashed.
There is a witch in yonder wood.

I longed to see her, where she stood;
I wis she must be wondrous fair;
I think I see her threaded hair
At dawn beneath the birches shine,
For, with their silver, limbs divine
Are blending, and a forehead rare
That mist and twinkling leaflets twine;
And then I lose her in the wood.

I wonder in the summer wood
Whether upon the morning mist
She floats in veil of amethyst,
Or better loves the setting sun,
Gray mantled like a holy nun.
With hand untouched, with cheek unknissed,
A lonely huntress does she run
The wildering circuits of the wood?

And now I hear her in the wood;
I hear her, and my heart is rent
By the wild note of her lament;
It comes on autumn's wind so clear
To me the world's own end is near;
Life leaves my cheek, my hope is spent;
It stabs my very soul to hear
The weeping witch in yonder wood.

Why dost thou weep in yonder wood?
Is it because thy love is dead,
And thou art kneeling at his head,
With white face straining to the sky?

Is it for grief that thou must die?
Or that the summer flowers are fled?
Tell me the secret of thy cry,
Wild witch that weapest in the wood!

Silence; and silence too is good;
For dying is more sad than death,
And she no longer draws her breath,
No longer shines in leaf and lea;
Gray is the turf and stript the tree—
She lies the whimpled snows beneath,
She's gone without a word to me,
The witch that lived in yonder wood.

Here is a dialectic poem which looks harsh and barbaric with its numerous z's, but which, after you get into it, is found very sweet and tender. It comes from the London *Nation*:

A SOMERSET LULLABY

By EDWARD SYDNEY TYLER

The dimpsy dark's a-falling, the birds are in the nest!
The little stars are crowding now the zun is gone to rest.
While the girt beg chap was looking they didn't dare to play;
Now they run like happy children when the Dapper's gone away.
Zo go to sleep, my deary dear, a-snuggled in my arm;
Snuggled down in coopy-ouse you'll never come to harm.
Zafe and warm in hidey-hole while Mammy watch do keep,
And the stars look through the windy pane to zee ye off to sleep.

The Squire's cheeld's got a rattle, and a zilver coral ring;
But a can't zee its Mammy for she'm gone to zee the King.
'Tis tended by a maykin, and cheweth on a bone;
But you'm my lucky laddie with a Mammy of your own!
Zo go to sleep, my deary dear, a rocking on my knee!
And thank the Blessed Lord you baint a Child of Quality!
Ay, thank the Lord, who laid ye on our cottage hearthen stone,
With a Daddy as do love ye, and a Mammy of your own.

Sleep sound, my Husk o' Honey, my Sheaf of Golden Carn!
My Bird as cannot flutter yet, my Rose wi' ne'er a tharn!
Give gold and sparkling jewels to them that's proud and high!
I've got a secret treasure no money could not buy!
Zo sleep and suck, my Pearl of Pearls, a-tugging at my breast!
The worsen ye do use me, the better I shall rest!
Ay, tug and tease and tussle, and bless ye for the pain;
For if them busy lips grew still I'd never sleep again.

Gerda Dalliba is the name of a young girl who has been attracting some notice in artistic circles in New York, and who has just published a volume entitled "An Earth Poem" (Putnam's). Edwin Markham writes the introduction, and begins by saying: "Here is a book that seems to me to have touches of the wild beauty which we have all agreed to call poetic genius." We think Mr. Markham's statement is warranted, but the book, nevertheless, is disappointing. The reader wanders in a sort of poetic mist, and longs for some power that might precipitate it into lakes and pools and rivers. There are many notable lines and phrases, but hardly one notable poem. We quote the following as one of the most successful:

THE NEW GENESIS

BY GERDA DALLIBA

There was a God once—lying in the East—
And Chaos was about Him, and no world
But grey voluminous vapors; so the heart
Was silent in the God, and only time
The soul-throbs of His Being, made Him live.
Then came a change, for He desired. Lo!
The rivers ran with water!—Heaven wept!
And all the lakes and oceans they were filled!
And all the streams and pools were given life.

And He desired, waking from a sleep
Of ages inconceivable, and Earth
Grew and grew green; and seasons, winter, spring,
Summer and autumn took their separate tasks—
And learned to bear their load of forest, marsh,
Meadow and mountain; while the day, and night,
Placed by their brow their brilliant sun and moon
As rounded mirrors to behold themselves.
And lo!—The God desired All! All! All!
And lo!—the God desired and was man!

Mr. A. C. Benson has collected what he considers the best from his six volumes of poetry, and published the collection in one volume (John Lane) under the title "The Poems of A. C. Benson." The influence of the volume is a soothing and quieting one. There are no bugles blowing in it. No storms hurtle and nothing but a gentle swell breaks the surface of the sea. There are many likable poems, but none that are unforgettable. Here is one of the most likable:

THE SERMON

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

I know not what the preacher said:—
His words fell muffled in a dream,
By clause and clause, from head to head,
He traced a sad and subtle scheme;

Through legal maze, on dizzy height,
The curious metaphysic trod:
He held with all his tedious might,
The mirror to the mind of God.

The mind of God! and all the while
His large wind thundered in the tower,
And on the casements of the aisle
Pelted and tapped the driving shower:

Old grandsires shivered at the sound;
How cold among the slanting stones,
The comfortless and ugly ground,
Where they must lay their aching bones!

While lovers sat in blushing thought,
And heeded not the unkindly skies:—
But with an awkward rapture caught
The sudden glance of wistful eyes.

Blackwood's publishes a narrative poem by Alfred Noyes that is thirty-six stanzas in length, most of the stanzas being of eight lines. We would like to republish it entire, for it is unusually delightful; but we must content ourselves with portions only, with a hint or two to the reader, where the elision makes it desirable, to indicate the course of the narrative:

THE TWO PAINTERS

(A Tale of Old Japan)

BY ALFRED NOYES

Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
Dwelt by the purple sea,
Painting the peacock islands
Under his willow-tree:
Also in temples he painted
Dragons of old Japan,
With a child to look at the pictures—
Little O Kimi San.

Kimi, the child of his brother,
Bright as the moon in May,
White as a lotus lily,
Pink as a plum-tree spray,
Linking her soft arm round him
Sang to his heart for an hour,
Kissed him with ripples of laughter
And lips of the cherry flower.

Child of the old pearl-fisher
Lost in his junk at sea,
Kimi was loved of Tenko
As his own child might be,
Yoichi Tenko the painter,
Wrinkled and grey and old,
Teacher of many disciples
That paid for his dreams with gold.

Peonies, peonies crowned the May!
Clad in blue and white array
Came Sawara to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree,
All to learn of Tenko!
Riding on a milk-white mule,
Young and poor and proud was he,
Lissom as a cherry spray
(Peonies, peonies, crowned the day!)
And he rode the golden way
To the school of Tenko.

Swift to learn, beneath his hand
 Soon he watched his wonderland
 Growing cloud by magic cloud,
 Under the silvery willow-tree
 In the school of Tenko:
 Kimi watched him, young and proud,
 Painting by the purple sea,
 Lying on the golden sand
 Watched his golden wings expand!
 (None but Love will understand
 All she hid from Tenko.)

So, in her blue kimono,
 Pale as the sickle moon
 Glimmered thro' soft plum-branches
 Blue in the dusk of June,
 Stole she, willing and waning,
 Frightened and unafraid,—
 "Take me with you, Sawara,
 Over the sea," she said.

Small and sadly beseeching,
 Under the willow-tree,
 Glimmered her face like a foam-flake
 Drifting over the sea:
 Pale as a drifting blossom,
 Lifted her face to his eyes:
 Slowly he gathered and held her
 Under the drifting skies.

Poor little face cast backward,
 Better to see his own,
 Earth and heaven went past them
 Drifting: they two, alone
 Stood immortal. He whispered—
 "Nothing can part us two!"
 Backward her sad little face went
 Drifting, and dreamed it true.

Off went Sawara to make a name for himself,
 and Kimi waited long for the "golden wings" to
 bring him back again. But no word came to her,
 tho his growing fame "lit the clouds." Then came
 a rich young merchant, and Tenko placed Kimi's
 hand in his, bidding her wed the young man, and
 saying to her, falsely, that Sawara was wedded.

Dumbly she turned and left them,
 Never a word or cry
 Broke from her lips' grey petals
 Under the drifting sky:
 Down to the spray and the rainbows,
 Where she had watched him of old
 Painting the rose-red islands,
 Painting the sand's wet gold,

Down to their dreams of the sunset,
 Frail as a flower's white ghost,
 Lonely and lost she wandered
 Down to the darkening coast;
 Lost in the drifting midnight,
 Weeping, desolate, blind.
 Many went out to seek her:
 Never a heart could find.

Then Sawara comes back, not to wed Kimi,
 whom he had forgotten, but to paint anew the

dim isles of rose and blue. When Tenko spoke
 of Kimi, Sawara had even forgotten her name.

Great Sawara, the painter,
 Sought, on a day of days,
 One of the peacock islands
 Out in the sunset haze:
 Rose-red sails on the water
 Carried him quickly nigh;
 There would he paint him a wonder,
 Worthy of Hokusai.

Lo, as he leapt o'er the creaming
 Roses of faery foam,
 Out of the green-lipped caverns
 Under the isle's blue dome,
 White as a drifting snowflake,
 White as the moon's white flame,
 White as a ghost from the darkness,
 Little O Kimi came.

"Long I have waited, Sawara,
 Here in our sunset isle,
 Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
 Look on me once, and smile;
 Face I have watched so long for,
 Hands I have longed to hold,
 Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
 Why is your heart so cold?"

Surely, he thought, I have painted
 Nothing so fair as this
 Moonlit almond blossom
 Sweet to fold and kiss. . . .
 "Kimi," he said, "I am wedded!
 Hush, for it could not be!"
 "Kiss me one kiss," she whispered,
 "Me also, even me."

Small and terribly drifting
 Backward, her sad white face
 Lifted up to Sawara
 Once, in that lonely place,
 White as a drifting blossom
 Under his wondering eyes,
 Slowly he gathered and held her
 Under the drifting skies.

"Others are happy," she whispered,
 "Maidens and men I have seen:
 Be happy, be happy, Sawara!
 The other—shall be—your queen!
 Kiss me one kiss for parting."
 Trembling she lifted her head,
 Then like a broken blossom
 It fell on his arm. She was dead.

Much impressed, Sawara straight
 (Tho the hour was growing late)
 Made a sketch of Kimi lying
 By the lonely, sighing sea,
 Brought it back to Tenko.
 Tenko looked it over crying
 (Under the silvery willow-tree).
 "You have burst the golden gate!
 You have conquered Time and Fate!
 Hokusai is not so great!
 This is Art," said Tenko!

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HERE is so much sorrow and ugliness in life and in its mirror, art, that we are sure to welcome a man who bears laughter in his hands like a gift from the gods. William J. Locke brings us both laughter and tears; but even his tears savor not of salt, but of a sympathy sweetly human.

SEPTIMUS Septimus, the extravagant and quixotic hero of his latest novel,* is more like a character in a fairy tale than in a twentieth century novel; yet he seems more real, more live to us than the sordid creatures of Zola groping like so many diseased microbes in the entrails of Paris; and, if we close the book momentarily, we almost expect his radiant visage to beam upon us from a rocking chair. He is not without literary ancestry. Carlotta, in "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," is his sister, and "The Beloved Vagabond" claims him as a brother by the right of spiritual kinship. Locke is the father of them all, but his family tree, so *The Times Saturday Review* affirms, reaches back into days long passed. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, too often a mere buffoon on the stage; Cousin Slender and Mr. Toots have some of his traits. "Of course," the reviewer affirms, "Septimus has many advantages denied to the others."

Septimus Dix; Zora Middlemist, a widow whose six weeks of married life had been one of love's nightmares, not its dreams; her sister, Emmy Oldrieve, a frivolous, volatile young actress madly infatuated with a "star" whose twinkling proves to be illusory; and Clem Sypher, inventor and prophet of a skin cure, are the remarkable quartet that enliven the story. Septimus is a simple-minded inventor of guns, utterly lost in the world, and he meets Zora most unconventionally in Monte Carlo. He confides to her that he had never had the pleasure of lunching with a lady before. "No one has ever wanted me," he remarks. "It has always puzzled me to know how men get to know women and go about with them. I think it must be a gift. Some fellows have a gift for collecting Toby jugs. Everywhere they discover a Toby jug. I couldn't find one if I tried for a year." Soon after the meeting between Zora and Septimus, Sypher makes his entrance. He is a devout believer in his cure, and his experience when it fails him is related with humor and pathos. Septimus loves Zora, but when her sister is deserted by the man she loves,

he elopes with the deceived maiden to save her from the consequences of her amorous indiscretion. "Perhaps," remarks one critic, Mr. H. I. Brock, "there never was a man in all the world who did what Septimus did for love of the woman he did not marry; perhaps there was never in all the world a creature quite so fantastic. But there have been men who have wished for a brief moment anyhow—to do what Septimus did, and there have been men who would have been just as simple if the world had let them. Perhaps there has never been in all the world a manufacturer of patent medicine quite like Clem Sypher; but there have been men who saw themselves almost that way, and there have been martyrs in plenty for many causes not one whit less absurd." As for Zora, he goes on to say, "you have seen her, you have known her, for she is what the indiscriminating call the American girl. And perhaps," Mr. Brock continues, "you have seen her learn the lesson of life—exchange the goddess for the woman. It is a marvelous change, and so far as the memory of the present writer runs has not been attempted before as Mr. Locke has attempted it. If the result is not quite satisfactory—and, frankly, it hardly appears so—the figure of the woman is perfect and the change is admirably lifelike."

It is perhaps Mr. Locke's greatest achievement that he has lifted his characters from the atmosphere of pure farce into the atmosphere of pure literature. "'Septimus,'" observes *The Argonaut* (San Francisco) on this point, "is one of those rare stories that attract us first of all in our lighter mood and then lay hold upon us with the force of a strong ideal. We may, indeed, almost believe that the author himself advanced into fresh recognition of his opportunities as he progressed." To quote further:

"Zora Middlemist does not at first impress us very favorably. The abandon that follows the few bitter weeks of her married life is not attractive, and altho we know that she will not remain a widow, we do not quite see why any one should fall in love with her. Her sister Emily is of the nondescript variety, pretty, good-natured, weak and silly. We glance at her and forget her. Septimus himself, at a first introduction, appears almost a caricature with his inconsequence, his eccentricities, his absent-mindedness, and his genius for inventing artillery, while as for Clem Sypher, with his universal 'Cure,' he seems to be a type of the self-advertising nostrum maker redeemed from a hopeless vulgarity only by an unquestionable enthusiasm. 'We feel that we have got among a very funny crowd of people, and we resign ourselves to a prospect of

*SEPTIMUS. By William J. Locke. John Lane & Co.

three hundred pages of clever burlesque. It says much for the author's power that he is able to lift us from the comic to the magnificent, and from the domain of farce to the plane of a moral grandeur that leaves us almost breathless."

There are some reviewers who think less of Septimus than of his beloved predecessor; but as to Mr. Locke's genius, there seems to be only one voice. "It appears to be Mr. Locke's province,"

the *Boston Transcript* asserts, in an enthusiastic review, "to let light into the dark corners of life, and to show us the bright side of people and things at which we are too often inclined to look askance, and which we are too prone to view from the standpoint of the puritanical and hypercritical moralist. Yet because of this he is no less the appealing moralist than he is the entertaining novelist."



ATTENT medicine looms large in this year's fiction. It plays an important part in Mr. Locke's novel, under the name of "Sypher's Cure," and Mr. Wells's latest successful essay into the realm of fiction* rotates about the promoters of the proprietary cure-of-all-ills after which he has christened the book.

TONO-BUNGAY It is the most convincing product from the brain and pen of its brilliant author in many years. It is long—many hundred pages—and in the severely conventional sense it is not a novel at all. Canons of art are after all mere deductions from the impressiveness of works of literature in the past. If a writer is effective by violating these canons, not his work, but the laws that have outlived themselves must be altered. George Ponderevo, of whom the novel is the alleged autobiography, distinctly says in the preface: "I want to get at all sorts of things. My ideas of a novel all through are comprehensive rather than austere. I suppose what I'm really trying to render is nothing more nor less than Life—as one man has found it. I want to tell—*myself*, and my impressions of the thing as a whole, to say things I have come to feel intensely of the laws, traditions, usages and ideas we call society, and how we poor individuals get driven and lured and stranded among these windy, perplexing shoals and channels."

"Tono-Bungay," in the opinion of the *St. Louis Mirror*, differs from the modern, popular novel in that it is the story of a life, in which all the complexities, cross-currents, seeming contradictions, and multiplex influences that are encountered is the average life, rather than the elaboration of an episode. The modern novel, it contends, is really but a padded short story, dealing with cross-sections and slices out of experiences. Mr. Wells's new book tells the whole story of a man, and pitifully reveals his necessary weaknesses as well as his moments of nobility and exaltation. George Ponderevo, who narrates his own story, is born into the station of "upper servitude" in caste-ridden England. He is a rebel

from the first against an institution that clips his wings, and he shocks his world and the titular "lady" whom his mother serves by thrashing a titular young lordling, and by loving Beatrice, the young lordling's sister. He is exiled, and sent in disgrace to his uncle, a scheming, versatile chemist, imbued with the American spirit of innovation and enterprise. The uncle, after many trials, invented Tono-Bungay, the patent medicine that conquered the world. He became a great financier, forming syndicates based on soap-bubbles, and issuing watered stock sufficient to float an empire. George rises to riches and dizzy social heights in the tail of his uncle's financial kite until the inevitable crash at the end. He has three love affairs, and these, to quote again from *The Mirror*, are brutal in truthfulness. "Guts" are evident in the recital. The natures of men and women, as they appear under different environments and circumstances, are ruthlessly portrayed. The futility of life under present conditions—futility of individual endeavor—is pitilessly revealed. . . . It is a big thing that Mr. Wells has done." Big is the epithet that suggests itself in reviewing the book. Says Mr. Chamberlin in *The Evening Mail*:

"'Tono-Bungay' is a big work. It sums up about all the master influences in modern industrial and business life in England, and, for that matter, in America, too. It is a story of restless scheming, of business bluff, of wasteful energy, of wasteful advertising, of childless women, of women 'wasted and wasteful and futile.' The story is alive with power, with grim humor; thought and intellect are behind the words, from beginning to end.

"There are few finer bits of characterization in all English fiction than Edward Ponderevo. He is worthy to stand with Wilkins Micawber and Mulberry Sellers. He is the prince of modern humbugs, and he is a man one loves well in spite of his humbug. What a business man he is! How he satirizes modern speculative enterprise! And with all the squalidness of its subject 'Tono-Bungay' is a poem. There is spirit and significance in every page.

"It is really a great book. It cannot be summed up. But read merely as a somewhat sensational novel, by one incapable of understanding its social meaning, it will probably be mere punk, like any other sensational novel. It has to be read intelligently."

*TONO-BUNGAY. By H. G. Wells. Duffield & Company.

While not all readers may have the patience to go through the minutiae of the book, those who elect to take this course, affirms *The World*, will have rich pickings along the way. "The long story," it says, "is liberally spiced with the individual wit, fancy, philosophy and romance which are Mr. Wells's unfailing literary asset." The author's socialistic speculations, another of

his unfailing assets, are fortunately unobtrusive. "It could be predicted," remarks the *New York Sun*, "that Mr. Wells would not be able to keep his hands off the social system, and he does not. Far from it. The novel is in a way a criticism of it; but for once, at least, Mr. Wells has ceased to be a revolutionary long enough to be something of an artist."



HE SPY,"* Maxim Gorky's latest novel, should be read in conjunction with "Mother," the story which preceded it. They are both studies of the Russian revolution, but approach the struggle from opposite sides—"Mother" from the side of the revolutionists, "The

Spy" from the side of the authorities. Gorky calls "The Spy"

"The Story of a Superfluous Man," and the sub-title is thoroly appropriate, for, as Horace Traubel points out in *The Conservator*, "the spy, any spy, is a superfluous man. The spy knows it. He sneaks about on margins. He lingers in shadows. He hits from behind. He sells his soul. He betrays and traduces. . . . No foundations except those of love can last."

The spy of Gorky's story is a young wastrel named Yevsey Klimkov. He does not deliberately decide to become a spy; he drifts into it. First we see him as a timid, sluggish country boy, left an orphan at the age of seven. Later he is sent to the city to work for an old man who keeps an underground book-shop and sells forbidden literature of the revolutionary sort. The old man, it turns out, is a decoy. It is his business to lure people into buying his books, and then to have them arrested. He is a despicable type, and his mistress is worse than he is. Yevsey finally helps the mistress to smother him. The whole atmosphere of the place is stifling, and the spies who gather there are mostly mean, mopish, sodden. In strong contrast is the spirit of the working people on whom they spy. They are inspired by new hopes and aspirations, and united by a sense of comradeship. Yevsey cannot help admiring their courage and cheerfulness. Once he actually warns an intended victim. Yet he cannot make up his mind to ally himself with them or to do anything definite. He is without will. He just drifts. Toward the end of the story comes the first real flash of light. The narrative passes from the nether world to a portrayal of heroic events, obviously suggested by

the proclamation of the Constitution four years ago and the march of Father Gapon and the populace through the streets of St. Petersburg. A faint hope flickers even in the soul of weak Yevsey. But the aspirations of the people are crushed to the earth by brute force, and his courage ebbs again. He wants to kill the chief spy; but he is too cowardly. He tugs at the trigger of his revolver in a vain attempt to shoot another. At the last he tries to hang himself with his suspenders—and the suspenders break! He lays his head on the railway track, then jumps to his feet and rushes wildly along the track, until "the harsh iron rumble crushes his feeble screams." Such is the miserable end of the spy.

In one sense "The Spy" is Gorky's heart-cry. He sees Russia stagnant, and the revolution defeated. His vacillating Yevsey is the very symbol of Russia struggling to be free, yet without the will to realize any of its dreams. One of the most discerning reviewers of the book, Francis Hackett, in the *Chicago Post*, finds in it a revelation of the whole Slav temperament. It shows us, he says, "the broken human nature of the Slav, his self-doubt, self-pity and quixotism." The same writer continues:

"'Hamlet' is supposed to be a great exposure of self-inquisition, but English morbidity to Russian is gentle Avon to Danube. . . . Maxim Gorky reveals introspection, as Dostoyevsky did, but with a difference. In 'Foma,' that novel through which flows the great, wide, flashing river, and which echoes with melancholy folk songs, is a chronicle of youth restless and perverse. 'Three of Us,' reeking with fetid tenement life, is still insurrectionary, tracing the hero's course downward with commiserating fatalism. . . . 'The Spy' shows the Slav of the common people making the autocracy possible, the instrument through his own feebleness and pliancy of a feebleness and pliancy that seem to be national. 'The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain, Slaves by their own compulsion.' It is a revolting picture which Gorky draws compassionately, understanding, forgiving, and yearning."

The style of the book is realistic to the verge of brutality. The springs of depravity are laid bare. No hideous details are spared. "The spy's little mind is like a chill and slimy pool, hidden from the good warmth of the sun." One critic,

*THE SPY: THE STORY OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN. By Maxim Gorky. Authorized Translation by Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

in the New York *Sun*, pronounces the story "a Gorky nightmare"; and another, in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, says:

"Do you remember Verestchagin's terrible painting of a grain field, which, when you looked closely, suddenly turned into a battlefield strewn thick with skulls and decaying human forms? Gorky's 'The Spy' is that kind of picture, only its horrors are not even temporarily hidden by any mantle of upspringing flowers."

The critic of the Boston *Transcript*, however, finds in Gorky's methods their own justification:

"In many ways 'The Spy' is offensive to the sensitive mind, yet these offences may be overlooked in view of the overwhelming power with which they endow the story. . . . Maxim Gorky has a purpose in his emphasis and iteration, and it is as artistic as it is pertinent and direct. It is one highly specialized side of Russian life with which he deals, and he omits nothing in order that his meaning may be exact and clear. His pen is not subtle, nor is it keen. He wields it as the

Cossack wields the sabre in bloody battle, not as the Frenchman wields the rapier in the duel for which a scratch suffices to avenge honor. He describes things as they are, not as he wants them to be, and he therefore writes without reticence and with no restraint. Readers of novels who prefer the scent of the rose, the romance of the chevalier, the bright sky and beauteous womanhood and chivalrous man, should not open the pages of 'The Spy.' They will find therein something far different, but something that is no less true."

Thomas Seltzer, the translator of the story, and one of Gorky's ablest interpreters, pronounces "The Spy" the most powerful work that Gorky has ever written. He is not alone in this estimate. The Springfield *Republican* declares:

"This is the largest piece of fiction Gorky has yet produced, and perhaps the most notable. The story of Yevsey's hideous childhood has something of Tolstoy's unsparing power. But Tolstoy is a novelist: Gorky shows society as a frightful machine, the relentless action of which one can neither praise nor blame."

THE RAW RECRUIT—BY DE AMICIS

This is a realistic little sketch of an Italian conscript, written by Edmondo de Amicis, one of the most noted of living Italian authors. It deals with the commonplace, but there is in the story that touch of idealism, or imagination, that is necessary to redeem realism from vulgarity. The simple-minded soldier suggests a type of universal humanity in the barracks of life.



THAT Sunday the barracks were almost deserted; the guard and the officer of the day were the only men at the post. The conscripts, arrivals of two days previous, were promenading the city, stiff and ill at ease in misfit jackets, with caps awry and fingers lost in white cotton gloves nearly as large as boxing gloves.

Of the last comers there was but one who had not been tempted out by the sunshine. He was in the courtyard, sitting on the doorstep, elbows on knees, chin in hands. He had a good face; his expression was pleasant. To tell the truth he had arrived in the regiment with resignation, even willingly. First, because of the law, printed in plain words and known by everyone. Second, because his given name, the name of his family, and the date of his birth, were on the list in the Mayor's office. He considered military service natural. The fathers serve first, then the time of service comes for the young ones; his time had come. One more reason: the King had called him to the ranks; he had had no choice in the matter.

He had come willingly; but, as he sat on the doorstep, his face expressed something more

than the natural astonishment of the man just arrived in the army. His looks betrayed deep melancholy. Perhaps he regretted that he had not gone to town with the others.

A corporal crossed the court and asked roughly: "What are you doing there?"

"I?"

"I?" mimicked the corporal, drawling and assuming a look of stupidity. "You're smart! Who should it be if not you? Am I talking to the moon? Yes, *You!* Get up! Stand on your feet when your superiors talk to you! Who are you? What company do you belong to?"

"Company?"

"Company?" whined the corporal. "You cabbage head!"

He jerked the soldier's jacket so rudely that the awkward body swayed.

"Look—see what you've done to your coat, sitting on the ground like a beggar!"

The conscript brushed the dust from his coat.

"Look at your shoes!" He kicked the foot of the poor boy with his heavy boot; then shaking his victim, he added: "Your cravat is nothing but a string! What ails your cap? Turn up your trousers unless you want them frayed out before the end of the week. Straighten your

buttons. You'd better get rid of your ear rings; they are ridiculous." He released him with a final jerk; and the boy, uncertain what to do, tried with trembling hands to arrange his cap, his hair and his uniform. But his appearance was still ludicrous. The woman who kept the canteen halted on her way to look at him. She was pretty and young and the sight of her turned his head. She passed, laughing.

"Little demon!" muttered the corporal; then, turning to the conscript: "Come, stir yourself! Move faster! If you don't, I'll show you! You do as we tell you or you get bread and water. If you don't like that you'll get water and bread! Do you understand? Now go and clean your clothes. March!"

"But, Signor, I . . ."

"Silence!"

"I do not know—"

"Keep your mouth shut when your superiors talk to you. If you talk you'll get prison. Understand? 'Booby!'" he growled as he turned away. "Poor Italy! a fine army she'll have to defend her if they send men like this one!"

"Sir," called the conscript, "Signor!" The corporal turned, rolled his eyes and pointed to the prison. "Sir! Signor Corporal, please!"

His accent was so full of respect that the corporal could not refuse to listen.

"What do you want?"

"There is an officer in this regiment who came from my country. I do not know his name, but he is here."

The corporal laughed. "Came from your country, did he? I hope not! If the men of your country are cut after your pattern, it is to be hoped that you are the only one in *this* regiment!" Shrugging his shoulders he went away.

"What a way to answer!" thought the conscript. "What is the soldier, a dog? We are dogs. And to think that I must endure this life five years!"

His mournful reverie was broken by the laughter of three soldiers, who ridiculed him as they passed.

"Look at him!" said one.

"He is thinking of his dear one," said another.

"Cheer up, comrade! You are safe; she will not find your match. Ha, ha, ha! Beauties of your stamp are scarce."

The officer of the day heard the voices of the three soldiers; he went to his window. His movement attracted the conscript. A look of surprise then a look of joy flashed over the sorrowful face. The officer was struck by his change of expression. "There is a queer fellow!" he thought. "I must see what it means." He left his window, ran down the stairs and approached the soldiers.

"Why did you laugh when you looked at me?" he asked almost severely.

The other twirled his cap awkwardly. "I'll tell you," he said at last. "I knew that you were here when they sent me. Don't you remember? You must remember. You have been gone only three years. A man cannot forget as soon as that. I know you and I know your family. I used to see you mornings when you passed my house on your way to the hunt. So . . . Well, we are from the same place; that is why I laughed."

The officer studied his face; he tried to remember—"Ah! now I understand!"

"When you went away I knew that you were going to the school so that you could be an officer. You did not come home. Then we heard that you had come to this regiment, and,"—speaking gaily, as one who has very important and pleasant news to tell—

"Oh, say! do you know that they have repaired that old house! And they have built a café right on the square. You ought to see it! It is almost as large as this courtyard; nearly all the time it is full of people!"

"Wait a minute!" cried the officer—"I remember! Art thou not Rienzo?"

The fond, familiar *thou*, the intimate kindness of the voice, the friendly look, made the conscript's heart throb fast; tears rushed to his eyes.

"Yes! Yes! I am Rienzo!"

"I knew it! You lived in the little house by the church."

"Yes, opposite the mill."

"Remember? of course I remember! And so now here we are, together again! Tell me, comrade, 'do you like to be a soldier?'"

The conscript hesitated; a look of sorrow darkened his face. The officer understood. He drew close to the soldier and said gently, "What is it? Can'st thou not tell me?"

The knot that bound the poor boy's tongue loosened. "I cannot tell . . . I am too unhappy." Suddenly he burst out: "Listen, Signor officer! They treat us so! You are polite. One asks a question and either they do not answer or else they say things that wound the heart. You must keep still. You must not speak; if you speak"—imitating the growl of the corporal—"Prison!"

"I know that I am awkward and homely; that I cannot carry myself like a soldier. I do not put on my clothes right. But is it my fault? I have been here only two days. I came meaning to do my duty. I hoped everything would pass off well; but I do not think that now . . . perhaps I shall get used to being abused . . . May be the time will come when I shall not mind it; but so far it hurts me too much."

He spoke in a tone of deep discouragement, almost of despair. For a time the officer was silent. He stood as if he had not heard or as if he had not wished to hear the complaint of the conscript, looking over the walls of the reservation to the open country. He lighted his cigar, then he said gently:

"Let me lower your cravat, it is a little too high." He untied the cravat and tied it in a bow. "There," he said, "that is better. Turn around; let me straighten your jacket; it must not wrinkle. Now for your cap! You must always wear it like this, a little to one side; that gives you an easy look."

He stood so close! His hands were as kind as the hands of a brother. The conscript smiled.

"And then, don't you know," continued the officer as he straightened and settled the conscript's jacket, "you must always stand very straight. You must hold up your head and look men squarely in the face, as if the world belonged to you. A soldier is not afraid of anything, so, no matter whom you are saluting, even if it is the King, you must look boldly into his eyes, as much as to say, *Here I am; this is I; remember that!* Do you understand me, comrade? That is how you must look; that is our way of showing our respect for us soldiers."

The conscript listened; he smiled and nodded.

"But there is another thing to remember," the officer continued: "As bold as a lion outside the barracks, as meek as a lamb inside the barracks! Go through the world singing. Sing loud out of camp; sing to yourself inside the post. At the post, *Not a word!* Be frank; speak. When they ask you something, answer, *Yes! No! No! Yes!* Do not speak unless your superiors speak to you, and in the ranks, same as in church, silence! When off duty do as your comrades do, if their play is harmless. If they shout, you shout louder. Be very good, but, at the same time, be very gay, and, above everything, love your comrades. Have you your pipe?"

"No, Sir."

"Too bad! You might have a smoke. Oh! and I wanted to tell you, if a superior scolds and finds fault, if his talk is reasonable and just, think of it and profit by it; but if it is unjust do not let it dishearten you. Say to yourself, No one is perfect; my superior is a human being, and therefore liable to err. A man may growl at his men all day, and yet he may be good at heart. It may be that the man who finds fault is wrong; but the soldier who disobeys is wrong, that is sure. There is no 'maybe' about that. You must not think that they growl from a desire to hurt your feelings. It often happens that the officers who have bad tempers have good hearts. I saw that

fact exemplified at Custozza. There was a captain who was the terror of his command. He was always berating his men. After the battle we saw him running over the field, picking up the soldiers as if they had been infants, carry them to shelter, nursing them and comforting them. That one captain did more to help the wounded than ten of the others. There was a soldier—in 48—*Periero* his name was—he stood in front of his lieutenant to protect him from the fire of the enemy. He fell, struck by three balls. When he was dying he said to his officer: 'Think of me some times. I die happy, because I saved your life.' Another man stood like rock and let the enemy pierce him with their bayonets because he would not forsake his wounded captain. At the battle of Rivoli a handful of soldiers rushed headlong into the German ranks to rescue the corpse of their officer. They wanted him to receive the last honors among his own.

"There are many others. Their names are recorded in more than one hundred books. We think of their heroism very often. The army cherishes their memory. We love them as if they were still with us. . . . May I trouble you for a match?"

The conscript's eyes glowed; he could not speak.

The officer continued: "But certainly a man must look beyond the drill room and further than the barracks when he is planning for his army life. During the summer we shall go into camp for the grand maneuvers; and then, what fêtes! Before we break camp there will be balls and tombolas; you will meet the generals; they will be there and they and the other officers will join in your amusements—and all the people within reach of our camp will be there."

The officer was silent for an instant, then he said: "And then, in the regiment, we get used to everything. The first day or two the knapsack is heavy. After that we forget all about it. We never think of it or feel it. Our nourishment is not good, but if a man does his duty his appetite is never lacking, and appetite is the best of caterers. People who are really good, patient, reasonable and strong of mind accommodate themselves to all the little miseries. I know that, because many soldiers serve their five years without being punished once. They leave the army with a record as white as a handkerchief just from the wash. You will be like that, will you not?"

The conscript could not speak. He bowed his head.

"And then," said the officer, "our life is not all thorns. There are flowers for those who search for them. The good soldier finds them. You will travel. You will see new lands—new cities—a

beautiful country—the ocean—mountains—such a varied world! It is all so beautiful, our Italy! On your days of leave you will visit the churches, the museums, palaces. And by and by you will tell all that to your family. By that time the regiment will seem like a great family and all the honors it receives will be like your own personal matter.

"When the flag floats over your battalion, when the bands play, when you present arms, your heart will throb with emotion and with pride; and when your five years are over it will be a real grief to you to bid farewell to your friends and your officers."

The officer noted the soldier's emotion; he smiled and asked:

"Do you know how to write?"

"A little."

"Come with me."

He led the conscript into the guard room and seated him at a table furnished with pens, ink, paper, and a blotter.

"You must write to your father. Tell him about all that you have seen, all that you wish him to know."

"But——"

"Be quiet! I shall not permit you to say one word until you have finished your letter."

The officer went to the window and began to read his newspaper. The conscript looked at the officer, then he thought of what he should write. At last slowly and awkwardly, as one not used to writing, he began his letter.

"Well, is it finished?" asked the officer.

"Yes Sir," answered the enchanted man.

"Very well, read what you have written."

"Shall I read it aloud?"

"Why, yes, that is what I wish."

"Dear Father:

"I have arrived in the regiment. As soon as we arrived, they had our hair cut; then they dressed us. That gentleman, the officer from our place, is here, and he and I talked together in the barracks a long time. We do not eat such food as the rich people eat; but when there are so many to feed it would be very hard to take great pains with the cooking. And the appetite is never lacking. The chiefs growl at us sometimes, but they are not such tyrants as they seem to be. On the contrary, some of them are anything but tyrants. Some soldiers have died to save their officers, and there were other soldiers who could not bear to leave their officers in the power of the enemy, even when those officers were dead, and time passes very fast because we are traveling so much.

"And then we have the grand maneuvers, when the generals and all the rest of the officers come to be with us and to share our amusements.

"In fact we are all very glad to be in the regiment. Meanwhile I salute you. Take great care of yourself.

"Your affectionate son, ——"

"Bravo!" cried the officer. "And now," offering him some money, "I want you to go and drink to the health of all the conscripts."

"But, Signor officer"—with a gesture of refusal.

"What? Is it possible? What do you mean by refusing your friend when he tells you to do something that you ought to do?"

The boy took the money, murmuring vague thanks. He ran down stairs, four steps at a time, laughing and talking to himself. In the street he met the corporal. The sub had completely forgotten his brutality of an hour before. "Ah, ha!" he said gaily, and, after an instant—"Do you know the officer who was talking to you just now?"

"Yes, I know him very well."

"Is that the one you asked me about—the man from your country?"

"Yes."

"I did not understand what you wished. Of course, if I had understood, I would have answered you." The corporal passed on and the conscript said to himself: "He is not so bad after all, that corporal."

The soldiers crowded the canteen, among them were new recruits, shouting and singing.

"'When they cry, you cry louder!' that was what my officer said," thought the conscript. "I wonder what I ought to cry." He thought a minute, then raising his glass he cried in a ringing voice: "Long live the soldier, Periero!"

All the conscripts brandished their glasses. "*The soldier Periero! Vivat!*"

So, shouting and singing, the gay company returned to the barracks and clattered up the stairs to the mess-room.

From the window the officer had watched the conscript. He said to himself: "That man will be a good soldier." Satisfied with his day's work he smiled as his eyes followed the flight of the night birds, shown for an instant against the glowing background of the twilight. The transparent sky of the Italian night was sown with stars. The profound and peaceful silence made the young man's heart swell with generous emotion. He murmured the name of the one whose memory he had invoked to inspire the conscript, because, when nature has given the heart of man the attributes of a brother—sympathy and pity—when the soul responds to the call of its being, the names of the revered and loved spring to the lips.

Humor of Life

OUR LEISURE CLASS

"But," says the Grand Duke, who is dining incog. with Daniel Voorhees Pike, in Booth Tarkington's new play, "The Man From Home"—"but you have no leisure class in America."

"No leisure class!" drawls out Pike, thoughtfully. "Huh! You ought to see our colored population!"

A PERSONAL ALLUSION

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?"

"Why, Hamlet held the skull and said: 'Alas, poor Yorick! You are not the only deadhead in the house.'"—*Exchange*.

LOGICAL REASON

JINKS.—“Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy?”

WINKS.—“I shall make a plumber of him.

JINKS.—“Has he a bent that way?”

WINKS.—"He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately, and he won't think of it again for a week."—*London Tit Bits*.

UNREASONABLE TO EXPECT IT

MACDOUGALL (to his new fourth wife).—"The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too. But, as I tell't him, I canna be aye buryin', buryin'."—*Punch*.

OF COURSE NOT

"When I grow up, grandpa, how shall I keep from marrying the wrong woman?"

"You won't!"—*Bystander.*

WHAT THE SECRETARY LIKED

A well known Washington editor was walking in front of a leading hotel recently when Secretary Luke Wright hailed him for a chat.

"By the way, Blank," said the Secretary, "I saw several mighty good things in your paper yesterday."

"I'm glad you liked them," said the editor, beaming with satisfaction. "It always helps an editor to find out what his readers like. What were the articles you liked?"

"The articles," said the Secretary earnestly, "were three fat mince pies wrapped up in your yesterday's issue."—*Lippincott's*.

CLASSICS RETOLD

A recent examination held by the Department of Regents, of the State of New York, has brought forth the following compositions on the poem "Evangeline" and the picture "The Angelus," which are taken verbatim from the answer papers of the students:

EVANGELINE

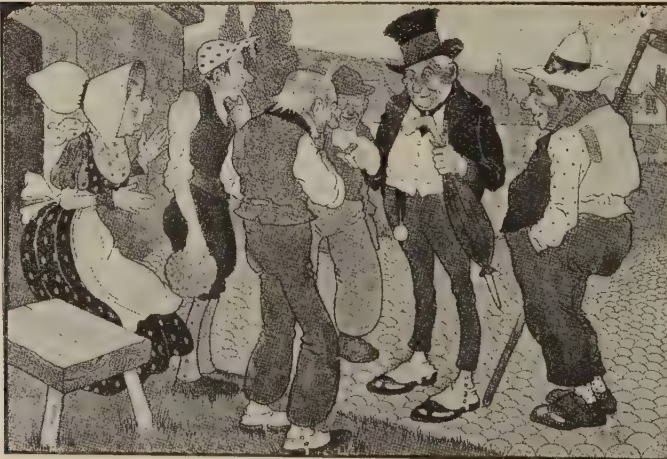
Gabriel was Evangeline's feller. Evangeline was always chasing after him. When she got left behind on the shores of Arcadie she begun chasing as soon as she could. She chased him over mountains and valleys but she never got caught up with him. At last when she was thin and old, she found him laying in a poor house with a fever. She just had a minute's time before he died to lie his head on her bosom and say, "Good-bye, Gabriel, I done my best."

THE ANGELUS

This picture was painted by Malay. It contains a man and a church steeple. The man and woman are very poor, they have been digging potatoes because they need them to live on. The potatoes look very small. Just at sunset they hear a bell ring, it is the Angellus, it means they must pray. So they bow their heads and pray for bigger potatoes.—*Lippincott's*.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

TRAMP.—“Will yer give me some-
thin’ to eat, missus? I’m that
thirsty I don’t know where to sleep
to-night!”—*Punch*.



AN ORIGINAL OPTIMIST

A most unusual optimist was Sophocles McCue.

"Cheer up!" he'd often cry, "the sky will not be always blue; The sun is warm and bright, I know, but do not mope or pine, Just think of all the gloomy days on which it cannot shine; Don't say because it doesn't rain to-day, it won't to-night; To-morrow may be drear and dank, although to-day is bright; Into each life some sun must shine, a storm's not always due." Ah, a most unusual optimist was Sophocles McCue.

—A. H. Folwell in *Woman's Home Companion*.



URCHIN (TO FRIEND WHO HAS GONE IN): "B-I-L-L! LEND US
YER SKATES; YOU AIN'T USING 'EM!"

—Punch.

THE PARLOR DEAD-LINE

An old Irishman named Casey made a lot of money as a contractor and built a fine house for his children.

The sons and daughters were much ashamed of the plebeian father, and Casey was always kept in the rear of the house when they had a party or a reception. One day Casey died and there was a great to-do about it. The children had a fine coffin, with lashings of flowers, and Casey was laid in state in the parlor.

That evening an old Irish woman, who had known Casey when he was a laborer, came and asked to see the face of her dead friend. They conducted her to the parlor.

She walked up to the coffin, took a long look, and said: "Faith, Casey, an' they've let ye into th' parlor at lasht!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

A LITTLE HIPPICANARIOUS

"How do you feel this morning, Mr. Coolidge?" asked a reporter of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

"A little hippicanarious this morning," Coolidge replied. "A little hippicanarious."

"Dan," said the reporter to one of the negro messengers outside the door, "what does hippicanarious mean?"

"Why," replied Dan very solemnly, "that's African for improsimonious."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE IDEA

CELESTINE.—"And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation?"

HILDA.—"Yes, indeed. Every time he says 'Dearly Beloved' you feel as if you had received a proposal."—*Bohemian Magazine*.

HAIRROWING

"Look here," said the guest, "things around here are just about as rotten as they make them. When I went to lunch to-day I found hair in the ice-cream, hair in the honey, and hair in the apple sauce."

"Well," exclaimed the genial proprietor, "the hair in the ice-cream came from the shaving of the ice. And I suppose the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and every one was a Baldwin."—*London Tit Bits*.

CLOSELY RELATED

MOTHER.—"Samuel, where are those green apples that I left in the pantry?"

SAMUEL.—"They're with the Jamaica ginger that was in the medicine chest."—*Lippincott's*.



"WHAT A THING TO BRING A HOG! TAKE 'EM AWAY, SOMEBODY, AND BRING ME A BRAN MASH." —*New York Herald*.

LOVELY WOMAN

Her waist begins just below her neck. Her hips have been planed off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back, and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire, covered with lace. She wears on her head a blond haystack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed in her gown like an Indian papoose, and on the end of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stiltlike heels with the expertness of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of fine white powder.

This is a woman.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A CHINESE JOKE

"You are pushing me too hard," said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Peking poor relation. One day he met the head of his family in the street.

"Come and dine with us to-night," the mandarin said, graciously.

"Thank you," said the poor relation, "But wouldn't to-morrow night do just as well?"

"Yes, certainly. But where are you dining to-night?" asked the mandarin, curiously.

"At your house. You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation." —*Exchange*.

WOULDN'T IT?

Wouldn't it put a kink in your thinker that there are no Turkish baths in Turkey, that Hamburger steak comes from Hoboken, and Westphalia hams from Chicago?

But wouldn't it anesthetize your belfry that the east end of the Panama Canal is west of the west end?—*Bohemian Magazine*.

AN EXPERT ON KISSING

A successful young novelist was praising the critical powers of a certain famous author.

"I once had the honor of reading a tale of mine to this author," he said, "and, thanks to his criticism, the story was greatly improved. Originally it was too high flown; he brought it down to earth and made it homelier and truer.

"For instance, the tale concluded with these words:

"Mabel's lovely eyes drooped for an answer, a faint flush tinted her cheek, and she gave him both her hands; and there in the old orchard, in the shade of the heavy-fruited trees, he drew her to his breast, and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"The author, at this ending, blew a cloud of smoke thoughtfully into the air, and as he watched it curl upwards he drawled:

"What do you think, now, honestly, of a young man who would go nibbling at a girl's back hair when she had her face with her?"—*London Tit Bits*.



HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE DESERT

—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Members of
President Taft's Cabinet

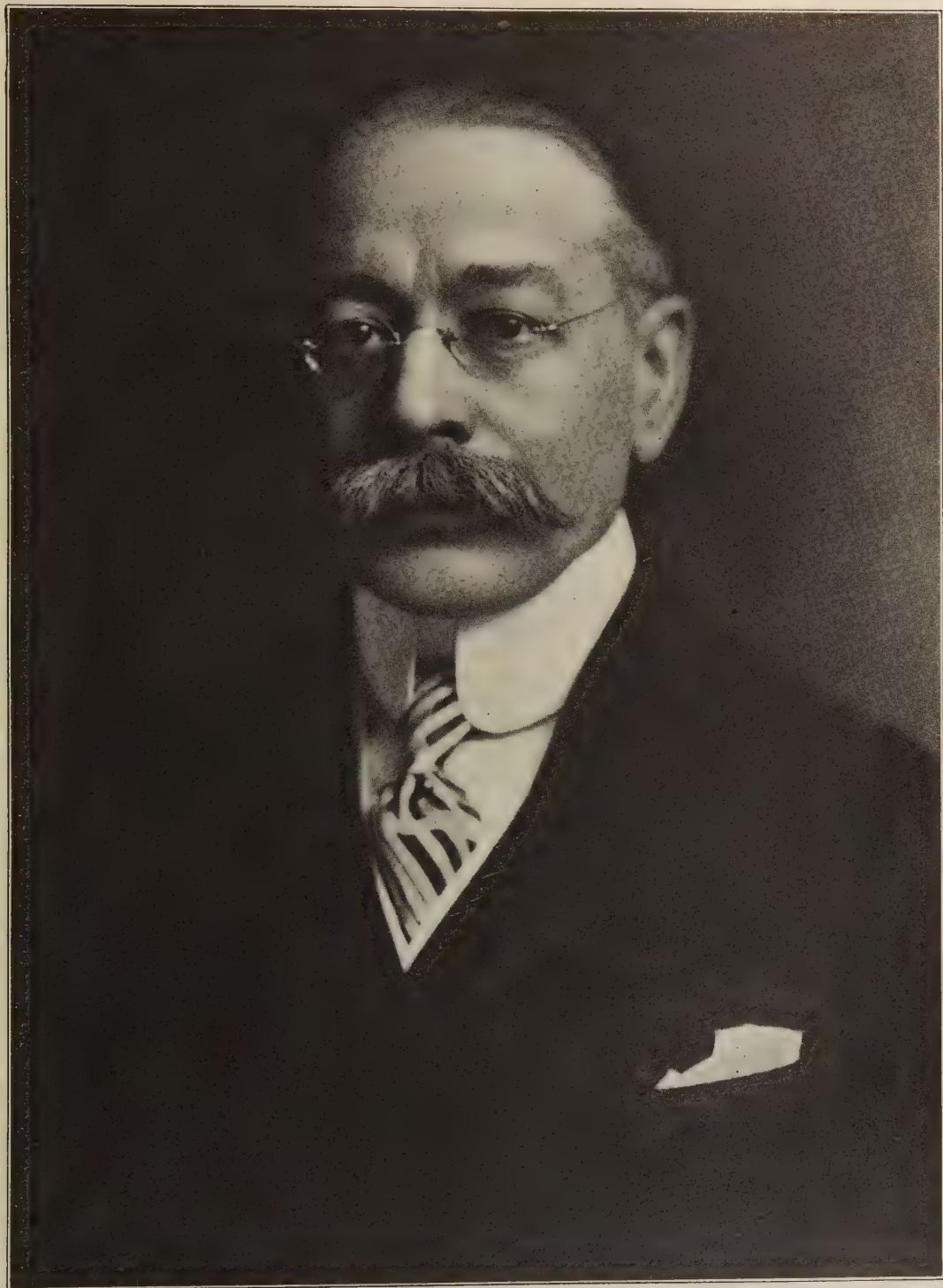


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ADVISER-IN-CHIEF OF PRESIDENT TAFT AND SPECIAL GUARDIAN OF THE CONSTITUTION

Philander Chase Knox, of Pennsylvania, steps out of the United States senate to take charge of the department of state. Congress had to repeal the act raising the salary of the secretary of state before he could take the position, inasmuch as he was in the senate when the salary was raised and would thus have been disqualified under the Constitution. The question is still raised by a few as to his eligibility. No one raises any question as to his capacity.

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET



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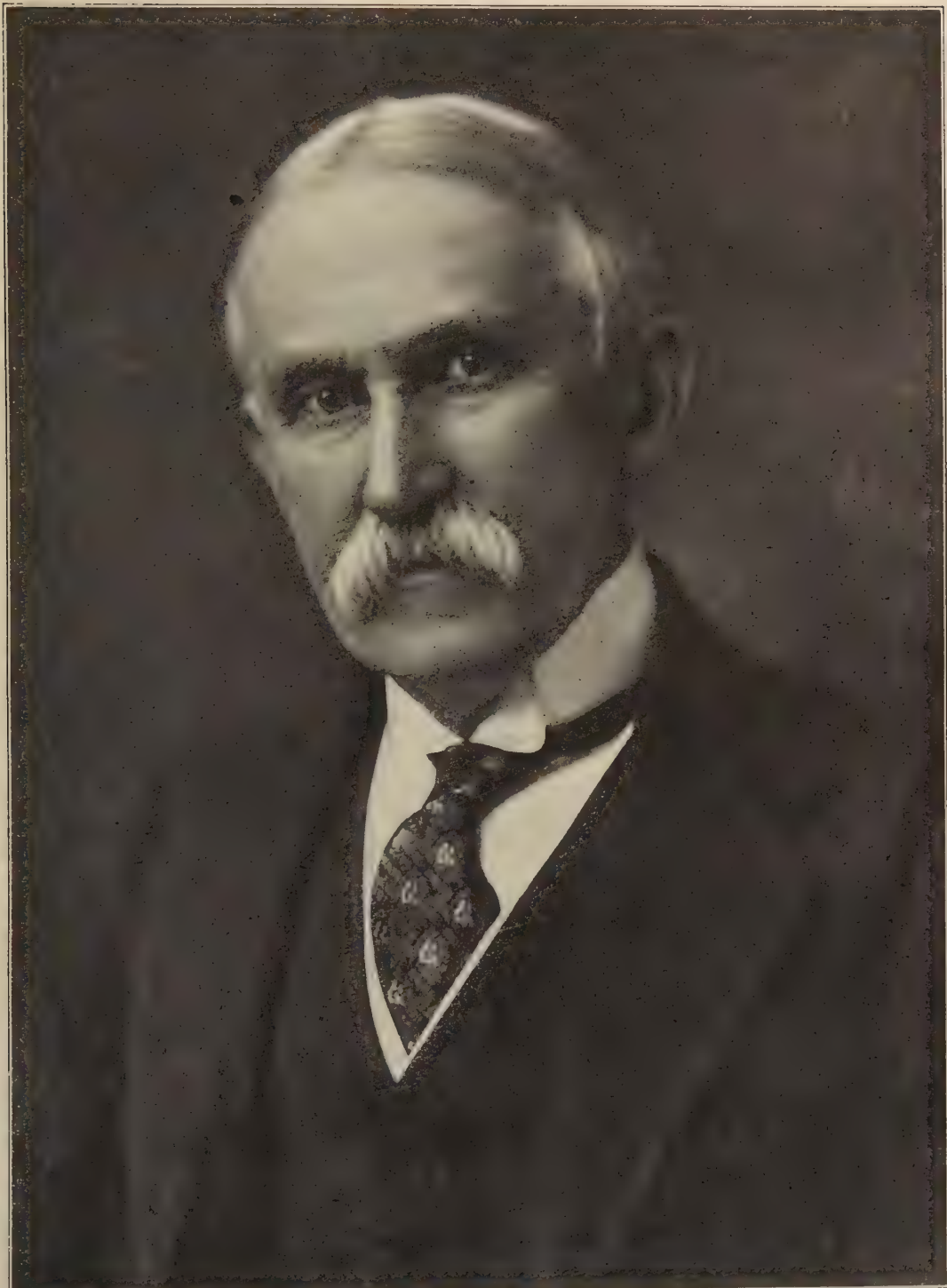
TO ENFORCE THE LAWS AGAINST GREAT CORPORATIONS, A GREAT CORPORATION LAWYER
IS CHOSEN

George W. Wickersham, the new attorney-general, has been a legal partner of President Taft's brother in New York City, the personal counsel of August Belmont and an attorney for the Interboro Railroad. He is presumed to know the devious ways of the Octopus and to be able to track it to its fearsome lair.



THE POLITICAL STRATEGIST AND HUMAN CARD INDEX OF THE NEW CABINET

Frank H. Hitchcock, of Ohio, the new postmaster general, has been much seen and felt and heard of late, having been in charge of Mr. Taft's campaign for the nomination and later for election. He is the youngest man in the new cabinet, being but forty-one. He was educated for the law, practices politics, and would love to be a biologist. His executive powers are dazzling. He is the only bachelor in the new cabinet.



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A NATIONAL DEFICIT OF ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS THIS YEAR CONFRONTS HIM

Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, the new secretary of the treasury, had to retire from a large wholesale grocery business of which he was the head before he could take his cabinet post, such being the statutory law. He is a Cleveland Democrat, and was nominated for U. S. senator in 1895 by the Democratic convention of Illinois. He is a lawyer by profession and a merchant and banker by force of circumstances, the principal circumstance being poor health many years ago.

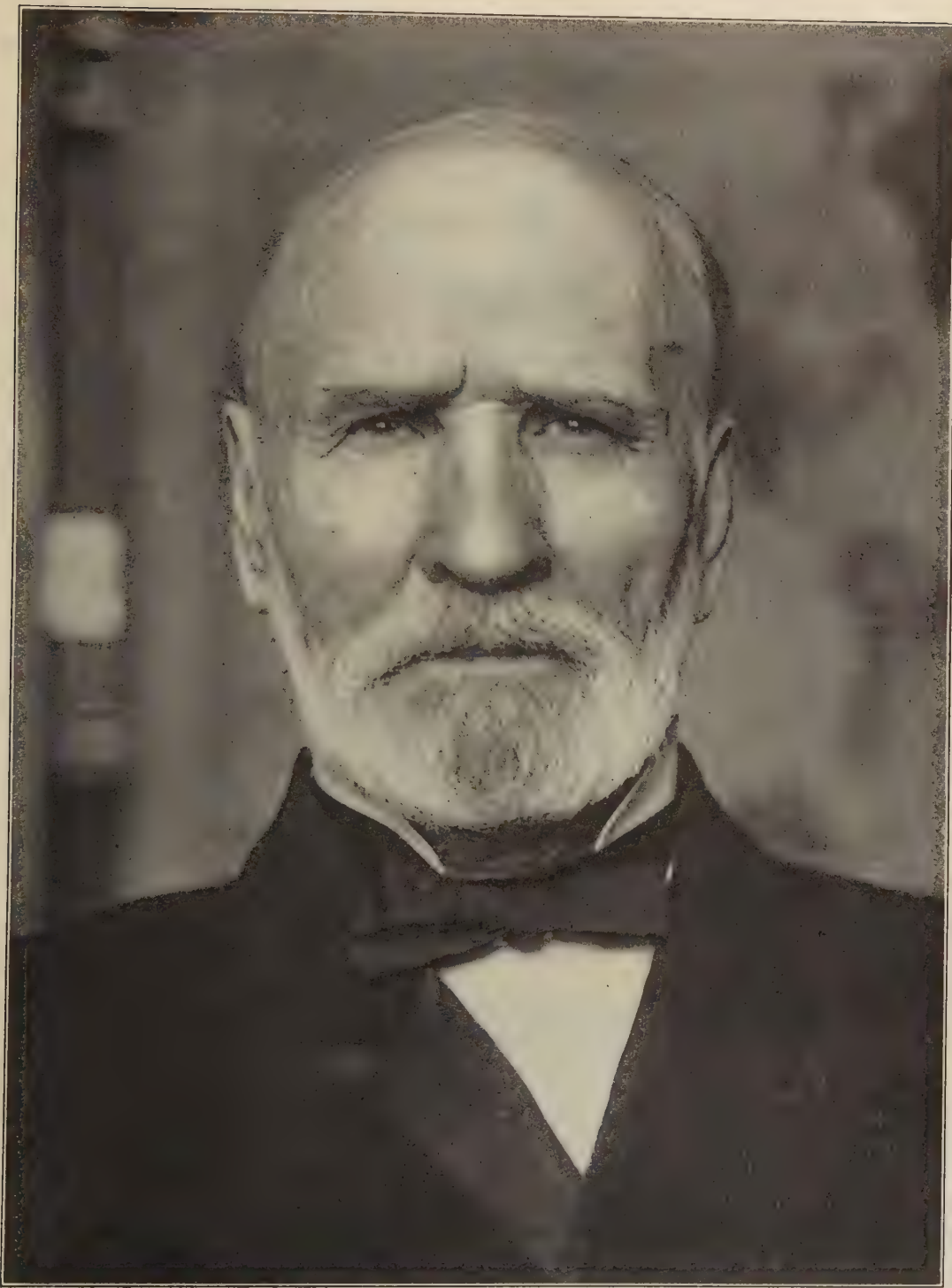


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ANOTHER CLEVELAND DEMOCRAT TAKES HIS PLACE IN A REPUBLICAN CABINET

Jacob McG. Dickinson, who succeeds Luke E. Wright as secretary of war, is, like his predecessor, a Tennessean and a Democrat, but not a Bryan Democrat. Nashville, New York, Leipsic and Paris cooperated in giving him an education. He also is a lawyer—one of seven in this cabinet, not counting the President—and was assistant attorney-general under President Cleveland.

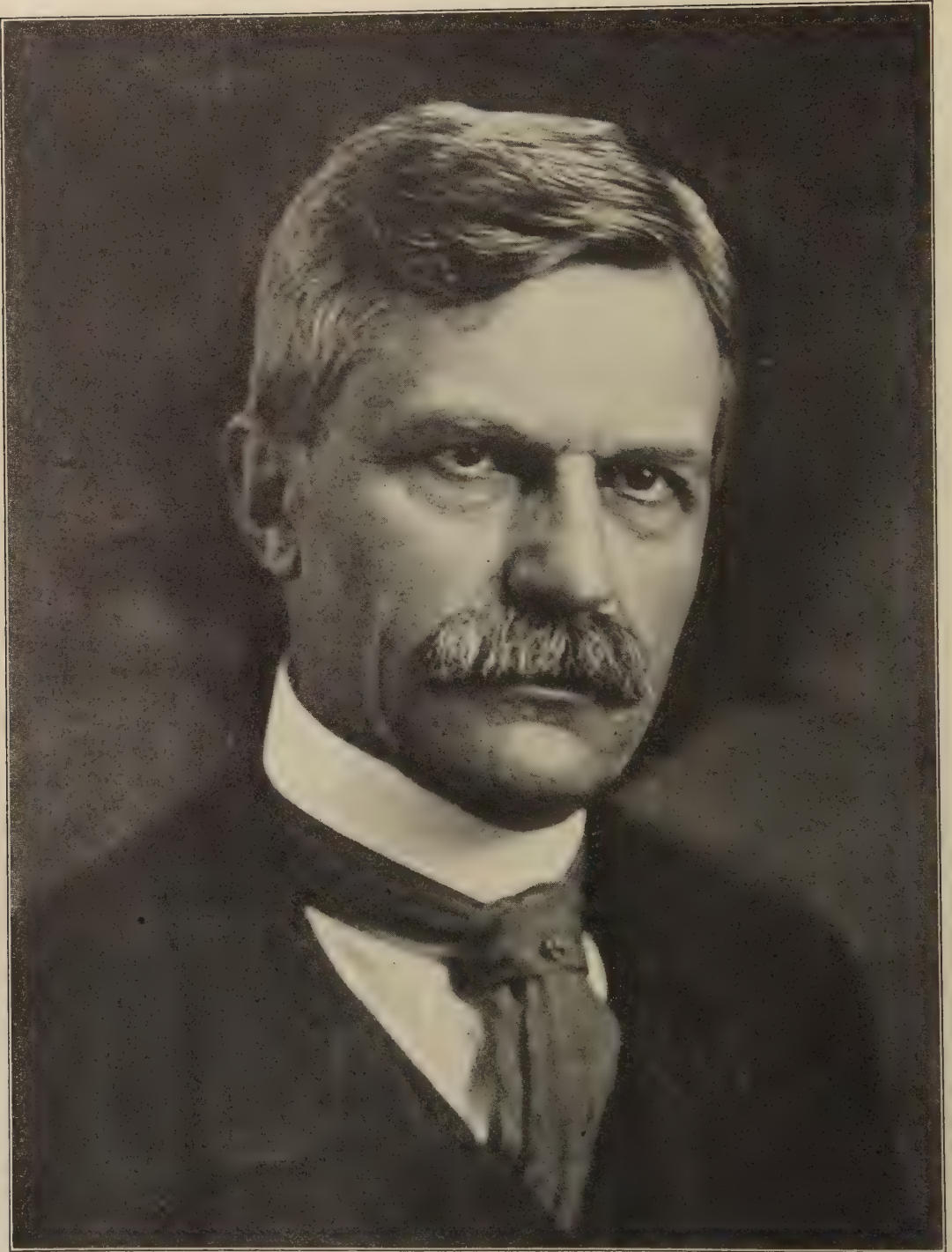
THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET



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HE IS EXPECTED TO BREAK ALL RECORDS FOR LENGTH OF CABINET SERVICE

James Wilson took the oath for the fourth time to do his duty as secretary of agriculture. He was first appointed by President McKinley, served during President Roosevelt's two terms, and continues in the same post under President Taft. If he serves until November he will break the record for length of service in a cabinet post. He was born in Scotland and was seventeen when he came to America. He has been all sorts of officials in Iowa, railway commissioner, regent of the state university, congressman, and professor of agriculture. He is the eldest of the new cabinet, being seventy-four.



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HIS DUTY WILL BE TO SEPARATE THE CORPORATION SHEEP FROM THE CORPORATION GOATS

Charles Nagel, the new secretary of commerce and labor, hails from St. Louis because his father found Texas too hot for a Union man during the Civil War. He also is a lawyer and a good deal of a political manager. He had charge of the western headquarters of the Republican national committee in the late campaign, has been president of the city council of St. Louis and a member of the Missouri legislature. He is also a director of the Museum of Fine Arts in St. Louis.

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

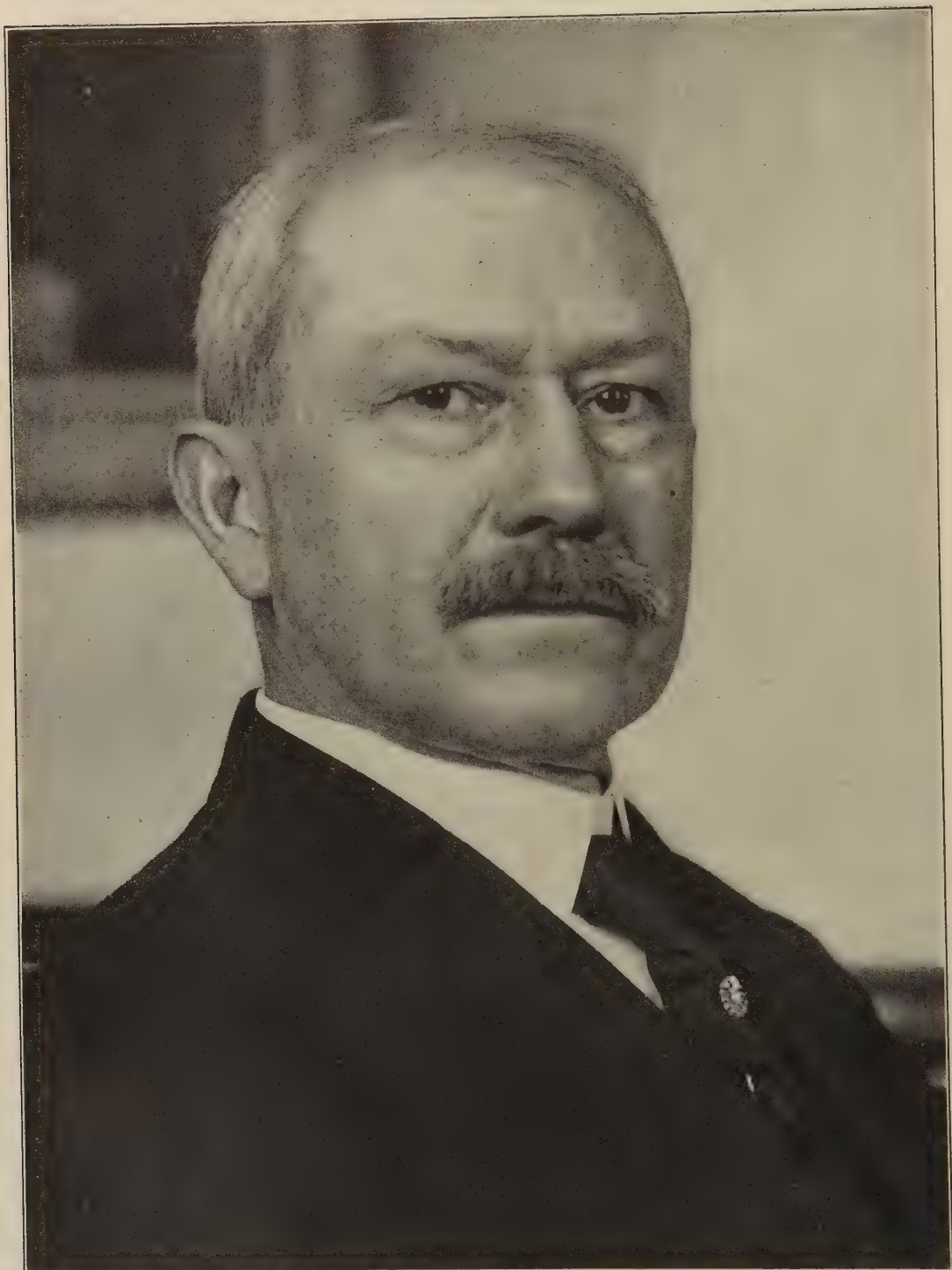


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ONE OF THE TWO HOLD-OVERS FROM THE ROOSEVELT CABINET

George von Lengerke Meyer, of Massachusetts, shifts from the post of postmaster general to that of secretary of the navy. He and James Wilson, the only two members of the Roosevelt cabinet who continue in the Taft cabinet, are also the only two who are not lawyers. Mr. Meyer is a wealthy manufacturer who began his public career as an alderman in Boston, and has gone steadily, if not sensationally, well up to the top of the ladder.

CURRENT LITERATURE



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HIS FATHER STUDIED LAW IN THE OFFICE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Richard Achilles Ballinger is a name better known in the far northwest than in the eastern states. He hails from the state of Washington, where he has been a mayor (of Seattle), a judge, a general commissioner of the land office, and an author of several important legal tomes. As the new secretary of the interior, the movement for the conservation of our resources will look to him for wise direction and encouragement.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

VOL. XLVI., No. 4 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
George S. Viereck

APRIL, 1909

A Review of the World

NOTHER "era of good feeling" seems to have dawned on the country. From every section, including the South, the inauguration of President Taft, his address on that occasion, and his selection of cabinet officials have elicited commendation that is entirely free from any rancorous criticism and almost free from criticism of even the mildest type. The Roosevelt press and the anti-Roosevelt press vie with each other in their expressions of gratification. The radical "yellow" papers and the conservative financial journals profess to derive equal pleasure from the new President's initial acts and words. The already historic smile seems to have spread over our entire area, and from the White House wireless messages of good will have been radiating over the continent and spilling themselves upon the coasts of Europe and Asia. It seems too Edenic to last long, but coming so close after the tempest in which the Roosevelt administration and the late Congress closed their existence, the contrast makes one think of Paradise regained, or the millennium prematurely overtaken.

ONE note of discord was heard, and that was a meteorological one. Says Mr. Taft to Mr. Roosevelt, at the breakfast table on March 4: "Mr. President, even the elements protest." Says Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Taft: "Mr. President-elect, I knew there would be a blizzard before I got away." The storm that assailed Washington on the third tried to lose itself that night on the bosom of the Atlantic. But an area of high pressure out over the waste of waters where no weather bureau stations are located shunted it back angrier than before, and falsified all the promises of the bureau. A sticky, blinding snow, driven by a northwest gale, filled the streets of the capital on the morning of the fourth, made the grandstands along Pennsylvania Avenue ap-

pear like mammoth snow-drifts, caused the new flags to look like civil war relics, and twisted the festoons of laurel and smilax "into a tangled, pulpy mass." By one o'clock on the morning of inauguration day the nation's capital was surrounded by the enemy, every avenue of communication with the rest of the world—except by the wireless—was broken off, and one hundred thousand visitors who were in the city or stalled on the way were completely isolated from the rest of the world. Desperate news correspondents filled a suit case with their despatches at four in the morning and started a messenger with it on a train for Baltimore. He went six miles and could go no farther. Annapolis is but forty-five minutes' ride from Washington, but the contingent of midshipmen from the Naval Academy tried in vain to cover the distance. They didn't reach Washington at all. One Chicago newspaper with three men located permanently at Washington sent six more to help them write up the event. They couldn't get a word to their paper. Two days later, the dark and dismal form of Prof. Willis Moore, head of the signal service department, was seen making his disconsolate way to the White House with an apologetic explanation in his pocket. "Fair and somewhat cooler," he had predicted. He had probably relied too much upon the potency of the Taft smile.

NONE the less, the oath of office was duly administered, the parade was carried out, and the inaugural ball was held. At a quarter past ten in the morning, the carriage containing the President and the President-elect, drawn by four black horses, proceeded from the White House to the Capitol. There were almost as many policemen as spectators at first. At the Capitol end of the route, however, a real crowd had collected, and real cheering was heard. The people had gathered there, of course, to see the inauguration itself.



AFTER HELPING TO INAUGURATE TAFT
—Barclay in Baltimore Sun.

They were disappointed. For the first time since the days of Jackson the ceremonies were held indoors. Mr. Taft demurred at first, saying that if so many spectators could endure the cold merely to see the sight he certainly could endure it. But he yielded when it was pointed out to him that there were members of the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the diplomatic corps too old and infirm to be subjected to such a risk. In the Senate chamber, therefore, the oath was administered by the vener-

able Chief Justice Fuller, on a little leather-bound Bible, stained and a little frayed at the edges, that has been in the Supreme Court for one hundred years. The selection of the Bible to be used on this occasion is made by the President-elect. Mr. Cleveland was sworn in on a little Bible given to him in his boyhood by his mother. Mr. McKinley was sworn in on a large family Bible given him by the negro bishops of the country. Mr. Roosevelt chose the Bible used at Albany when he took the oath as governor. Mr. Taft chose the Bible on which he would have been sworn in had he accepted any of the repeated offers to make him a Supreme Court judge. The Bible properly performed its duty, but there is a horrifying report that the Chief Justice inadvertently obligated Mr. Taft "to faithfully execute the Constitution" instead of executing "the office of President."

HASTILY climbing the platform, as soon as the inaugural address was ended, ex-President Roosevelt, or Colonel Roosevelt, as he now prefers to be called, grasped the hand of his successor, and the two men, with their countenances beaming, exchanged greetings amid a salvo of cheers for both. Mr. Roosevelt then made for the steps, and, according to the plan determined upon a year ago, pro-



"YEP, HE'S GONE!"

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ceeded directly to the railway station, leaving for the new President the undivided honors of the parade to the White House. One thousand members of the New York county Republican organization escorted Mr. Roosevelt to the station, and long lines of spectators accompanied the procession. The band began at first to play some of the ex-President's favorite airs, such as "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and "Garry Owen"; but it quickly caught the spirit of the crowd and turned to "Auld Lang Syne." Waving and cheering and singing, the crowd followed the ex-President to the doors of the station, where he made a speech of three sentences, thanking them and wishing them all good luck. The din that followed is described as "deafening," and it took all the strength of the police to prevent his admirers from following him into the station, where he disappeared from view.

IN THE meantime, the new President and his wife and the new Vice-President and his wife, preceded by three senators and three representatives, constituting the joint committee on arrangements, were being slowly driven back through the slushy streets to the White House. This is the first time the wives of the President and Vice-President have ever accompanied their husbands on such a parade. The grand marshal of the occasion was Major-General J. Franklin Bell. The President's guard of honor was Troop A, of Cleveland, O. Eighteen governors with their staffs were in the line, and one of the notable features of the occasion was the applause that preceded and followed Governor Hughes, of New York. Easily first in the affections of the populace, however, next to the President himself, was the detachment of 3,300 jackies from Admiral Sperry's fleet. The returned khaki-clad soldiers from Cuba also received an ovation. As for the rest of the parade, the list of names is almost as picturesque as the procession itself, especially the names of Southern organizations. There were the Pickaninny Band from South Carolina, the Alligator Band from Louisiana, the Possum Club from Georgia, a Taft Club five hundred strong from the same state, the Sherman Scouts from Utica, the Uncle Sam Club from Buffalo, the Richmond Blues and the Richmond Hussars, et cetera. Several camps of Confederate veterans had come to the city to participate in the parade if the weather had been more propitious. A strong movement has already grown up for an amendment to the federal Constitution rendering possible a change of date for the inaugu-



"PLEASE SHOW ME THE 'TEDDY BEAR'S' ROOM"
—E. W. Kemble in *Collier's*.

ural service hereafter to April 30, the date on which Washington was first inaugurated. The Senate once before passed a measure looking to that result, by unanimous action. It died of neglect in the lower house.

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"**N**ONE here," remarked one of the Washington correspondents, describing the inaugural address, can recall a time when similar interest has been shown by diplomats in a presidential inauguration." The remark is one that casts a strong sidelight upon the new position that the United States has been assuming in the family of nations in the last twelve or fifteen years. Mr. Taft's remarks on our Oriental relations, for instance, were listened to by the Ambassador from Japan with an intentness visible to all. Minister Wu, "perfectly impassive up to that time, leaned to the front and drank in every word." Their attitude, it is said, was typical of that of all the foreign diplomats. But a still more striking indication of the degree of responsibility we have already reached in international affairs was an expression by Augustine Birrell, of the British ministry, in

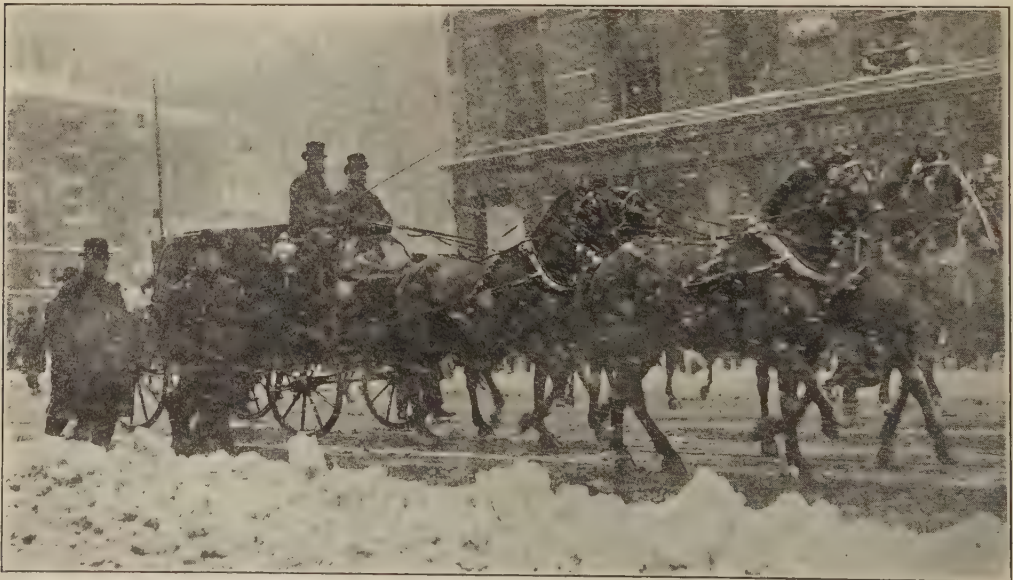


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THE BREEZY START FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

a speech the next day in Bristol, to the effect that Mr. Taft had "pronounced the doom of the hope for the disarmament of nations," by his emphatic declaration in favor of a strong navy and an adequate army. "It is enough to make angels weep," said the British minister,

to find the United States joining in the call for increased armaments. In the face of that fact, remarked Mr. Birrell, Great Britain must continue to march along the same road. This was a quick and unexpected response, and it is the only criticism we have seen of the in-



THE LAST RIDE OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S STORMY CAREER AS PRESIDENT



TAIL-END OF A DISCONSOLATE ESCORT ACCOMPANYING THE PRESIDENT-ELECT TO THE CAPITOL

augural address that indicated any serious disappointment.

MR. TAFT began his address by declaring anew for the maintenance and enforcement of the Roosevelt reforms as "a most important feature of my administration." He calls for a reorganization of the department of justice, the bureau of corporations, and the interstate commerce commission in order to secure more effective co-operation among them

in carrying out those reforms. He expects also to submit later proposed changes in the interstate commerce and anti-trust laws, in order to assure to American business "that measure of stability and certainty in respect to those things that may be done and those that are prohibited which is essential to the life and growth of all business." Several times he sounds this same note. "Freedom from alarm on the part of those pursuing proper and progressive business methods";



UP THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL



PRESIDENT TAFT STARTS BACK TO THE WHITE HOUSE

"relief of the railroads from certain restrictions of the anti-trust law"; "the protection of legitimate business"—all these phrases occur in the first few paragraphs of the address, and they have to many a very reassuring sound. "There is not a word in it," says the *New York Times*, speaking of the address, "to disturb the peace of mind of any honest man, either through the fear that he himself may be wrongfully persecuted, or that his interests may suffer through the persecution or the prosecution of men not so honest. . . . We are to have, it seems, during the next four

years a government of laws, of laws enforced by an Executive of just and deliberating mind." The *New York Evening Post* sees, in its mind's eye, the cheer of many thousands who read the address and find that "the day of their being arbitrarily harried is past." Even the *New York Sun* is again happy, for the time being at least, to find in the address "nothing of the heat and fury of the prosecutor," but only utterances of "the judge, calm, moderate, taking his time, resolved to be impartial." *The Sun*, however, is always very laudatory of an ingoing President.



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ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE



SOME OLD FRIENDS OF MR. TAFT'S—MULES FROM THE PHILIPPINES IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE

“A MATTER of most pressing importance” is the way Mr. Taft speaks of the revision of the tariff. His views on this subject have been set forth time and again recently, and he adds nothing noteworthy on the subject in the inaugural address, unless it be the phrase, “in the making of a tariff bill the prime motive is taxation and the securing thereby of a revenue.” To some of the tariff

reform papers this sounds remarkably like the Democratic doctrine of “a tariff for revenue only.” But Mr. Taft does not use the word “only.” On the contrary, he calls for such an adjustment of duties as to afford “protection by tariff equal to the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here.” Such a tariff, remarks the *New York Times*, “will be a very different



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THE JACKIES FROM SPERRY'S FLEET IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE



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THE PRESIDENT, THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE INAUGURAL COMMITTEE ON THE REVIEWING STAND

tariff from any that has been enacted either by Democrats or Republicans since the Morrill tariff of 1861 went into effect." The *New York Evening Post*, advocate of free trade, which speaks of Mr. Taft's "agreeably quiet tone" in one paragraph, laments in the next that there is "no moral indignation" in his reference to the Dingley schedules. He appears to it to be "still caught in the bog of 'cost of production,'" but it thinks he is moving in the right direction, and it promises to him the co-operation of the more radical tariff reformers.

THE question of revenue is likely to give the new cabinet considerable trouble and thought. The deficit during the current year is estimated at \$100,000,000, and Mr. Taft sees difficulties in making important retrenchments, with the scope of the government's work increased so greatly of late years. He suggests two remedies. If the readjustment of tariff duties does not sufficiently stimulate the revenue receipts, he favors "a graduated inheritance tax," presumably such as is now in force in New York state. He suggests also that the money for the deepening and control of great rivers, such as the Ohio and Mississippi, might properly be obtained by the sale of bonds, just as the funds for the construction of the Panama canal are being secured. Of the canal itself, the new President again speaks

reassuringly. The work is making "the most satisfactory progress," and he proposes to devote all the energy possible to pushing it on the plans adopted by Congress. This, "the greatest constructive work of modern times," as he calls it, "will certainly be completed early in the next administration, if not before."

NOTHING else in the inaugural address, however, quite equals in general interest the utterances in regard to the South and the negroes. Nearly one-fifth of the address is devoted to the subject, and the utmost apparent frankness is used. Mr. Taft looks forward hopefully to "an increase in tolerance of political views of all kinds" in the Southern states in the near future, and to the existence of a respectable political opposition in every state." The effort on the part of the North to enforce the exercise of the right of suffrage by the negro against the prevailing sentiment of the South has "proved to be a failure." The fifteenth amendment still stands and "will never be repealed," and "never ought to be repealed." Its provisions have not been observed in the past, but the tendency of Southern legislation is toward the enactment of electoral qualifications which shall square with that amendment. With this change, and with the consequent passing of the danger of control by an ignorant electorate, the interest taken in the welfare of the negroes by many



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IN FRONT OF THE INAUGURAL STAND IN DEFIANCE OF THE GALE

of the Southern whites has increased, the President thinks, and especially the interest in their industrial education. The progress already made by the blacks Mr. Taft regards as marvellous, and it has been achieved in spite of a race hostility that has subjected them at times to a cruel injustice. He adds: "We are charged with the sacred duty of making their path as smooth and easy as we can. Any recognition of their distinguished men, any appointment to office from among their number, is properly taken as an encouragement and an appreciation of their progress, and this just policy shall be pursued. But it may well admit of doubt whether, in the case of any race, an appointment of one of their number to a local office in a community in which the race feeling is so widespread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local business can be done by the appointee, is of sufficient benefit by way of encouragement to the race to outweigh the recurrence and increase of race feeling which such an appointment is likely to engender."

THIS seems to be the word the Southern whites were waiting to hear, but waiting apparently without much expectation of hearing it. This part of the address, when delivered, received more applause than anything

else in the speech, and applause in the case of this address, most of the populace being necessarily excluded from the Senate chamber, was from a select audience composed almost wholly of persons charged with the responsibilities of legislation and administration. It came from both Northern and Southern men, and it has continued to come from the press of both sections. "This," says the *Atlanta Journal*, "is indeed a new doctrine for the Republican party, and one which will do much to entrench Mr. Taft in the affections of the people of the South." The *Columbia State* sees the moral force of right and reason now finally prevailing against what was a tremendous majority of prejudice and misunderstanding. It says further: "We regard his treatment of 'race antagonism' in connection with references to Southern conditions as distinctly marking a new epoch in the political history of the American negro, as it does an era of official understanding as regards the 'race question' in politics, between the South and the rest of the country. Mr. Taft appears to have as clear an understanding and as just an appreciation of conditions affecting the races in the South as fair and just Southerners could wish." Another Southern paper, the *Fort Worth Record*, regards Mr. Taft's utterance as "a vindication of a Southern policy



SWINGING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARADE

tenaciously contended for by the men of the South through fifty years of misunderstanding," and the South, it thinks, is profoundly gratified thereby. The *Richmond Times* believes that Mr. Taft's statements about the negro "give as full reassurance as the South could reasonably have expected." Nor, on the other hand, does the press of New England find cause for offence in what Mr. Taft says on this subject. There is no indication, in the judgment of the *Springfield Republican*, "that the just rights of the colored race are to be overlooked or antagonized by the new administration." The *Boston Herald* thinks that "in all he says" upon the race question, President Taft "speaks with greater wisdom, more patient understanding, than any other President since Lincoln." For the moment at least Mr. Taft seems to have accomplished the difficult feat of reconciling the South and New England on the race problem.

ON THE subject of Asiatic immigration—another race question, and, in a measure, a sectional question as well—Mr. Taft has suggested the necessity of enlarging the federal jurisdiction in order to enable the government to fulfil its treaty obligation to other nations to bestow upon their citizens the protection of the laws. We now leave to a state or city

the task of performing our international obligations, and the federal government has no way of enforcing such performance. Says Mr. Taft: "By proper legislation we may, and ought to, place in the hands of the Federal executive the means of enforcing the treaty rights of such aliens in the courts of the Federal government. It puts our government in a pusillanimous position to make definite engagements to protect aliens and then to excuse the failure to perform those engagements by an explanation that the duty to keep them is in states or cities, not within our control. If we would promise, we must put ourselves in a position to perform our promise." Just what legislation is necessary and proper is not indicated clearly. It has been generally assumed that an amendment to the federal constitution is necessary to meet the requirements of the case; but Mr. Taft does not say anything to that effect. On this extension of federal powers, the *Richmond Times* thinks the President is much less likely to win the approval of the South. "In this declaration," it goes on to say, "Mr. Taft proves himself an out-and-out nationalist, as Mr. Roosevelt was before him." We may well inquire, it thinks, whether the embarrassment—self inflicted—of the administration now and then or even the infrequent risk of a foreign war is too big a price to pay



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ON THE JOB.—FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT WORK, WITH HIS SECRETARY

for the preservation of the rights of the states. "It may be," admits the *Times*, "that our destiny is finally set that way," but it looks for sturdy resistance by the advocates of state sovereignty.

ONE other thorny subject the President handled boldly but carefully—the subject of injunctions. There is more suggestion of heat in this part of the address than in any other. After endorsing the labor legislation of the Roosevelt administration—employer's liability, a model child labor law for the District of Columbia, etc.—Mr. Taft comes to the injunction issue. Here is the way he puts it: "Take away from courts, if it could be taken away, the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes, and it would create a privileged class among the laborers and save the lawless among their number from a most needful remedy available to all men for the protection of their business against lawless invasion. The proposition that business is not a property or pecuniary right which can be protected by equitable injunction is utterly without foundation in precedent or reason. The proposition is usually linked with one to make the secondary boycott lawful. Such a proposition is at variance with the American instinct, and will find no support, in my judg-

ment, when submitted to the American people. The secondary boycott is an instrument of tyranny, and ought not to be made legitimate." He admits that the injunction has been "in several instances" inconsiderately exercised, but the remedy for that, he thinks, lies in a statute formulating the conditions for its issue.

IN THE chorus of praise which the address as a whole has called forth, the more radical papers, as we have said, join with more or less enthusiasm. Mr. Hearst's New York *American* finds that the address "is a monumental instance of the radicalism of some time ago becoming the conservatism of to-day." The New York *Press* describes the address as "temperate and convincing," an address whose calmness does not conceal its firmness. "As we receive it from the Chief Magistrate who succeeds Theodore Roosevelt," it remarks, "we have a deep sense of thankfulness." The concluding sentence of the Springfield *Republican's* editorial comment is: "Progress under the Taft regime will evidently be more distinguished for orderliness than for jolting speed." The speech is not a great document, the Detroit *Press* thinks, but "the bent of the constructive mind is seen throughout the address." An opinion from a conservative source is this from the Boston *Herald*:



UNCLE SAM—Roosevelt has certainly left his impression on Congress during the last four years.

—International Syndicate.

"It is the best inaugural address that has been given to the country in many years." The *Baltimore Sun*, another conservative paper, regards Mr. Taft's program as "on the whole one of construction," and it calls on the Democrats in Congress not to prolong needlessly their opposition to tariff revision on the Taft lines. The *Philadelphia Public Ledger*



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

—Carter in *New York American*.

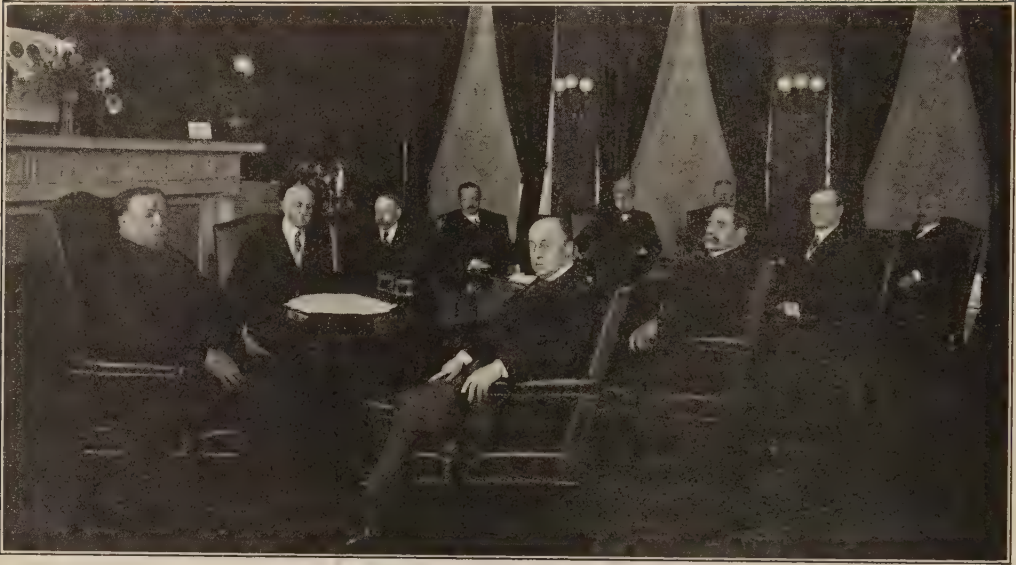
thinks the address "disappoints no expectation," and the *Chicago Tribune* sums up its opinion as follows: "It is not hortatory. It is not minatory. It is not even monitory, save in the appeal to the negro against impatient ambition. But it places its emphasis on construction and reorganization not only as respects that which must take place in business in the new relations created by the approved new laws, but also on the perfecting of the general machinery of federal administration." Similar quotations from the press might be multiplied indefinitely.

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IN THE political golf-links, Mr. Taft may be said to have made a fine "drive" when he delivered his inaugural address. He followed it up with an excellent "brassic" when he selected his cabinet. At least it may be said of the cabinet as of the address that it has aroused no political jealousies and elicited no sharp criticism. The most conspicuous fact in regard to it is the number of lawyers it contains. Only two of the nine members—Meyer and Wilson—have had no legal education, and these two are hold-overs from the Roosevelt cabinet. Of the other seven men, one of them—Hitchcock—was admitted to the bar, but never practised; another—MacVeagh—abandoned practice a number of years ago for mercantile pursuits; and a third—Knox—has been for years actively engaged in political services whose importance has probably left him very little time for law practice. Of the remaining four lawyers, three at least have had experience in public service. Mr. Ballinger has been commissioner of the land office in the state of Washington, Mr. Dickinson was assistant attorney general under President Cleveland, and Mr. Nagel has been a state legislator and for four years president of the city council of St. Louis. Inasmuch as Mr. MacVeagh has been president of the Chicago bureau of charities, besides being actively interested in several important civic bodies, Mr. Wickersham remains as the only man of the nine with no public record. He has been chosen, it is probable, solely for his experience in corporate law, and because of the President's personal confidence in him, he being a law partner of Mr. Taft's New York brother.

"THE fact that it is almost a new body," remarks the *Baltimore American*, "contains a hint that Mr. Taft intends to do new



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE TAFT CABINET.

tion with the kind of brains which are certain to be matched against it."

THE chief element of danger to the Taft administration, as the *Springfield Republican* sees it, lies in the fact that it must live and work with the radical wing of the party, and yet it has begun by placing in control of the government "a much more moderate and conservative, but not reactionary, element." The cabinet, it notes, cannot be said to possess extraordinary political strength, for it contains no representative of the more radical element of the party, whose chief influence is in the middle West and which "may look with distrust upon an administration thus formed until its performance affords convincing proof that it will really 'clinch my policies.'" That very radical journal, the *New York American*, is willing to hold its judgment in suspense on this point. Here is its comment on the cabinet: "There are those who express some apprehension over the fact that the Taft cabinet as outlined in the public press is made up of those whose sympathies have largely and potentially moved with the corporations. Abstractly, this fact might justify grave apprehension to the friends of the people. But the answer is made to those who fear, that the new President desires the experience and judgment of corporate lawyers in his cabinet, in his fixed purpose and intention to regulate wealth and corporations along the wisest, justest and most enduring lines. Let

us hope that this is true, and let us believe that it will be true until we have reason to find it otherwise." The correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says that the question Washington is now interested in is, who are to be the members of President Taft's "golf cabinet"? Few presidents, we are told, have begun their administration with less personal acquaintance with the members of their official cabinet than Mr. Taft has with his. "There is no member of the present cabinet whom Mr. Taft has ever called by his first name, . . . and perhaps not more than one or two members with whom his acquaintance is of more than a few years' standing. Having selected his official advisory body more with a view to their reputations for fitness and political expediency than from his personal intimacy with them, Washington naturally attaches an added value to those other men, not of the cabinet, whom the President will gather about him."

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UNLESS all records are broken, we are in for a two or three months' tussle with the tariff question. The revival of business, which was only waiting, according to some pontifical experts, for the end of the Roosevelt administration, is now waiting for the tariff revision to be finished. The extra session of Congress which began on the fifteenth is expected to devote itself



"THE DIN WAS DEAFENING."—FAREWELL TO MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE RAILWAY STATION

exclusively to this subject. There is one thing on which everybody seems to agree, and that is that whatever is done should be done quickly. The Democratic papers are urging the Democratic members of Congress not to use any undue dilatory tactics to delay final action. "It is not a time for buncombe, for filibustering, for dilatory tactics," says the *Baltimore Sun*. The high tariff journals are urging the greatest possible speed. "Everything," says the *New York Press*, "is waiting for the passage of the bill, everything is going to wait until it is passed. Get it out of the way." Even the free trade press, such as the *New York Evening Post*, promise co-operation if a real revision, along the lines advocated by the President, is attempted. But even with the best of intentions and the best of discipline in the Republican majority, several months are likely to elapse before the new schedule is adopted. The first printed copies of the proposed new bill were placed in the hands of members of the ways and means sub-committee on March 7. If by June 7 the work of Congress is over, the country may congratulate itself. For the Senate is still a deliberative body, and it has no rules for compelling the close of a debate.

calls the proposed revision "a huge and comical farce." For one thing, he says, in *Hampton's Magazine*, the trend of the world's movement is toward higher, not lower, rates. Every new tariff schedule is higher than its predecessor. "Within the last few years Ger-



BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE—FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ROOSEVELT AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN

THERE are some who smile incredulously at the notion of a revision downwards. Charles Edward Russell, the magazine writer,



ROOSEVELT'S GUIDE AND GENERAL MANAGER

R. J. Cunninghame is an Englishman who has had much experience shooting big game in British East Africa. He is selecting the biggest and bravest native porters to be had in Mombasa, for Mr. Roosevelt's trip.

many, Japan, Austria-Hungary, Canada, and Australia have adopted new tariffs, and every one has pushed up the duties all around. Some of the increases have been of a very startling nature. Japan has taken a long look ahead, gauged the probable trend of the world's development, and provided for successive tariff increases for years to come. Germany is to be our chief commercial rival in the Western world; Japan in the East. With these two nations running a race to produce the highest tariff and all the others chasing at their heels, does it seem in the least likely that we should really back-track and turn the other way?" Our own successive tariff schedules, says Mr. Russell further, have been uniformly in the same direction, which is not an undisputed assertion, we may remark in passing. The only practical means now of reducing tariffs, in the same writer's opinion, is by international agreements, and by providing that men shall not in consequence be deprived of their work. "Having created this monster"—a protective tariff—"we are now practically at its mercy."

AT THE National Tariff Commission convention, held in Indianapolis in the latter part of February, representing 223 agricultural, civic, commercial and industrial bodies, resolutions were adopted by a practically unanimous vote calling for the creation of a permanent tariff commission that shall fix the rates of duty to be paid on foreign imports "within the lines of the maximum and minimum rates established by Congress." Congress was urged to make a revision of the present rates first, and then establish such a commission, in order to keep the new schedule adjusted to the needs of the country. The chairman of the general committee appointed by the convention, Henry R. Towne, president of the Merchants' Association of New York City, made an address in which he set forth the necessity of such a permanent tariff commission. Tariff revision hereafter, he maintains, should be continuous, not intermittent. When revision is now undertaken, on the intermittent plan, "it involves the entire tariff structure and opens the flood gates to opposing theories, clashing interests, and the pursuit of selfish ends by everyone concerned." On the continuous revision plan, the tariff would never be revised, in one sense; in another sense it would be revised daily—that is to say, some portion of the schedule would be calling for adjustment constantly. The result would be "substantial fixity" for the tariff as a whole, "with freedom from all apprehension of sweeping revisions at uncertain intervals"; but as to particular items, there would be facility for correction and change to meet the constant flux in industrial conditions. Mr. Towne's address is being widely circulated, it has the backing of powerful manufacturing and commercial organizations, and it will be of interest to see what progress his plan will make in the future. But it does not offer any help on the present revision. That goes on in the old way, by which, according to the *Springfield Republican*, the tariff system "can never be touched by way of any modifying change without throwing business into a more or less prolonged state of injurious uncertainty."

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WILL Theodore Roosevelt ever return from Africa? Not if he carries out the proposed itinerary for his hunting trip, says Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago. There are a great many



READY FOR SHIPMENT TO MOMBASA

The camp equipment for Mr. Roosevelt's hunting trip in Africa was prepared in England, but all his guns and ammunition are of American make.

others, says ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, who think the same thought, adding: "He may be very strenuous and he may be very strong; but he is taking a long chance." On the other hand, Professor Okeley, of the Columbian Museum, insists that Mr. Roosevelt will be as safe in Africa as in this country; which reminds one of the sad fate several years ago of a big-game hunter who escaped serious injury in all his African adventures only to meet sudden death in trying to cross lower Broadway. Mr. Roosevelt's tour is planned to give him about ten months in the heart of Africa. Where he goes the Duke of the Abruzzi, Joseph Chamberlain, Winston Spencer Churchill, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Mecklenburg have been, and they have come out alive to write books about their trips at much less than one dollar a word. Mr. Roosevelt is an experienced hunter, and knows how to take care of himself in the midst of danger and hardship. He will encounter deadly fevers, poisonous reptiles and fierce animals; but he will have the best medical equipment, experienced guides, and an up-to-date hunting outfit. Mr. Roosevelt is past the meridian of life, it is true; but, as Mrs. Humphry Ward has said of him, he still remains "with the spirit and strength, the many devices, of a boy." "I am not an athlete," he says; "I am simply a good ordinary out-of-door man." But in seven and a half years in the White House, there has been but one day

that the usher can recall when he seemed ill, and that was a day when he had a return of the Cuban fever, and "really had to push himself to stay at his desk."

HIS plans for the African trip will, if not interrupted, land Mr. Roosevelt in Mombasa, British East Africa, by the end of April. His guide and general manager, R. J. Cunningham, a noted English hunter, is already there hiring native porters and receiving the "kit" which is already beginning to arrive. All the guns and ammunition to be taken by Mr. Roosevelt, it is announced, are of American manufacture; but the camping outfit is of British make. There will be fold-up beds and fold-up bath-tubs, a fold-up dining table and a fold-up water cooler, fold-up spades and fold-up buckets. There are to be no reporters allowed in the party; but already the periodical literature of the country is showing the effects of the tour, and articles about big-game hunting in equatorial Africa have become a feature of the popular magazines. The official title of the expedition is the Smithsonian African Expedition, and the ostensible object at least is to procure for the Smithsonian Institution specimens of the fauna and flora of mid-Africa. J. Alden Loring, an expert collector of small mammals and birds, is to be one of the party; Edmund Heller, a trained naturalist, who has been on a tour of this kind in Africa once before, is to make



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

THE NATURALIST OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S PARTY

J. Alden Loring is an expert collector of small mammals and birds. All specimens gathered by the party, of any scientific interest, are destined for the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

another of the party; and Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, a physician and a retired officer of the regular army, is to be a third. Mr. Roosevelt pays his own expenses and those of his son Kermit, who goes as official photographer. The other expenses are met by a special subscription of \$25,000 secured for the purpose by the Smithsonian officials.

AT MOMBASA the party will be met not only by Mr. Cunningham, the guide, but by Mr. W. N. McMillan, the young St. Louis millionaire, who owns the Ju-Ja ranch of 20,000 acres, twenty-three miles from Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, where he is trying to apply some of the methods used by Burbank upon plants in experiments with animals. Up the Uganda railway the party expect to ride for two hundred miles. This railway, says a writer in *McClure's*, "leads through a zoological paradise." For a mile on each side wild animals are protected by law, and they take advantage of that fact. Winston Churchill, on his trip, saw six lions from the train. They have become indifferent to the train and the human beings riding on it. Ostriches, antelope of all species, thousands of zebras, hyenas and hartebeeste pass in review. On March 10 last, a dispatch from Mombasa gave news of a record group

of lions seen in the Great Rift valley, numbering thirty-two in all. But the royal beast seldom inspires terror in these days, it seems, outside of story books. "Persons returning to their camps after nightfall do not notice the roaring of lions or the cries of leopards and hyenas"—unless, perchance, there is a lion around who has tasted human flesh and become a man-eater. The rhinoceros is feared more than the lion, and the buffalo more than either, according to the *McClure's* writer, while the wild dogs are feared by the natives more than any other beasts that roam—even as Mowgli hath told us. When the native porters encounter a herd of buffaloes, they will take the chance of going around it. When they meet a lion they hardly notice it. But when they hear the howls of wild dogs they drop their burdens and take to the trees without waiting for a sight of the pack. Throughout British East Africa, a hunter is allowed to slay but two each of the buffaloes, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and other big game, except the lions and leopards. No license to kill these latter is required. Mr. Roosevelt was offered a special license by the authorities, but he refused to accept it, contenting himself with the same privileges other hunters enjoy.

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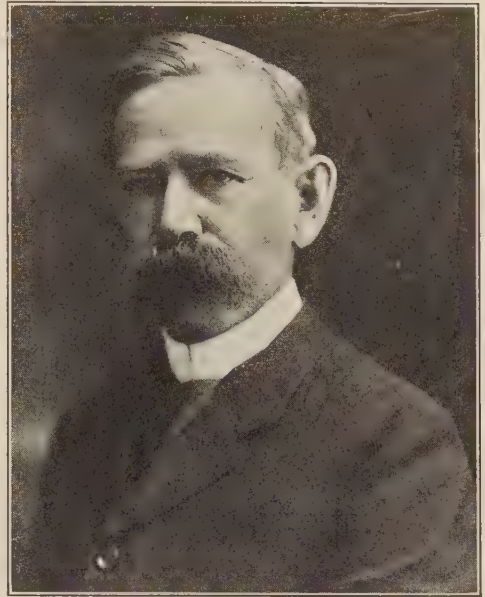


ELDOM in the course of its checkered existence has the Russian Duma given itself over to such extravagance of procedure as attended the efforts of Prime Minister Stolypin to render intelligible the still unintelligible sensation in the secret police. All the ministers who comprise what is sarcastically styled the cabinet were occupying front seats as Mr. Stolypin ascended the speaker's tribune. "There was an unprecedented throng of fashionable society," says the *Novoye Vremya*, "chiefly perfect ladies." The sensation of the hour has its origin in a series of accusations which one member of the revolutionary socialist party made against his colleague. The colleague, it seems, was a spy in the pay of the secret police. Superficially this seems trivial, yet, as the London *Spectator* observes, "the attention of the whole world has been called to the mystery." It began with the arrest, "in circumstances of unusual solemnity," of an ex-director of the police department, Lopukhin, second cousin to Prime Minister Stolypin himself, and a near relative to Prince Obolensky and other influential nobles. At six o'clock upon a February

morning the palatial residence of Mr. Lopukhin was surrounded by police in bullet-proof cuirasses. He had been under the closest observation for months. He is to-day awaiting trial in a solitary cell. "For years," to quote the St. Petersburg despatch of the well-informed Doctor E. J. Dillon in the *London Telegraph*, "Mr. Lopukhin was the most powerful personage in the empire." The lives, the property, and the liberty of thousands were at his mercy.

AZEFF, a wandering and brilliant Jew who for some eight years has led the Russian terrorists, was exposed by his Anarchist brethren as a police spy in the pay of Russia before this arrest of Lopukhin took place. The two events are intimately connected. Is Lopukhin, so long absolute chief of the Czar's police, a disguised anarchist? Or is Azeff, who led the terrorists and planned the assassination of von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius, really a secret spy in the Czar's police? Every European newspaper of importance has during the past month devoted columns to these twin puzzles. The world is asked to believe, therefore, to quote the words of the *London Spectator*, that "while a terrorist was seated in the chief place among the police and a police spy in the chief place among the terrorists, there was an understanding that neither should denounce the other." No one dreams of referring to the newspapers of St. Petersburg for a solution of these problems, which have already become more involved than the evidence of the identity of the man in the iron mask; but of Azeff and his alleged accomplice, Lopukhin, London and Paris papers give many bizarre details.

BETWEEN them, Azeff and Lopukhin, as the *Paris Figaro* understands the pair, have made all the secret history of the court of Nicholas II since the canonization of St. Seraphim. They had their share in the crisis that rendered war between Russia and Japan inevitable. Their specialty, however, was police work. Between them they nearly got the Czar killed, altho they never intended his death. Sham conspiracies against the sovereign were brought within an ace of fruition and foiled at the right time. So powerful was the really amiable Lopukhin—according to the newspaper correspondent who knows St. Petersburg better than any other western European, and who writes in the *London Telegraph*, Dr. E. J. Dillon—that his advice altered the settled plans of Nicholas II.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

OF TO AFRICA WITH MR. ROOSEVELT

Colonel Edgar A. Mearns is a retired surgeon of the regular army. It is "up to" him to see that Mr. Roosevelt does not fall a victim to the deadly fevers of Equatorial Africa.

"Lopukhin compelled ministers, even such a minister as the late von Plehve, to bend their will to his." Personally an upright and genial soul, as Russians understand these traits, Mr. Lopukhin lived in princely ease with his wife and daughters, visiting London and Paris for business and pleasure, and making many friends. Prince Urussov, the liberal bureaucrat, whose amazing memoirs have lately been put into English by Herman Rosenthal and published in this country, is a brother-in-law of Lopukhin's.

FAR more mysterious than the rather ridiculous looking Lopukhin is that tall, plump, swarthy Jew, Azeff. His large and spreading ears, the tendency of his rather thick lips to remain half closed only, the bigness of his nose, and the other physiognomical characteristics in harmony with all these belie the subtlety and delicacy of his mind and methods. "Danger seems to have had an irresistible fascination for his distempered mind," says the *Débats*, "treason for his abnormal soul." The perversity of the delight he took in his own imminent peril of being stabbed at any moment by the revolutionaries or strung up by the government agents is dwelt upon by Dr. Dillon. "Yet he appeared always calm and self-possessed, was attired in the

height of fashion, and sought distraction in the gay places of the northern Palmyra." During the past seven years Azeff dwelt in a fine apartment on the fashionable side of the Neva, paying from time to time a flying visit to Paris. He maintained his family there in some state. After the fashion of his chum, Gershuni, "the ablest revolutionist Russia has ever produced," Azeff imparted to everyone brought into contact with him the impression of a subtle and sly but magnetizing personality, energetic, resourceful, strongly willed. "He was never taken aback, never hesitated, never flinched." Of this calibre was the man, then, to whom the terrorists in the realm of the Romanoffs looked for light and leading as well as a competent supply of those funds without which their best laid schemes of assassination must have been brought to naught.

HOBNOBBING now with exalted imperial officials like the hapless Lopukhin, or again with the incarnate spirits of revolt like Gershuni, the supple Azeff inspired the dramatic catastrophes of the whole reign. "He was the moving spirit in the historic mutinies of Sveaborg, Cronstadt and the insurrection in Moscow," writes Dr. Dillon, "and he was an indefatigable police agent in St. Petersburg, Paris and Moscow whenever there were conspirators to arrest." He participated in that bureaucratic conference near the capital of the Czar when the promulgation of an absolutism was debated just after the dispersal of the first Duma. He was the adviser of the radical groups which met in secret to plot the overthrow of Stolypin. "The reputation of the alleged traitor, Azeff, stood so high with his fellow revolutionists," declares the *London Times*, "that they characteristically suspected the comrade Burtzeff, who denounced him, of being the traitor himself." Now that "a kind of revolutionary court martial" has been convened to consider the mystery here, the terrorists at Paris "officially" report that Azeff is the real traitor and Burtzeff the true comrade.

THIS Burtzeff has long been well known in St. Petersburg as the founder and editor of the review *Byloye*. Like all "idealists," this Burtzeff has had his ups and downs, sometimes in St. Petersburg and sometimes in exile. "He was always fond of historical study," says the *Paris Temps*, "and when he last found himself expelled from the soil of his native land, Burtzeff founded a review. Amnestied a few years since, the editor and

revolutionary returned to St. Petersburg, taking the *Byloye* with him and winning for it a wide circle of subscribers." One day no less prominent a bureaucrat than Lopukhin himself came to the office of the *Byloye*. He suggested to Burtzeff the publication of those memoirs of Prince Urussoff, which reveal in so theatrical a guise the vicissitudes of what the Czars understand by official administration. In the course of the talk, Lopukhin mentioned that he had written out his own memoirs, and Burtzeff tried hard to get them for publication in the *Byloye*. "From that day forth Burtzeff kept pestering Lopukhin for leave to print these memoirs." It was never granted. The police have the memoirs now.

ANOTHER exalted ornament of the police hierarchy dropped in on Burtzeff with manuscripts of a highly exciting sort available for publication. The individual was Mr. Bakai, at the head of the forces of law and order in Warsaw. This time the documents proved beyond a doubt that in Russia there exist two distinct governments, and that each has its own policy. One of these governments is known to the world at large. It makes treaties, deals with the Duma, handles the people in the open and gathers the legal taxes. The other government is faintly outlined through the screen of such concealment and intrigue as Azeff, Gershuni, Ratchkovsky (long at the head of the Russian secret police in Paris, and for a time, according to the *Temps*, directing the operations of the Russian secret police in Washington) have thrown over their operations. Bakai first warned Burtzeff that there was a traitor in the terrorist camp, and Burtzeff conveyed that warning to Prince Peter Kropotkin in the French capital. Not long afterward Azeff went in panic to Lopukhin. Azeff was about to be tried by the revolutionary tribunal in Paris. That body would ask Lopukhin to testify. Azeff's life was in the hands of his accomplice, Lopukhin. A bureaucrat of distinction, connected with the secret police, called upon Lopukhin at Azeff's entreaty to find out what he would say when he appeared before Prince Kropotkin and his brethren at Paris.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem that the terrorists in Paris could compel the appearance before them of a Russian official as prominent as Lopukhin, the story, as it is pieced together from the revelations of the month, finds acceptance in some European

dailies on the continent of Europe. The government of Nicholas II swallowed the story too, the Paris *Temps* reminds us, for it caused the arrest of Mr. Lopukhin on a charge of high treason and of complicity in the revolutionary movement. "Throughout his entire career Mr. Lopukhin is said to have played a double game, turning one man against another and supporting now one and now the other." Between Lopukhin and Azeff the press of St. Petersburg grows bewildered. Inclined to set up a defence of Azeff as the one true patriot in the labyrinth of all the mysteries, that partisan reactionary sheet, the *Znamya*, warns the government that unless it shields him others will be discouraged from rendering services of equal value. Lopukhin, on the other hand, is denounced as a Judas Iscariot by both the *Viedomosti* (St. Petersburg) and the *Sviet*, each of which is liberal and conservative by turns. The mouthpiece of the propertied and pious, the *Grazhdanin*, thinks Mr. Lopukhin meant well, but, being Russian, was led about too much by the nose at the pleasure of the wily Jew in the case. The liberal *Rossiya* has filled much space with its theory that Azeff and his kind are indispensable agents in the war on terrorism. "Lopukhin is a traitor for unmasking and thus destroying their efficiency." The *Novoye Vremya*, semi-officially inspired, says Lopukhin may be the traitor, but so may Azeff. Thus Russian dailies meander in this maze.

FOR the present Mr. Lopukhin languishes without bail, altho cheered by the regular visits of a devoted wife and two lovely daughters. He is provided with ample facilities for writing that "full revelation of secret history" by which he expects to demonstrate his complete innocence. "To what extent Lopukhin and others have failed in their duty to Czar and country can not be ascertained before the trial," notes the London *Telegraph*, "which the prime minister promises to have conducted in public, with all the figures of accusers and accused set full against the broad light of day." This point does not impress the *Temps*, inclining, in the light of past experience, to the idea that the trial of Lopukhin will either be postponed until his witnesses are dead or conducted with the secrecy of star chamber judgments. The mystery as to the whereabouts of Azeff is still unsolved.

THE breathless moment in the Duma came when Prime Minister Stolypin faced the deputies with his "explanation." He left the

relations between Lopukhin and Azeff in a denser fog than the newspapers had disseminated. There are no grounds at this time, the prime minister said, of accusing any official of criminal acts. Neither has he any evidence upon which to base a charge that Azeff has been a police spy, provoking the terrorists to conspiracy. "I draw the sad but inevitable conclusion," went on the prime minister, "that as long as the revolutionary terror lasts, the secret police spy system must go on." The government of Russia is impelled "by its conscience" to afford the Czar personal protection through every available means. The dignified Stolypin, who spoke in a nervous and hesitating manner markedly contrasting, says the correspondent of the London *Standard*, with his usual tone of quiet assurance, startled the deputies somewhat by saying that the Russian police knew perfectly well where Azeff is at this moment. But Stolypin paid no attention to documents flourished by a Socialist deputy in proof of the charge that Azeff was both a terrorist and a secret police spy simultaneously. Long before Stolypin sat down, the Duma was vociferating its displeasure at what it evidently considered the prime minister's evasions. Mr. Milyoukoff essayed to put in a word, while the Socialists banged their seats with sticks and the Octobrist leader Prince Galitzin charged the constitutional democrats with being the associates of thieves and criminals. President Khomiakoff pounded the rostrum in front of him with a gavel and implored the Duma to live down its reputation, if it could, of being the worst mannered representative body in the world. With yells of "Spy!" in all ears, the deputies adjourned.

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ISENSIONS within the ranks of those British suffragettes who tried so vainly to fight their way into the presence of Prime Minister Asquith some few weeks since fully explain, it is hinted in London organs, the most dramatic of all the flank movements in England to gain votes for women. The details of the scenario include, beside the familiar contingent of three hundred London policemen, a procession of ladies carrying banners and several statesmen of cabinet rank behind locked doors, something like civil war in the ranks of the suffragettes themselves. On the question of policy there prevails among the ten distinct non-party organizations working directly for woman suf-

frage in Great Britain what Christabel Pankhurst herself has called an eternal harmony. The dissension relates to tactics. This dissension has been construed hitherto in terms of a failure to act co-operatively. The "militants," that is, have not been helped by their non-militant sisters. That Boadicea of woman suffrage, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, surrounded by her daughters, has led the National Women's Social and Political Union in rush after rush upon number 10 Downing Street, only to find the front door locked and Prime Minister Asquith under the protection of the police. No one need be told that many women working for the suffrage in England deprecate these tactics. Mrs. Henry Fawcett is among the most conspicuous of them all. No less than sixty-eight societies in the kingdom have federated themselves into a national union under Mrs. Fawcett to agitate votes for women while frowning down Mrs. Pankhurst.

QUITE unanticipated sources of pandemonium developed within the militant ranks when Mona Caird, the immortal author of the question whether marriage is a failure, ventured upon some criticism of the bellicosity of recent tactics. Mona Caird had heard with genuine regret of the determination of the Women's Social and Political Union—"the Pankhurst police," as some dub them—to boycott the Women's Freedom League, in which Mrs. Edith How Martin is so conspicuous. These two organizations are militant. Both believe in raids on the House of Commons, in rushes upon cordons of the constabulary, and in padlocking their champions to the railings of official residences. The Women's Freedom League, however, revolts against the autocracy set up by the Pankhurst ladies in their government of the Women's Social and

Political Union. Strife between these factions went so far that the Pankhursts seem actually to have organized a raid upon the opposition militant meeting. The Pankhurst ladies were accused of a conspiracy to rule or ruin.

IT WAS to protest against the catastrophe to the cause of votes for women involved in this prospect that Mona Caird rushed in. She has long been an admirer of the Pankhurst ladies, and she herself is something of a militant, believing that since direct and really effective constitutional means are denied to women, to ask them to confine themselves rigidly to these means is "about tantamount to exhorting prisoners to escape from prison without breaking the prison rules." For the first time in history, she concedes, the cause has been made a living force in politics, and "for this we have to thank the militants who braved and are braving ordeals the most cruel that women could face in order to win for their sex the possession of full human rights." Her recent appeal to the Pankhurst "police" militants was not made, therefore, through failure to recognize that women, "being politically weaponless among a population of armed warriors, so to speak," are at bay. The suffragettes are practically obliged either to postpone their dream indefinitely, or—an article of Mona Caird's in *The Westminster Review* deals particularly with this point—to use more or less "desperate" means to free themselves. Nevertheless, Mona Caird protested against the plan of one militant band to break up the meeting of a less militant band. The Pankhurst answer was that the Women's Social and Political Union had long before announced its policy to interrupt the political speeches of cabinet ministers everywhere as a means of drawing official attention insist-



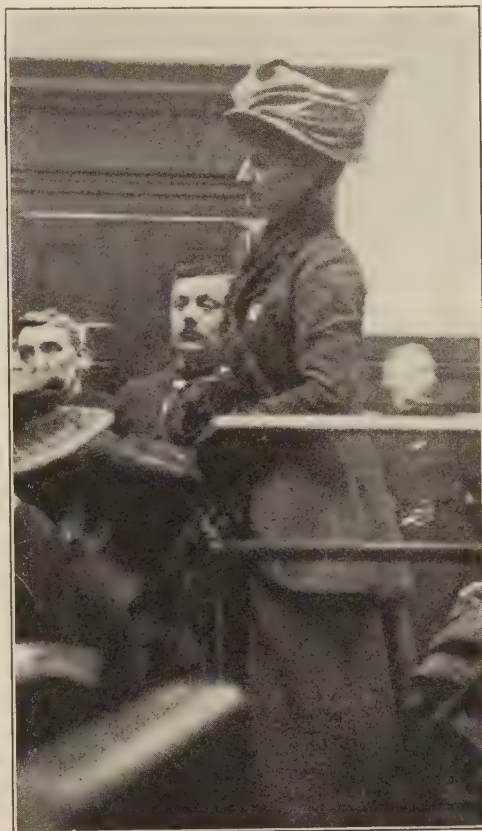
AWAITING THE SUFFRAGETTE SQUAD

This thoroughfare leads directly to No. 10 Downing street, the official residence of the Prime Minister of England in London. The authorities had learned of the plan of Mrs. Despard to raid the residence of the Premier and were in readiness to give the ladies a warm reception.

ently to the cause of votes for women. What, then, retorted Mrs. Caird, can be the object of continuing to interrupt cabinet ministers when they go out of their way to speak on the woman suffrage topic itself?

WHILE Mona Caird was thus denouncing the feuds within the suffragist ranks as "some subtle Machiavellian scheme of the anti-suffrage league," the heroines of the Women's Freedom League mobilized for a raid of their own. The Pankhursts were quite ostentatiously excluded from the battalions, and, to impart an original dash to the heroism, Miss Muriel Matters, famed by her historical investigations into women's past importance, got aboard an airship. In huge black letters on the side of the gas bag were painted the words: "Votes for Women," and "Women's Freedom League." Handbills, yellow and green, bearing printed statements regarding the eligibility for the vote of man and woman comparatively considered, fell in showers as the airship with Miss Matters aboard rose from a London suburb and drifted over Westminster and Tooting. "We have shown our opponents," said Miss Matters, when she got back to earth, "that they have no monopoly of effective arguments." This demonstration in the air was interpreted as a distinct blow to the prestige of the Pankhursts. They had never thought of it.

THE Pankhursts, through their Women's Social and Political Union, thereupon made a somewhat ostentatious announcement that the House of Commons would be invaded again. A deputation was appointed to proceed to the House of Commons and "lay the claim of England's wronged womanhood" before the prime minister. The usual police arrangements were made without delay. The Pankhursts so stimulated their rivals in the militant movement by this announcement that the Women's Freedom League, which had scored so heavily with the airship, resolved upon a still more daring enterprise. They went in twos and threes to the official residence of Prime Minister Asquith at number 10 Downing Street and took turns at rushing the police lines. They could not get into the house, but some sixty of the suffragettes did get into the neighboring police station, where many of them were bound over, many more were sent to prison for a month, and some were let off with a warning. The venerable Mrs. Charlotte Despard commanded on this occasion, and there was a fresh rally of



A PEER'S DAUGHTER IN THE DOCK

Lady Constance Lytton, whose father was among the great Indian viceroys and whose kinsman is in the House of Lords, was arrested and held in a London police court for taking part in last month's attempt to "rush" the House of Commons.

her forces that very evening. Another attempt to gain an interview with Mr. Asquith—this time in the House of Commons itself—inspired the police on duty to urge the representatives of the Women's Freedom League to return to their homes. This Mrs. Despard and her associates refused to do. "The whole scene, however," reports the *London Telegraph*, "was so quickly over that at a quarter to ten o'clock the appearance of Parliament Square was quite normal. The whole of the evening raid had commenced and ended without attracting the interest of more than fifty or sixty members of the general public."

NOT many days were allowed to pass by the Pankhursts before they moved again, some hundreds strong, against the same entrance to the House from which the rival faction had been repulsed with such heavy loss. It was noticed, however—and the critically

captious in the ranks of the Women's Freedom League made much of the point—that the Pankhurst ladies themselves took no part in the battle. Among those who did take part, however, under the command of the uncompromising Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, were ladies of high social position. They included the versatile and brilliant Lady Constance Georgina Lytton, sister of the Earl of Lytton and daughter of a former Viceroy of India. The daughter of former Prime Minister Saul Solomon, of Cape Colony, was with the raiders, not to mention Miss Una Stratford Dugdale, another ornament of West End drawing rooms. Everything was arranged with a view to impressing upon the authorities the solidly genteel importance of the persons the police would be called upon to treat violently. Young ladies related by ties of blood or marriage with prominent members of the House of Commons carried placards with the familiar device. The police displayed great subtlety in avoiding all appearance of superior numbers as the suffragettes arrived in the vicinity of Parliament Square and crowded into Caxton Hall for a preliminary demonstration.

OF THE raid on the House of Commons later in the evening, the judgment of the London press generally is that it failed. "If the truth must be recorded," to quote *The Telegraph*, "the failure amounted to a fiasco." This is the verdict of a daily which has displayed no hostility, after the fashion of the London *Times*, to the theoretical proposition of the suffragettes. The spectacle, we read, "degenerated into a pitiable display of useless effort on the part of individual units of what had been intended to be a large fighting deputation of specially chosen women." It has to be borne in mind, however, that the London press generally reports the proceedings of the suffragettes either in a hostile spirit or with a view solely to the spectacularly humorous aspects of a scrimmage between platoons of police and mobs of kicking, screaming, dishevelled women, with jeering and laughing crowds in the part of spectators. It seems impossible, as the London *Spectator* remarks, to get the British public in or out of the capital to take the militant suffragists very seriously. Not a few are accused of advertising themselves with an eye single to the lecture platform or the sale of their books. From behind the protection afforded by the serried ranks of police, a crowd of members of parliament watched the routed suffragettes as they dispersed, some to the police station under

arrest, and others to headquarters of their union, where speeches continued until far into the night.

A SPIRITED discussion among members of the ten suffragist societies which ramify throughout Great Britain has to do with the practical utility of these tactics. Miss Christabel Pankhurst insisted in another fierce address to her following that there must be more rushes, more raids on the Commons, more martyrdoms in prison garb on prison diet. This is directly contraverted by those suffragists who speak in the name of the national union of woman suffrage societies. The fact seems to make Miss Christabel the more defiant as she expounds the Pankhurst proposition that the refusal of the ministry to grant votes for women renders a continuance of militant measures absolutely necessary. The next step, as London rumors indicate them, is a reconciliation between the rival militant factions in order to bring the prime minister to his knees. Much criticism has been directed against the militant suffragists because of their use of the names of noted women who in the past pioneered their cause. Mary Kingsley's name is one of those inscribed on banners borne aloft by the Pankhurst paraders. Now it is averred that she opposed the extension of the suffrage to women. Queen Victoria has been cited as an instance of one who believed in extending the political rights of her sex. Her name has been used freely in this sense by the militant suffragettes. Now comes the London *Times* with the positive statement that the late Queen was altogether against anything like votes for women, one of her letters being cited in justification of this inference. The London *Mail* contends that many of the uncompromising suffragettes are imported from the continent of Europe or from the colonies, names being given to make good this assertion. There is nothing in the movement of the suffragettes to justify the claim that they represent the women of England, insists Mrs. Humphry Ward, to which Mrs. Despard retorts that the women unrepresented in the agitation are still slaves awaiting emancipation.

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WHILE the English suffragettes have thus been pursuing their own tactics, displaying their right to be regarded, in the judgment of the New York *Tribune*, as "the most ingenious publicity agents in the



THE APPEAL TO HEAVEN

Miss Muriel Matters, noted for her prominence in the militant suffragette ranks in England, ascended from a London suburb last month in the carriage of a huge air ship. This demonstration of the Women's Freedom League proved highly successful from the standpoint of applied aeronautics.

world," the American suffragists have not been idle. The movement here, however, still remains in the argumentative or diplomatic stage, no ultimatums having yet been given and no war declared. The demonstration in Albany several weeks ago—on the same day that Mr. Asquith's house was surrounded by policemen to protect him from the raid—was one of unprecedented size and interest. Suffragists to the number of 750 and anti-suffragists, mostly women, to the number of 100, packed the Senate chamber and filled many columns of newspaper space the next day. "Undoubtedly the Albany spectacle was most impressive," says the *New York Times*, which strongly opposes woman suffrage. "It was not only that there were so many women, but the character of the representation was formidable. The shrieking sister of the old days was in the minority. It was no deputation of short-haired, short-skirted, masculine femininity. There were wives of men of large importance in the community, bankers, merchants, and lawyers. There were women of the best lineage whose influence is in most circumstances exerted only for the good. They have done the state service in showing how much force lies

behind the present agitation. It is a force that must be met with equal force, and combated with intelligence, candor, and good humor."

THE greatest misfortune that ever befell American women, according to a recent address by Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey, as reported in the dailies last month, was the secession of the American colonies from British rule. Mrs. Woolsey's ancestors helped in that secession, but she finds that the rights of women to-day are larger in Great Britain than in the United States, and generally greater in the aristocracies of the world than in the republics. Even in our own colonial days, we are told, women enjoyed the right of suffrage on practically the same basis as men, and Mrs. John Adams wrote to her husband, then in attendance at the Continental Congress, that if woman's right to vote was not specifically affirmed in the federal Constitution, the time would come when a rebellion against the government would be fomented by women. Five million women under the British flag, says Mrs. Woolsey, have equal rights with men in municipal suffrage, while in the United States



READY FOR THE PRIME MINISTER

Taking advantage of a technicality in the wording of the parcels post regulations, the suffragettes tried to get two of their number "conveyed" to Mr. Asquith—in vain.

but 250,000 have such rights. In the British Empire 1,500,000 women have complete suffrage; in this country less than 100,000 have it. She draws a contrast between the prominence of women in court functions of Great Britain and their absence or subordination in our own inaugural ceremonies and White House receptions. "Woman forms an indispensable part of the framework of aristocracy"—we are still quoting from a newspaper report of the speech—"and she does not form an indispensable part of the framework of democracy." Women in the South American republics occupy a lower place to-day than in Turkey, Japan, and other countries of the Orient.

THE condition of woman, thus described, forms to Mrs. Woolsey's mind an indictment of republics. What, after all, she asks, is a republic but a sexocracy? But by another lady, Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, an anti-suffragist, this condition of affairs is accepted as an indictment of woman suffrage, which, she says, is thus seen to be "incompatible with sound republican government." Not one particle of progress has woman suffrage made in any part of the world, says Mrs. Johnson, except in alliance with socialism on one side or aristocratic tendencies on the other. "Greek women," under the republic, "retired to domestic life as the liberty of their people grew,"

whereas "during the ages of feudalism women who were land owners had the same rights as other nobles; they could raise soldiery, coin money and administer justice. In proportion as the aristocratic power lost its hold women were exempted from these services, and gained in moral influence." In this country, says Mrs. Johnson, woman suffrage has not made its progress as a result of sound democracy. It was adopted in Utah "as a legitimate part of the union of church and state, of communism, of polygamy." In Wyoming it was secured by means that shame democracy. In Colorado and Idaho it was an outgrowth of unbalanced populism. In a republic, the argument continues, political power must belong to those who have the physical strength to maintain it. In an aristocracy it is a matter of privilege, property, etc. Thus do Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Woolsey, reasoning from the same facts, reach totally different conclusions.

THIS ability to draw opposing conclusions from the same fact or group of facts is rather a striking incident in the whole controversy over woman suffrage. The result of women's voting in Colorado is one of the facts handled in this double way. Thus at Albany much was made by the anti-suffragists of a quotation from Judge Lindsay, of Denver, as follows: "I can't say that the woman's vote has

helped things much in Colorado. I have found that women in politics are no better and no worse than men. When a question narrows down to selfish interests, both sexes follow the same line of action—they look out for Number One." A few days later Mrs. Clarence Mackay, president of the Equal Suffrage Society of New York, published a letter she had received from Judge Lindsay, not repudiating his statement above, but maintaining that the wrong inference had been drawn from the conditions thus set forth. If the result in Colorado is an argument at all, says the Judge, it is one that tells against male suffrage rather than against female suffrage. "I do not see," so runs his letter, "how there can be a perfect test of what women can do so long as they are hampered by the corruption of men in politics. Why the inability of women to overcome the corruption due to men should be urged as a reason against woman suffrage is more than I can understand, and yet I found that constantly urged in New York. . . . As a matter of fact, I feel confident that female suffrage has helped some in Colorado, but it has not by any means eliminated the corruption in our politics, but this is positively nothing against female suffrage. I can show that it is against male suffrage if it is against anything."

THUS the merry war goes on. The Chicago *Evening Post* points to the 5,300,000 women who have had to leave the shelter of home and enter the ranks of industry as an argument for woman suffrage. "These are the women who need the ballot," it insists. The *New York Times* points to the same women as an anti-suffrage argument. The duration of the lives of women, in the industrial centers, it asserts, has shortened since 1868, altho the general span of life has been increased in the same time by five years in this country, and by seven years in Europe. And it draws this conclusion from these figures: "Women have been forced further into industrial competition than is good for them. They are not prepared for the additional burden of ordering the affairs of the government." The recent election of Mr. Root as senator from New York state has led to the request for his opinion on woman suffrage. He referred the questioners to his speech made before the New York Constitutional Convention in 1894, asserting that his views then are his views now. That speech has consequently figured considerably in recent discussion. Mr. Root's line of thought is that the right of suffrage is not a natural right, but is simply "a means of government." The question, therefore, to Mr. Root's mind, is solely one of ex-



"THE ALBANY SPECTACLE WAS MOST IMPRESSIVE"

So says an anti-woman suffrage daily of the hearing in the Senate Chamber on woman suffrage. In addition to 750 suffragists the anti-woman suffrage women also turned out a hundred strong and the debate was an exciting one.

pediency. Will better government or worse be secured by woman suffrage? He proceeds as follows:

"It is not that woman is inferior to man, but it is that woman is different to man, that in the distribution of powers, of capacities, of qualities, our Maker has created man adapted to the performances of certain functions in the economy of nature and society, and woman adapted to the performance of other functions.

"In politics there is struggle, strife, contention, bitterness, heart-burning, excitement, agitation, everything which is adverse to the true character of woman. Woman rules to-day by the sweet and noble influence of her character. Put woman into the arena of conflict and she abandons these great weapons which control the world, and she takes into her hands, feeble and nerveless for strife, weapons with which she is unfamiliar and which she is unable to wield. Woman in strife becomes hard, harsh, unlovable, repulsive; as far removed from that gentle creature to whom we all owe allegiance and to whom we confess submission as the heaven is removed from the earth.

"Mr. President, in the divine distribution of powers the duty and the right of protection rests with the male. It is so throughout nature. It is so with men, and I for one will never consent to part with the divine right of protecting my wife, my daughter, the woman whom I love and the woman whom I respect, exercising the birthright of man, and place that high duty in the weak and nerveless hands of those destined by God to be protected rather than to engage in the stern warfare of government."

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HE crucial issue placed before the Italian voters in the national election which has just brought so splendid a triumph to Prime Minister Giolitti was shaped by the attitude of the Pope. Signor Giolitti had called upon the country, as the ministerial *Tribuna* says, to choose between the constitutional parties—which strive for the preservation of institutions as they exist in the peninsula and for the maintenance of order—and those anti-monarchical and subversive parties to which a policy of revolution makes an irresistible appeal. From the outset of the political struggle the Pope declared a neutrality so benevolent that in many a diocese the rule forbidding the faithful to vote in a national election was suspended by the bishops. The majority with which Giolitti is returned to power convinces the Italian press generally that the Vatican can not be ignored among the factors that turned the scale in his favor. Pius X is quoted at second hand in a Naples daily as saying, while still on the bed of sickness from which he has just arisen, that he thanked God for the outcome of the struggle. Prime Minister Giolitti and the sovereign

pontiff are agreed, it seems, in rejoicing at the discomfiture of all the sections of the revolutionary extreme left. Every separate faction of the radicals, republicans and socialists has had reason for disappointment at the returns. To combat them at the polls, all the influence of constitutional liberals and clericals was exploited with an outcome most encouraging to both Vatican and Quirinal. The alliance between them is neither formal nor openly avowed, yet no well-informed European daily seems to doubt its existence.

AFTER some thirty-eight years of United Italy, therefore, and three pontificates, the kingdom of the house of Savoy, as the Roman publicist Salvatore Cortesi points out, witnesses the practical extinction of the famous formula of Don Margotti—"neither elected nor electors." The participation of the Vatican clericals in the political contest—an indirect but effective participation—was not, Signor Cortesi says, an isolated thing. It was no mere outcome of Roman Catholic lay rebellion against the famous prohibition of the non expedit. It was a regular abandonment of that prohibition countenanced by the most exalted dignitaries in the ninety odd dioceses. It was not a new Vatican attitude so much as an emphasis laid upon what has gone before. Five years have not come and gone since the appearance of the sensational letter of the vicar of the diocese of Reggio Emilia to his parish priests in which he used these words: "Before the evil which the Socialists have done and intend to do, the participation of Catholics at the polls is not only allowed but urged as a duty." This language found echoes in many a pastoral on the eve of last month's ballots.

THE one question which lies at the root of all others in Italy, and which is a legacy antedating the unification of the kingdom under the house of Savoy, has been complicated and given a new face by the earthquake. Giolitti himself has called it the "eternal" southern question. "The land, the extension of the suffrage, education, railway policy, tariff reforms, the efficiency of parliamentary institutions—all are connected with the southern question." Thus Giolitti. United Italy is still, as her prime minister confesses to parliament every session, in the lugubrious and impassive manner for which he is famous, divided not only geographically but economically and socially into two sections widely differing in traditions, history and manners. The

civilizations in the two fractions present elements of conflict. Nature herself has stepped in to aggravate the problem by fissuring Calabria and shaking Sicilian towns to their foundations in recurring shocks of earthquake. The government of these two divisions of the kingdom by uniform and equal laws remains the difficulty. The south of Italy—by which is usually meant Sardinia, Sicily and all continental Italy south of the Tronto and the Garigliano—has been termed “a cannon ball tied to the foot of the north.” The northerners—the natives of Lombardy, Piedmont and Liguria—profess to groan beneath the weight of taxation necessitated by the requirements of the backward and impoverished south. The dream of the north is to witness a wholesale emigration from the south to the United States of America. To her south Italy avows her indebtedness for the large crop of political scandal. Naples, we are reminded, has her Camorra, and Palermo boasts her Mafia. These pests have no counterpart in the north.

ONLY because he has stood impartially between north and south has it been possible for Giolitti to hold the reins of power so many years, according to the *Tribuna*. The Socialist *Avanti* sees a sufficient explanation in that mysterious pact between the prime minister and the pontiff in the Vatican concerning which it is indignant but indefinite. Signor Giolitti once described church and state to the chamber as “two parallel lines which never meet.” The two lines have just been drawn very closely together if we may trust the careful Roman correspondent of the *London Post*. “Pius X is not a Christian Socialist but a plain conservative,” he writes. “He is not a cosmopolitan diplomatist but a patriotic Italian.” On the other hand, Signor Giolitti is an opportunist who has nothing of the radical doctrinaire about him. “A consummate electioneering agent, he knows the value of the clerical vote at elections, now that the faithful are allowed to cast their ballots at the discretion of the bishops with the leave of the Vatican.” Now and then the alliance between premier and Pope may fail, but in the light of the election returns we may look for its further development.

NEITHER the sovereign pontiff nor the head of the ministry would enter into an open alliance, the best authorities on the situation tell us. “Phrases have much influence with the people. Many who do not dislike the church dislike the priests, while an

absolute reconciliation between Pope and king, even were it practicable, would have, from the Italian standpoint, less to recommend it than the present state of compromise.” The anti-clerical rowdiness which would have imperilled the dignity of the ceremonial attending the removal of the remains of the late pontiff to their final resting place, and which went the length of an attempted assault upon the cardinal secretary of state, is repressed with the strong hand armed. “Had it continued,” says one despatch from the eternal city, “it would have materially injured that considerable section of the Roman population which lives out of the foreigner.” Hotel keepers and cabmen do not want any more pilgrimages to the Vatican postponed on account of anti-clerical riots. All Italy, moreover, is proud of the immense dignity conferred upon Rome as the mother not only of the departed Cæsars, but of the reigning line of Popes.

WHATEVER prestige has been won for the forces of constitutional rule in Italy is to the credit of the King and Queen of Italy, in the opinion of the competent Roman correspondent of the *London Times*. Every Italian heart has been touched by the devotion of the sovereigns to the stricken inhabitants of Calabria and Sicily. Never did the emotional impulsiveness of the Latin character assert itself with more direct effect upon a political struggle. The disintegration of the socialist and republican parties in parliament is thus a natural sequence of episodes in Reggio and Messina, with that Roman sequel which won Queen Helena her tremendous ovation in the chamber of deputies several weeks ago. “The country will not soon forget the unselfish devotion displayed in Calabria and in Sicily, nor is it blind to Victor Emmanuel’s untiring industry in its service and his unfailing sympathy with all its aspirations as well as all its sorrows.” Yet his efforts have met with little assistance from the ministry. Giolitti, odd as it may seem, is no devoted royalist in a personal sense. His ministry has allowed to pass unrebuked, in press and chamber, gross attacks upon the royal house.

IT WOULD be erroneous to infer too much from Italian appreciation of what Helena and her husband did when Reggio had been swallowed up and when Messina was in flames. No long interval has elapsed since the *Tribuna* itself, almost the actual organ of the ministry, published a story reflecting upon the royal family in a manner deemed amazing.

The Roman daily in due time found space for an official denial of its own version, but it was unable to print a word of its own regret editorially, or to retract one of its insinuations. These were soon copied with embellishments, insinuations, inferences and comments, in all the radical and socialist papers. The same ministerial *Tribuna* not long afterward gave prominence to an article by one of its star contributors to what read like a eulogy of Queen Margerita, the king's mother, altho it was in fact a thinly veiled attack upon her personality, her influence and her clericalism. Italian journalists are admitted to be past masters in the phraseology of a nominal praise, couched in excessively dignified language, which amounts practically to highly sarcastic delineation of traits it is the writer's object to ridicule. Of this form of lampoon the tendency to make the royal family the victims received no check from Giolitti. The practice has raised questions in the chamber of deputies. On the last of those debates the most disrespectful allusions to the Queen were permitted to pass unchecked and unrebuked. "It is hardly to be wondered at," exclaims the personal organ of Sonnino, "that the example of the *Tribuna* has emboldened the subversive press to throw off still further what little restraint it generally observes in its references to the throne." This, however, was applicable to conditions prevailing before Helena had compelled recognition as the heroine of the earthquake.

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HAT ascetic looking Viscount Morley, of Blackburn, whose small, frail figure and scholar's stoop confirmed popular impressions of him as a mere academic philosopher and theorist when he was plain John Morley, referred with something like emotion in the House of Lords to Theodore Roosevelt's recent words on India. Those words have already been reproduced and be-lauded in every English newspaper of the least importance. Mr. Roosevelt's instinct for timeliness, the London *Mail* suspects, lured him into his eulogy just when India was threatening Great Britain with a crisis unparalleled since the Mutiny. The activity of an agitation originating four years ago in the patriotism of the Bengalese had been scientifically spread throughout the length and breadth of India by a native press so fevered with hatred of the Briton that even the Liberal Morley consented to a drastic censorship.

This agitation, when Theodore Roosevelt's words delighted the English, was already disseminating the most subversive doctrines into the ears of every class throughout India. Agitators were openly urging Mahommedans and Hindus to combine for the purpose of finding a leader of revolt against British rule, and the suggestion of the Ameer of Afghanistan as a suitable personage was finding favor with the vernacular organs. "Ameer Habi-bullah Khan might be the Napoleon of India and champion her cause," to quote the words of that most stormy of the agitators, Bepin Chandra Pal. "Ultimately," he added, "India is destined to be a republic similar to the United States of America, with an upper chamber of feudatory chiefs and a lower chamber of the common people."

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt paid his tribute of praise to Britannia for her work among the Moguls, he was helping to celebrate the diamond jubilee of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. A discussion was pursued at some length concerning the relations between the various white peoples with the native tribes whose countries they have occupied and controlled. Mr. Roosevelt pointed out, "with an extraordinary knowledge of the details of his subject and with a remarkable grasp of history," as the London *Times* feels bound to declare, that on the whole the movement of civilization had been fraught with lasting blessings to the majority of the races dwelling in those regions in which "white expansion" has occurred. "The remarks of Mr. Roosevelt upon the government of India by the British will have a special interest in England," according to the daily just named, "because they show that he has no sympathy with the anti-British campaign conducted for years in America against British rule in India." They also indicate, this authority says, Mr. Roosevelt's friendliness to England.

IN INDIA, to take up that portion of Mr. Roosevelt's address which was quoted with such satisfaction in the House of Lords, "we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region in another continent." Lord Morley commended this language to the attention of that deputation from the All-India Moslem League which waited upon him in London the other day, repeating also with emphasis the next sentence that fell from the lips of Mr. Roosevelt: "It is the greatest feat of the kind

that has been performed since the break-up of the Roman Empire." Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt averred, it is a grander achievement than anything to the credit of the ancient realm of the imperial Cæsars. Unquestionably, he admitted, mistakes have been made in carrying out so gigantic a task; but the fact remains, he thinks, that the successful administration of the Indian Empire by the English has been one of the most admirable achievements of the white race in two hundred years. Nothing Mr. Roosevelt has ever said or done has elicited utterances more gratified in tone than those with which the *London Standard* and its contemporaries receive this wholly unexpected outburst of praise. "We are grateful for this generous panegyric from a statesman who has studied history as well as made it. Nor need any false modesty induce us to disclaim the presidential laudation." The *London Mail*, always prone to see in Theodore Roosevelt an imperialist of exalted genius, is now staggered at the man's miraculous soundness of judgment. The *London Post* freely avows its incapacity to do justice to the discernment which prompted Mr. Roosevelt to speak about India as he did.

EULOGY so fervid might have thrilled the Britons less were not the unrest in India just now filling whole pages in London newspapers, and embarrassing politicians to an extent that has made the suffragettes almost welcome as a diversion. That party in India which is so furiously opposed to British rule has practically controlled the native press for two years. It has not hesitated to go the length of justifying violence and of inciting to insurrection. "When we read of the attacks being made on Europeans in the great military station of Rawalpindi," declared Lord Curzon, in an exciting debate that agitated the whole House of Lords on the eve of Mr. Roosevelt's utterance on India, "when we learn of serious agitation among the peasants of the Punjab, of disgraceful riots in the remote and hitherto entirely peaceful corners of Madras, of prominent citizens being arrested for sedition in Bombay, and of the sanguinary violence in Bengal, it is evident that there is a movement in existence in India which has wide ramifications, which is backed by a powerful and unscrupulous organization, which is supported by a large fund, which does not spring from any local or isolated cause, but which is part of a deliberate campaign conducted against British rule." Few indeed among the authorities on India in parliament

or the press venture to think that Lord Curzon, one of the most brilliant viceroys ever sent to Calcutta, is misinformed or pessimistic.

GOVERNMENT, to the natives of India, outside the concerns of their villages, means emphatically a system of rule from above. That is the matured conviction of the *London Times*, endorsed by the overwhelming sentiment of the leading journals in the United Kingdom. "The men [in India] who make speeches, write newspapers and get up organizations in the cause of agitation are the merest fraction of the population in whose name they pretend to speak, and in whose name they do not speak." They are a part, and, it would seem, only a small part, of the Hindus of the towns. The Mohammedans for the most part not only reject their invitations to join them, but view their whole movement with fixed feelings of suspicion, apprehension and disgust. "They are perplexed and somewhat disturbed by British toleration of conduct which would receive swift and severe chastisement in an Oriental state." Amongst the Hindus themselves the movement seems to be compounded of elements hostile to each other but working on convergent lines, and held in temporary and unstable combination by their common hatred of the English. So much the *London Times* itself concedes. Nothing but hatred of the English, it adds, could have united the Brahmin—who is the type and the incarnation of reactionary sacerdotalism and of caste exclusiveness—and the native pleaders and other professional men who make a parade of the most advanced political opinions in their crusade. Yet these elements, incongruous as our contemporary pronounces them, have unquestionably co-operated to further the agitation.

THE Viceroy of India has, by a resolution in council, instructed the local governments everywhere to prosecute all native newspapers which wilfully break the new law enacted with the approval of Viscount Morley, by the publication of matter tending to incite concerted action against the government. A perusal of the principal native organs appearing in the vernacular in India—when they are engaged in what is called the "new" movement—shows how systematically they are devoting themselves to sedition. In Lahore, the proprietor and the editor of the *Punjabi* were convicted of falsely accusing a European officer of the murder of a Mussulman policeman and of falsely accusing the government of

hushing up the crime. The story was told with every sort of aggravation that would be likely to inflame the racial and religious passions of native readers, or so the *London Times* despatches and editorials on this celebrated case would make it appear. It was alleged that the murder had been committed because the victim had refused to violate the rules of his creed. It was alleged that in India "European murderers usually escape," and that there "the much-vaunted British justice is a delusion."

NOR do the agitators in the native press restrict themselves to attacks upon individuals connected with the administration of the viceregal government. They attack the whole fabric of British rule in India. "India free, one and indivisible," says the *Bande Matarum*, "is the divine realization to which we move." A "fierce, stubborn and formidable struggle" is commended as the instrumentality of its consummation. It is a vain dream, the people of India are assured, to expect that they can achieve their end "without terrible sacrifices" and "struggle and battle, suffering and tears of blood." They are instigated to "organized resistance to the present system of government." This resistance "may be of many kinds—armed revolt or aggressive resistance, short of armed revolt, or defensive resistance, whether passive or active." The form of resistance in any given country, it is explained, must be determined by circumstances. For the present, "self-development and passive resistance" are enough. The natives are exhorted to boycott not only British goods, but the courts, for which they are to substitute arbitration courts of their own. "We must be prepared to break the law and endure the penalty with the object of making it unworkable." This is but a sample of a sort of native press comment that has become so widespread as to wring from Lord Morley his reluctant assent to a modified but strict censorship.

A DESPOTISM worse than that of the Muscovite autocrat in his most absolute moods holds the groaning Brahmin and the sweated Mussulman alike in abjectness and degradation, affirm the members of the society in this country for the advancement of India which has just made a public protest against Mr. Roosevelt's eulogy of the British government. "The people of India have no voice whatever in the management of their own affairs," say those who sign the open letter to

Theodore Roosevelt, including in their number the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and Moorfield Storey. "To-day fully one hundred editors are serving terms of from three to ten years in prison, many of them without trial, without having had opportunity to defend themselves, in not a few cases without even having been informed of the nature of their offence." Nothing could be more rigid, the letter adds, than the censorship of despatches emanating from India with the object of keeping the outside world in ignorance of what is happening throughout that realm from which the highest salaries in the world are wrung for English officials whom the governed loathe. There is, asserts the open letter furthermore, an unjust denial of self-government.

WHETHER the currents of Indian thought mingle with that stream of Asiatic tendency to which Emperor William once gave the name of the yellow peril was the question underlying Mr. Roosevelt's remarks, and the theme uppermost in Lord Curzon's mind, in the opinion of those British organs which are most excited on the subject. The serious peril to the good government of India, in the opinion of the *London Times*, which is very much afraid that the Americans can not understand the subject at all, is the fact that "it is repugnant to the opinions and the sentiments of western democracy." The very trouble the British face in India is brewing for ourselves in the Philippines. "There is a strong tendency amongst large classes of democratic thinkers to look upon the fundamental doctrines of their political creed as immutable and universal truths which are applicable in all places and in all societies. They do not, indeed, openly propose to establish government of the people, by the people, for the people in India just yet; but they regard with benevolence efforts to attain this ultimate goal, and no fears seem to haunt them as to the possible results of this attitude." To the great bulk of the populations of Asia, insists this daily, government for the people, of the people and by the people is simply unintelligible. "These peoples have their own conception of government, ingrained in them by traditions going back beyond the dawn of history, and those conceptions are incompatible with modern democratic ideals." Mr. Roosevelt, it is hinted, has referred in his own writings to man's capacity for self government as a growth or development in certain races and not as a thing inherent in all human beings.

Persons in the Foreground

THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF MR. ROOSEVELT AND MR. TAFT



FEW weeks ago the rumor was floating through the air in New York to the effect that President Roosevelt and President-elect Taft had had a serious quarrel over the question of Mr. Loeb's future. Mr. Roosevelt, so the report ran, insisted that Mr. Loeb ought to be appointed to a cabinet position in the new administration, and Mr. Taft dissented. It was not a very credible report, but it was cuddled up close to their breasts by many who were longing for some right to hope that Mr. Roosevelt's influence will end with his term of office. But the report died as the accounts came in from Washington of the inaugural proceedings. The cordial relations of the two men were too obvious to be mistaken by anyone. The President-elect was invited, with his wife, to stay at the White House the last night of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt's stay there. On the way to the inauguration, Mr. Taft refused to acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd that lined Pennsylvania Avenue, leaving them entirely to Mr. Roosevelt. And the latter departed from precedent by going straight from the Capitol to his train, leaving to Mr. Taft alone the plaudits of the triumphal return trip to the White House.

But we are not left to inference in regard to the continued cordial relations between the two men. One of the last things done by Mr. Taft before being sworn in as Chief Magistrate was to pen a magazine article, published in *Collier's*, in which he states that "the relation between Mr. Roosevelt and myself has been one of close and sweet intimacy. It has never been ruffled in the slightest degree, and I do not think that we have ever misunderstood one another."

The whole story of the personal relations of the two men, so far as it has been made public, is an important chapter of political history, and one of marked human interest. It was begun about seventeen years ago, when the two, one being the chairman of the Civil Service Commission and the other Solicitor General, lived in the same part of Washington, Mr. Roosevelt on Nineteenth Street near the

British Embassy, Mr. Taft on Dupont Circle. Their wives became well acquainted, and the two men found that their own views coincided on important questions. "We found," says Mr. Taft, in the article already referred to, "that we agreed in quite a marked way in our views of proper political ideals and proper political methods." According to Frederick Palmer, "Taft was the first to express publicly his opinion that the vital problem of the future was the control of corporate greed." Mr. Roosevelt himself has asserted that while he was governor of New York State he called on Taft for help and advice in drafting the franchise tax law, in which may be said to have dawned the Roosevelt policy. When Taft left Washington in 1892 to go on the bench, the two saw but little of each other, but they carried on a correspondence, and Mr. Taft's views on particular situations were frequently solicited by Mr. Roosevelt. Two years ago Mr. Roosevelt declared that he would be willing to walk on his hands and knees to the Capitol to make Mr. Taft his successor! And in the souvenir of the recent inauguration, the laudatory biographical sketch of Mr. Taft was written by Mr. Roosevelt.

It was not known until a few months since that in 1904 Mr. Taft, then secretary of war, sent in a letter of resignation to President Roosevelt. George Griswold Hill has told the story with a circumstantiality that leaves no room for doubt. Mr. Taft had been making a campaign speech in Connecticut in support of Mr. Roosevelt's re-election. He had dwelt upon the duty of the American Congress to reduce the duties on Philippine tobacco and sugar, and some of the tobacco-growers in that state were offended. Chairman Cortelyou heard of it, and suggested in a note to the President that it might be as well for Mr. Taft to defer discussion of the Philippine tariff until after the election. The President scribbled across the corner of the note the words, "Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War," and sent it by a messenger. Taft received it, and, straightway denying himself to all visitors, proceeded to in-

dite a letter of resignation. It was laboriously penned in his own handwriting, and then copied in the same way. He asserted his unwillingness to jeopardize in any way Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, but also asserted his unswerving loyalty to the Philippines, and his inability to cease the advocacy of a decrease in the duties on Philippine products. Therefore he felt compelled to sever his connection with the Roosevelt cabinet.

President Roosevelt took just two minutes to dispose of this letter of resignation. It was returned to Mr. Taft with these words inscribed across the corner:

"Dear Bill,—Fiddledeedee.—T. R."

That ended the incident, in which the two men came perhaps nearer than ever before or since to something like a rupture.

Another interesting chapter in their relations was published in *Hampton's Magazine* during the recent campaign. It consisted of a letter from President Roosevelt to Mr. Taft, dated March 15, 1906, and a reply from Mr. Taft dated July 30, 1906. It is apparent that the President had offered to Mr. Taft a seat on the Supreme Court bench, and the latter had expressed his preference to continue his duties as secretary of war. The President then wrote a letter, marked "confidential," and beginning "Dear Will." The letter received wide publicity, and we quote a brief extract or two at this time simply to illustrate again the close personal note in the correspondence. Said the President:

"As I see the situation it is this. There are strong arguments against your taking this justiceship. In the first place my belief is that of all the men that have appeared so far you are the man who is most likely to receive the Republican Presidential nomination, and who is, I think, the best man to receive it. It is not a light thing to cast aside the chance of the Presidency, even tho, of course, it is a chance, however good a one. It would be a very foolish thing for you to get it into your thoughts, so that your sweet and fine nature would be warped, and you would become bitter and sour, as Henry Clay became; and thank Heaven this is absolutely impossible. But it is well to remember that the shadow of the Presidency falls on no man twice, save in the most exceptional circumstances. The good you could do as the head of the nation in four or eight years would be incalculable."

Mr. Taft's reply, it will be recalled, was to the effect that he ought to stay in the cabinet rather than go on the Supreme Bench because of the service he might render to the Philippines. His letter concluded as follows:

"I know, that few, if any, even among my friends, will credit me with anything but a desire, uncon-

scious, perhaps, to run for the Presidency, and that I must face and bear this misconstruction of what I do. But I am confident that you credit my reasons as I give them to you, and will believe me when I say that I would much prefer to go on the Supreme Bench for life than to run for the Presidency, and that in twenty years of judicial service I could make myself more useful to the country than as President, even if my election should come about."

Never did the letters between two public men show a greater degree of mutual confidence. And never, perhaps, did a man about to be installed as President show in a public utterance a more affectionate regard for his predecessor than Mr. Taft expresses in his recent *Collier* article, already quoted. Here is another extract from that article:

"No one associates with Mr. Roosevelt closely without having the strongest possible affection for him. His mind, his disposition, and his temperament are all of that class that would rather make him agree than disagree with the people with whom he comes in contact. But this is not to say that he does not enjoy a controversy and a fight according to the rules of the game, for he does. He believes as strongly as possible in team work, and I never served under any other man, or hope to serve under another man, so intensely loyal to the cause which we were both seeking to uphold and so generous in his acceptance of the full responsibility for his subordinates in the work as Theodore Roosevelt. I never served under another who was as generous in his praise of those who worked with him and who were as willing to accord more than their deserts to the men who were shoulder to shoulder with him in the fight. That characteristic of his has been calculated to tie men to him with bonds of steel."

Mr. Taft further asserts that he never knew any other man "who worked as far in advance of what was to be done," and that he "never met a man who, upon proper presentation, would reverse himself as willingly and with as little trace of obstinacy or unreasonableness as Mr. Roosevelt." He draws the following contrast between Mr. Roosevelt and himself: "Mr. Roosevelt never had the education and practice of a lawyer. His intense desire to reach practical results for good has made him at times impatient of the restraint of legal methods, while I have been trained as a lawyer and a judge and am as strongly imbued with the necessity for legal methods as eleven years on the bench are likely to make one; and yet, in spite of this difference of method and difference of temperament, it is quite remarkable to me, and we have frequently commented on it to each other, that we have been in agreement in our views as to the results that ought to be obtained in the matter of government and political progress, even to details, much more than other men who have come into association with both of us."



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A PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP OF VAST POLITICAL IMPORTANCE

For seventeen years Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have found themselves in close accord on political ideals and methods, and their intimacy has never for one moment been ruffled or their mutual understanding clouded by distrust. This photograph was taken in front of the White House, just before the trip to the Capitol for the inaugural ceremonies was begun.

THE DRAMATIC INTENSITY OF JOSEPH PULITZER



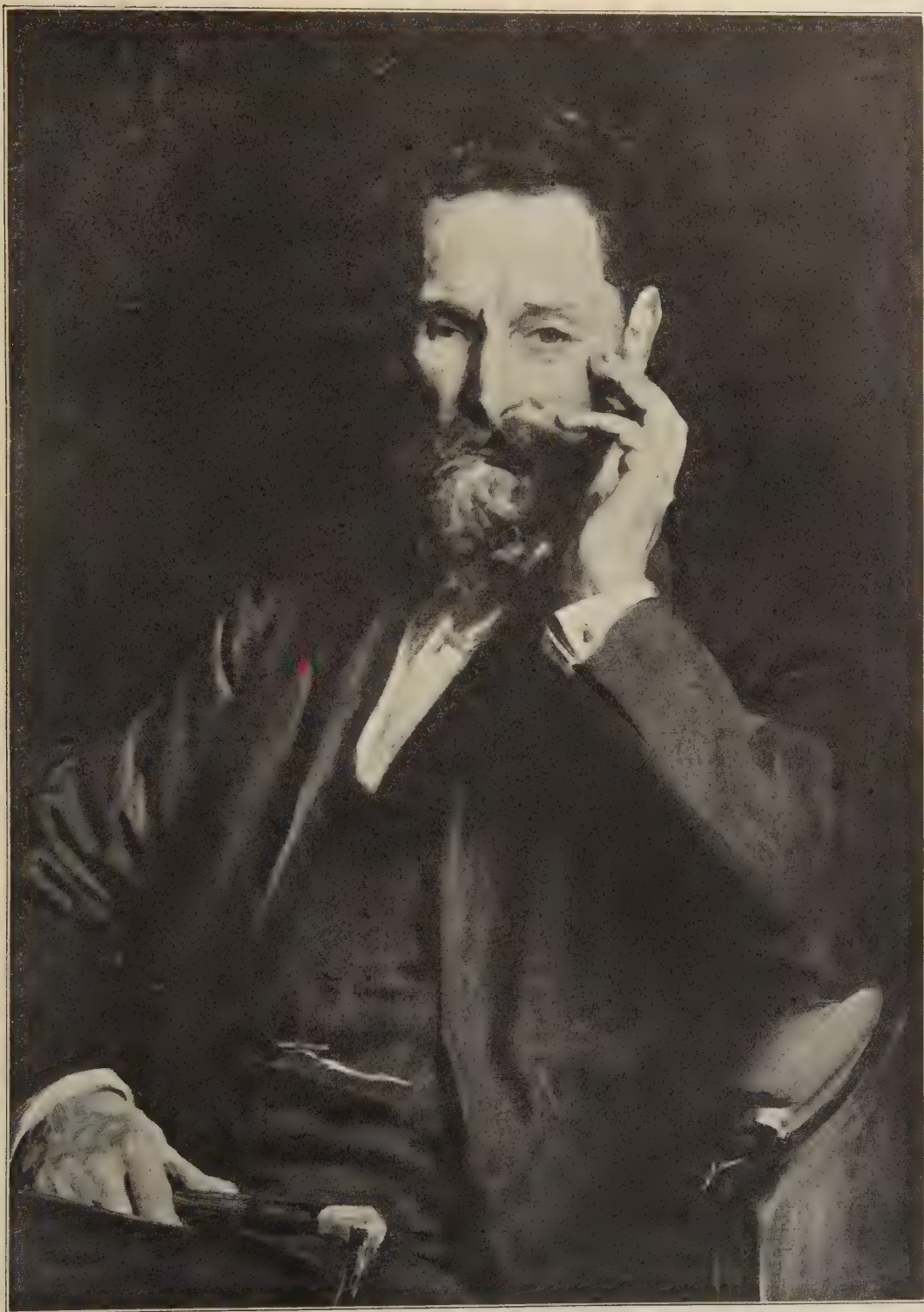
NLESS his lawyers succeed in their hitherto vain protests, there will soon appear at the bar of the federal court in the District of Columbia, to answer to the charge of criminal libel, a very tall, spare, blind man who has had one of the most variegated and dramatic careers ever chronicled in this or any other country. From the time when, an immigrant lad of seventeen, he reached New York City with twenty cents in his pocket and spent the first night or two on a bench in City Hall Park, to the present time when, blind and broken in health, and driven by the demon of unrest, he scours the world in his private yacht, the reputed owner of twenty millions of dollars, his life has been full of melodrama, with many sudden entrances and surprising exits.

The word that best serves as a key to the character of this remarkable man is the word Intensity. The thing that he has once started out to do becomes, for the time being, the one and only thing that he can see, hear or feel. It is a question that might be added to the long list of questions for debating societies that used to appear in the back of our textbooks on rhetoric, whether intensity of purpose has done more of harm or of good to the world. All the great heroes and all the great villains have been men of intensity. Whether a man of that sort becomes a great leader or a great rascal depends largely upon the start he takes. He is pretty sure to get what he goes after because he is ready to pay any price. The basis of the whole psycho-therapeutic school to-day is the theory that whatever you set your mind upon you can get if you only have an intense enough desire. Joseph Pulitzer's first appearance as a journalist, in the capacity of a reporter for a St. Louis German paper, the *Westliche Post*, was an exhibition of this intense spirit in his work. It has been thus described by his early friend, William Fayel: "I remember his appearance distinctly, because he apparently had dashed out of the office upon receiving an intimation of whatever was happening, without stopping to put on his coat or collar. In one hand he held a pad of paper, and in the other a pencil. He did not wait for inquiries, but announced that he was the reporter for the *Westliche Post*, and began to ask questions of everybody in sight. Of all his qualities the most notable was his determination to accomplish whatever he set out to do."

If Pulitzer had devoted himself to the one purpose of amassing wealth, Lord Rothschild is said to have said, "he might have become the richest man in the world." Instead he devoted himself to making the greatest yellow newspaper the world had ever seen. He may possibly have been surpassed in later years by Mr. Hearst. That is a matter of opinion. But he certainly developed sensational journalism far beyond anything ever seen before his day. "What the Greeleys and the Raymonds and the Bennetts did for journalism thirty years ago," said James Gordon Bennett nineteen years since, "Pulitzer has done to-day. As for the *Herald*, we droop our colors to him. He has made success upon success against our prejudices; has succeeded all along the line; has roused a spirit of enterprise and personality which, up to this time, had not been known."

Mr. Pulitzer hails originally from Buda Pesth, where he was born in 1847. He is a German Jew, but little or nothing has been made public regarding his parentage. He struggled hard with poverty in his early days, but that was probably due more to his independence of character than to destitution of his family, for a few years after his arrival here he inherited enough money to enable him to purchase the paper on which he had been serving as a reporter at ten dollars a week, and, later on, to buy out two other St. Louis dailies and combine them as the *Post-Dispatch*. That he inherited something beside money is indicated in the statement once made by that most learned of vagabonds, Professor Thomas Davidson, who knew Pulitzer as a young man in St. Louis, and who has been quoted to the effect that he had never known another man so aloof from lewdness nor one more fastidious about his person. Young Pulitzer invariably used scented water on his hands and face after washing. Here is a description of his personal appearance, by James Creelman, for years the star performer on *The World* staff. We quote from an article in *Pearson's*, to which we are indebted for the basis of most of this sketch:

"Mr. Pulitzer is tremendous. No other word quite describes him. He thinks dramatically. His moral imagination arranges the events of everyday life into thrilling situations. There is no other stage-manager like him. A man of tempestuous emotions, abnormally sensitive, beset with sudden rages or enthusiasms, alternated with cold moods of cruel analyzing; one hour candid to the point of brutality, violent in word and gesture, the next



THE SARGENT PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH PULITZER

"Hide one side of the face," says James Creelman of this portrait, "and the other seems that of a ghastly stone monster. Hide the other side and you see a visage all kindness, gentleness, courtesy and good humor." John Sargent is not the only great artist who has portrayed these remarkable features of a remarkable man. The great French sculptor, Rodin, has made a portrait-bust of Mr. Pulitzer.

hour subtle, suspicious, evasive, intuitive; a mingling of accident and orient; recklessly brave, honest, intraceably cunning; mystic, iconoclast, persistent, inconstant, generous, unforgiving.

"He is a man of singular and striking appearance. He is very tall, about six feet and two inches, lean and loose-limbed, with broad, slightly stooped shoulders, flat breast, long arms.

"His brow is steep and high, his nose long—the nose of a commander—the cheek-bones prominent, the cheeks flat; the ears large, long and thin. The mouth, so far as it can be discerned beneath the moustache, is straight and the lips thin and almost cynical. The teeth incline inward. The thrust of a pointed fighting chin and the curve of wide, strong jaws are felt beneath the tawny-brown beard. Above the splendid forehead the dark hair stands up in a picturesque tousele.

"It is a powerful and interesting countenance, so sensitive that it can concentrate expressions startlingly. But the strangest things in the face are the delicate skin and the single eye of pale blue-gray. The skin is as fine and white as a young girl's. It has the most incredibly soft shadings of color. This in a man of six feet two, with heavy jaws and a coarse beard, produces an extraordinary effect, which is heightened by the curious brightness of the pale blue-gray eye, which sees nothing, but seems to ask questions, and the almost shut lid of the other eye, lying tragically in the shadow of its deep socket."

Before he entered upon journalism young Pulitzer went, in 1864, into the Union army, enlisting as a private in the Lincoln cavalry. He seems to have been in no engagements, but he served until the army was mustered out in the grand review at Washington. Then in an old blue uniform he set about again to seek employment in New York. It is said that he was once put out of the restaurant of French's Hotel because he had no money. Twenty-three years afterward he bought the hotel for \$630,000, razed it to the ground and erected *The World* building at a cost of one million dollars, overlooking City Hall Park, where he had once slept all night for want of cash to pay for better lodging. But this triumph over fate was not an unmixed one. He erected the million-dollar building, but he never saw it. Before it was completed he had lost his eyesight.

After the war, and the incident in French's Hotel, he drifted to St. Louis in search of work. To pay for his passage across the Mississippi, on the ferry boat, he shoveled coal in the engine room. Walking eight miles to the Jefferson Barracks, he got a job which lasted for two weeks, in charge of sixteen government mules. Then again he came to close grips with starvation, walking the streets day and night, but never begging a favor of any man except the favor of a job. After performing various sorts of work he found

himself one day in a restaurant looking on at a game of chess, a game for which he is said to have a genius. A suggestion that he made to one of the players proved to be the little pivot on which his whole subsequent career turned. The player was Dr. Emil Preetorius, who with Carl Schurz was directing the *Westliche Post*. The acquaintance thus begun led to Pulitzer's entry upon the stage which he has never since left. The journalistic life fitted him like a glove. He "butted in" everywhere at first. "He wanted to write editorials, to make plans for the managing editor, to think for the city editor, to inaugurate new schemes for the city. He reached out for power in every direction. He broke into every jurisdiction. Nothing could discourage or dismay him."

But even his multifarious duties as journalist did not give his restless mind all the scope it craved. He ran for the legislature when he was but twenty-two, and was elected—four years after he had been helped out of French's Hotel by the porter. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was a member of Missouri's constitutional convention. He shot a politician who tried to bully him, but, the man not dying, Pulitzer escaped with a small fine. Even as a ten-dollar reporter he made such an attack upon the county court house officials that the court was abolished, Pulitzer thus first tasting the power that even an obscure young penny-a-liner may exert if he has an alliance with a printing-press. He was a delegate to the national convention that nominated Greeley for President, and later on to the convention that nominated Hancock. Eleven years after he spent that night in City Hall Park, he was writing political dispatches from Washington to the New York *Sun*. When his inheritance of between thirty and forty thousand dollars reached him, he bought, as already told, two struggling dailies in St. Louis, and at the end of a year his balance sheet showed, it is said, a profit of about \$75,000.

The yellow newspaper had been born.

In 1883 *The World*, of New York, had been financially manipulated into the hands of Jay Gould, and, losing the public confidence, its circulation had dwindled down to 20,000 or less. Pulitzer by this time had several hundred thousand dollars and unlimited ambition. Gould offered him *The World* for \$348,000. On May 10 it appeared for the first time under his management.

The defenders of yellow journalism call it "the journalism that does things." As a mat-

ter of fact, "doing things," in the sense meant, is not journalism at all. It may or may not be philanthropy or patriotism, but the journalism consists in "blowing" about it. The most successful yellow journal is the one that blows hardest about its achievements, real or imaginary. *The World* did things that were well worth doing, just as the Hearst papers have done things well worth doing. It raised a subscription of \$100,000 for a pedestal to the Statue of Liberty. It raised another subscription to purchase a silver service for Gladstone in recognition of his battle for Home Rule. It led in the fight that smashed the board of boodling aldermen who gave Jake Sharp the Broadway railroad franchise. It did much to check the war spirit at the time of President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. It forced the Cleveland administration to sell the new emergency bonds in the open market instead of by private sale to the Morgan syndicate. And all this time it was spreading on its pages in scare headlines all the crimes and misdoings and tragedies that a corps of keen reporters could nose out in all the moral sewers of the country. For "doing things" and making a great noise about it, are not enough to make a great yellow newspaper. There are not enough big things to be done

to fill up a newspaper 365 days of the year with sensational news. The real solid permanent basis of a yellow journal is the exploiting of crime and vice. And much as the yellow journalists may defend their calling, their resentment when the light of publicity is turned upon their own private lives and personal character is as great as any one's. "The journalist," Mr. Creelman well remarks, "most compelling and irresistible agent in a democratic community, fiercely insists upon a personal privacy that he denies to all others."

Mr. Pulitzer married Miss Kate Davis, niece of Jefferson Davis. Three sons and three daughters have been the fruit of this marriage which was said to have been a "great shock" to the bride's family. One of the most expensive households has been for years maintained by the Pulitzers. There is a beautiful house in New York City (on Seventy-third Street), an estate at Bar Harbor which is Mr. Pulitzer's favorite home, a winter place on Jekyll Island off the Georgia coast, and a 1,500-ton steam yacht which gives him a floating home that can be located at will in any of the seven seas. And if the trial for criminal libel goes against Mr. Pulitzer, he may have still another home for a year or so that will not be of his own choosing.

THE PRODIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG KING OF PORTUGAL

 O GRIEF could be more poignant than that of the nineteen-year-old Dom Manoel II, King of Portugal, at the sentimental misadventure of the Duke of the Abruzzi with the beauteous American girl he once aspired to espouse. Dom Manoel followed every vicissitude of the romance with the partisanism of a lover meditating a marriage equally untraditional. The mother of his Majesty—that exquisite Orleans princess whom the world now knows as the Queen Dowager Amélie—is credibly affirmed to have spread panic through the house of Savoy by predicting that if the Duke of the Abruzzi made his threatened American marriage, her own son would place upon the Portuguese throne a lovely but mature lady whose relatives are connected with the wine trade. Such is the purport of some gossip in the Lisbon *Mundo*, a daily bitterly opposed to the present form of government in the land. Support is lent to the insinuation by what appears in the

anti-dynastic *Vanguarda*, in the sarcastic *Xuao*, and in the facetious *Ridiculos*. Portugal, to be sure, gains its impressions of Dom Manoel, so far as those impressions are personal, from a press suspected of inoculation with the republicanism so rife in Lisbon; but, as the Paris *Figaro* says, there is much to justify current gossip in the almost monastic seclusion of the King, to say nothing of the fierceness of the controversy raging at court over the cocoa slavery question. The African dominions of his Majesty threaten just now to precipitate in Europe a crisis even more acute than that of the Congo, and Dom Manoel, incensed at the treatment of his lady love by the house of Orleans, is waging war on the clique that exploits the cocoa concession.

Such are the effects, observes the *Mundo*, of trying to turn a king into a pedant. Dom Manoel, avers this sheet (inspired, perhaps, by its hostility to all monarchy), has long been a captive in his own palace, imbibing—not very willingly—so varied a mass of learning from

pedants of every description imported for the purpose that he has been turned into a species of pedagogical prodigy. The fault, we are assured, is his mother's. The versatile and witty Dom Manoel, it would appear, is indebted to his expressive eyes and his arched brows for the circumstance that he is his mother's favorite. She showed him this partiality even before the taking off of his colder and less gifted brother, the late Crown Prince. Now that Dom Manoel is all that is left of her happy life as wife and mother, she clings to him with a fond tenacity which the young king himself is suspected of finding inconvenient at times. One can not even see his Majesty now without his mother's prior permission.

Having been brought into the world with but the slightest anticipation of his ultimate advent to the throne, Manoel was originally educated with a view to the immense inheritance coming to him through his mother. Manoel was barely six when his mother taught him to paint, and, as she is an artist of ability, and as his own tastes are esthetic, he executed in time some respectable landscapes. Somewhat to his mother's chagrin, Manoel fell as a lad under the influence of the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose fame as an explorer fired the future king with the spirit of emulation, and determined him to seek renown in the navy. This was when Manoel had entered his teens. The accounts of his daily life at this period, as the Portuguese papers give them, sustain the theory that the king's mother is a good deal of a disciplinarian—so much so, in fact, that there seems justification for the idea that she still fails to regard her son as her sovereign, deeming him merely her pupil. It is a sore theme to republican Lisbon. Manoel, we read, was called regularly in the morning at six to breakfast with his mother, to whom he read poetry and art criticism until breakfast time. She was invariably at her easel, and the late king, her husband, was invariably in bed.

Absorbed in the cultivation of history, literature and art as he was at this period, there seemed every prospect that Manoel would continue the dilettante traditions of the house of Orleans until the Duke of the Abruzzi fell in with him one summer at the villa of the Countess of Paris in Villa Vicosa. That was a turning point in the Dom's career. He took his mother very much aback by remarking that when he grew up he would want the world to admire him for just such dashes to the Pole and just such explorations of inac-

cessible mountain fastnesses as had won for the Duke his contemporary renown. There was an end to the piano lessons under the queen's tuition, the duke having remarked that it suggests effeminacy when a man is too proficient in the fingering of that ladylike instrument. The duke also hinted, it seems, that painting is no pursuit for a prince, and that the transcription of one's emotions in fragments of versification implies deficient virility. Manoel had at this period accumulated notes and documents for a projected history of the palace of Villa Vicosa, but these and his paint brushes were now laid aside. The prince announced his purpose to enter the navy as a midshipman. Her Majesty is said to have found it hard to forgive the Duke of the Abruzzi for the effect of his words upon the mind of her darling son. The episode was to have its influence in after years, when this same duke wanted to introduce an American bride into the royal family of Italy, which sets such store by the judgment of the house of Orleans. That is the gossip retailed in European society prints, which trace the wreck of the duke's matrimonial ship to the rock of Orleans opposition.

Science seemed now to exert over the mind of the prince the same fascination it had formerly succumbed to in the arts. At no time did the queen lose touch with her son. She was so jealous of his studies that, borrowing some works on naval construction, she actually went through a course in its abstrusities before her favorite had got back for the summer vacation. The queen's feelings were much hurt when he entreated her leave to return before the appointed time to his studies in Lisbon that he might continue his mathematics there. He feared to incur the ridicule of his classmates through a deficiency in calculus.

"What," asked the queen, somewhat piqued, "makes you so eager to leave me?"

"Because," he replied, "if I do not leave you at once, I shall not be able to leave you at all."

This apt quotation of a line from one of her favorite poets delighted her Majesty—the point of the anecdote loses something in translation—and demonstrated anew the prettiness of the wit for which Dom Manoel is famed. It is from his mother that the young monarch inherits this felicity in repartee. When she insisted in his presence that she showed no partiality for either of her sons—a difficult statement to credit in view of court gossip—Manoel inquired: "Then why have I all your

good looks?" a riddle deriving its piquancy from the accent on the word "all."

The unusual intimacy of the association between mother and son assumed a touching aspect in the weeks following the assassinations at Lisbon. Manoel had wounds in the arm and in the chest. There was a suspicion of blood poisoning. The king's only nurse was his mother. She applied every bandage, administered every dose of medicine, and carried every meal to his room. She washed him and dressed him just as if he were once more a babe. Only a royal princess could have discharged such a multiplicity of duties at the bedside of an invalid, observes the *Madrid Epoca*. The ladies of the house of Orleans—there are four of these princesses—were taught by their own mother, the Countess of Paris, to cook, to sew, to embroider, to nurse and to manage the details of a household. It can not be said that the ladies derive much popularity from these homely accomplishments since they are all uncompromising in the aristocracy or rather the royalty of their attitude to life. Hence it is that the Queen Dowager Amelie has but a moderate popularity in Portugal, where she is suspected of imparting to her son ideas quite out of harmony with the democratic instincts of the masses. The jealousy of the solicitude with which she took charge of the education of her son when his convalescence terminated so happily speedily brought on a court crisis.

The first step of the queen mother when her son the king was able to be about was to call a conference of the faculty of that renowned university at Coimbra which King Diniz himself founded over six hundred years ago. The intellectual diet prescribed for his Majesty was severe. He remained the closest of prisoners within the royal palace, for his mother dreaded the plots of the assassins. Letters threatening her son with the fate of his father and his brother filled the mother's mail. The local government of Lisbon had fallen into the hands of the republicans while the suspected assassins of the king had allies in exalted posts under the royal government itself. Weeks passed before Manoel went beyond the grounds of the palace. Thus his education had to be entrusted to his mother, who now bitterly lamented the step which had given him only a sailor's outlook upon life.

The scope of the education imparted to the king at this period embraced, according to the hostile critic of the *Xuao*, the political sciences, the physical sciences, and the philosophical sciences. He arose at seven every



THE PRIDE OF THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA

Don Manoel II., King of Portugal, is understood to be on the eve of an engagement with one of the European princesses to whom his mother is partial.

morning and studied Plato and the Greek philosophers for an hour, whereupon he adjourned to his mother's apartments for breakfast. At ten he took up astronomy, inorganic chemistry and physics under the supervision of members of the faculty at Coimbra. Luncheon time was noon, and at one the king returned to his education. This entailed the perusal of works of history and jurisprudence until four in the afternoon, whereupon there was a brief run in the palace grounds. The evenings were devoted to light literature, music, and the society of his mother, who saw his Majesty to bed by nine. Thus the round continued for month after month, varied only by state openings of the legislative body, an occasional visit in something like state to the university, and a run into Spain to see and enjoy the flowers and the fields at Villa Vicosa.

The intensity of republican wrath at the pedagogical peculiarities of the king's life

waxed continually. The more sarcastic Lisbon dailies insisted that the royal mind was imbibing Bourbon principles of political philosophy, and that the king was already a hopelessly bookish pedant. The students at the University of Coimbra, a turbulent set in the least agitated times, were wildly excited at news of a marked departure in the royal curriculum.

More or less official reports of the king's studies, disseminated to belie the grosser aspersions upon his preceptors, indicate that he has gone through the Latin and Greek poets with credit. Plato he seems to have no fondness for, but the serious Latin authors, like Cicero and Livy, he loves. He shows unusual aptitude for mathematics. The thesis he submitted for his doctor's degree proved a very creditable history of the literature of Portugal. He also did creditably in chemistry, physics, biology and astronomy. His proficiency in Spanish, French and Italian is likewise vouched for. The king applies himself with diligence, he has a fine memory, quick intelligence and a fondness for intellectual pursuits. Thus the authorized versions of his growth in knowledge. The insinuation that the severity of the royal studies had told upon the king's health was pronounced malicious. The *Xuao* had declared that the royal tutors were accomplishing the work the assassins originally set out to do, and in order to dispose forever of the alarms to which the assertion gave rise it was determined at court to have Dom Manoel visit the university of Coimbra and display his accomplishments to the faculty.

It was a surging crowd of hatless students that welcomed his Majesty at the gates. The miraculous versatility of the king, his readiness in the acquisition of every kind of lore, and the great variety of his elegant accomplishments—he imitates his grandmother's canary with such fidelity that the Countess can scarcely believe she is not listening to the bird itself—raised expectation to the highest pitch. No one in the throng of doctors of the various faculties knew what to make of the allegations in hostile Lisbon papers to the effect that the king was living in the fatuous ignorance consequent upon the pedantry of his tutors, and had never even heard of Kant or the theory of evolution. When the king alighted at the railroad station the professors in their hoods of pale blue, yellow, red or white and tasselled caps pressed forward to give their sovereign the academic salute. The cavalry were drawn up outside the building, strict orders having been given to guard against the possibility of another assassina-

tion. The students, however, had vowed to do whatever escorting was necessary. No sooner had the king entered the carriage than wild rushes scattered the horses, the professors and the local dignitaries right and left, Dom Manoel finding himself the centre of a yelling, gesticulating mob of youths of his own age. The faculty started on a run for the iron gates leading into the university grounds, and by the time they got there his Majesty was walking afoot, yelling at the top of his voice, and waving his arms like windmills, while to right and left raced and shrieked a mob of students. The king had prepared a paper on the difference between the consolations of philosophy and the consolations of religion, but when the faculty called for it that composition had long been torn into shreds.

Faculty, students and monarch were all in a dishevelled state, and somewhat breathless from exertion when they had ended their tumultuous progress through the cloisters to the degree hall. Here it speedily transpired that much sensational gossip regarding the kind of education the king has imbibed is sheer nonsense. His Majesty is perfectly well aware of the importance of Kant. He has heard of evolution. His acquaintance with the contemporary literature of science astonished the whole faculty of Coimbra. He carried on a conversation with the rector in Latin with an idiomatic fluency quite overpowering to that scholar. He criticized a dissertation on ethical philosophy read by the professor of dogmatic theology, and displayed such subtlety in the process that all the students joined vociferously in the din of applause. In truth, the displays of the king's profound knowledge of the arts and sciences as the faculty explored the resources of his intellect aroused such frenzies of enthusiasm in the student body that the rector had on one or two occasions to suspend the proceedings altogether until the restoration of such a degree of comparative silence as was consistent with the capacity of the royal voice to render itself audible.

Thus is exploded a delusion regarding the King of Portugal which, altho reared upon the foundation of fancy alone, as the loyal Lisbon *Dia* observes, was well calculated to prejudice the cause of the dynasty. The present head of the house of Braganza, it is now evident from dynastic organs, is a philosopher like his great-grandfather, King Louis Philippe, of France, a scientist like his father, the late Dom Carlos, and an artist like his gracious mother, the queen dowager.

THE NEW GRAND VIZIER

OLITENESS, in the most exotic Turkish sense of the term, is the foundation of the European fame of Hussein Hilmi Pacha, the statesman upon whom the Sultan has lately conferred the post of Grand Vizier. Many a European daily has denounced Hilmi as the instigator of the foulest murders recorded in the history of mankind; but not one fails to pay its tribute to the affability of his manner, the suavity of his facial expression, the courtesy of his conversational tone, the deference of his deportment. To the perfection of this politeness alone Hilmi is indebted, the *Paris Figaro* says, for his rise from obscurity among a horde of candidates for favor at Yildiz Kiosk to the exalted grade of Governor-General of Adana, to the still higher post of Governor-General of the Yemen, next to the inspectorship of the so-called Roumelian Vilayets and at last to the extremely difficult duties of inspector-general for the purpose of supervising the "reforms" in Macedonia. The functions of Hilmi in every office he has filled are summed up by the *Figaro* in the one word politeness. He has made that the business of his life much as Humboldt made science the business of his.

No one, in the opinion of the French daily, can say that Hilmi ever accomplished anything real, no matter what the region of the Sultan's empire to which he was despatched, beyond the display of his chief personal characteristic. "He did nothing—he was polite"—that is the record of the man in every stage of his career. It is typically Turkish. His Excellency Hussein Hilmi Pacha is a Turk "of the isles." The politest Turks of all come from the isles.

There is also Greek blood in his veins, if we may accept the study of him published by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In any event, if he be endowed with the fine astuteness of the Hellene he has all the energy of Osmauli. He expends it in the art of which he is master. A big man, with none of the greasiness of the Turk, bony in frame, seeming in appearance somewhat burned by the temperatures of the Yemen and the fierce heats of those Asiatic provinces he loves, bearded very blackly, altho the hair begins to exhibit streaks of gray, he suggests the pilgrim on his way to Mecca or some dusty denizen of the desert. His vitality is all in his perfect manner.

Merely to be ushered into his presence, affirms another writer in the *Gaulois*, is refreshing. He is acutely conscious of the importance of the person he is talking to, especially if that person be the representative of some western European daily. He imparts to the humblest newspaper correspondent the impression that the despatch he is about to send home will inaugurate an epoch. Even the hostile correspondent of the London *Times* admits the stimulus of Hilmi's deportment, as, in impeccable military uniform, the red fez pressed closely down over the forehead, he extends a long, elegant, well groomed hand and in splendid French confesses that this visit will make history. Hilmi has a genius for granting interviews to the representatives of newspapers. Only the Russian statesman, Mr. de Witte, can surpass him in the practice. Hilmi is, indeed, the Sultan's press agent, having officiated in that capacity through the worst phases of every Macedonian crisis. His specialty is the deploring of horrors. The ubiquity of Macedonian bands, the heavy catalog of crimes due to open violence, the impunity with which murders were committed under his eyes in the three vilayets for which he was nominally responsible—all these things he deplored with great regularity and politeness for six years, and, the *Paris Figaro* fears, will continue to deplore for some time to come.

Beneath his thick black brows, the authority we have quoted perceives a pair of Arab eyes, dark, profound and melancholy—eyes that seem dull and even dead when no emotion animates the countenance, altho they flash fire in moments of exacerbation. The fact that he is polite must not be interpreted to mean that Hilmi has no temper. Politeness, to this inscrutable and unspeakable Turk, is an instrument of government as he understands it. When his anger explodes he can impart heat to his displeasure. He seems self-contained and cold in his politeness at times, but he warms to his work when exploiting his talent as the press agent of the Commander of the Faithful. His collection of newspaper clippings never gets old. He represents nothing, but he lives in a state of perpetual bewilderment at the incapacity of the European press to comprehend the blessings of Turkish rule.

Hilmi, in one of his recent autobiographical moods, attributed his rise from obscurity and

poverty to the blessings of Allah. He is astoundingly ignorant of civilization in the western sense, for he has traveled very little outside of Turkey, altho he has enjoyed personal intimacy with members of the diplomatic corps in Constantinople, and has lived with European army officers in Macedonia as if they were his brethren. His attitude to life is that of the Mohammedan. His faith is that of the Koran. He is extremely proud of the fact that the Turk drinks no intoxicants. The only drunkards in the Sultan's empire come from Christian homes, he is quoted as having said to the newspaper correspondents who interviewed him lately. The Turk has one faith, he says, whereas the Christian church is split into sects. The standpoint from which the Christian regards woman is a mystery to Hilmi. In the Ottoman dominions, according to him, she is loved and looked up to. In Christian lands she is found working for her livelihood—a detail filling Hilmi with wonder. Moreover, the Turks, or so the new Grand Vizier says, are not thieves. Scrutinize a bazar in Stamboul. You will find neither lock nor key. Wherever he went in the course of his official career in Turkey, Hilmi declares he never lost anything through a Turkish thief. When he lost a coin or a jewel or a piece of property he had but to return to the place of its disappearance, when lo! there it hung suspended to the twig of some tree. An honest Turk had hung it there. But lose your purse in London!—here Hilmi shrugs his shoulders. Again, as Hilmi told the newspaper correspondents at the height of his renown as a Macedonian reformer, the Turk does not lie. The Bulgarians, the Greeks, the Servians, lie like all the devils. Attempt to purchase in a shop owned by a Christian and observe the false praise bestowed upon inferior articles of merchandise, and then visit the bazar of a Turkish trader. What modest detachment from the subject of comparative value! In fine, Hilmi praises Allah that he is a born follower of the prophet.

As the official spokesman to Europe of the masses of the Sultan's Mohammedan subjects, Hilmi is at his best. He is supposed to know more about the population of Macedonia than perhaps any living man, his knowledge embracing not merely official statistics and revenue returns, but personal details of an infinite variety. He has met the leading inhabitants of every town, visited the bazars in all the large centers of population, heard the grievances of the local dignitaries. His great aim is the welfare of the Turkish peasant, con-

cerning whom he gives much and definite information to all the newspaper men who come near him. The *Figaro* wonders how many newspapers Hilmi manages to go through in the course of a morning, for whether the Servians be ravaging Tlukut or the Bulgarians be bleeding from the bayonets of the faithful, the Sultan's press agent gets his work out of the way. He has always read the latest article in the daily papers, and is ready with his reply when the correspondents call.

"You are sorry—so sorry—so very sorry for the poor Christians!" Hilmi says it with one hand on the shoulder of his visitor and the other grasping his palm. He has managed to obtain a full report of the "outrage" from some source or other. In a trice every document is spread out to reveal the Mohammedan truths behind the Christian exaggerations. Hilmi is a master with documents. Scarcely a resident of all Macedonia, however humble he may be, is unrepresented in the files and files of classified documents.

"You are sorry—so sorry—so very sorry for the poor Christians!" Hilmi has received countless visitors with that greeting—when the caller represents a daily newspaper. Throwing his Arab eyes to the ceiling, Hilmi will cry next: "So am I!"

Whereupon the coffee and cigarets are served, Hilmi being too polite to omit such a delicate attention. In a moment the interview is in full progress, Hilmi making all the explanations, doing all the talking, anticipating all the questions, concealing nothing, making no reservations, committing himself to indiscretions and relying upon the sense of honor of the newspaper correspondent not to betray him.

He is tremendously admired in Constantinople as the only living Turk who understands the art of managing the newspaper correspondents. His enemies at Yildiz Kiosk are disposed to accuse him of understanding little else. The impression may be due to his incapacity for what we Americans call team work. Hilmi has no secretaries, no staff workers, no assistants. In the wildest Macedonian upheavals he never surrounded himself with minions. To-day he is without that mob of hangers-on invariably in the suite of Turkish aspirants to power when the name of the Sultan was whispered in dread. In these new days of a newer sphere for him, Hilmi displays a politeness more Turkish than it ever was, and a readiness of indiscretion with the newspaper correspondents quite stunning in the Sublime Porte.

Literature and Art

A SPANISH PAINTER WHO HAS TAKEN NEW YORK BY STORM

THE art sensation of the winter in New York has been furnished by an exhibition of the paintings of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida. These pictures may be said to have burst upon the American consciousness with the full force of a revelation. Until now Sorolla has been almost unknown here. His previous triumphs in Paris and London were only faintly echoed on this side of the Atlantic. When Mr. Archer Huntington, the public-spirited New Yorker who has done so much in the furtherance of Spanish culture, an-

nounced his intention of bringing three hundred of Sorolla's paintings to America, only a mild interest was evinced. With the opening of the exhibition, however, this interest steadily grew, and finally became what Henry Tyrrell, the art critic of the *New York World*, describes as "a local tidal wave of enthusiasm." Artists, critics, and the general public all flocked to the exhibition, and united in singing its praises. "And the effect," Mr. Tyrrell remarks, "bears true and just relation to the cause, for this is undoubtedly the most brilliant and stunning 'one-man show' to which



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

THE ONE SAD PICTURE OF THE SOROLLA COLLECTION

This portrayal of sick and crippled children taking a bath in the sea under priestly guardianship makes a poignant appeal. It is called "A Sad Inheritance," and has hung for some time in the Sunday-school room of a New York church.

art-loving Manhattan has ever yet been treated."

Sorolla is first and foremost a painter of light and atmosphere; he belongs to the "impressionist" school. In explaining his method to Mr. Tyrrell, he said:

"Have you considered why you have such artists as Sargent, Chase and the late Whistler? It is because the real founder of American art was that supreme impressionist master, Velasquez. The men I have named, like Constable and Turner, and Courbet before them, seize greatness by that same ecstatic swiftness of execution which was the secret of Velasquez's splendid triumphs of realism. As for myself, I can assure you this lyrical impetuosity came to me as naturally as breathing or the beatings of my heart, at the earliest dawn of my sympathy with nature.

"All inspired painters are impressionists, even tho it be true that some impressionists are not inspired.

"If ever painter wrought a miracle of illusion with brush and pigment that painter was Velasquez in his 'Las Meninas,' at the Prado in Madrid. Now, I have studied this picture with a lens, and what do I find? Why, that Velasquez got that marvellous atmospheric background by one broad sweep of his flowing brush, charged with thin color—so thin that you

can feel the very texture of the canvas through it.

"Nature, the sun itself, produces color effects on this same principle, but instantaneously. The impression of these evanescent visions is what we make desperate attempts to catch and fix by any means at hand. At such moments I am unconscious of materials, of style, of rules, of everything that intervenes between my perception and the object or idea perceived.

"No, mes amis, impressionism is not charlatanry, nor a formula, nor a school. I should say rather it is the bold resolve to throw all those things overboard."

The two ablest critiques greeting Sorolla's art are those of James Huneker and Christian Brinton. Mr. Huneker, seasoned critic that he is, writes unrestrainedly of the new arrival. A "painter of sunshine without equal," he calls him. Admitting no "mincing of comparisons," he adds his conviction that "not Turner, not Monet, painted so directly blinding shafts of sunshine as has this Spaniard." In a spirit equally enthusiastic, Mr. Brinton says: "Judged by his sheer technical facility, his astounding productivity and the universality of his choice, Sorolla is indisputably the foremost living Spanish painter."



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

POEMS OF NUDITY

Sorolla's pantheistic conceptions of the play of sunlight, the surge of water, and the human body as something united with these, not separated from them, have won the encomiums of artists, critics and the general public.



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

ONE OF SOROLLA'S "SEA IDYLLS"

Nothing is more characteristic of the artist than these glimpses of boys and girls "disporting themselves in clear green water through which their bodies glimmer, a revelation of superb draughtsmanship and magical, swift brushing in of color."

The subjects celebrated by Sorolla are as varied as life itself. Kings and peasants, hidalgos and gipsies, soldiers, sailors, and fishermen, writers, scientists and statesmen—figure impartially in his canvases. But most of all he loves the play of sunshine on the water and on the bare flesh of the body. "Ay, but he is a big chap," Mr. Hunecker exclaims, "this amiable little Valencian with a big heart and a hand that reaches out and grabs down clouds, skies, scoops up the sea, and sets running, wriggling, screaming a joyful band of naked boys and girls over the golden summer sands in a sort of ecstatic symphony of pantheism." The same critic writes further (in the *New York Sun*):

"He is masculine and absolutely free from the neurasthenic *morbidez* of his fellow countryman Zuloaga. (And far from attaining that painter's inches as a psychologist.) For the delineation of moods nocturnal, of poetic melancholy, of the contemplative aspect of life, we must not go to Sorolla. He is not a thinker. He is the painter of bright mornings and brisk salt breezes. He is half Greek. There is Winckelmann's *Heiterkeit*, blitheness, in his groups of romping children, in their unashamed bare skins and naive attitudes. Boys on Valencian beaches evidently believe in Adamic undress. Nor do the girls seem to care. Stretched upon his

stomach on the beach, a youth, straw-hatted, stares at the spume of the rollers. His companion is not so unconventionally disarrayed, and as she has evidently not eaten of the poisonous apple of wisdom she is free from embarrassment. Balzac's two infants, innocent of their sex, could not be less care-free than the Sorolla children. How tenderly, sensitively he models the hardly nubile forms of maidens! The movement of their legs as they race the strand, their dash into the water, or their nervous pausing at the rim of the wet—here is poetry for you, the poetry of glorious days in youthland. Curiously enough his types are for the most part more international than racial; that is, racial as are Zuloaga's Basque brigands, *manolas*, and gipsies.

"But only this? Can't he paint anything but massive oxen wading to their buttocks in the sea; or fisher-boats with swelling sails blotting out the horizon; or a girl after a dip standing, as her boyish cavalier covers her with a robe—you see the clear pink flesh through her garb; or vistas of flower-gardens with roguish maidens and courtly parks; peasants harvesting, working-women sorting raisins; sailors mending nets, boys at rope-making—is all this great art? Where are the polished surfaces of the cultured studio worker; where the bric-à-brac which we inseparably connect with pseudo-Spanish art? You will not find any of them. Sorolla with good red blood in his veins, the blood of a great, misunderstood race, paints what he sees on the top of God's earth. He is not a book—but a nature-poet; not a virtuoso of the brush but a normal man of genius. He is in love with light, and by his treat-



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

OXEN BEACHING A BOAT

A Sorolla painting that has been presented to the Metropolitan Museum by a public-spirited American, and will remain permanently in this country.

ment of relative values creates the illusion of sun-flooded landscapes."

This "fecund and racial genius," as Mr. Brinton terms him, was born at Valencia of humble parents in 1863. His appearance in the art world, at the age of twenty-one, was signalized by a youthful impetuosity thoroly characteristic of the man. He had determined to depict a bull-fight, but instead of painting from imagination or relying upon preconceptions of the dramatic, he grouped his models about the dusty bull-ring of Valencia, and steeped them in actual smoke in order to get the most natural effect possible. The picture was not in itself of exceptional quality, but it led to greater work. In 1884 Sorolla won in open competition the coveted Prize of Rome, and set up his studio in the Italian capital. It was at Paris, however, in the sincere and homely naturalism of Bastien-Lepage, that he found his first great artistic stimulus; and when he later returned to the familiar scenes of his native country he was equipped to do the real work of his life.

Such are the salient facts of Sorolla's development; but "beneath this bare outline," as Mr. Brinton points out, "lurks something in-

initely more important, and that is the spirit and inner significance of this many-sided activity, the meaning of this splendid and salubrious art." He goes on to say (in *The International Studio*):

"There is, after all, but one way to approach the work of Sorolla, or, as a matter of fact, that of any painter, and that is through the medium of the artist's own national as well as individual esthetic background. The impetuous and indefatigable author of these three hundred and fifty-six canvases which now enliven the walls of the Hispanic Society merely carries onward with the help of the brilliant chromatic palette of to-day the immutable traditions of Spanish art. In common with his great predecessors, who painted with such subdued and restrained gravity of tone, he knows but one lesson and that is the lesson of actuality. There has never been and there can never be anything speculative or philosophical in the art of the Iberian Peninsula. From Velásquez downward the Spaniards have been a race of pictorial impressionists, and it was to this fountain head of truth that Edouard Manet and all the later men were obliged to turn when they wished to secure a formula with which to combat the false classicism and flamboyant rhetoric of the mid-century in France."

Mr. Brinton emphasizes the essential sanity of Sorolla's art. The painter "presents the spectacle," he tells us, "rare indeed in art, of an absolutely sound and perfectly balanced or-

ganism. It seems as tho there must have been drifted across to his own glistening *plazas* some of that antique Peloponnesian blitheness of which the world of to-day knows so little." To quote further:

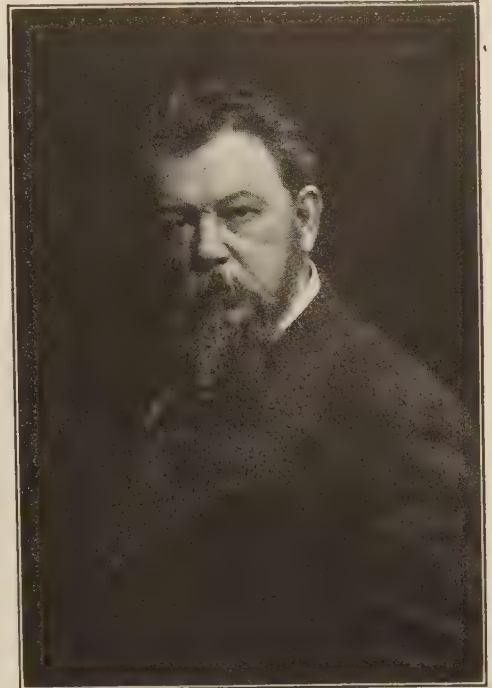
"There is in these endlessly diversified episodes no striving after effect, no desire to perpetuate anything save the simple, wholesome facts of life and nature. In these canvases, whether huge finished pictures or hasty sketches, all the world is in holiday mood; work alike for master and for beast of burden has become a pleasure, and pleasure has taken on a pagan joyousness which had long since seemed lost to mankind. When he moves inland and sets up his easel amid Valencian garden, orchard or vineyard it is the same story. Each theme is depicted with a colorful picturesqueness which is at once free, broad and intensely local. All is rapid and instantaneous as before. No chance effect, however subtle, eludes his ever-prompt observation. There is no mistaking the girl who is patiently sorting oranges, the women seated in the sunlit doorway mending nets, or, indeed, any of these types which add such distinctive notes to Spanish rural life. In 'An Old Castilian' and 'Leonese Peasants' we have more specific characterization than is customary, yet never is the racial flavor neglected."



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

"AFTER THE BATH"

One of Sorolla's most exquisite creations,



Photograph by W. A. Cooper

SOROLLA, PAINTER OF SUNLIGHT

A "painter of sunshine without equal," Mr. Huneker calls him; "not Turner, not Monet, painted so directly blinding shafts of sunshine as has this Spaniard."

It is unnecessary, Mr. Brinton concludes, to seek the profound, the abstract, or the analytical in Sorolla's art. One must look there rather for a passionate attachment to outward things. "Sorolla lives in a constant state of luminous and impulsive exteriorization. His pictorial language is well nigh universal, but it is fundamentally a language of visual appearances. He is an observer whose sole instinct is to record with an almost irrepressible automatism that which happens to hold his fancy for the moment. And yet, altho these myriad-hued impressions may at first appear wanting in system and relation, there nevertheless runs, at least unconsciously, through the art of Senor Sorolla a unity of feeling and purpose which links together every stroke of that restless and magical brush. Diverse as she may seem, Nature herself is constantly achieving a closer structure and a subtler synthesis of her varied forces, and it is thus with the work of Sorolla, which is Nature's reflex in so far as he can make it. If this art is anything, it is an apotheosis of visible, external beauty. It rises to positively lyrical heights in its worship of solar radiance—it is a jubilant symphony of sunlight."

CHESTERTON AND THE REVOLT AGAINST MODERNITY



THE name G. K. Chesterton is at once cryptic and challenging. Very few as yet appreciate its significance. For ten years Mr. Chesterton has been flooding the world with his effusions. Poems, stories, critiques, newspaper gossip, have poured from his pen. He has dazzled with epigrams and paradoxes and crackled like a pyrotechnic display. Many of us have read Chesterton somewhat—his writings have penetrated far. But until now no intelligent effort has been made to estimate the man or to formulate his philosophy. The deficiency is made good in a critical study* lately published.

The anonymous author expresses his fear that an apology may be demanded for a book entirely devoted to a young man, still living, not much over thirty. He need have had no qualms on this score. The critique more than justifies itself, and is, indeed, an acute analysis not merely of Chesterton but of many of the most vital tendencies of our age. For Chesterton is shown to be a type, rather than an isolated figure, and many will find their own intellectual attitude reflected in the story of his development. "Mr. Chesterton," the writer says, "is primarily a propagandist, the preacher of a definite message to his own time. He is using all the power which his literary capacity gives him to lead the age in a certain direction." And this message, we are told, is one of conservatism. "He stands for the hunger of a perplexed age for the more lucid life of the Ages of Faith, for the revolt against modernity—in a word, for what may legitimately be called 'reaction.'"

Chesterton began as a radical. His first reaction was against the faith of his fathers. At the age of twelve, he confesses, he was a pagan, and by the age of sixteen a complete agnostic. The idol of his youth was Walt Whitman, and his early poems—"The Wild Knight," for instance—show the strong impress of Whitman's spirit. "The effect which Whitman's poems produced on him was electric. They seemed to sum up the aspirations of his own youth. They gave him a faith to hold to, and a gospel to preach."

Under Whitman's influence, Mr. Chesterton actually became a Socialist for a while and

contributed to the Socialist press. During this period his attitude toward life was that of the revolutionist. The word "priest" is never used in his earlier poems, save in the spirit of Whitman's—"Allons, from all formules! From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests!" The Founder of Christianity is praised to the point of worship, as Whitman praised him, but historic Christianity is treated as a ghastly perversion of Christ's teaching. In the powerful "Ballad of God-Makers" we see "the kings of the Earth" planning Christianity as a defence against Christ:

Said the King of the East to the King of the West
(I wot his frown was set),
"Lo, let us slay him—and make him as dung,
It is well that the world forget."

Said the King of the West to the King of the East
(I wot his smile was dread),
"Nay, let us slay him—and make him a god,
It is well that our god be dead."

They set the young man on a hill,
They nailed him to a rod;
And there in darkness and in blood
They made themselves a god.

But Mr. Chesterton's revolutionary mood was short-lived. His first prose work, "The Defendant," consisting of essays contributed to the London *Speaker*, shows the radical becoming a conservative. In "The Wild Knight" the foes against whom the attacks had been made were the supporters of the existing order. In "The Defendant" it is the iconoclasts, the impugnors of existing things, who are primarily assailed. The fundamental sanctities recognized are much the same in both cases, but in the poems they were preached to a conventional world which had forgotten them; in the essays they are defended against an unconventional world which is bent on destroying them. The "kings" and "priests" escape without censure in "The Defendant." It is the anarchists, the atheists, the people who want to abolish marriage, the people who deny the validity of patriotism, against whom the defences are set up.

This change of attitude, the new critique informs us, was due to a number of causes, but chiefly to the searchings of heart occasioned by the Boer war, and the growth of the Imperialistic spirit in England. Chesterton believed in war, but not in this sort of war. Fighting was noble and romantic—if you

*GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: A Criticism. John Lane Company.



A REVOLUTIONIST BECAME CONSERVATIVE

The evolution of G. K. Chesterton, the English poet, critic and novelist, from a Socialist and disciple of Walt Whitman into a brilliant champion of orthodoxy, constitutes one of the interesting chapters in the literary history of our time.

fought against great odds. It was a fine thing that the weak should take the sword and conquer the strong. But here were the strong hurling their battalions against the weak. As he put it in a powerful Christmas poem, written while the war was still raging:

Hard out of English bone my curse falls on an idle
war,
That men of other blood have found the secret of
the Star.

As the Boer war inspired in Rudyard Kipling the Imperialist passion, so in Chesterton it brought out and emphasized the anti-Imperialist. Week after week his able and aggressive articles appeared in *The Speaker*. In the spring of 1900 every one was asking every one else, "Who is 'G. K. C.'?" Before the year was over his writings had given him a national reputation. He was on the losing side, but he compelled his fellow-countrymen to listen to him.

From a psychological point of view, the most important and enduring result of Mr. Chesterton's pro-Boer agitation may be said to be his conviction, which then for the first time took definite shape, of the sanctity of nationality. But an even larger issue emerged from the controversy. He began to question a doctrine that hitherto had seemed to him almost axiomatic—the doctrine of progress. To quote from the new study:

"There was this peculiarity about the war disputes, that both sides appealed to the same ideals—marched, so to speak, under the same banner. The Boer war was not defended, as the great French War, for instance, was defended, as a war for the preservation of authority and tradition. On the contrary, it was defended as a democratic war, a war for the purpose of breaking a narrow, corrupt and old-fashioned oligarchy which obstructed the progress of the world. Nor could it be denied that there was at least this measure of truth in the claim—that the Boers unmistakably represented the old order and the Outlanders the new. The Rhodesian party in South Africa called itself 'Progressive,' and it was perfectly justified in doing so, if a progressive be taken to mean a man who goes the way the world appears to be going. It is not altogether surprising if Mr. Chesterton, who hated the whole spirit and ideal of that party, felt that the way the world appeared to be going was the way to Hell!

"This conviction brought him into sharp conflict with one of those vast dogmas which the nineteenth century had assumed without ever proving or even distinctly formulating—the dogma of Progress. All the great writers of that century are full of the idea of Progress—the idea that the world is inevitably getting better and better. Men of opinion and temperaments as diverse as Shelley and Macaulay accepted it without question. It received an additional impetus from the current misinterpretations of Darwin's doctrine of Evolution; that biological spec-

ulation, which in its inventor's mind involved nothing more than a hypothesis concerning the causes which led organisms to approximate to their environment, was interpreted by poets and rhetoricians as a promise of the ultimate triumph of good over evil—'good' and 'evil' being just the two words that no true man of science ever uses. Thus Tennyson held that man would

Move upwards, working out the brute,
And let the ape and tiger die.

until, in the slow process of time, all mankind became gradually more and more like the Prince Consort! In a word, Progressive Evolutionism became a new religion. It is as a conspicuous rebel against the dogmas of this religion that Mr. Chesterton is most notable in his generation."

Mr. Chesterton's fantastic story, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," may be described as a book of which the main thesis is the denial of progress. As the present critic interprets it:

"The novel is a prophetic romance of the year 1950 or thereabouts. Men having lost their faith in doctrine, and having come to believe in 'a thing called Evolution,' have allowed things to drift until a dull oligarchy governs the whole world, its prosaic disillusionment being admirably illustrated by the fact that the despotic King who is at its head is selected like a jurymen from an alphabetical rotation list of the governing classes. Unfortunately the lot falls on one Auberon Quinn, a humorist who resolves to use his despotic powers for the purpose of forcing his subjects to assume all the splendor and ritual of feudal times. With this intent he frames the Charter of Cities whereby the various districts of London are provided with Lord High Provosts, flags, city guards with uniforms and halberds, and even with heroic legends conceived by the expansive imagination of King Auberon. The respectable vestrymen who have to perform these antics are annoyed, but they are obliged to acquiesce and go sullenly on with their work. The principal task before them at the moment is the construction of a great road from Westbourne Grove to Hammersmith Broadway. But their schemes are suddenly upset by the appearance of a young man named Adam Wayne, to whom the King's joke is a serious thing, a religion. Having become Provost of Notting Hill, he refuses to allow the road to pass through his Free City, and especially objects to a sacrilegious hand being laid upon Pump Street, to which he feels an especially passionate patriotic devotion. Instantly all the forgotten enthusiasms, which men had thought to have vanished from the world for ever when the last Dervishes were exterminated and when the last little Republic in South America was absorbed, flare up and destroy the empire of Modernity. Notting Hill defends itself like Athens, hurls back its enemies, and finally infects the other London districts with its own fiery patriotism and romance. The King's joke has redeemed the world."

"Heretics" is an even more outspoken attack on modernity, and marks a plunge from philosophical allegory into practical polemics. There is nothing indefinite here. The enemies of the True Ideal, as Chesterton sees it, are

dealt with each in a separate chapter, and some of them are found to be his old friends. There is Bernard Shaw, the Socialist; H. G. Wells, the pragmatist; G. Lowes Dickinson, the pagan; Joseph McCabe, the materialist; and Mr. Chesterton denounces them all. The justification of the book, in its author's eyes, is that it calls attention to the neglected truth of "the importance of Orthodoxy"—that is to say, the importance of having a right view of the meaning of the universe.

What this meaning is, Mr. Chesterton tries to explain, in his unique fashion, in "The Man Who Was Thursday." No stranger book has been written in our time. Mr. Chesterton himself calls it "A Nightmare." It was treated as a joke. But it really has a meaning.

Six men sworn to wage war on the Anarchy of the modern world have received their commissions from a mysterious Hand in a dark room. The "man who was Thursday," a poet-detective intent on uncovering the secrets of decadence, is one of the six. The unknown leader, the Arch-Anarchist whom they are sworn to fight, is Sunday. At the end of their adventures, when the identity of Sunday has been discovered, they are summoned to a great festival, and Sunday speaks:

"We will eat and drink later," he said. "Let us remain together a little, we who have loved each other so sadly, and have fought so long. I seem to remember only centuries of heroic war, in which you were always heroes—epic on epic, iliad on iliad, and you always brothers in arms. Whether it was but recently (for time is nothing), or at the beginning of the world, I sent you out to war. I sat in the darkness, where there is not any created thing, and to you I was only a voice commanding valor and an unnatural virtue. You heard the voice in the dark, and you never heard it again. The sun in heaven denied it, the earth and sky denied it, all human wisdom denied it. And when I met you in the daylight I denied it myself."

"There was complete silence in the starlit garden, and then the black-browed Secretary, implacable, turned in his chair towards Sunday, and said in a harsh voice:

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the Sabbath," said the other without moving. "I am the peace of God."

The Secretary started up, and stood crushing his costly robe in his hand.

"I know what you mean," he cried, "and it is exactly that that I cannot forgive you. I know you are contentment, optimism, what do they call the thing, an ultimate reconciliation. Well, I am not reconciled. If you were the man in the dark room, why were you also Sunday, an offence of the sunlight? If you were from the first our father and our friend, why were you also our greatest enemy?"

Then the others, one by one, take up the complaint. One says: "It seems so *silly* that you should have been on both sides and fought

yourself." And another: "You let me stray a little too near to hell." And yet another: "I wish I knew why I was hurt so much." And Sunday answers: "I have heard your complaints in order. And here, I think, comes another to complain, and we will hear him also."

Enters Gregory, the real Anarchist, and hurls his accusation at the Paladins of Order:

"You sit in your chairs of stone, and have never come down from them. You are the seven angels of heaven, and you have had no troubles. Oh, I could forgive you everything, you that rule all mankind, if I could feel for once that you had suffered for one hour a real agony such as I——"

"Syme sprang to his feet, shaking from head to foot.

"I see everything," he cried, "everything that there is. Why does each thing on the earth war against each other thing? Why does each small thing in the world have to fight against the world itself? Why does a fly have to fight the whole universe? Why does a dandelion have to fight the whole universe? For the same reason that I had to be alone in the dreadful Council of the Days. So that each thing that obeys law may have the glory and isolation of the anarchist. So that each man fighting for order may be as brave and good a man as the dynamiter. So that the real lie of Satan may be flung back in the face of this blasphemer, so that by tears and torture we may earn the right to say to this man, 'You lie!' No agonies can be too great to buy the right to say to this accuser, 'We also have suffered.'"

"It is not true that we have never been broken. We have been broken upon the wheel. It is not true that we have never descended from these thrones. We have descended into hell."

"He had turned his eyes so as to see suddenly the great face of Sunday, which wore a strange smile.

"Have you," he cried in a dreadful voice, "have you ever suffered?"

"As he gazed the great face grew to an awful size, grew larger than the colossal mask of Memnon, which had made him scream as a child. It grew larger and larger, filling the whole sky; then everything went black. Only in the blackness before it entirely destroyed his brain he seemed to hear a distant voice saying a commonplace text that he had heard somewhere, 'Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?'"

This haunting allegory is G. K. Chesterton's confession of faith. For those who are unimaginative its message is elaborated in plain prose in "Orthodoxy," his latest book. Mr. Chesterton has made his choice—for conservatism. In the face of the iconoclast, he chooses the ancient doctrines. Conservatism may look askance at him—it has never been defended so! But he cares not a jot about that. The radicals, on the other hand, are sure to find in him one of their most formidable opponents, for he has lived in their world and can meet them on their own ground.

THE "MOST STRIKING GENIUS" OF NINETEENTH CENTURY WOMANHOOD

UCH is the phrase which Mr. Clement Shorter applies to Emily Brontë in his latest Brontë compilation.* The poetic genius of the author of "Wuthering Heights" and "Last Lines" (a poem quoted only the other day by Mr. Haldane in his Gifford Lectures, and by Sir Oliver Lodge in "The Immortality of the Soul," for its philosophic content) was first made known to the reading world in 1850 by Sidney Dobell, two years after Emily Brontë's death. Swinburne, later, "blew the dust" from "Wuthering Heights"; and Matthew Arnold wrote the belated epitaph of her—

"Whose soul
Knew no fellow for might,
Passion, vehemence, grief,
Daring, since Byron died."

We now have the careful tribute of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the rather ill-informed and vaporous eulogy of Maeterlinck. Neither phrase nor praise, however, can add one jot to the tragic power of "Wuthering Heights," and to those philosophic poems and lyrics,† three or four of which, as Mr. Shorter says, "will live in our poetic anthologies forever."

Nor can one entirely agree with Mr. Shorter as to the mystery of Emily Brontë's personality. "Emily Brontë is the sphinx of our modern literature," again he phrases. "She came into being in the family of an obscure clergyman, and she went out of it at thirty years of age without leaving behind her one single significant record which was any key to her character or to her mode of thought"—save only, of course, her poetry. Mr. Shorter's own enthusiastic industry in collecting these hundreds of letters written by Charlotte Brontë to her friends, wherein her sister Emily is most intimately revealed, furnishes sufficient contradiction. Altho the references to Emily are comparatively few and brief, they are nevertheless illuminating; for Charlotte, whose melodramatic success in fiction never blinded her to Emily's higher poetic quality and astonishing potentialities, was equally clairvoyant in all personal matters concerning her great younger sister. Emily Brontë's biographer, Miss Mary F. Robinson, did not have access

to many of the letters now gathered together by Mr. Shorter, and her eloquent story is therefore incomplete and slightly mistaken. Two scraps of girlish diary, two short notes full of character, and the self-revelation of her poems and novel apart, it is after all through the medium of Charlotte that we must forever see Emily Brontë—in Charlotte's letters, in her famous introduction to "Wuthering Heights," and in the character of Shirley Keeldar, part drawn when Emily's dead body lay under the aisle of Haworth church, but when she was still a living presence in Charlotte's tortured memory.

The first significant glimpse of Emily Brontë in these volumes, however, is given not by Charlotte but by her lifelong friend and correspondent, Ellen Nussey. Miss Nussey, in describing a first visit to Haworth parsonage when Emily was about fifteen years old, writes: "Emily Brontë had by this time acquired a lithesome, graceful figure. She was the tallest person in the house, except her father. Her hair, which was naturally as beautiful as Charlotte's, was in the same unbecoming tight curl and frizz, and there was the same want of complexion. She had very beautiful eyes—kind, kindling, liquid eyes; but she did not often look at you: she was too reserved. Their color might be said to be dark grey, at other times dark blue, they varied so. She talked very little. . . . One long ramble made in these early days was far away over the moors, to a spot familiar to Emily and Anne, which they called 'The Meeting of the Waters.' . . . Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralizing on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand. . . . She had a gleesome delight in these works of beauty—her reserve for the time vanished." A poem written in Emily's sixteenth year already shows that "mastery" which, says Mrs. Ward, "distinguishes her verse from her sisters", and remains with any discriminating reader as the dominant impression of her work." Years later, when Charlotte Brontë went to London and first met George Henry Lewes, she wrote to this same friend, Ellen Nussey: "The aspect of Lewes's face almost moves me to tears; it is so wonderfully like Emily, her

*THE BRONTËS. LIFE AND LETTERS. Two volumes. By Clement Shorter. Scribner's.

†THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY BRONTË. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

eyes, her features, the very nose, the somewhat prominent mouth, the forehead, even, at moments, the expression: whatever Lewes does or says, I believe I cannot hate him."

Emily Brontë left her Yorkshire home just four times in her short life, to go to school and teach. Each time she sickened, not so much for home as for the moors, and not so much for the moors as for liberty. "Liberty," wrote Charlotte, "was the breath of Emily's nostrils. Without it she perished." In the Brussels school, where she went with Charlotte and succeeded in remaining seven or eight months, Professor Héger, who had her in charge, exclaimed: "She should have been a man! a great historian! a great navigator!" And he retreated, discomfited and amazed, before the challenge of her logic.

Nine months' servitude as a governess followed Emily Brontë's schooldays, of which time Charlotte writes: "My sister Emily is gone into a situation as teacher in a large school of near forty pupils, near Halifax. I have had one letter from her since her departure; it gives an appalling account of her duties—hard labor from six in the morning until near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she will never stand it."

Thereafter, as one of the three sisters must remain at home with the hypochondriacal father and the drunken brother, Emily chose the task; to bake and wash in the parsonage kitchen (with book propped up on the table beside her); patiently to lead the raving or maudlin Branwell safely to his bed late at night, until even she, with her large sympathy, must needs admit that he was a "hopeless being"; to tramp the barren moors for recreation, with her dog. In such an environment, "Wuthering Heights" was constructed, and the soul of Emily Brontë wrought itself into undying rhythmic form. It all seems tragically simple—and unsphinxlike!

For a time the Brontë sisters thought of opening a school in the unhealthy old parsonage at Haworth, and Emily's diary thus cheerfully records the failure of their plan: "I should have mentioned that last summer the school scheme was revived in full vigor. We had prospectuses printed, despatched letters to all acquaintances imparting our plans, and did our little all; but it was found no go. Now I don't desire a school at all, and none of us have any great longing for it. We have cash enough for our present wants, with a prospect of accumulation. We are all in decent health."

This was in the summer of 1845. In the fall of that year, Charlotte Brontë tells us, "I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy and elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication."

The result of this discovery was the little book of poems by "Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell," printed at the authors' expense, exactly two copies of which were sold the first year after publication. The verses of Charlotte and Anne were neither better nor worse than hundreds of others printed in their day, and this Charlotte knew full well; but she suffered for years from the neglect of Emily. As for Emily herself, "The Old Stoic," which Swinburne pronounces the most "personal and characteristic" of all her poems, perhaps best expresses her indifference. In Emily's desk, after her death, was found the clipping of a review giving pre-eminence to Charlotte in both verse and prose. As if in ironical comment, the "Last Lines" lay beside it.

The sisters' next literary adventure was the trio of novels—"The Professor," "Agnes Grey," and "Wuthering Heights." The two latter were not long in finding a "shuffling scamp" of a publisher; but "The Professor" finally reached the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., whose refusal to publish the novel "cheered the author" (to use her own words) "better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done." Within a month "Jane Eyre" was forwarded to the same firm, and shortly after published. "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" followed, both novels being advertised as earlier works by the author of "Jane Eyre"—a lie which has proved to be one of the most persistent spooks in English literature.

"Ellis Bell" was utterly unappreciated. "Currer" fumed and fretted in vain. "Blind is he as any bat, insensate as any stone, to the merits of Ellis," we find her writing of a

Spectator critic to Mr. W. S. Williams, the reader for Smith, Elder & Co. "He cannot feel or will not acknowledge that the very finish and *labor limæ* which Currer wants, Ellis has. . . . Because Ellis's poems are short and abstract, the critics think them comparatively insignificant and dull. They are mistaken." The sentimental melodrama of "Jane Eyre" was far more to the taste of both critics and public of 1848 than that singular combination of realism and tragic poetry, "Wuthering Heights."

In September, 1848, Branwell Brontë died; the father and Emily were released from their terrible night-watches; Emily could now come to her writing with unwearied brain and quiet nerves; but it was too late. The family heritage was hers—pain in the chest, cough, shortness of breath. She left the house only once after Branwell's death. On November second, Charlotte Brontë wrote to her good friend, Mr. Williams:

"I would fain hope that Emily is a little better this evening, but it is difficult to ascertain this. She is a real stoic in her illness: she neither seeks nor will accept sympathy. To put any questions, to offer any aid, is to annoy; she will not yield a step before pain or sickness till forced; not one of her ordinary avocations will she voluntarily renounce. You must look on and see her do what she is unfit to do, and not dare to say a word—a painful necessity for those to whom her health and existence are as precious as the life in their veins."

Emily Brontë's indomitable will was now set against "poisoning doctors," and Charlotte's letters become one cry of agony as she watches that lonely combat with death. "Would that my sister added to her many great qualities the humble one of tractability!" she writes. "I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in this world. . . . She is dear to me as life. . . . My sister would not see the most skilful physician in England if he were brought to her just now, nor would she follow his prescription."

Mr. Williams suggested consultation with a London doctor, and Charlotte broke away from Emily's control long enough to write a description of her symptoms. It is surely one of the most extraordinary statements that ever came into physician's hands. "Her pulse—the only time she allowed it to be felt—was found to be 115 per minute. . . . Her resolution to contend against illness being very fixed, she has never consented to lie in bed for a single day—she sits up from seven in the morning till ten at night. . . ." The London doctor sent some medicine, which Emily "would not take." "Day by day," wrote

Charlotte, later, looking back on that dark time, "when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked upon her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

On the very day of her death Emily Brontë rose, dressed herself, went downstairs alone and tried to sew. But she grew rapidly worse. At noon, pain broke her will, and she whispered to her sister, "If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now!" Before he came she was dead, half rising from her seat at the end of the struggle.

We learn from Charlotte that while physically Emily Brontë perished, "mentally she grew stronger than her sisters had yet known her," a conclusive proof of which are the "Last Lines" found in her desk. "Emily's religious faith," says Mrs. Ward, "was a mystery in life, but in dying she gave it voice, and it is the voice of her century." We quote in full:

"No coward soul is mine,

No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,

And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!

Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

"Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

"With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

"Thou earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed."

CATULLE MENDÈS, VENDER OF HONEY AND POISON

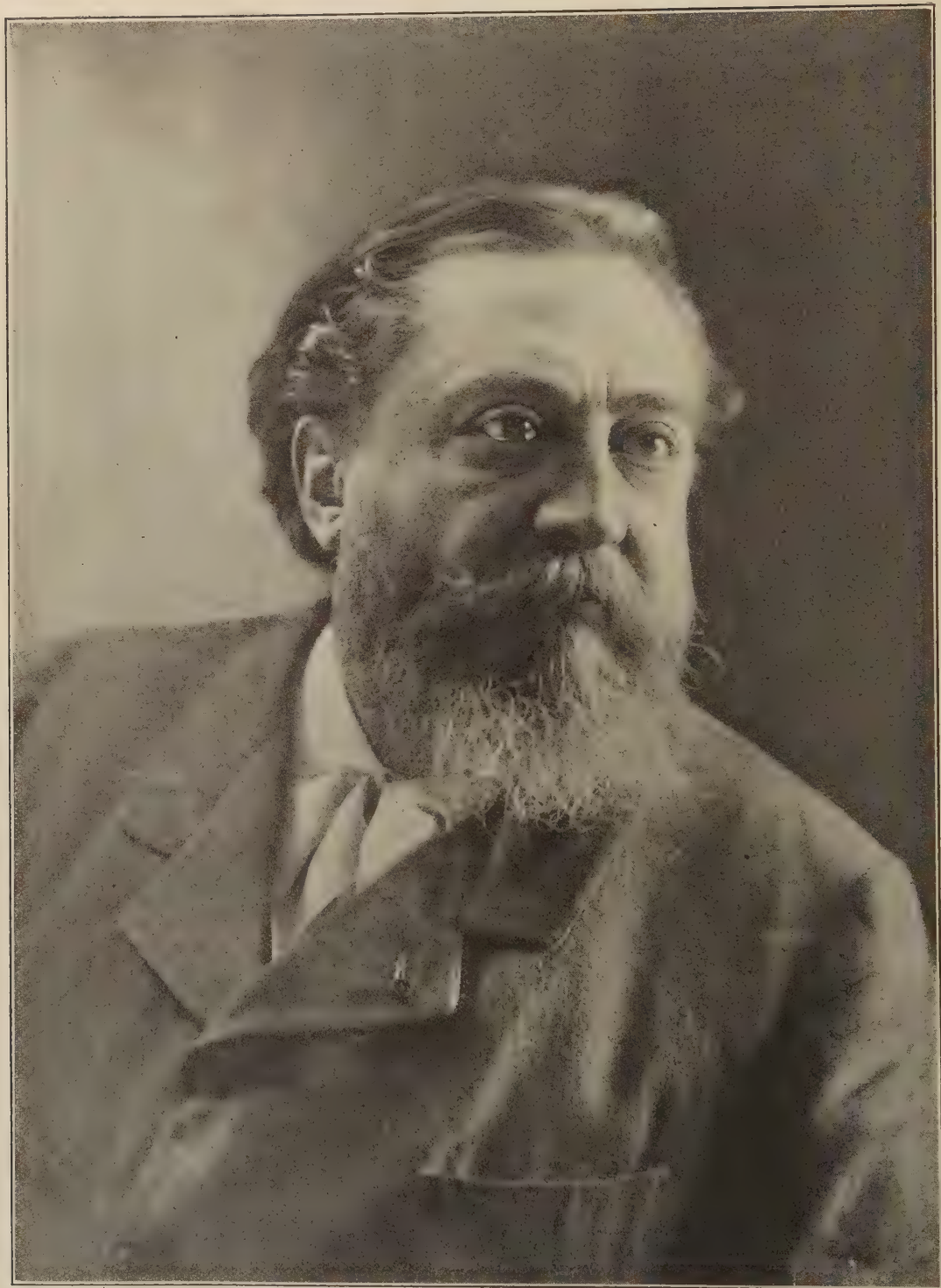


CATULLE MENDÈS, poet, critic, dramatist, friend of Verlaine and of Baudelaire, son-in-law to Gautier, head of the Parnassians, Wagner's critical precursor in France, the most brilliant talker, with one or two exceptions, perhaps, whom the modern world has known, he of whom George Moore has spoken as "the wickedest man in Paris," and whose exquisite prose and nobly chiseled verse Saint Beuve has likened to honey and poison—Catulle Mendès, master-decadent, king of the boulevard, is dead. His death, sudden and terrible, was as strange as his tales. He spent the forenoon of his last day at the rehearsal of his latest play, "Napoleon in Elba," and his afternoon had been given to polishing one of his poems, until, like all his published work, it was utterly perfect. In the evening he dined gayly with a friend, the Baron von Oppenheim, and cheerful, tho fatigued, he departed, and was found towards morning a bleeding corpse, mangled under the wheels of a train near his home. Some spoke of foul play, others of self-slaughter. Perhaps the poet, whose mysticism had grown upon him, immolated himself upon the altar of some cruel and mysterious god; perhaps it was only an accident—there is wide room for conjecture. Mendès was nearly seventy when he died, yet he may be said to have been cut off in his prime. For in late years this prodigious *causeur* and flawless virtuoso had wearied of brilliant and elegant trifles, of amorous tales, cynical and perverse, tho shot with beauty, and at the time of life when the pen falls from other hands he had begun to work on a larger and more serious scale than ever before. Ten thousand pages of admirable writing came and went with his books, and on hundreds of these pages was the stroke of wit and irony, the fanciful suggestion, the touch of caprice, the felicity of expression that gave them charm and distinction of a day. He himself, a writer in the Boston *Transcript* assures us, had no illusions about their importance or endurance; but in the last ten years of his life he created marvelous romantic and tragic plays cast in rich and free verse, vivid of atmosphere, poetic of speech and image, engrossing as dramatic narrations, by which he liked to believe another generation than his own would know and recall him. It would take his trifles as trifles, but it should admire his plays; yet "Queen Fiammetta" and "Saint

Theresa" (reproduced in the pages of this magazine) made no deep impression on the Parisians, who preferred the Mendès who diverted them to the Mendès who would impress them. They liked his little pieces better than his dramas in "six acts"; his pastels and fantasies and anecdotes better than his large romantic canvases. They cherished the wit, the ironist, the playful cynic, the writer of amorous divertimenti, the lyric poet. He amused and piqued. He charmed and he delighted. He was a daily and distinguished figure of Paris, whose routine he loved and whose temper he could feel with sensitive finger, and he plucked the flowers of each day's reward. "Perhaps," the *Transcript* writer concludes, "to a man of his temperament, they were more satisfying than a wreath of immortelles."

Mendès has been called nearly a great poet, as he was nearly an Academician. His production was enormous, rivaling in bulk Hugo's and Balzac's. He was a poet, playwright, short story writer and critic far above the average; but, in the opinion of many of his contemporaries, he failed to achieve lasting distinction in any quarter. He was the victim of his facility and his phenomenal cleverness. It has been said of him that he wrote as well as any of the masters; but that he never strode out for himself, that he was a sedulous ape in the sense of Stevenson's own confession, but that, unlike Stevenson, he remained to the end a parrot of genius. The man who thus first summed up the achievements of Catulle Mendès has done him a horrible injustice; for, in the face of his many-sided endeavors, it seemed so true that it has been parroted in turn by every critic of Mendès living and Mendès dead. Only one critic, Percival Pollard, who is said to be partial to purple poets, hints that perhaps Mendès was the master of them all, and that he often surpassed those whose genius he had absorbed, vampire fashion. "If you have a genius for selection," he remarks in the *New York Times*, "you may be able to find in him stuff sufficient to dim the fame of Pierre Louys, of Loti, and of Anatole France. For he had the talent of all of them. Not the heart of Loti, but the talent, always the talent, quite as much as Anatole France. Some day you will see that."

Catulle Mendès, in Mr. Pollard's opinion, affords the greatest instance of the tragedy of cleverness in the history of literature. "He



THE WICKEDEST AND THE CLEVEREST MAN IN PARIS

The late Catulle Mendès, it has been said, could write like an angel, and again he could write like a devil. "He spilled the jewels of his poetry and of his prose so recklessly that eventually people forgot they were jewels. He lived to see men of far less talent become great figures of international renown."

could write in one hundred different manners; he was everything; he could be any artist he chose—he could write like an angel, and again he could write like a very devil.”

“He spilled the jewels of his poetry and of his prose so recklessly that eventually people forgot they were jewels. He lived to see men of far less talent become great figures of international renown, the while he remained—just Mendès, Mendès, the dramatic critic of a great daily paper, the *Journal*; Mendès, the playwright; Mendès, the author of thousands of beautiful pages that no proper young girl would allow her mother to read.

“He was an artist of the sort whom we do not know at all in America, unless we think of our brothers Saltus. . . . Here was a man of letters of such amazing versatility that it would beggar our type to list the things he wrote in poetry and prose, creative and critical. Yet the punishment for his absolute devotion to a strictly unmoral art was that the majority, as they knew him at all, knew him as a man of vast talent who had, somehow, reached a definite impasse in the world.

“He was branded, ticketed, and pigeon-holed. A man who wrote gem-like stories and poems, of an eroticism, and of what New England calls immorality, that put him beyond the pale of international appreciation. Yet, on the other hand, he never descended to the sheer lust or gay madness of a Paul De Kock or a Gyp; he had too much art for that. He strewed his way with flowers fully as evil and as beautiful as those of Baudelaire.

“Always one comes, in his case, to one comparison or another. That, all his days, was the fly in the amber of his art. He had pages, like the pages of Verlaine, like the pages of our own Austin Dobson; if he had one artistic god more than another Shakespeare was he; and on one occasion he wrote exactly like Edmond Rostand. Like Stevenson, he was a sedulous ape; but often he surpassed the writer whom he was aping. He took beauty where he found it, used it, made it his own. Like all great artists, he took his own where he pleased.”

Greek and Hebrew were strangely blended in the poet's blood. At twelve he wrote a skit produced on the boards; at eighteen he edited a magazine, *La Revue Fantaisiste*, and was jailed for a poem audaciously erotic, altho Baudelaire and Daudet were his spokesmen before the court. It was Mendès who many years later printed the conclusion of Zola's “L'Assommoir” after a weekly which had begun it grew afraid of the story. And it was Mendès who fathered the Parnassian school. The Parnassians, remarks Mr. Pollard, to whom we are partly indebted for the above information, came to suppress banal and absurd sentiment and to substitute in its stead “pure form and exquisite virtuosity.” To quote again:

“Clad gayly in their youth and their ambition, these young men tramped over the old formulas and the old respectabilities. With Whistler they spoke unkindly of the sunset, and with Rimbaud they named the colors of music, which Rene Ghil was

later to modify to suit himself. For the sound and fury of the lesser Hugos the Parnassians substituted the haunting melodies and accomplished arts of Mendès and De Banville; for the soiled linen and unkempt hair of the neo-Muergers they substituted the golden syllables from the golden mouth of Mendès.

“Verlaine himself wrote no more delicate verse than Mendès. He could be of a cloying aristocracy, as exquisite and as delightful as Dobson; as diseased as Rimbaud. A smiling morbidezza informed his art; he was the Pierrot of French letters—a Pierrot passionate, who yet never believed in passion. He had the look and the air of a Christ who exhaled the seven deadly sins.”

So passionate was his literary sincerity that he fought many duels, with critical opponents and was almost mortally wounded in a combat originating in a difference of opinion with regard to Sarah Bernhardt's presentation of Hamlet. He believed in nothing but beauty, and if you would have confronted him with a New Englander preaching ethics and morality, Catulle Mendès, Mr. Pollard insists, would not have known the language. “Corruption was the essence of his art, true; corruption and beauty. It depended on the point of view. To him it was never anything but beauty. He started Verlaine upon the Parnassian way; also Maeterlinck, and Jean Moréas, and Mallarmé. First Verlaine was acknowledged the prince of Paris poets; the official mantle was passed on to Mallarmé. Mendès saw them both die, without taking the mantle from them. He was by then too sunk in his beautiful prosperity. Which the others still called corruption. He wrote, in the *Journal*, a beautiful, wonderful review of his brother Richépin's play, ‘La Chemineau’; Paris read it, but forgot, somehow, the brilliant master of prose who wrote the review.” Paris, the writer goes on to say, became too accustomed to Mendès. “It knew he was the cleverest man in Paris, but he was clever in too many ways. Plays, poems, novels, stories, sketches of no more than a page in length, exquisite as cameos or enamels set in jewels, critiques, anything and everything, all brilliant, all flawless, all utterly without purpose or moral. His art was corrupt, said one side of the world. Beauty, then, is surely corrupt, for it was beauty he worshipped.”

Catulle Mendès, it has been pointed out, loved music very tenderly. He often gave the best of his genius to it, and at all times judged it with profound competence. “There are few of our great composers of today,” *The Musical Courier* declares, “who have not, once at least, owed part of their glory to the winged muse of this poet.”

Religion and Ethics

THE REVIVAL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

HE past few months have been signalized by a notable awakening of the evangelistic spirit in various parts of the country. Saint George's Episcopal Church, in New York, started the crusade with indoor services and outdoor parades led by the Rev. W. J. Dawson. Cleveland, Ohio, followed with enthusiastic efforts to "live like Christ" for two weeks. Thousands of people in Pittsburgh and St. Louis have been flocking to hear "Gipsy Smith." In Spokane and other cities of the far Northwest, the Rev. "Billy" Sunday has had no trouble filling large halls. The movement has culminated in recent evangelistic meetings held in Boston under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Charles M. Alexander, and described as the largest and most successful since the Moody and Sankey revivals of thirty-five years ago.

The success of the new crusade makes it clear that, despite statements to the contrary, the religious revival still exerts a commanding influence over the masses of mankind. The Boston campaign, in particular, awakened an intensity of popular feeling that promises to be lasting. Yet the movement, as a whole, has been subjected to a steady fire of criticism. The opinion is freely expressed, both in religious and secular journals, that evangelism of the old sort has fulfilled its mission, and in this twentieth century has no place.

"The modern mind," says the Rev. Dr. H. M. J. Klein, in the *Reformed Church Quarterly*, "resents the obtrusiveness of the revival method." He continues:

"The relation of a man to his God is so deep, personal, intimate and sacred a thing that the self-respecting man shrinks from dragging it out into the public gaze. No man of really fine feeling carries his heart upon his coat-sleeve or flaunts to the crowd the most sacred things in his own life, nor dare he find it in his heart to press or demand such a public revelation from others. A man who deeply reverences personality will not do that. The more deeply sensitive he is to the eternal significance of the religion of the considerate Jesus, the less will he be inclined to force his way into the secret recesses of another's heart. If there is one thing the man of fine grain dreads in himself and in others, it is this trifling play upon, this ruthless overriding of, the personality of another. A deepening sense is growing upon thoughtful men of the sacredness of the personal relation between a man and his God.

It is not a thing for public gaze. It is not a question solved in a moment by the waving of a handkerchief. It is not a matter of unrestrained emotion or dramatic convulsion. The kingdom of God came not as the Jews expected through some cataclysmic stroke out of the sky. It came as the seed that bore first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. It grew as all fellowship grows, as all true relationships ripen. See how unobtrusively God works in human hearts! See how unobtrusively Jesus led men into the Kingdom! If we understand the method of Jesus aright it conforms to the truth promulgated by modern psychology that strong character appears normally in the growth of calm and disciplined habits of religion."

The Boston *Transcript* echoes these words; and William Marion Reedy voices similar sentiments in the *St. Louis Mirror*. He says:

"What effervesces suddenly, as suddenly goes flat and stale. Exaltation is followed by depression. Still, it is good that people can be stirred by the thing that can stir them—a sunset, a poem, a statue, the story of a great deed or a great sorrow, a revivalist even. *De gustibus*, etc. But a crowd as a crowd may mean many things; it mostly means one thing only—curiosity. But able men testify to the revivalist's power, how about that? Able men believed in Psalmanazar, in Cagliostro, in John Law, in Joanna Southcote, in Sojourner Truth, the ebon sybil, in Alexander Dowie—all persons of power, all claimants, like the revivalist, to 'power from on high.' Ingersoll had power—at a dollar per pow-wow for each hearer. The demonic Debs has power to make men see red—not as the symbol of shed blood, but of brotherhood. The revivalist is no miracle. The revival is no novelty introduced by Protestantism. Catholicism has always had its 'retreats'—some of eloquence, some of silence. All religions have had their ecstasies and powerful preaching excitants of ecstasy. There were the orgies of Dionysios, the saturnalia of Saturn, the bacchanalia of Bacchus, and the people who cast themselves under Jugger-naut's car. There were corybantic philosophers on street corners in ancient Rome, whipping with words their auditors into confessions and 'testimonies.' Modern revivalists have invented nothing new. People are much the same as they were in the days of old. The majority of them do not think. Get them into a crowd and they fall in with the purpose of those who know what they want to do. They yield to the emotion they fix their attention upon. They give themselves even before the player upon them 'gets them,' the more completely as the man concentrating their attention has what we call personality, or magnetism. They collaborate with him who focuses their attention, to their own emotional undoing, quite independent of the doctrine preached. No, indeed; I don't think much of revivals or of revivalists as factors for permanent good."

It needs to be pointed out, however, that the

revival meetings of the twentieth century are very different from those of the past. Neither of the writers quoted takes sufficient account of this fact. There is less talk of "conversions" nowadays, and less hysteria. "We are living in the midst of a great revival of religion," Dr. Lyman Abbott asserts (in *The Outlook*); "but it is a revival of ethical purpose, not of spiritual emotion. And this is the kind we need," he continues, "less the creation of a new spiritual force than the application to present social conditions of spiritual forces already in existence." Dr. Abbott illustrates this contention by a reference to his own experience:

"For the last ten years my ministerial service has been rendered almost exclusively in colleges; and it has consisted not merely in talking to students, but in talking with them. During that time I do not recall that a single student has asked me, 'What shall I do to be saved?' but hundreds have asked me, 'What can I do to save others?' The current questions are not, What must I do to get to heaven? but, What can I do to bring the kingdom of heaven to the earth?"

In this connection it should be noted that two of the four evangelists now in the public eye are men of a rather practical turn of mind. Mr. Dawson has even tried to combine the gospel message with the results of the higher criticism, and Dr. Chapman discourages emotional displays. Of the Chapman method a writer in *The Christian Advocate* gives the following account:

"Dr. Chapman, who must stand as the type of the whole movement, has revealed a marvelously winning personality. Calm, simple, direct, poised, always busy, never hurried, he has kept the movement absolutely free from 'excitement,' 'cant' and nerve strain, always encouraging calmness and deliberation. He has neither 'set traps' nor used doubtful devices. His message has been clear, direct, convincing, uncontroversial. He never antagonizes. He has undoubtedly brought all churches and religious people nearer together than ever before in any similar movement. The community in its totality seems to have adapted the movement as its own. There seems to have been on the part of the community as a social whole the emergence of a sense of conscious need of moral treatment, and a universal desire for this movement to result in awakening people to higher and better things."

To this should be added the testimony of a Boston paper, bearing on the main tendencies of the Chapman-Alexander campaign:

"It is not an old-fashioned 'revival,' in which the personal element was the most conspicuous. It is a concerted action of Christian churches, through their lay membership, for the advancement of the cause of Christ here at home in the amelioration of the condition of our people, and abroad through the

promulgation of the doctrine of good-will to all men.

"As one of the speakers at a recent meeting said, 'We cannot express the Christian power in the old terms of divine sovereignty, we cannot proclaim the Christian salvation in the old terms of Christian atonement. We cannot awaken men's horror and pity with the old term of eternal punishment, and if our conception of religion has changed, how much more has our view of the world? We don't see its needs as the elders saw it, we do not believe that the race fell at its birth, and is getting worse near its close, but that from the beginning it has been an aspiring and ascending race.'

"It is this liberal, 'all-enveloping temper' of the leaders of this movement which exemplifies its force and foreshadows its ultimate influence."

Revivals conceived and carried through in this spirit are not open to the old objections. Their beneficial results, it appears to *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), will far outweigh the evil. "Some souls," the same paper remarks, "will be hurt but more souls will be helped. Some will live for a little time upon the heights to which they are called, and then because of instability, or because the sustaining hand is removed, they will fall back, discouraged and disheartened. And yet even this experience is not all bad; it is good to have had a taste even of something better than the deadly routine of sin, and it is possible that this taste may so linger as to furnish new incentive in the future to try again. And of the many who are lifted to the heights, some will abide and add to the permanent forces of righteousness in the community." The Boston *Congregationalist* declares:

"Churches, like ships, sometimes become becalmed or they encounter some obstacle on which they seem to be stranded. How to get over the bar—that is the question. The breeze is not strong enough to fill the sails, or the machinery sufficiently powerful to stir the hulk—but wait! the tide is coming in, that mighty force which 'draws from out the boundless deep' will soon surround the vessel, and what had proved difficult or impossible before, comes to pass easily and naturally. In many a church in Greater Boston the general quickening of spiritual interest has widely re-enforced local agencies, heartened discouraged laborers, produced a new consciousness of power and projected before the vision new and commanding objectives of individual and social service.

"In many a home there is a new note of joy, an unprecedented measure of harmony. Some of the happiest men we have met the last week have been fathers whose children, in their teens, have just taken their first stand for Christ. Reared in Christian homes, regular in attendance upon church and Sunday school, these young people seem to have been waiting for something to serve as an occasion for taking a decided position. Now the hour has struck, and children and parents are rejoicing together. There are other homes in which religion has seldom been mentioned hitherto, or in which it has been a divisive rather than a uniting influence, where the atmosphere has been transformed. The fre-

quency with which Dr. Chapman has urged the duty of becoming a Christian for the sake of others in the family has had due effect. Household religion will gain proportionately throughout Greater Boston.

"Enough of the flotsam and jetsam of the city has been reached to prove anew that the Christian

religion can cleanse and uplift the wanderer and the outcast. We need these conspicuous demonstrations from time to time of the fact that the gospel is a remedial force, and that no one can sink so low or become so estranged and corrupt as to be past hope of redemption."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC REPLY TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

LL who have followed the growth of Christian Science will be interested in one of the strongest arguments against the new cult so far promulgated. It appears during the course of a debate between the Christian Science leader, Mr. W. D. McCrackan, and that doughty champion of Roman Catholicism, the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, LL.D., editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Years ago Dr. Lambert broke lances with Ingersollism. Now he has entered the lists against Christian Science, and formulates the reply of the oldest to the youngest of the churches.

The debate, which took place in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, and has lately been reprinted in book form* with the indorsement of Archbishop Farley and a preface by Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, originated in a letter from Mr. McCrackan to Dr. Lambert protesting against editorial misrepresentations of Christian Science. The Christian Scientist asked for space to state his position. This Dr. Lambert willingly granted, on the principle that "the best way to defend a true system or refute a false one is to let them be seen as they really are, and deal with them on that basis."

The three fundamental doctrines of Christian Science, and the points at which it diverges most sharply from accepted beliefs, may be said to lie in its teaching (1) that God is All-in-All and that God is Mind; (2) that evil is a creation of mortal mind, of the same nature as any delusion or nightmare; and (3) that disease can be cured by the affirmation of spiritual wholeness. It is around these three points that the discussion between Mr. McCrackan and Dr. Lambert mostly turns; it is against their general truth that the Roman Catholic editor directs his strongest shafts.

According to Mr. McCrackan, "Christian Science teaches that there is but one God, a God Who is Infinite Spirit and Creator, the universe, including man, consisting of an infinite number of expressions of this One Spirit." This conception of God seems to approach the Christian concept; but actually, Dr. Lambert contends, it is something very different. As he puts it:

"You say 'God is Infinite Spirit.' Why not say an infinite Spirit? Why persist in avoiding the individual article an? You say 'God is Infinite Creator,' but in the same sentence you deny that He is Creator when you say the universe, man included, consists of an infinite number of expressions of the One Spirit, or God. If by 'expression' you mean that the universe, with all its phenomena of changes and individuations, is only subjective changes and evolutions of the Deity, you should say it frankly, as the Pantheists do, and take your place among them, and drop the word Creator from your philosophy. If you mean by the word Creator what Christian philosophy means by it—the production by God, from nothing, of things distinct from Himself—you should drop the term 'expression' and use the word Creator. Exact science does not tolerate the use of both these terms in the same sense. Not the least objection to Christian Scientists is their misuse or vague, non-committal use of terms; it is characteristic of all their literature."

Christian Science, Mr. McCrackan asserts, "does not deny the existence of the universe. It does not question the reality of a single object in the universe. But it teaches that this reality is an expression of Mind, and not matter." But this statement, Dr. Lambert holds, is a mere subterfuge. "There can be no doubt," he observes, "that Christian Science denies the reality of the universe in the sense that Christians affirm it. In saying it is an expression of Mind they deny its creation; in saying it is not matter they contradict the common sense of mankind." The argument proceeds:

"Christian Science denies the real existence of the typewriter by means of which Mr. McCrackan wrote his letter, and the paper on which he wrote it, and the train that brought it to us. All these, it tells us, are mere mental expressions, having no real existence outside of and distinct from the Divine

*CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BEFORE THE BAR OF REASON. By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Edited by the Rev. A. S. Quinlan. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

Mind. The bullet that entered the body of President McKinley was only an idea of a bullet existing in the Divine Mind, as was also the President, and the assassin who killed him, and the chair in which that assassin sat to receive the idea of a death shock from an idea of electricity, is only the idea of a chair, existing nowhere but in the Divine Mind. And the human mind that believes in the material reality of the bullet that killed, and the wretch who shot it, and the chair that he sat in, and the electricity that killed him, is, according to Christian Science, a mind victimized by delusions and hallucinations. The assassination was, in reality, only a clash of incompatible ideas in the divine mind, and one of them went down into the idea of a grave, which also exists only in the divine mind; and the idea of a Government of the State of New York sent the other antagonistic idea to the divine idea of a grave. And the idea of the world will continue to revolve—in the One Mind—as heretofore."

From this fantastic statement of the implications of Christian Science, Dr. Lambert passes on to an affirmation that the new creed is sheer Pantheism. The very essence of Pantheism, according to his definition, is the denial of the creative act. "Those who hold to that ism," he remarks, "do not say that God is in matter, but that all that is, is God; that all the phenomena of which we are conscious are but the visible unfolding or evolution of the divine nature, as the rose unfolds itself, all unconscious of what it does; and this universe, as seen by us, is to God what the surface of the ocean is to the ocean, whose waves and bubbles rise and fall back into it, never ceasing in all their changes to be a part of it. Pantheism looks on the universe and all its changes—including thought—as phases or forms of the Divine Being, evolving and ever to evolve or unfold, by a fatal necessity." But this is precisely what Christian Science teaches. Addressing himself directly to Mr. McCrackan, Dr. Lambert says:

"As you deny the existence of all spirits except the Infinite Spirit, and deny the existence of the material world also, there remains nothing in existence but the Infinite Spirit; hence you can, by the term 'expression' mean only some form, state or change of this Spirit Himself. The term 'expression,' then, in your sense, clashes with creation; it goes further, and denies creation, leaving nothing but subjective change, development or evolution of the Infinite Being. This is Pantheism pure and simple. You may not intend this, but it is the inevitable conclusion from your Christian Science principles."

"You confirm this conclusion when you say: 'The only real universe is mental. Things are thoughts.' That is, thoughts in the mind of God. If things are nothing more than thoughts, existing only in the Divine Mind, then things—this universe—is eternal, for God's thoughts are eternal and unchangeable. Consequently, there never has been a creation; for, had there been, there would be something more than thoughts. There would be thoughts plus their realization in time and space by the crea-

tive act. You see, then, that when you deny the existence of everything but thought, you deny creation. It will not do to say that God created His thoughts, for that would necessarily imply that He had to do something—create—before He could think—a supposition too absurd for a sane mind. To say, therefore, that only divine thoughts exist is to deny creation and fall into Pantheism. While you hold such views you should eliminate the term 'creation' from your Christian Science vocabulary; it has no place there whatever.

"In contrast with this is Christian philosophy, which teaches that from all eternity the archetypes, patterns or exemplars of all things that have real, substantial existence were in the divine mind, as the plan of a yet unbuilt palace is in the mind of the architect, and that by the creative act of Divine Omnipotence copies or replicas of these eternal archetypes were brought from nothing into real being, separate and distinct from their Creator. Here it will be seen that the creative act is the mark of distinction between Christian teaching and Pantheism in all its forms, including Christian Science as one of its forms."

Proceeding to an examination of the Christian Science attitude toward evil and "mortal mind," Dr. Lambert quotes this statement of Mr. McCrackan's:

"The use of the word 'Mind' in Christian Science deserves special notice. Spelled with a capital M it is synonymous with Spirit. Thus God is spoken of as Mind or Spirit. Spelled with a small letter, mind is used to designate that human mind which rises in rebellion against the Divine Mind—that mortal mind which attempts to counterfeit the Immortal Mind. This Mortal Mind is the 'carnal mind,' spoken of by Paul, and is the fruitful source of all sin and sickness. It is—not to put too fine a point upon it—the lying serpent, the devil, which tries to separate man from his Creator."

This method of distinguishing the Divine Mind from the human mind is credited by Dr. Lambert with originality, if with nothing else. But it leads, he thinks, to an identification, rather than to a differentiation, of the two kinds of mind. For if the Divine Mind is *all*, how can the existence of mortal mind be even imagined? To quote verbatim:

"The logical conclusion is that the human mind, alias mortal mind, alias the lying spirit, alias the devil, is an expression or mode of the Divine Mind. It cannot be anything separate and distinct from the Divine Mind, since according to the writer above quoted, what ever is not that Mind or a mode of it is absolute nothingness. A further conclusion is that sin, sickness, the spirit of rebellion and counterfeiting, the lying serpent and the devil, are in and of the Divine Mind and have no existence outside of it. They are all, therefore, Divine in their nature, as the Mind of which they are but an expression or mode is Divine. The Universe, including man, is only an eternal thought existing in the Divine Mind, having no corresponding external reality. All the evils of this life of our conscience existence, sin, sickness, pain and death are only ideas in the Divine Mind! Such, it seems to us, is the god whom the

Christian Scientists call Infinite Love, Perfection and Truth!"

There is, we are told, no escape from this dilemma. Either "mortal mind" was created by God, or it was not. According to Christian Science, it was not. The sole remaining alternative is that of an uncreated mind apart from God. Dr. Lambert says:

"You tell us that this being was not created by God. As it could not create itself it is, therefore, eternal, because uncreated. You have then an eternal liar eternally facing and defying God; one the origin of good, and the other the origin of evil. This dualism is the necessary result of what you say of mortal mind. It is Manichæism, that combination of Magism and Buddhism that was condemned by the Christian Church in the third century."

In his consideration of the therapeutic methods on which so much of the success of Christian Science rests, Dr. Lambert has little or nothing to say of the results accomplished. He makes some telling points, however, against the theories that underlie the methods. When Mr. McCrackan urges, "It does not appear that Christ and the Apostles taught that God healed the sick by material means," he replies: "Neither does it appear that they taught that God appeased the hunger of the hungry by material means. There was no need to teach what everybody understood and believed. The fact that our Lord and His Apostles did not contradict the common and universal belief is the best possible proof that the belief corresponded with the truth." He goes on to argue:

"When the deaf, the dumb, the blind and the paralyzed came to Him to be healed, what more opportune time could there be to correct the errors of their 'mortal minds' by telling them that their diseases were only in their deluded minds and not in their bodies, for they had no bodies to be diseased, no ears to be deaf, no eyes to be blind, no limbs to be paralyzed. Instead, however, of talking in this Christian Science vein, our Lord received the sick and treated the diseases they complained of as real bodily diseases, and used His supernatural power to miraculously heal them. The leper said: 'Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean.' And Jesus put forth His Hand and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean,' and immediately the leprosy was cleansed.—Matt. viii. 3. No suggestion here of error of the leper's mortal mind. All is real, both the leprosy and the miraculous cure."

The Christian Science theory of healing, it is contended, can not claim a New Testament basis. It involves its exponents, moreover, in a dilemma almost as bewildering as that raised by the theory of "mortal mind." For Christian Scientists, be it remembered, teach that the material body, even when eaten by cancer or tortured by pain, has no real existence out-

side the mind, and that as existing in the mind it is a delusion, a phantom lie told by the mortal mind to itself. They teach that the testimony of the five senses, which bear witness to the reality of our material bodies and the material universe about us, is not good testimony, for it has to be constantly corrected. And yet they at the same time claim—in proof of their doctrines—that they have effected many cures. Dr. Lambert points out:

"Now these three positions make it necessary for the Christian Scientists to answer the following questions: How can their claim to have healed diseases be proved? How can they get their evidence present to our consciousness, or before the court of our mind, except through the senses? And if we cannot rely on the testimony of our senses how can we know that the cures they claim to have effected are real cures and not delusions?"

In illustration of his point, Dr. Lambert offers the following short dialog:

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:—We have cured many diseases.

"CHRISTIAN:—Give us a case in proof.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:—Well, there is the case of John Doe, who had a cancer on his cheek. You see, it is now entirely healed. Nothing but a scar remains.

"CHRISTIAN:—It would seem so, and I would be inclined to believe it were it not that you have told me that my senses are not to be trusted. My senses are the only means by which I can know that the cancer has been healed. Now, as you say they deceive me, I cannot say on their testimony that I know anything about the cure which you speak of. Therefore, until you admit that my senses are credible witnesses, I cannot admit any of your claimed cures.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:—But I can bring many other cases.

"CHRISTIAN:—But the same difficulty remains as in the cancer case. Before your cures can be proved to me you must admit that my senses are reliable witnesses, and if they be reliable enough to prove your cancer cure they are equally reliable when they tell me that the cancer was a real one and that the body it was on is a real material body, and not a mere idea existing in some mind. You cannot use the testimony of the senses to prove your claimed cures, and reject it when it disproves your doctrine. It is good in either case, or it is good in neither."

The attempt to give Christian Science philosophy a Christian purpose, direction and end is pronounced by Dr. Lambert utterly futile. "It is the antithesis of Christianity," he says. He sums up the whole matter thus:

"Christian Scienceism is a revulsion against gross materialism. It is the opposite extreme. Materialism denies the existence of everything that is not matter; Christian Scienceism denies the existence of everything that is not spirit or mind. They are both errors, equidistant from the truth, which is that both material and spiritual beings exist."

A NEW "ALTAR TO THE UNKNOWN GOD"



WORK of rare beauty and fascination, unique in contemporary literature, has lately appeared in England. It is entitled "The New Word," and its author is Allen Upward, a London barrister. The book first saw the light in Geneva. It wore an outlandish garb, and was issued anonymously. Yet it instantly challenged the attention of serious critics. William Archer, the English translator of Ibsen, was especially impressed by its merits, and wrote of it enthusiastically in a London morning paper. Another writer, in a Theosophical magazine, paid it a high tribute of praise. The volume was republished in London,* this time with the author's name, and it has had a remarkable reception. The editor of *Public Opinion* thinks that it deserves the next Nobel prize awarded for "the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency." Such recognition would be singularly appropriate in view of the fact that the idea of the book was suggested by the provisions of the Nobel will, and that it is written in the form of an "Open Letter" to the Swedish Academy in Stockholm.

The "new word" of Mr. Upward's title is idealism, and the book is throughout a passionate plea for an idealistic, as opposed to a materialistic and utilitarian, view of life. It is to the future, to "the unfettered mind" and "undying verihood," that the author makes his appeal. "I am writing against what is falsely called Science," he says, "as well as against what is falsely called Religion. I am thinking of the new shell as well as of the old. I am looking a thousand years ahead. . . . I have seen an altar to the unknown God."

At the outset of his argument, Mr. Upward pays his respects to Alfred Nobel as a man idealistic in the highest and truest sense. He was deeply moved, he says, when he first read the terms of the Nobel will. Nobel seemed to him the first philanthropist who had taken into consideration not merely the laggards of humanity, but its forerunners. There are two kinds of outcasts, Mr. Upward reminds us. Man, in his march out of the darkness into light, throws out a vanguard and a rearguard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns alike those who are too good for it and those who are too bad. On

its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side.

The mood of humanity towards the poet, Mr. Upward declares, is "that of the schoolboy towards the butterfly—without pity but without malice." Towards the prophet "it is that of the sick child towards the physician—one of angry resistance." Mr. Upward continues:

"There is no more pitiful sight than this; mankind suffers under no such curse; it is the tragedy of the world, the stoning of the messenger of good tidings. 'Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.' Alas! it is in sacrifice to the dead prophet that the living prophet is offered up.

"There is no instinct much more deeply rooted in the heart of man than this old cannibal one that the suffering of the best man is for the benefit of mankind. 'I exiled Dante,' exults proud Florence, 'and lo! the Divine Comedy.' 'I hounded forth Mohammed,' boasts Mecca, 'and here is Islam.' It needs a Diagoras to ask where are the votive offerings of those who were wrecked. It takes a Nobel to discern the difference to mankind between the labors of Hercules and the agony of the Meriah. . . . Nobel himself was branded as a dreamer. There were those ready to insinuate that he had not been in his right mind. . . . Nobel wished to give eight thousand pounds a year among the writers of new texts. That was his dream. His madness lay there. Humanity is not mad to spend one hundred millions a year on phonographs. Nobel was mad to offer these few thousands for a living voice."

If the idealist of our day is compelled to work "like the medieval chemist, by stealth and in dread of men," it is because, in Mr. Upward's opinion, humanity, as a whole, suffers from a grievous disease. This disease is Fixity—the notion that the world can stand still and that truth is somehow dangerous. And Christianity is largely to blame for this state of mind. "Falsehood," Mr. Upward asserts, "is found in every religion, but only in Christianity is it the foundation of religion. The first word of Buddhism is Know. The first word of Christianity is Believe. And the merit lies not in believing what is true, but in believing what is false. The greater the falsehood the greater the faith. As one of themselves has written, 'I believe because it is impossible.'"

The anti-scientific instinct, which Christianity has hallowed as the cardinal virtue, is therefore not the fear that science may be wrong, but that it may be right. When the

*THE NEW WORD. By Allen Upward. London: A. C. Fifield.

geologists found out that the earth was more than 5,804 years old, many good men thought them mistaken because the margin of the English Bible had fixed the date of creation at 4004 B.C. When the good men had it shown to them that this date rested on Archbishop Usher's authority, and not on God's, they held their peace and let the geologists go on. But they did not thank the geologists. Their feeling was that the geologists had been very rash and presumptuous, and that they would have done much better to keep their discoveries to themselves. The idea that Heaven means us to learn its ways; that its first commandment is, *Thou shalt learn*; and that such learners as Copernicus and Linné and Darwin have rendered more faithful service than a great multitude of saints and Puritans, never even entered their heads.

Such is the disease. Humanity is growing ashamed of it, and may in time learn to overcome it, but the disease is still here. Only the other day an Anglo-Roman priest, with all the impressiveness at his command, told his congregation: "We must face the truth about our documents." In making this statement he revealed, all unconsciously, the low plane on which the church moves, as compared even with the professions and sciences. "Fancy a teacher of medicine," Mr. Upward exclaims, "saying to his class: 'We must face the truth about our drugs.' Fancy a lecturer on astronomy telling his hearers: 'We must face the truth about the stars.' What should we think of the counsel who said to his client in open court: 'We must face the truth about our evidence.' What would a tradesman think of the banknote handed to him by a customer with the remark, 'I must face the truth about this note.'"

Again, and within the last year or two, a paper was read at a great church congress in England on the question of religious teaching in the public schools. The argument of the paper was on this wise: When the boys to whom we have taught religion in the schools go on to the universities, and find out that educated men no longer believe what we have taught them, they turn round and despise us for having taught them falsely; what then is the least truth that we must teach them in the schools, so as not to be despised by them after they have gone to the universities? This was the question raised by the paper and discussed by the delegates. It was not a question of how much truth they *might* teach the boys, but how little truth they *must* teach. No one in that congress even dared to suggest that the whole truth should be taught.

Now all this betokens the virulence and deep-seatedness of the disease. Mr. Upward says:

"If the sufferers from this disease were asked to diagnose it they would most likely answer that fuller knowledge tends to make men lose faith. Their reasoning seems to be somewhat after this fashion: 'I believe that God made the earth, and made it flat; if I now learn that it is not flat, I shall cease to believe that it was made by God.' Through the last few centuries we seem to hear a succession of men crying out, after each fresh discovery of verihood, 'The earth moves; therefore there is no God!'—'The earth is millions of years old; therefore there is no God!'—'The Buddha was a great and good man; therefore there is no God!'—'There are traces of more than one hand in the writing of the Pentateuch; therefore there is no God!' Such a frame of mind can hardly be called faith. The man who holds to his God by a single hair, ready to let go if it should turn out that there is something in wireless telegraphy, or that there are no whales in the Mediterranean sea, is surely not far removed from an infidel."

With all his heart Mr. Upward protests against the "terrier and rat" attitude toward truth. He hopes for a time when we shall value truth for its own sake, and honor the man who bears it, instead of hounding him. The truth may be subversive; it may bring with it all sorts of pain and trouble. That is no matter. If it is the truth, we need it. Mr. Upward has no patience with such sayings as Tennyson's—

"Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views."

Such advice is well-meant, but, from Mr. Upward's point of view, it is eternally false. He writes:

"The poet who gave that advice acted like a physician who would give the patient up. It is easy to see what was in his mind. If the bandages that have been used to stunt the growth of the Chinese girl's foot are removed in later life, the effort of the foot to regain its natural growth and shape causes her intense pain. It was that pain which the last generation had to suffer when it read Darwin's book.

"And this explanation shows us the ultimate nature of the disease which the Idealist is called in to cure."

In further elucidation of his attitude, Mr. Upward compares the spiritual fixity of mankind with the atmosphere pervading one of the great monuments of ancient times—the Egyptian Pyramid:

"It is the mightiest building on earth. It is the greatest monument of the most long-lasting Mediterranean Power. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed in building it; its founder went to

sleep in it, wrapped in the curse of mankind, believing that he had secured himself an everlasting death. And to-day it stands empty; there is no corpse of any slave huddled into the sand, till the hyena comes to scratch it up, that is not more secure than that proud Pharaoh.

"It is an astronomer's building, an eternal kalendar. And since it was built, the very pole of heaven has shifted, and the kalendar has been thrice reformed.

"It is a sermon in stone, an architectural bible. And it has witnessed the rise and fall of three religions, not one of which has known what it owed to the Masons of the Pyramid.

"This Delta raised in three dimensions is the embodiment of Pure Measure; the idol of Fixity; the shell of Logic and Theology. This frozen flame is the perfect Denial of Change.

"It is the Last Word of the Black Man.

"Europe has got this Pyramid upon the brain. Here is the ogre's fortress, and not in any mushroom city on the Seven Hills; and here a foe worthy of the White Knight's steel."

The great need of humanity, now as ever, Mr. Upward contends, is the far-seeing idealist, the thinker emancipated from the bonds of fixity; and the world's salvation, he further argues, will come not so much through theology or science as through strength and hope. "The science of hope," he remarks, "is languishing to-day, and I have thought it not the least part of this inquiry to investigate the causes of this aberration, and suggest a remedy. Its chairs are filled, and its endowments are embezzled, by men who are still living in the Dark Age. They are good men, or so I like to think, but their work is not good, and they are blocking the way of better men. They seem to me like old women who should stand round a burning house with pails in their hands, faithfully throwing their paltry dribble on the flames, but keeping back the engine which alone can put out the fire." And when the fire is out and the human spirit has become utterly free, what then? Mr. Upward does not pretend to answer the question. He intimates that no one could answer it. But he offers some hints in the direction of a larger knowledge.

The most fascinating and original part of "The New Word" is that in which Mr. Upward analyzes and criticizes the great schools of human thought—metaphysics, science, theology, sociology, logic, geometry, and the rest. His method is naive, poetic, searching, and most effective. He is half playful at one moment, deadly in earnest the next. He is a thoroughgoing iconoclast, yet we feel that he shatters idols in the crusader's spirit, as one who defends the truth of the living God.

The investigations and disputations of human creatures, he tells us, often remind him

of the squirrel in its revolving cage. There is an enormous amount of turning and turning, but nothing comes of it all. In the field of metaphysics, for instance, there has been partizan after partizan, and argument without end, yet we are as much in the dark as ever. Let us recognize this fact frankly. Let us not make the mistake of attaching ourselves to this metaphysical school, or to that, in the delusion that it contains and sums up *all* the truth.

Theology, as Mr. Upward sees it, is in the same plight as metaphysics. Every cult of religious thought is defending its esoteric doctrines in a hot-house atmosphere against the blasts of the outer air of truth. Mr. Upward illustrates his argument as follows:

"The worst talkers about God who have ever lived, because the most positive and circumstantial talkers, were the Catholics. Their ablest talker, one of the ablest talkers I have heard of, was a Mediterranean man named Thomas Aquinas, who wrote a book called the Sum of Theology, or the Height of Talk about God. His book stands out as the high water mark of the human mind in the Dark Ages. It is theology at its best, or worst.

"Aquinas was by no means a man of weak or narrow mind. Within the revolving cage of Andronican words there has toiled no braver nor truer-minded squirrel. That High Talk of his sounded so like verihood that to many of those who listened to it Aquinas seemed to be an atheist, while to others he seemed to be a saint. With truer instinct than Kant, and therefore with better reason, he wished to set out from the two words God and the Soul. But he never really left his starting-point. Such questions as came before his mind he examined truthfully, setting out the arguments on both sides, but always giving judgment in the words of the Church. So we may see the mesmerised subject exercising his reason freely where it has been left free; but as soon as he is brought up by the suggestion of the mesmerist, his mind ceases to work, and he repeats the mesmerist's will.

"The Churchman had no doubt that Aquinas was a saint. They applied a simple test, and found that, however impartial might be the summing-up, the verdict was always in their favor.

"To-day this book, the greatest book of Catholic Theology, ranks as a curiosity rather than as literature. And that is not because, like the book of Copernicus, it has done its work, but because no one any longer hopes that it can do any work. It has no going strength. It is like a disused incantation, which the spirit has left off obeying. The spell is still there, but the spirit has fled. The failure of such a theologian is the failure of theology."

Humanitarianism comes in for the same sort of castigation. Mr. Upward describes a conversation that he had with a disciple of Tolstoy, a man who exalted love above everything else in the world. Altruism was his watchword, and he said: "The heart of the true altruist overflows with love towards every creature, the lowest as well as the highest, the

greatest criminal as well as the purest saint." Moreover, he argued, the true altruist must be non-resistant; he must not use force. The following dialog took place:

"If a man went mad and wanted to beat you or your children, or to set fire to your house, or do any other wicked thing, you would think it right to restrain him by force?"

"Of course. That is a ridiculous question. It would be for the good of the man himself to restrain him."

"But if he were not mad; if he were only eccentric, or were behaving like that out of superstition, or spite, you would think it wrong to restrain him by force?"

"All that is a question of degree. The test is a very simple one; does the man know what he is doing?"

"Then let me see if I have got it right this time. You mean that if a man is doing wicked things by accident he ought to be prevented, but not if he is doing them on purpose? And so an altruist is one who restrains good men, and lets wicked men do what they like."

"That," said my friend, "is not putting it fairly. I said that madmen ought to be restrained for their own sake. Surely you ought to be able to see the difference. When we restrain a man for his own good we are serving him. Our action is altruistic."

"I think I see what you mean, this time. It is doing good to a madman to save him from doing wicked things which he might afterwards regret?"

"My friend smiled, well pleased."

"Exactly! Now you understand me."

"But it is not doing good to a man in his right mind to save him from doing wicked things which he might afterwards regret."

"My friend's face fell."

"No man who wants to do wicked things is really in his right mind," he said. "Tolstoy has said so over and over again."

"Then I am afraid I don't understand you," I had to confess. "I thought you began by saying that the altruist ought not to use force to anybody, and now you seem to be saying that he ought to use force to everybody who is doing what the altruist thinks is wrong."

Evidently, Mr. Upward concluded, *altruism* is not the last word in social ethics; nor, he adds, is *egoism*. Neither of these words embodies the whole truth.

Materialistic science receives as little quarter at Mr. Upward's hands as humanitarianism. Here, he intimates, is another half-truth masquerading as a whole truth. But he emerges from his investigation of this subject with a word that he proposes as a point of departure from present cramped standards, and of approach to a truer philosophy. The word is *strength*. In the *action and reaction of strength*, he suggests, we may find a key that will help to explain the bewildering dualities, the tangled riddle of existence. He writes:

"The opposite to strength is strength."

"It is not lack of strength—weakness is only the

slack tide of strength. It is not no strength—nothingness has neither position nor opposition. It is strength going the other way, as in the yea and nay of the electric atom, as in the force and energy of the mechanical universe, the Ebb and Flow of Everything."

"The word Power, like so many words used by materialists, is a bad one. Because Power means the same as Potency, and strength is not potential, but kinetic. All force is pulling. All energy is pushing."

"All strength is Going Strength. As we have seen, the tying up of strength is matter."

"And as we have seen again, Matter is wrought by the crossing of two Ways of Strength. It is not the Rest, but the full Strain of the wrestlers—the deadlock of those great Twin Wrestlers whose wrestle is the All-Thing."

"Opposite is also a bad word, because it makes us think in one measure, and we ought to think in three. The right word is inversion, which is to say, in English, turning inside out."

"The turning inside out of strength is the key to the riddle. It is the key to many other riddles. For rightly to interpret one word is rightly to interpret all words."

Mr. Upward asks us to consider this idea—to "consider this inner strength, coming and going, turning and returning, millions of beats in every tick of secular time, while, throbbing through the network woven by their meeting, the over-strength comes and goes faster than flashes in a diamond." He proceeds, in a passage of haunting poetic beauty:

"It is no longer a mere word. It is a magic crystal, and by looking long into it, you will see wonderful meanings come and go. It will change color like an opal while you gaze, reflecting the thoughts in your own mind. It is a most chameleon-like ball. It has this deeper magic, that it will show you not only the thoughts you knew about before, but other thoughts you did not know of, old, drowned thoughts, hereditary thoughts; it will awaken the slumbering ancestral ghosts that haunt the brain; you will remember things you used to know and feel long ago."

"What do you see in the magic crystal?"

"Do you see the Atom, the only real one, the point of strength within the All-Strength?"

"Do you see the crumb, the tiny crystal that breathes ever so faintly, swelling and shrinking too slightly for our measures, while in and out of it there throbs that beat of strength we call attraction and repulsion?"

"Do you see the sun's orb, not fixed as we suppose, but nearly in the middle of our sun-whirl, swelling and shrinking in great tides of fire, while it breathes in and out those throbs that we call Energy and Force? Or is it this planet that you see, not altogether weaned, but clinging like a suckling to its mother's breast, drinking in life, and giving it forth again? Ourselves, involved in the vast cocoon of silken light, do we not seem to other eyes, watching from other orbs, to be flame-spirits moving in a burning world?"

"Is it the mite you see, the tiny life-crumb, fire-begotten, water-born, air-fed, earth-clad, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end?"

"Is it the seed, feeding upon the earth-strength,

and sending it forth again in roots and shoots? Is it the living waterspout, through which strength courses to and fro from leaves to roots and back again to leaves; is it the Tree Yggdrasil?

"Or is it rather the cell, swelling and shrinking within the body-strength, while within the cell there swells and shrinks the nucleus, and within that the nucleolus, and within that what lesser nucleolites we have not measured?

"Suppose it is yourself. Suppose it is your heart that pants and throbs, while through it the blood whirls in and swirls out in systole and diastole. Suppose it is your inner strength, swelling and shrinking along its nervous tracery, while through it the great Outer-Strength comes and goes, coming in sense and going in emotion.—That word emotion is not an Andronican cipher. It means outgoing. It means the swirl. Those old men who used it first knew well enough what it meant. They were not sleep-walkers as we are.

"Suppose we say it is the Strength Within, played upon by the Strength Without. Suppose we say, in words we hardly understand, that what we call the Body is a network woven between the tiny Strength Within and the great Strength Without."

There is no word in the English language that exactly expresses this idea of action and reaction; so Mr. Upward coins a word of his own. It is *metastrophe*. He explains:

"By this word I mean more than the archbishops

have meant by their word metabolism. I mean, not growth and decay, but growth turning into decay, and decay turning into growth. I mean involution in the midst of evolution. I mean life turning inside out. And I mean more than life; I mean also the expression of life. Metastrophe is a mood, and in so far as we attain this mood, so will the Strength Within us chime more and more sweetly with the Strength Without; not in dead unity, but in living unison, and the faint gladness of our earthly voices climb and thread the thunder music rolling out of Heaven.

"Here is ideal dynamite that shall break up the bony knobs that clog the brain, and set thought free. I cast this little seed into the mind. If it be a true life-seed, I have no fear but that it will take root and grow.

"It will be slower than the other kind of dynamite; it may take a thousand years; but it will do its work more surely in the end. For it is stranger than the real dynamite. It is alive. It will grow."

Many readers of this unusual book may feel that the "new word" is not as clearly defined as it ought to be, that the author is not sufficiently explicit in the practical application of his philosophy. But he has given us at least a glimpse—and a very wonderful glimpse at that—of the "unknown God" to whom he dedicates his altar.

WHERE PRAGMATISM FAILS



IT IS nearly two years since Prof. William James's book on pragmatism may be said to have formally launched a new philosophical propaganda in this country. During the months that have intervened a continuous warfare has been going on between the supporters and the opponents of his attitude. On the surface, the pragmatists have seemed to triumph. The zeal and enthusiasm of the propagandist has been theirs. They have been exceptionally fortunate in their spokesmen, and have been brilliantly represented in books and articles that have commanded a wide reading, while their opponents have written mostly for technical periodicals seldom read by the general public. But there is "another side" to this as to most other questions, and an anti-pragmatist work, voicing the convictions of those who reject the new philosophy, has just appeared.* It is the first book of the kind so far published in English, and it is by James Bissett Pratt, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College.

Professor Pratt presents his arguments with

admirable precision, and his style is not unworthy of comparison with that of the prophet-in-chief of pragmatism. He confesses, indeed, his hearty admiration for Professor James, and says that when the movement first began he was an enthusiastic pragmatist. "My enthusiasm lasted," he continues, "until I came to understand clearly what it really meant. And tho I am no longer one of its supporters, its charm is still so strong upon me that I am eager to see it completely developed and carefully expressed, and the good seed which indubitably is in it threshed out and separated from the immense amount of chaff which bears its name."

As Professor Pratt views it, pragmatism is fundamentally a theory of *meaning*, a theory of *truth*, and a theory of *knowledge*; and its definitions in each case are utilitarian, and based on practical consequences. It may be regarded, he says, as the result of two confluent, tho not altogether consistent, streams of tendency. The first he traces back as far as Kant's doctrine of the primacy of the practical reason. We cannot, argued Kant, *prove* the reality of God, freedom, immortality, and the moral law. But since we are volitional,

*WHAT IS PRAGMATISM? By James Bissett Pratt. The Macmillan Company.

active, rational beings we have both the right and the duty to *postulate* the reality of these things, and whatever else may be essential to moral action. Professor Pratt continues:

"Practically this same brave moral doctrine was revived and reformulated in 1896 by Professor James's 'Will to Believe,'—a book that has stirred America as have few philosophic works of our generation. In the first essay of the volume (which gave its title to the whole) Professor James points out that faith is itself a force and often makes real its own object; and that when we are faced with genuinely possible alternatives we have a right to accept and believe that one whose acceptance will contribute most to our moral life. Here and elsewhere, moreover, James shows that in morality and metaphysics and religion, as well as in science, we are justified in testing the truth of a belief by its usefulness."

The second source of pragmatism mentioned by Professor Pratt is the modern scientific view of the meaning of hypotheses. In this connection he writes:

"Hypotheses, 'natural laws,' scientific generalizations, etc., are, as most scientists now maintain, merely short-hand expressions of human experience. They are handy ways of telling us what has happened or what we may expect. They are not so much descriptions of an outer and independent 'nature' as ways of summarizing and explaining our experience. Their whole meaning is exhausted after they have told us (directly or indirectly) how things act upon us and how we react on things. . . . The scientist, in short, sees that his hypotheses and laws ultimately get all their meaning from our experience. And, moreover, he no longer regards them purely as ends in themselves; rather are they now his *instruments* by the use of which human action may profitably be guided. Hence he is less concerned than were his predecessors with the question whether his hypotheses are *true*; what concerns him most is their *usefulness*. His great question concerning any proposed generalization is, *Does it work?* And this for two reasons: in the first place, because its working is practically more important to him than its merely theoretical truth; and secondly, because the only test he has for its truth is its successful working. Unless it works, he has no reason to believe it true. Moreover, as truth and usefulness are both forms of value, the scientist who has no time nor fondness for what he calls 'logic chopping' has a tendency to identify the two, without asking himself too curiously whether his hypothesis is true because it is useful or useful because it is true."

On these two bases pragmatism as a system of philosophical doctrine may be said to rest. The original statement of the pragmatic method, formulated by C. S. Pierce thirty years ago, and quoted by Professor James, is as follows:

"If it can make no practical difference which of two statements is true, then they are really one statement in two verbal forms; if it can make no

practical difference whether a given statement be true or false, then the statement has no real meaning."

Now from the beginning until the present day, Professor Pratt points out, two tendencies, or types of attitude, have predominated in philosophic thought. The first considers truth as an end in itself. This way of conceiving things probably antedates history. It found supreme expression in Plato, and has ever exalted the abstract intellect at the expense of the passions and feelings of the animal man. Almost every philosopher for more than a thousand years has contributed to this conception. Aristotle's thought was so interpreted and his work so used that for centuries his influence tended to identify philosophy with absolute standards and pure intellectualism. In the same spirit, Francis Bacon wrote: "Howsoever these things are in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." At the present time this attitude has a multitude of champions.

But alongside of this doctrine, down through the centuries, has run the counter-doctrine that *practical* truth, not "rationalistic abstractions," is the thing to be desired. This spirit has never been stronger than it is to-day. From the growth of the natural sciences in the last century, the development of the historical sense, the spread of biological ideas, it has taken new strength and new form. The attitude of our age is expressed by the motto: "Knowledge is *power*." The suitable objects for human investigations are felt to be those which belong to the world in which we live and to our actual experience. This is the essence of pragmatism. And between just these two alternatives of abstract and of practical truth mankind is called upon to choose. The choice is no light matter. Upon it, as Professor Pratt observes, depend the deepest questions of our destiny. As we take our stand we determine our whole philosophy, our whole outlook upon life and upon the world.

For himself, Professor Pratt chooses the Platonic, rather than the pragmatic, point of view. He holds that there is a spiritual essence which pragmatism does not recognize, that it has left out of account. It has much to say of "practical" meanings and methods, but there are theoretical meanings also, and future consequences. It tries to account for

knowledge by eliminating the transcendental elements; but there are mysteries here that it has not fathomed. It tends to the theory that there is no such thing as truth unless it is "verified," and it blurs the difference between verification and verifiability. Professor Pratt prefers to emphasize the gulf that separates mere possibility from the concrete process of making the possibility an actuality. "Columbus's idea," he says, "that he could cross the Atlantic was merely verifiable so long as he stayed in Spain, and this its quality of verifiability (which it *already* possessed while he was still in Spain), had always seemed to me quite a different thing from the concrete steps of getting ships, manning them, hoisting anchor and raising sail and all the other links in the chain of actual verification." The argument proceeds:

"There is one question which I should like to put to the pragmatist,—a definite answer to which might clear up some of the obscurities of the subject, namely this: Is pragmatism true, and if so in what sense is it true?"

"And, first of all, is it true in the pragmatic sense? This is certainly a question which is very hard to answer. Since pragmatism has worked satisfactorily to the pragmatist, it evidently is true—to him. But with equal certainty it is not true to the non-pragmatist, for to him it is not satisfactory—it has not been verified. It is in exactly the position of any other unverified claim, and I hope we need not remind the pragmatist of his oft-repeated assertion that an unverified claim is not yet true. Pragmatism therefore (like so many other things in the pragmatic world) is both true and false at the same time. 'And the best of the joke is,' as Plato would say, that inasmuch as the non-pragmatists (as yet at least) far outnumber the pragmatists, it follows that pragmatism is true in only a small minority of cases. Of course no one (not even a humanist) would seriously start out to determine the truth of a doctrine by counting human heads; and yet if it really be the case that a doctrine is not true till verified, and is made true by verification, it would seem not altogether irrelevant to consider the number of those who regard its verification complete."

"But it is evident that even if pragmatism were true in the pragmatic sense, this would not satisfy the pragmatists. They believe it is true in the non-pragmatic sense. Like other rational beings, they are not satisfied (except at times) with having their doctrine *accepted*; they want to show that it *ought* to be accepted. They believe it is true no matter what people think, *already* true whether verified or not. That is why they are so eager to verify it. That is the very presupposition of all their argument. They insist, in other words, that the pragmatist doctrine of truth is true in the non-pragmatic sense—true on the correspondence theory of truth."

"But alas! When they do that, they surrender the whole matter. To insist that a doctrine must be verified in order to be true and to add that this doctrine is true whether verified or not, is as simple a manner as can be found of contradicting oneself."

Pragmatists, I am sure, will call this 'logic-chopping'—a simple and useful device when one has been reduced to unavoidable self-contradiction. But inasmuch as this is altogether a matter of logic I fail to see the force of the reproach. Inconsistency is the one great sin in thinking, and the inconsistency just pointed out runs through all the arguments by which the pragmatist seeks to prove his position. At every point he is—no doubt, unconsciously—making use of the very conception of truth which he is trying to refute; he is claiming for his doctrine the very kind of truth which he says is no truth at all."

No one denies the practical value of knowledge and thought in guiding the reaction of the individual upon his environment. But "when it is maintained," says Professor Pratt, "that this is the only value to be found in knowledge and reason, that all human values are ultimately matters of action, and that the possession of truth is always a means and never an end in itself, then, as it seems to me, it is time to call a halt and to reassert the old and trite thesis that *to know the truth is worth while for its own sake.*" He adds:

"The whole splendid tradition of humanity's scholars and thinkers from the Greeks to the present day is evidence of this. The existence of pragmatism itself proves it. The noble army of 'those who know,' from their master down, rises up to testify to the fact that knowledge itself, and even apart from its practical results, is one of the things most exceedingly worth while. And not only 'worth while' is it; it is as genuinely *human*, as genuinely natural and normal as is digestion or movement or reproduction. In the words of 'that immortal sentence' of Aristotle's—'*All men by nature desire knowledge.*' Nor can I here refrain from quoting a little more at length from 'the master of those who know':

"If men philosophized in order to escape ignorance it is evident that they pursued wisdom just for the sake of knowing, not for the sake of any advantage it might bring. This is shown too by the course of events. For it is only after practically all things that are necessary for the comfort and convenience of life had been provided that this kind of knowledge began to be sought. Clearly, then, we pursue this knowledge for the sake of no extraneous use to which it may be put; but, just as we call a man free who serves his own and not another's will, so also this science is the only one of all the sciences that is liberal, for it is the only one that exists for its own sake. . . . More necessary, indeed, every other science may be than this; more excellent there is none."

It is in its neglect of this idealistic factor that pragmatism, according to Professor Pratt, fails. It is here that he parts company with William James and joins hands with the great English philosopher who said: "The inquiry of truth . . . the knowledge of truth . . . the belief of truth . . . is the sovereign good of human nature."

THE RELIGION OF THE GIPSIES



FLOOD of new light has lately been shed on a curious and hitherto almost unexplored corner of human psychology, by two German savants, Dr. H. Leibig and Dr. Heinrich von Wliskoki. The subject of their investigations is the mind of the gipsies, and they follow the development of this international fraternity through the centuries. The gipsies, as is well known, have habits of thought and action all their own. Their customs are often poetic and romantic, sometimes crude and superstitious, as befits a race of child-people who have wandered far under the open sky.

From a religious point of view, they are even a greater mystery than they are ethnologically. An article in the well-known German religious paper, the *Glauben und Wissen*, makes it clear that they can hardly be described as religious at all, in the ordinarily accepted sense. They have no cultus, no religious ceremonies, no symbols. In vain has the search been made for traces of former heathen rites or creeds. But their whole life is saturated with a sense of the supernatural. They believe in premonitions and in signs. They are not afraid of ghosts and spirits. It may come as a shock to some to learn that they celebrate Jesus as one of the great gipsies of the world. They cherish a tradition that he is the son of Ishmael, the tribal ancestor of the gipsies, and they think he is still living and being persecuted because he is a gipsy.

Many of the details of their faith reflect the influence of the Christian religion, and this makes it difficult to determine exactly what their original religion was. Among other things, they show great reverence for the dead, and an oath by the departed is inviolable and sacred, as is also an oath by "the paternal hand." These two oaths the gipsy constantly employs when he is concerned about the truth. The memory of the dead is sacred to him, altho he burns everything that reminds him of the dead. No gipsy passes by the grave of a fellow-tribesman without pouring upon it a few drops of beer, wine or whisky, and no gipsy will fail to visit the grave of his relations at least once a year. It is highly significant of his religious ideas that at all times he blames God for having caused the death of his relations. If, for instance, a gipsy child dies, it is declared that "the great God has devoured it," and thus God is accordingly cursed and abused with the fiercest of appella-

tions, often with terms so obscene that they could not be reproduced in other tongues. It seems that, originally at least, the gipsy knew nothing of a blessedness beyond the grave, but only of damnation of the wicked. His language has no terms for Paradise, blessedness, or eternal life; but condemnation he calls "the Devil's fire," or "the Devil's kitchen."

The attitude of the gipsy toward God is, indeed, almost invariably of a negative rather than of a positive order. He fears God, but certainly does not love Him. Liebig has concluded from this that the gipsies are of Hindustani origin, for the Hindu attitude is similar. The gipsy's God is a God of thunder and lightning, of snow and rain. He calls lightning "God's fire," thunder "God's anger," and the stars "God's lights." He does not believe that God is the giver of good things. He does not consider rain a blessing of God. To the gipsy on his journey or encamped on the open field, rain is an inconvenient incident. He rather regards the earth as the mother of all good things.

One of the quaintest chapters in gipsy lore relates to the Creation. Here is the story:

Originally, when God was the only existing living creature, He became lonesome. He had created the world, and this consisted merely of water. In order to pass the time He threw his staff into the water in anger. To His amazement it turned into a tree, and when He looked more closely He saw the Devil under the tree. The Devil said to Him, "Good day, my good brother. You have no brother and no friend; I will be your brother and your friend." God rejoiced at this, and said: "You shall not be my brother, but only my friend. It would not be proper for me to have a brother." They spent nine days together, and rode around on the great water, and God soon saw that the Devil did not love Him. On one occasion the Devil said: "My good brother, our life is not what it should be; there ought to be more living creatures; I would like to create more." "Well," said God, "create more, then." "But I cannot," replied the Devil; "if I could, I would create a mighty world; but this is impossible, my brother." "Well and good," said God, "I will myself create a world. Descend into the deep water and bring up some sand, and out of this sand I will make the dry land." Then said the Devil: "How could you create a dry land out of sand? I do not understand you." And God answered: "I will pronounce my name and the sand will be converted into earth. Go, and bring me the sand." The Devil descended into the deep and made up his mind that he would himself create a world, and when he had the sand he spoke his own name. But the sand burned him, and he threw it away. When he returned to the surface of the water without sand he said to God: "I could not find any sand." God said again: "Go and get the sand!" For nine days the Devil tried to bring up sand from the deep, and each time he pronounced his own name. But the sand always

burned his hands, and he threw it away. So hot did the sand become that on the ninth day the Devil, in consequence of being continually burned, had become perfectly black. He returned to God, and the latter said, "You have become totally black! You are an evil friend. Go and get sand, but do not pronounce your own name, for if you do you will be utterly consumed." The Devil returned and fin-

ally brought the sand. Then God converted this into earth, and the Devil rejoiced at this exceedingly, and said: "Here under this large tree I will live; and you, my brother, can find another dwelling place for yourself."

Then God became angry and said: "You are a wicked friend. I have no use for you. Leave me!"

LINCOLN STEFFENS' MESSAGE TO THE CHURCH



THAT specialist on civic corruption, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, was recently invited to address a conference of Universalist ministers in Boston. He accepted the invitation, and chose to speak on the special moral and social problems which, in his view, constitute the weightiest problems now confronting humanity. He hit straight from the shoulder. The occasion, it is generally conceded, was one of exceptional interest.

Mr. Steffens threw a bombshell among his hearers right at the outset of his address by declaring his conviction that "the man who wants to succeed in this country to-day has got to be a crook"; and he said it as if he meant it. "I am speaking," he affirmed, "of success in the ordinary sense, the kind of success that the man on the street thinks of, the kind of success that the nation is striving after." Of course, he conceded, there are men who want to give honest service and who can live on very little. The world will give them very little. Mr. Steffens continued:

"As I myself went along through the world certain things became known to me, and I began to wonder what they all meant, and I began to read and investigate for remedies. If it appealed to me, if I thought it would work, I would be a socialist, I would be an anarchist, I would even be a Christian to solve the problem. And, by the way, Christianity is the most radical of all the organizations I have named. The Christian says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;' the socialist says nothing of the kind, neither does the anarchist. I am not a Christian in your sense at all, but I used to read the New Testament, and the more I learn of the wickedness of the world, the better I understand that book. It is all in there, both the facts, the conditions and the remedy. But the churches don't preach that. Clergymen do—some churches do—but as a whole the churches do not. And not only that—every reform movement that I have followed has been opposed by the churches. Why is it?"

In answering this question, Mr. Steffens went on to speak of a certain occasion in San Francisco, at a great crisis in the reform movement there, when a banquet of a thousand men was held to discuss the situation.

All the speakers felt its gravity except one. He was a Bishop of the Episcopal Church—a man of graceful literary gifts—and he cracked jests. Mr. Steffens wanted his hearers to feel that this incident was somewhat typical. He said that he preferred to work through crooked politicians rather than through clergymen for two reasons: In the first place, because they know they are crooks, and when they have that knowledge they can make people do right; in the second place, they know the people, and they are good to the people. The argument proceeded:

"When cities, for instance when New York failed to elect Low for its mayor, I remember my disappointment. But I soon learned that when I voted against the people almost always I was wrong. Tammany Hall had a service that was more important than what Low had to offer. The crooked politicians are what we must build upon. They are ahead of us in this:—they do these lesser personal services for their people and then betray them in a big way, tho they do not understand that. When they do understand that, they become as unhappy as any of us. One of the things the Church should do, I think, is to teach these people that the point is not honesty—not at all; it is not saving your own soul—not at all; take the chance of going to hell yourself,—but serve the people, not only in this finer, gentler way of personal service, but all the way up the ranks."

Mr. Steffens said that in his wanderings he constantly found men who want to do the right thing, and who don't know how. Clergymen asked him what they should do, and when he replied, they said: "But if we do this we shall lose our churches." Bribe-givers and railroad presidents told him: "I am in a great big system; how can I help myself? How can I get my railroad out of politics?" As Mr. Steffens described his experience:

"It took me a long time to learn this, to understand it. If a man is going to run a railroad he has got to corrupt the government. That is what the clergyman sees when he fails. We have all got to get out of this when we understand each other better. We all understand that we are pretty nearly all corrupt,—the man in the lobby and the man in the legislature who has got to do the things that I don't have to do. But I can see that so far as

my business calls upon me to make concessions—I must make them. I fall into temptations incident to my profession; I commit only the crimes that are required in my profession; but I commit them, and I think that it is fortunate that the clergy do too, because that enables them to understand me, and it enables them to understand these big corruptionists who need understanding, and who need sympathy. You know a great big crook whom you would like to put into jail, and whom you would like to see suffer. But, in the first place, you cannot get that person put into jail; in the second place, if you did the greatest felonies would still go on on the outside; and in the third place, this thing shouldn't be done at all. The whole penal system is wrong. The whole penal system is unnecessary, and it has been proven unnecessary."

The important question is: What can the church do? Mr. Steffens declared he was often asked this question, and another question usually accompanied it: How can the church get the worst people? The second question, in Mr. Steffens's opinion, presents no difficult problem, for the reason that "the churches—the best churches—the biggest churches—*have* the worst people in them now," and if they really want to help these men they have them right at hand to help. The speaker concluded:

"They have the source of this corruption, so far as this corruption is individual, and I think a tremendous service could be rendered by their coming down out of their pulpits and walking with the people and understanding them and their problems. Now, let me tell you what I mean by that. I was interested in the problem of the Insurance Companies at the time when they were exposed, and I used two or three months' time following up this tremendous crisis, and I know that some of the leading officials of these companies, when they were exposed, died—President, Vice-President;—three or four of them became insane. What had happened to them? I believe that these men—gentlemen all of them—some of them from clergymen's families—I believe that they had spent thirty or forty years committing felonies and not knowing that they were committing sins at all. They were as innocent as the most innocent man, and when they woke up—O remember how easy it is to take one little step and then another and finally be doing big crimes—when they woke up to what they had been doing, they died, some of them became insane. Think of the tragedy and the suffering! I think the clergy would be doing a big service should they take their congregations and know them and the temptations of the men, and the professions that are represented there, and when they find that a banker does this thing, know enough about banking to know whether it is real banking or whether it is financing, and then when they know that, find out how this thing compares with what other men do; see how it is related to the system, and then don't tell him to stop quickly, for he can't stop. If the presidents of our railroads had stopped corrupting the government, they would have had to resign. That is where you make a great mistake—you want men to stop committing sin. Let the man go on committing his sin and take the burden of it, but help him to see that we are all doing

it together, that it is a system; that it is true that he must do these things, and then prepare his mind for the time when an attempt will be made to change it all, and then tell him to be ready to make the sacrifice with all the rest of us."

The Universalist Leader (Boston) welcomes this as the utterance of an honest man—"a man whose motive is of the highest, and whose achievements in the campaign for civic righteousness make him a leader." Mr. Steffens, it remarks, may refuse to call himself a "Christian" in the conventional sense of the word; but "whether he knows it or not, he is headed straight for the goal real Christianity has planted for civilization."

"He chooses his own path for getting there, and it is different from that chosen by others, and because of that he can pick up a good many along the way whom the others have missed. But remember the goal is the same! His path is best for him, but the other fellow, who starts out from a different point, by following his own, may get there quite as soon and in quite as good condition.

"The recognition of this fact of the many varied interests having a common goal, and the announcement of the purpose to get all these interests to working in their own way, and in harmony with each other, is the heart of his message, and, with that purpose in view, he will not appeal in vain to either the churches or the ministers of to-day."

The same paper finds a note of exaggeration running through Steffens's stimulating address. "When he says he finds more good in the crook than in the Christian," it comments, "he is simply the child throwing up his hat at the flashing, scintillating, dazzling and unexpected sky-rocket in the surrounding darkness, but never noticing the steady, benevolent, life-giving and life-sustaining sunshine which keeps faithfully at its humble and commonplace job every day in the year, and never goes on a strike for shorter hours, because the impulse to service is from within." And when he charges that the campaign is now on, and the church is doing nothing, "we simply reply," says *The Universalist Leader*, "that the charge is not true." It adds:

"The campaign was on before this generation was born, and the Christian Church, through its ministers and members, was holding up ideals which men of to-day are only beginning to recognize. The 'campaign of a thousand years,' to which Mr. Steffens is leading us, was begun more than a thousand years ago by the Christian Church and it has taken all these centuries to produce Lincoln Steffens, and make him see success yet a thousand years off!

"Yes, the Christian Church made Lincoln Steffens, and did a first-rate job, for there is not one of the civic and social ideals which he embodies which was not preserved and brought down by the Christian Church, through all the centuries."

Music and the Drama

"THE DAWN OF TO-MORROW": A NEW THOUGHT PLAY BY MRS. BURNETT

HE name of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a magic ring. We are all sure to be interested in anything that floats from the point of her facile pen. Her name, beloved of novel readers, is not unknown to the stage; but the New Thought play recently produced in New York is her first independent essay into the realm of the drama. We feel at various times that the gifted author is not here so sure of her ground as in fiction. "The Dawn of Tomorrow" is interesting as a symptom of the psychic movement in modern American drama of which we have spoken at some length in a previous issue, but as a play it is not altogether convincing, in spite of Miss Eleanor Robson's clever impersonation of "Glad," that "little devil" of a heroine with the heart of an angel. It is a little doubtful whether Mrs. Burnett means to impress upon us the distinctive teachings of Christian Science or merely the general transcendentalism that is at the base of that and all the New Thought movements.

The first act introduces us to the handsomely furnished library at Sir Oliver Holt's London house. We learn that Sir Oliver, one of the kings of finance, suffers from a disease akin to paresis, and the celebrated physicians called in consultation at his house are at their wits' ends how to save him. They are Dr. Heath, Sir Bowling, and Dr. Satterlee. Dr. Heath expresses an opinion somewhat startling to his colleagues—that a man's calamities are not a decree of Providence. Sir Bowling, horrified, exclaims: "My dear Heath! This kind of a statement is—er—sacrilegious."

DR. HEATH. I don't know. I'm not a religious man. But if you ask me to believe that the Maker of Heaven and Earth stops in his guidings of the world to addle a poor fellow's brain and change him from a human thing into a broken idiot, I call that sacrilege—and it's the kind I haven't the daring to utter.

SIR BOWLING. I am—amazed!

DR. HEATH. So am I—often. I am a scientifically educated nerve specialist. Spent my life making myself one. But—even science admits that there exists a power no search has ever yet explained.

SIR BOWLING. Cosmic energy—Primal Force! Science does not ignore it.

DR. HEATH. No—nor profess to understand it.

Call it Cosmic Energy—Primal Force—God—if you are bold enough. What if the period of evolution has arrived when the race is to draw nearer to it, to learn more of its meaning. *Suppose* that is why some of us are daring to hint that it may be a power for good alone, not an Omnipotence bent on punishment and revenge, and that *because* we human beings evolved from it we ourselves hold in our own hands the control of our earthly fates—in our own hands!

SIR BOWLING. Heath! This sounds dangerously near what modern humbug calls the New Thought.

DR. HEATH. It's as old as Life. It has been the thought of every prophet and saint, of every philosopher and poet since the Flood. Perhaps it has begun to adapt itself to the needs of the twentieth century. What you call the old thought has only carried us as far as this—to the chance of such a fate as lies before the man whose doom we have just decided. Let's have a try at a new one.

DR. SATTERLEE. It suggests to me some of the fashionable religious fads they call Sciences. Sciences, forsooth! People are losing their wits over them. Lady Marion Dawlish, for instance—been in my hands for years. Delicate, overstrung creature, her own life and her family's a perfect misery. Hysteria, hyperesthesia, constant pain at the base of the brain. Suddenly she becomes a Scientist of one sort or another, and in a month declares she is quite well. Insists she hasn't any brain.

DR. HEATH. She probably hasn't; but if Christian Science can convince her of the fact, so much to its credit.

DR. SATTERLEE. She went to them first for her complexion. Not so young as she was, you know; fretted a good deal, and the drivel the people talked to her quite set her up. She forgot she had been out ten seasons. Complexion did improve, too.

DR. HEATH. I'll own that I've seen 't convince more people of the sheer wisdom of not being blackguards and fools than any system of medicine or ethics at present in use, and they find that its first demands of them are right living and right thinking. And when they have been forced into right thinking they are on the way to health and sanity.

SIR BOWLING. Do you mean to tell me that you believe—

DR. HEATH. I believe nothing. I know nothing. But as I sat thinking of Holt's fate, and realized that the strongest of us had done all we could, I began to ask myself what could save him. This man is in the last stages of his disease. But I believe that even now if some great wave of new thinking could sweep through his being and carry him into clearer mental air and higher mental places away from his wealth and power and constant self-absorption, some miracle might be worked. The Power—the Cosmic Energy—the Primal Forces perhaps know what miracle; I don't.

(Here Sir Oliver enters, haggard, hollow-eyed. He walks with dragging steps.)

SIR OLIVER. I should apologize for having made you wait, gentlemen; but as I just heard Dr. Heath mention miracles and Cosmic Energy I know you

have been entertained. Pray be seated.

SIR BOWLING. (*With an effort at professional cheerfulness.*) I am glad to see, Sir Oliver, that you are looking much better.

SIR OLIVER. Oh! much better. I caught a glimpse of my face in a glass just before I came in.

DR. SATTERLEE. Your slight attack of yesterday alarmed you unnecessarily.

SIR OLIVER. Unnecessarily. (*Slight pause. Then, in a new tone.*) I have decided not to ask what further discoveries you have made about my case. You would not tell me—and quite right, too. In fact, I would rather not know.

SIR BOWLING. Come, come, Sir Oliver; this is mere nervous depression.

DR. SATTERLEE. Quite natural symptom. Change and cheerful society are the best remedies.

SIR OLIVER. I am going to have a change. One can't be sure of the society.

SIR BOWLING. You are going to Paris to-night—in spite of the fog?

SIR OLIVER. I leave the house in an hour. I decided that it was better to go before it was too late.

SIR BOWLING. Too late, Sir Oliver?

DR. SATTERLEE. Too—too late!

SIR OLIVER. I may as well tell you the truth. It will save us all time and effort. I was in an adjoining room during your consultation. A man in my case need not be bound by conventions. You were discussing my symptoms. I heard all you said. I know what 'the end' will be. (*Suddenly leans forward, elbows on knees, drops head on hands.*) My God! (*Sir Bowling and Satterlee start and stare at him aghast and then at each other.*)

DR. HEATH. Whenever a man, the whitest saint or the blackest devil, finds himself brought up standing by Death, or Terror, or Anguish, he inevitably cries out "My God!" I wonder why—I wonder why!

SIR BOWLING. My dear Sir Oliver—I beg—I! You are really mistaken. You misunderstood our medical phrases. You—

SIR OLIVER. Don't lie! (*He immediately makes an effort at self control as Sir Bowling starts back.*) I beg your pardon! I—I have lost my self-control.

The startled doctors leave Sir Oliver alone, and he at once rings for his servant and asks for a parcel, which turns out to contain an old bedraggled suit and—a pistol. The old servant suspects his master of intending to take his own life, and argues with him in vain. Their discussion is interrupted by calls of newsboys outside. "Orrible Murder! Last Account! Orrible Murder!" The servant informs Sir Oliver that an old gentleman at Hampstead had been murdered by two burglars who had broken into the house. Two of them had been apprehended, but the police were still looking for a youth nicknamed "The Dandy." After eliciting this information, Sir Oliver dismisses the servant from his presence. It is Sir Oliver's intention to commit suicide somewhere in these old clothes. "The man who is found wearing them will only look like one of the worn-out tramps of the world," he remarks gloomily to himself, and begins to toy

with the pistol. "Here I stand, and to-morrow—there will be no to-morrow—none. What am I waiting for? How still the room is! How still the world is!" He involuntarily throws out his arms and cries aloud: "What shall I do to be saved?"

When the curtain rises again we find ourselves in Apple Blossom Court, amid the scums of London. There are dilapidated steps, broken windows stuffed with rags, strings run from house to house with tattered garments hung on them. Sir Oliver is discovered standing in a corner formed by a bit of settled wall. He wears broken boots, and his battered hat is pulled down over his face. He watches the life around him in silent disgust, takes out a revolver from his coat pocket and accidentally drops a sovereign. He does not pick it up, but looks down indifferently. Suddenly he starts back, attracted by a movement in a sacking near him. "What!" he cries, "is the thing alive?" Glad, the guttersnipe heroine of the play, opens the sacking drawn over her head and body and looks up at him, speaking hoarsely: "Are yer goin' ter do it? Yer would be a fool—with as much as that on yer!" She points to the fallen money.

SIR OLIVER. (*After brief pause.*) Pick it up! You may have it.

GLAD. (*Scuffles to her feet, makes leaping snatch at coin, and turns as if to run away.*)

SIR OLIVER. Stop! I've got some more to give away.

GLAD. Don't believe yer. Yer wants this back.

SIR OLIVER. (*Holding out hand.*) Look!

GLAD. (*Returning slowly, stares in amazement.*)

More?

SIR OLIVER. (*Hand still extended.*) That much more.

GLAD. (*Draws still nearer and looks up with shrewd expression.*) Gawd! Mister! Yer can give away a whole quid like it was nothing—an' yer've got more—an' yer goin' ter do that! (*With a jerking gesture towards pistol in his pocket.*) Jes 'cos yer 'ad a bit too much lars night—an' there's a fog on. (*Half beguiling, half ironic tone.*) T'ain't as bad as yer thinks it is. Things ain't never as bad as yer thinks they are. Tike it strite from me. Don't yer do it. I gives yer that tip for the suvrink. (*Holding out open palm with money on it and grinning.*)

SIR OLIVER. What do you mean?

GLAD. (*Still sidling near.*) I've been watching yer. I was waiting 'ere on the chanst o' seein' a friend wot's in trouble—an' I pulled the sack over me 'ed to breathe inside it an' get a bit warm. I see you come. (*Hitches sacking up round her neck.*) When yer leaned agin' the wall fumblin' with yer pistol I knowed wot yer was after. Knowed it by yer look. I wasn't goin' to call no copper ter stop yer. I shouldn't want ter be stopped myself if I'd made up my mind.

SIR OLIVER. I was not going to—do—anything—here.

GLAD. Things 'as been done 'ere before. (*Looks*

toward court.) It's nice an' private. Was yer goin' to do it in yer lodgings? I know them lodgin's. Beds fer single gents in a back room up a alley 'nough to make a man 'ang 'isself to look in 'em night like this. You stay out of 'em.

SIR OLIVER. I—I am ill.

GLAD. Course yer ill. It's yer 'ead. Barney's cawfee stand'll be 'ere soon. Take a cup o' cawfee an' buck up. If you've give me this—(showing money)—strite—I'll 'ave a cup with yer meself. Buck up, mister—(slaps him in back)—buck up!

SIR OLIVER. (Making move as if to leave her.) Let me alone; I am going.

GLAD. (Following and catching at his coat.) No you ain't. I want yer.

SIR OLIVER. (Looking down at her.) You want me! What in heaven's name do you want me for—(half pityingly)—you poor young gutter rat!

GLAD. Right O! That's me! I'm in a bit o' trouble meself—that's why I want yer.

SIR OLIVER. What could I do?

GLAD. (Hard little half laugh—touch of desperation in it.) Gimme somethin' ter think of—gimme somethin' ter talk to—gimme somethin' ter do. (Drops on steps, covers face with hands, laughs again.)

SIR OLIVER. (Curiously.) Do you find that helps you—to have something to think of? It does not help me.

GLAD. (Lifts her face, pushes hair back.) If yer thinkin' o' pitchin' yersef over the bridge an' yer begin thinkin' o' somethin' else—yer don't do it. Keep movin' about; that 'elps a lot. Wen I'm cold I begin swingin' me arms an' humpin'. Wen I'm 'ungry I never sits still. I jest get out somewheres—anywheres—an' blimme if I don't find a crust some 'ow. Blimme if I don't. Jest keep movin' and thinkin' o' somethin' else. That's the trick. Wisht Barney'd come with 'is cawfee stand. (Window in top story of house opens and girl puts her head out cautiously, as if looking for someone. Glad turns at sound and looks up. She calls out in rather low voice.) 'Ello, Polly!

POLLY. (Timidly.) Are you there, Glad?

GLAD. No! Not me! I'm at the opery at Covin' Garden listenin' ter Don Geobranny. Wot cherr?

POLLY. (Tremulously, cautious voice.) I'm frightened, Glad. I keep 'earin' a noise.

GLAD. It's nothin' but rats. You lie down an' cover up with the sacks. I've 'ad a stroke o' luck. I'll be there in a bit an' bring yer somethin'. Go in. (Polly shuts window.)

SIR OLIVER. What did she call you?

GLAD. (Laughs.) Glad! Never 'ad no nime o' me own. But a chap I knowed told me about a actress laidy as was named Gladys Beverly Mont'mency, so I names meself that. No one never said it all at once; they don't never say nothin' but Glad.

SIR OLIVER. Who is Polly?

GLAD. Little country thing as took a place in a lodgin' 'ouse an' got in trouble. 'Er biby was born dead, an' after she come out 'er 'orspital she was took in by a woman an' kep'. The life didn't suit 'er. She was kicked out in a week. I found 'er in the street cryin' fit ter split 'er chist one night an' I took care of 'er.

SIR OLIVER. Where?

GLAD. (Grinning.) Me chambers. Top loft in the 'ouse 'ere. It's an 'ole, I can tell yer. But it's better than sleepin' under bridges.

SIR OLIVER. What are you going to buy with your sovereign—a pair of shoes?

GLAD. (Chuckling as she thrusts her feet out and looks at him.) Me! I'm goin' to buy a di'mond tirarer to go to the opery in. I ain't 'ad a noo un since I went to the larst Drorin' Room at Buckin'am Pallis.

SIR OLIVER. (Rather bitterly.) You're a cheerful little beggar!

GLAD. (Clawing her mop of hair.) I was born that wye. If yer born cheerfie yer can stand things better. I gets many a bite an' a copper 'cos o' that. Tell'yer wot. There's a lot o' things 'appens in this 'ere world. I ain't seventeen and I've seen abaht 'arf of 'em, I 'ave. But there's one thing I ain't come across yet.

SIR OLIVER. And what is that, pray?

GLAD. (Looks up with shy sidewise mischief.) A thing as wos as bad as wot yer thort it wos. There ain't nothin' as bad as that. (Cheerfully.) That there ain't been done to any of us yet.

SIR OLIVER. What do you do for a living?

GLAD. Me! Aw, just anythin'. Sometimes there ain't nothin' fer me to do. Then I don't get no livin'. Yer can go without fer a day er two, but my Gawd—(clutching her stomach)—yer do get ter feel as if yer 'art was droppin' out arter the second day. Well—(Sighs, but goes on with a stubborn sound in voice.) It ain't drow' me on the streets yet!

SIR OLIVER. Good God!

GLAD. Wot d'yer jump like that for?

SIR OLIVER. You—you gave me something to think of.

GLAD. (Laughs.) Right O! Somethin' else. It'll do yer good.

SIR OLIVER. Do—do you ever think of living like that?

GLAD. (Grins.) If things was as bad as I think they are—sometimes it'd seem like there wasn't anything else; but they ain't. P'raps I'm not good lookin' enough. (Gives push to hair again.) But I've got a lot o' 'air. An' it's red!

SIR OLIVER. (Half smiles.) Yes, it's red!

GLAD. Gent ses ter me one day, 'e ses, "Oh, yer'll do. Yer an ugly little devil—but yer are a devil!"

SIR OLIVER. What sort of a "gent" was that?

GLAD. A reg'lar toff. Barrynites nevvv. J' ever 'ear o' Sir Oliver 'Olt?

SIR OLIVER. Yes! (With a start.)

GLAD. (Sardonically.) Well, 'e's 'is uncle, an' 'e's goin' to leave 'im all 'is money. (Laughs.) If 'e be'ives 'isself. Oh! 'e's doin' it, 'e is—proper. I could give the old boy a tip or two. (Sudden fierceness.) Blarst a fool like that as is so rich that it fair mikes yer sick to think of it. It's mide 'im sick, too. Young Olly ses 'e's goin' down 'ill in good shape. Wy doesn't a chap like that try doin' thirty days' 'ard in a place like this, throwin' 'is money about a bit. That'd give 'em somethin' else to think of. 'E'd be kep' so busy 'e wouldn't 'ave no time to be ill—till 'e was better.

SIR OLIVER. You think so?

GLAD. Think so! You tike my tip 'e wouldn't. But 'e'll go on tikin' pills an' payin' doctors' bills till e's shovelled under—an' then it's Young Olly's turn. (Laughs.) My turn too—if I'll tike up with 'im. Says 'e'll make a laidy of me an' set me up in a 'ouse in St. John's Wood.

SIR OLIVER. Shall you accept his offer?

GLAD. Aw! I don't want to live no gay life! It's too 'ard. Us pore uns ends too bad. Don't like 'im either. 'E's too much of a out an' outer. 'E ain't 'eld back nothin' but Sir Oliver. 'E's afride

of 'im, I tell yer—s'long as 'e's alive. (*Laughs.*) Some gals I know was 'avin' a supper with 'im in 'is chambers in the Temple one night an' the telly-phone rung. Me Uncle was comin' to call on 'im. My eye! 'E like ter 'ad a fit! Supper bundled inter closet an' gals bundled inter street like winkin'. (*Changes tone.*) I don't like 'im besides—

SIR OLIVER. Besides what?

GLAD. (*Looks up at him sideways with a shrewd, cheerful grin.*) Almost forgettin' about that thing in yer coat pocket, ain't yer?

SIR OLIVER. (*Starts, clasps hand on pocket.*) Yes, I was. The devil knows why!

GLAD. (*Nods decidedly.*) Yer got ter thinkin' o' somethin' else. That was it. (*Touches herself on breast.*) I'm somethin' else, Polly's somethin' else, Young Olly's somethin' else—you keep at it! 'Ere! (*As if on sudden impulse.*) I'll give yer somethin' more—somethin' I've been thinkin' of meself.

SIR OLIVER. Go on, you young imp!

GLAD. Wot d'yer think I was doin' wen I was covered up with me sack?

SIR OLIVER. What?

GLAD. I was sittin' there arstin'—(*her expression changes; she knits her brows and twists her hands unconsciously*)—an' arstin'—an' arstin'—

SIR OLIVER. Asking?

GLAD. (*Stops, looks at him with doubtful, curious eyes.*) It's somethin' I donno—A woman told me about it in the 'orspittle. It's out o' the Bible—Arst an' yer receive.

SIR OLIVER. Ask and you—receive?

GLAD. (*Gets up and twists sack round her; short laugh.*) That's somethin' else, ain't it? I've only just begun. I'm trying to find out if the trick works.

Glad, it turns out later, had been "asking" not for herself, but for her chum, The Dandy, who is suspected of murder. With the shadow of the gallows over him, The Dandy enters Apple Blossom Court in order to speak to her once more. A good natured neighboring woman advises him to climb up to Glad's chamber and to hide there until she returns, and informs Glad of his presence. Glad, knowing that he must be half-starved, sets Sir Oliver at work buying things to eat under a pretense that she wants to give a "party" in her "chamber."

The next act takes place in Glad's garret room. She sends Polly downstairs, and summoning her courage and her love, prepares herself for an interview with The Dandy. She bolts the door of the room, then goes to her bed, pulls it aside, and, opening the low door leading under the slant of the roof, she steps back and calls out softly: "Are ye there?"

DANDY. (*Crawls out, pale, breathless, desperate-looking, handsome, well-dressed young fellow about twenty-two.*) Yes, I'm 'ere. I shan't be 'ere long. They'll be after me soon, but I 'ad to come.

GLAD. (*Looks at him aghast, backing away; speaks in unsteady voice.*) Wot did yer come for?

DANDY. To tell yer. I wanted yer to know. It's no use, but I swore I'd tell yer if I swung for it.

(*Sudden savagery.*) Don't yer look like that at me! I can't stand it. (*Approaches her.*)

GLAD. (*Backing, throwing out her hands in horror.*) Keep away, keep away, I tell yer! Don't yer touch me! Don't yer do it!

DANDY. Drop that! Drop it—an' listen—Glad, Glad!

GLAD. (*In horror.*) Don't yer come near! (*Wildly.*) Wot yer've got on yer 'ands 'ud come off on me. Keep away, for Godamighty's sake!

DANDY. (*Looks down at his hands.*) Wot I've got on me 'ands? (*Slowly—suddenly seeing her meaning—cries out passionately.*) I've got nothin' on me 'ands! They're as clean as yours—s'elp me!

GLAD. Clean! An' that old man lyin' there, like they found 'im! An' all the p'lice in London trackin' yer! And yer crawlin' up here with a face like death! Oh, my Gawd! I didn't think it was in yer! (*Covers face with her arm, choking and shuddering.*)

DANDY. (*Desperately.*) I know'd! I know'd! Let a chap get into trouble an' not a pal 'll stick to 'im. But I thought you was different. You've allers bin different. That was why I crep' up 'ere. I thought yer'd be pal enough ter listen ter wot a chap'd got ter say!

GLAD. Say! With that there on yer 'ands?

DANDY. (*Breaking in wildly.*) These's nothin' on 'em, I tell yer! There's plenty to say if yer'd listen. Wen I left yer last night—

GLAD. Yer said yer'd go w'ere in 'ell yer pleased. An' yer went! An' after yer was gone I sat 'uddled up in the sack an' cold—an' arst—an' arst—as somethin' 'd stop yer. An' nothin' come of it! (*Passionately.*) Nothin' but this 'ere—nothin'— (*Shakes her fist.*)

DANDY. (*Starts—clutches his coat at breast.*) Yer arst that somethin' 'd stop me? Yer arst? Say that again! (*Creeping nearer.*)

GLAD. Keep off! Arst it same as the women in the 'orspital told me! More fool me! Went down on the boards grovelling! An' this 'ere's the answer! (*Shakes fist in frenzy.*) I'm done now! Blimme if I ever try it again. It don't work. (*Through her clenched teeth.*)

DANDY. (*Awed.*) Yer—make—me—blood run cold! Ye' arst— (*Sudden outcry.*) Ye' swear yer did—yer swear it?

GLAD. Yes. An' it didn't work!

DANDY. (*Dropping on knees near her and clutching her dress.*) It did—it did! (*Glad backs away.*) Listen ter me for Godamighty's sake! Somethin' did 'old me back; somethin' did, for I never went, Glad! S'welp m' Gawd! I wasn't there! (*Hides face in her rags and sobs.*)

GLAD. (*After wild gasp, slowly holds back a little to watch him, a strange look on her face. Solemnly.*) Yer—wasn't—there?

DANDY. (*Fiercely.*) No. I never lied ter yer—did I?

GLAD. (*Slowly.*) No, yer didn't!

DANDY. (*Gets up.*) Look at me an' see if I'm lyin' now!

GLAD. (*Goes and looks him steadily in the face.*) No, yer not! (*Draws back a step, stands silent a few seconds, looks slowly round the room, with wide eyes, as if some tremendous question were dawning upon her; puts hands up to hair, then turns again to Dandy.*) Why didn't yer go?

DANDY. (*With step forward.*) Becos' 'i you! (*Defiantly.*) 'Cos I like yer—an' I could ha' made yer like me if yer 'adn't been so stand off. I was

mad enough to smash yer; but I couldn't get yer out o' me 'ead an' I couldn't get wot yer said out o' me 'ead either. Wen I started out with Black an' Nob—

GLAD. Yer did start with 'em, then?

DANDY. Yes. Went with 'em to 'Ampstead. But all the sime I couldn't think o' nothin' but you an' yer talk. "Lot o' rotten stuff!" I ses. "She's gone dotty an' I'm goin' dotty too." But I couldn't get up no 'art in the job we was on—and I begun laggin' be'ind.

GLAD. (*Mysterious whisper to herself.*) I was callin' out, lyin' on the boards there!

DANDY. (*Wiping forehead.*) Seemed like somethin' was draggin' me. I couldn't go on. I told Black and Nob I couldn't, an' they was as savage as mad dogs. I left 'em, I was mad myself; but I come back. I couldn't help it. I slept like a log all night. An' wen I woke up in the mornin' the newsboys was callin' the murder out in the streets.

GLAD. It worked—it worked!

DANDY. (*Bitterly.*) I knew I darsn't show myself arter I 'eard it. I knew Black and Nob'd fix me proper. They swore they would!

GLAD. (*With start.*) They said you was the one as did it. That's wot they said.

DANDY. I knowed they would—an' who's goin' to believe me? (*Desperate.*) That's why I crep' up 'ere. I ses I won't 'er ter know. She'll believe me if no one else won't. I'm a dog with a bad name; every cop in London knows me—an' nothin' I can say'll be any use. But I wanted yer to know I 'adn't done it. I never 'ad no chanst sence I was born. I ain't got no chanst now. I shall swing for a thing as was done wen I wasn't nowhere near. I shall swing for it!

GLAD. (*Fiercely.*) Yer won't swing; yer shan't! (*Thinks.*) If I'd tried this 'ere thing more— (*Tremulously.*) I'd trust to it; but I ain't tried it often enough. Yer've got ter try it often enough ter know. (*Covers face with hands, rocks a little as if under strain of anguish—lifts face.*) Didn't yer see no one wen yer came back? Didn't no one see yer—no one as could swear they saw yer?

DANDY. (*Savagely.*) Yes, I did see some one, an' spoke to 'im—an' 'e spoke ter me!

GLAD. Who was it—who?

DANDY. (*Bitter rage.*) The one man as'd swear 'e didn't see me, wen 'e knowed it 'ud get me out of 'a ole if 'e swore 'e did—just that there one man! That's the chanst that's give me!

GLAD. Wot's is name, quick?

DANDY. The bloke as wants ter make a laidy of yer—an' 'ates me like 'ell—young Mr. Oliver 'Olt. That's who!

GLAD. (*In wild haste.*) Where'd yer see 'im? Wot time? Wot did 'e say?

DANDY. 'Tain't no use—'e ain't a man—'e's a white-blooded devil! I was comin' back an' I sees a swell strollin' along Regent Street, an' as 'e comes near 'e draws up an' larfs at me. "Wot shady job are yer up to 'ere, Mr. Dandy?" 'e ses. "Somethin' sime as y'are yerself." I ses back, "goin' to see a laidy." "Yer goin' in through 'er cellar winder if y'are," 'e ses. "We shall 'ear of some one's silver plate being missin' in the mornin' paiper."

GLAD. (*Interjects.*) Jest like 'im, blarst 'im!

DANDY. An' that there minute a big church bell stroikes. "One o'clock," 'e ses, larfin'. "I'll remember the time!"

GLAD. (*Cries out.*) An' the papers says as it was done at one o'clock, cos the 'ousekeeper 'eard a row

downstands an' put 'er 'ed out o' winder ter call "p'lice"—an' she 'eard a church clock strike one as she did it!

DANDY. (*Short, harsh laugh.*) D'yer think 'e'd prove a haliby for me? 'Im! Why—(*fiercely*)—if I swing 'e's got yer—'e's got yer!

GLAD. 'E's not got me! Yer won't swing; yer shan't, s'welp me. (*Drops arms.*)

DANDY. (*Pacing room like trapped creature.*) I never 'ad no chanst, I tell yer. 'Ere was I, born—in—thieves' crib, taught to pick pockets same as other kids is taught ter read! Wot was me mother? Who was me father? Cops 'ad their eyes on me by the time I was five. There wasn't never nothin' to look for but somethin' like this—like this—'ere! (*Drops on soap box and covers face.*)

GLAD. (*Moves as if something was dragging her towards him.*) Dandy, we mayn't never see each other again!

DANDY. (*Makes quick stride towards her and seizes her by her shoulders almost savagely.*) D'yer know what that means—d'yer know?

GLAD. (*Shuddering.*) Yuss, I know.

DANDY. You wouldn't never tike up with me sime as another gal would ha' done. An' now it's too late—if I had to swing. If—this—was the larst mornin'—at Newgate—would yer give a poor cove a kiss—or wouldn't yer? It'd 'earten me, Glad! (*Glad goes to him and kisses him. Dandy holds her back and looks at her in questioning silence; speaks at last hesitatingly, as if half afraid of his own words.*) Glad, yer do like me a bit, Glad—this 'ere larst mornin' at Newgate?

GLAD. (*Takes hold of breast of his coat, wondering at herself.*) Yuss, I do! Didn't out and out know I did—till now. Somethin's took me. Women's like that there! They cares about a chap wen 'e's in trouble.

DANDY. (*Clutches her hand and stands trembling. He does not kiss her; his face half turns away and he bites his lip.*) I sharn't get out o' this; but if I did I'd live decent—s'elp me! Godamighty! Good-bye, me gal! (*Lets her go; turns, and enters by door under roof.*)

GLAD. Good luck, Dandy. (*Closes door, pushes cot back, walks into middle of room.*) I can't 'elp 'im—'e can't 'elp 'isself—the other man won't! Who will? (*Cries out suddenly, throwing out hand as if speaking to something unseen.*) 'E never done it—'e never done it! 'E never 'ad no charnst. Give 'im a charnst—You—give 'im a charnst!

Sir Oliver arrives with the viands, and Maggie, Lizzie, and Bet, inmates of the house, are all invited to participate in the feast. In the midst of grubbing and conversation the police suddenly enter the room.

MAG. They're arfter Dandy!

LIZ. Dandy ain't up there, I tell ye!

GLAD. I—want—to—be—took—care—of—NOW! (*Polly opens door.*)

POLLY. What is it?

BET. (*Outside on stairs.*) I tell ye 'e ain't up there.

INSPECTOR. Well, where is Dandy?

BET. I don't know. I ain't set eyes on 'im for a month.

INSPECTOR. Well, I'll see for myself. (*Enters.*)

POLICEMAN. (*As all start back, makes gesture designating Sir Oliver and Polly.*) None of you wanted. (*Goes to Glad.*) You're the one I want

to talk to. Where's Dandy? (*Touche her shoulder as she draws back.*) There's nothing against you. (*Good-naturedly.*) You're right enough, but you keep bad company. Where's Dandy?

(*Bet is seen to appear at door, peering in, sleeves rolled up as if just come from washtub.*)

GLAD. Is 'e 'ere? Look abaht yer! Is that 'im? (*Pointing to Polly.*) Is that 'im? (*Pointing to Thief.*) Is that 'im? (*Pointing to Sir Oliver.*) Yer knows Dandy better than I do.

FIRST POLICEMAN. I've had my eyes on him long enough to know him. (*Moves about room, looking for possible hiding places. Pauses, baffled.*)

BET. (*Pushing her way in.*) 'E don't know 'im no better than I do, I can tell 'im. Dandy ain't 'ere—an' ain't been fer a month's time. I just left me washin' to come up an' tell 'im strite.

GLAD. Stow that, Bet. They ain't goin' ter b'lieve the likes of us!

BET. An' why won't they? I'm a 'honest woman—with me marriage lines as reg'lar as Queen Alexandria's. An' a 'usband as knocks me abaht legal—sime as any man with a 'appy fireside.

SECOND POLICEMAN. You keep quiet. (*As they move about, Bet furtively creeps nearer Glad—plucks at her dress.*)

BET. (*Whispers.*) Glad!

GLAD. (*Pushing her hand away—whispers back breathlessly.*) Don't say nothin'!

(*Bet drops back, but hovers about anxiously. Murmur of crowd in court. Voices heard, "Ave they nabbed 'im?" "Naw!" "Serve 'em right!" Policeman below ordering, "Keep back there!"*)

GLAD. (*To First Policeman.*) "T ain't much of a place to 'ide in. Why don't yer look under the grand planner? Or in the armyloo cabinets?"

FIRST POLICEMAN. Don't give too much cheek, Redhead. (*Glances at fireplace.*)

SIR OLIVER. I have been here some time, and he has not been in the room, I can swear!

FIRST POLICEMAN. (*Turning sharply.*) Who are you? You don't belong to this lot?

SIR OLIVER. I have just come home from Australia—ruined—if you want to know.

FIRST POLICEMAN. I'd advise you to keep out of places like this.

GLAD. (*Fiercely.*) Wy d'yer come 'ere? Who set yer on—if there's nothin' agen me an' never 'as been?

FIRST POLICEMAN. Dandy's against you. Chaps like him always run to some woman when the worst comes to the worst. You're the one he'd run to. Black and Nob swore he would.

GLAD. (*To Bet, in anguish.*) Yes—they'd swear 'is life away. It's no use, Bet!

BET. (*Trying to avoid attracting policeman's attention; looks eager, but frightened.*) Keep up, me gal, keep up! (*Pats her on back; looks as if she would say more, but dare not. Glad starts away from her as she sees F. P. go to the bed and examine it suspiciously.*)

SECOND POLICEMAN. You go back to your washtub. (*Motions to F. P. and pulls bed away from wall. F. P. discovers door.*)

FIRST POLICEMAN. There's a door here! (*S. P. goes to him.*) It opens under the roof. (*Speaks peremptorily to policeman guarding door.*) You look out there! Be ready with your truncheon! There may be a tussle! (*Examines low door. Takes out knife and inserts it in crack. Turns bullseye lantern into aperture.*) It's all up, Dandy! There are three of us. (*They enter by the low doorway.*)

SIR OLIVER. (*Who has been watching Glad, goes to her, lays hand on her shoulder, and speaks in a low voice.*) You may trust me—I swear it. Is he in there—is he?

GLAD. (*Turns and clutches his coat.*) 'E never done it! 'E never done it! 'E never done it!

SIR OLIVER. You know he didn't?

GLAD. (*Wildly.*) I know. I arst as 'e might be kep' away. An' that was the arnswer. 'E never done it, s'welp me. (*Breaks down and sobs on his arm.*)

SIR OLIVER. I believe you. (*They both turn to look at door under roof. The two policemen are coming back into room; they look baffled and sheepish.*)

FIRST POLICEMAN. He's not there. Not a sign of him. Black said—(*Checks himself; speaks to Glad.*) Well, I'm not sorry I didn't find him here, Redhead. It would have given you a bad name—and you haven't had one so far. Sorry we disturbed your dinner party. (*They go out. From the street murmur rises again as they go out into court. Voices are heard, "They 'aven't got 'im," "Yah!" etc.*)

GLAD. (*Stands breathless, eyes dilated, trembling. She speaks in awed whisper.*) 'E wasn't there! They looked an' 'e wasn't there!

BET. (*Watches her a moment as she stands like one in a dream; then she creeps closer to her and touches her arm gently as if to awaken her, and, as if half awed by what she sees in her face, speaks low.*) Glad! Glad, me gal!

GLAD. (*Slowly turns and looks at her.*) 'E wasn't there!

BET. 'E's where 'e'd be safe for a week!

GLAD. You know?

BET. (*Hurriedly.*) I was in me washus an' I see 'is face starin' in at the winder. 'E was goin' to try ter get out the back way—an' that there minit I 'eard little Billy shout out the cop was comin' down the street—an' I nabbed Dandy an' dragged 'im in.

GLAD. Where'd you 'ide 'im?

BET. There's a but o' a low coal cupboard in the washus wall. Yer'd never think it was there. I pushed 'im in and sit me tub against it, and by the time the p'lice come I was up to me elbows in 'ot soap suds an' scrubbin' like mad—an' give 'em a nice bit o' me mind.

GLAD. (*As if dazed.*) Yer did that 'cos yer was told. 'E never 'ad a chanst afore. P'raps there's one comin' to 'im now. (*Turns to Sir Oliver, who approaches her.*) I'm goin' on with this 'ere! I am!

BET. What are you going to do?

GLAD. There's a man as can prove 'e never done it. 'E stopped an' spoke to 'im in Regent Street on one o'clock. 'E's a devil, an' 'e won't say the word—fer anythin' as is on earth. P'raps 'e'll say it for Somethin' as ain't.

SIR OLIVER. (*Drawing back to look at her.*) For what?

GLAD. (*Snatches up sack, drags it over shoulders.*) I dunno! I dunno! It's worked more than onct—it'll work agen. But for that it'd be no use. I'm goin' through the streets arstin'. I'm goin' through the streets beggin'. I'm goin' through the streets callin'. I'm going NOW! (*Goes towards door. Comes back and looks at Sir Oliver solemnly.*) You didn't come 'ere by no axident ternight—You didn't! Somethin' sent yer! Stay!

Glad makes a desperate attempt to win over Sir Oliver's scoundrelly heir. She goes to his



THE CHEERFULNESS OF "GLAD"

"I was born that wye," says Eleanor Robson in the character of the cheerful young gutter-rat in Mrs. Burnett's pleasing play. "There's one thing I ain't come across yet—a thing as wos as bad as wot yer thort it wos."



MODEST MRS. BURNETT

"It is not," says Mrs. Burnett in a letter to us, "that I presume to be a scientist of any kind—nothing fills me with such piteous terror as that portentous word. I am only a person who was born thinking many of the things nearly all the world thinks in these days. And I do not at all resent the fact that my photographs scarcely ever look in the least like me—who am I that I should assume lofty airs?—and there is always a degree of interest in the various kinds of totally different ladies they do look like."

apartments alone at night and asks him to testify for her lover. He refuses except on one condition—namely, if she consents to become his mistress. Glad still hopes and hopes that something will turn up in answer to her "arstin," but endless minutes pass and there is no answer to her prayer. She is almost ready to yield to young Holt when the telephone rings, and Sir Oliver demands to speak to his young nephew. Holt is startled, for he is under the impression that his uncle had started to Paris and would probably succumb to his disease on the trip. He now asks Glad to

leave him on the instant for fear of being compromised in Sir Oliver's eyes.

GLAD. (*Shaking with wild feeling, but speaking in low voice.*) No! I won't get out!

HOLT. (*Turns toward her sharply.*) You won't?

GLAD. (*Shrieks through telephone before he can reach her.*) Police! Police! Police! Send 'em! Mr. 'Olt wants 'em! Murder! Police! police! police!

HOLT. You madwoman! What have you done! Good God!

GLAD. (*Points at him, speaking in almost hollow voice.*) Listen to yer—listen to yer! Good God! ses yer! (*Sudden wild outcry.*) That's wot I was a callin' on—an' that there—(*pointing to telephone*)—was the answer. (*Rises to her feet.*) Sir Oliver 'Olt 'll be here in a few minits, an' the p'lice with 'im.

HOLT. (*Beside himself with rage.*) Police! Yes, they will. (*With desperate gestures.*) And Sir Oliver—what a scandal! (*Strides over to door, unlocks, throws it open.*) Get out, you young devil, before I pitch you downstairs!

GLAD. Yer won't do it. A nice row there'd be in the papers, a bundle o' rags like me, dragged kickin' an' screaml'n' out o' Sir Oliver's nevv'y's chambers. I'm going to stay 'ere till the p'lice comes.

(*There is a rush of footsteps on the staircase and sound as if someone threw themselves against the door to break it open. Glad springs up. Holt starts and stares at her.*)

DANDY. (*Frenzied voice outside, loud knocks.*) Glad! Glad, me gal! I'm 'ere. Lemme in, lemme in!

HOLT. That is not the police.

GLAD. No, it ain't! (*Dandy bursts in, haggard and panting. Glad seizes him, crying out wildly.*) It's Dandy! Dandy! Dandy! Wot you come 'ere for?

DANDY. (*Staggers, draws arm across forehead as if to wipe the sweat from it; cries out breathlessly, almost gasping out words.*) Bet sez to me—"Glad, she knows a gent as can prove yer alibi. She's a gone to 'im. She won't come back till she's mide 'im do it." (*Turns on Holt.*) I knowed who the gent was, an' I knowed wot sort of a game 'e'd try. D'yer think I'll save me skin that wye? No, by Gawd! I'm a pickpocket and thief, an' there's a rope rahnd me neck; but I'm a man, an' to hell with all the rest of it!

GLAD. Dandy! Dandy! (*Holt falls back and stares at them with cynical curiosity.*)

DANDY. (*Takes Glad by the shoulder and drags her forward.*) Come 'ere! Tell me!

GLAD. Tell yer wot?

DANDY. (*Savagely.*) If I've got to do wot'll be sure to 'ang me; fer I'm goin' ter kill 'im now. (*Looks at her, taking her face frantically between his hands, almost sobbing. Sudden cry of exulting conviction as he looks down into her eyes.*) I've got yer! I've got yer! (*Clutches her fiercely against his breast; she leans there, sobbing. At last he releases her, and stands up, drawing arm across forehead again.*) Now you go 'ome!

There is a sound of steps outside. Dandy hides. Then there is a knock at the door and a policeman enters with Sir Oliver, dressed again in the habiliments of society.

POLICEMAN. (*In tone of authority.*) There was a call for the police here. What did it mean?

HOLT. (*After a few seconds irritated hesitation.*) A rather serious matter—connected with the Hampstead affair—and the young fellow known as The Dandy.

POLICEMAN. (*Excited.*) Any clue, sir? Scotland Yard 'll be glad of that.

HOLT. No clue. But I happen to be able to testify that The Dandy was not at Hampstead when the murder was committed. I stopped to speak to him on Regent Street exactly at one o'clock.

POLICEMAN. (*Eagerly.*) You can swear to that, sir?

HOLT. I can. He had been pointed out to me in the East End, and I knew his face. I rather chafed him about the suspiciousness of his being in the West End of the town. A church clock struck and I told him I would remember the time. I should of course have spoken earlier, but—but I did not know he was one of the accused until I was told by Miss Gladys Montmorencie. (*Gesture towards Glad.*) I believe that is her complete name.

GLAD. (*Gets up to come forward to policeman. She does not look at Sir Oliver, who has stepped back.*) 'E never done it, Dandy didn't. 'E told me there was one man as could prove 'e didn't. That there's the man. (*Gestures toward Holt.*) I come 'ere an' arst 'im ter say the word, an' 'e remembered. Wen 'e did, I run wild crazy, and run an' screamed through the tellyphone.

SIR OLIVER. (*To policeman.*) That is alibi enough, I suppose, officer?

POLICEMAN. Alibi enough to save The Dandy this time. Nothing else would have done it. Black and Nob swore he was with them.

HOLT. Well, I can swear he was not.

POLICEMAN. (*To Holt.*) Well, if you'll come with us to Scotland Yard now, sir, and see the Inspector-in-Chief, that'll put an end to the hunt. (*To The Dandy, rather warningly.*) You can go back to Apple Blossom Court and sleep quiet till you get into mischief again.

GLAD. (*Hand on Dandy's arm.*) 'E won't get into mischief agen. I'm goin' ter 'old onto 'im.

(*Holt goes out with policeman.*)

GLAD. (*Has begun to look at Sir Oliver curiously, as he turns and comes forward, her curiosity slowly changes to amazed recognition.*) You? You? You're a swell, too? I knew there was somethin' wrong about yer. You're a swell, too!

SIR OLIVER. Yes, I'm a swell, too.

GLAD. How did you come here; how did you know where I was?

SIR OLIVER. You said there was one man could prove an alibi. I remembered the story you told me, and I happened to know Mr. Holt much better than he thinks I do.

GLAD. How did you know him?

SIR OLIVER. I am Sir Oliver Holt.

GLAD. (*Starts, jerks head toward door.*) 'Is uncle? The rich 'un?

SIR OLIVER. Yes.

GLAD. (*Draws long breath, then pulls herself together.*) Well—(*bluntly*)—'e told the truth about Dandy!

SIR OLIVER. (*They go and he stands gazing at her for a moment.*) Strange things have been happening to you, strange things have been happening to me. There is too much that is crying out for help—to allow a man such as I am to give himself to the dust. I am not going to use this. (*Hands her pistol.*) Take it!

GLAD. (*Hand on his arm, voice choked with tears.*) Right O! That's it! You buck up sime as I told yer. There's allers to-morrer.

SIR OLIVER. I did not think so a few hours ago. (*Pondering.*) Perhaps to-night has dragged me away from the agony of morbidness! (*Pause and reflection.*) Perhaps to-night has saved me.

GLAD. Yer was given a chance.

SIR OLIVER. Perhaps I was.

GLAD. (*Calls out.*) Perhaps yer was! That's the wye! That's us—all of us! Yer've 'ad yer charnst gave yer an' yer don't believe it! 'T ain't nothin' but me, gutter rat, sime as yer called me; but blimme if I don't believe it—blimme if I don't.

DANDY. So—do—I.

SIR OLIVER. (*Turns to watch her, comes back, bows head.*) So do I!

GLAD. There's termorrers enough fer all of us, if we keeps on livin' 'em, instead o' pretendin' to do it.

DANDY. (*Draws back a step to look at her.*) Glad, me gal—

GLAD. I'm goin' back ter Apple Blossom Court, I am. You come along o' me an' keep on thinkin' o' somethin' else.

SIR OLIVER. You don't want to leave the place?

GLAD. Not me. I wants ter see things 'appen there. I wants ter mike 'em happen.

SIR OLIVER. You shall! You and Dandy!

GLAD. Yuss. Me and Dandy. (*Catches her breath.*) I'm alive! I'm alive! (*Strikes her breast sharply with her finger ends.*) This 'ere ain't goin' ter end—this 'ere ain't. There ain't no end to it. (*Throws up her arms, cries in rapture.*) I'm alive! I'm alive! I'm going ter be took care of now!

CURTAIN.

THE PLAY THAT HAS MADE ALL ENGLAND SIT UP



FANTASTIC and impossible play, mediocre in workmanship, lacking in dramatic power, by a writer unknown to fame, has set the Thames on fire, and aroused the English public to something like a frenzy where the earnest arguments of the ministry and Lord Roberts had failed. The bogey of an alien invasion of English shores is raised, and scatters a mild form of terror through the

land. Hysterical, panic stricken patriotism asserts itself. Every day, every night, says the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, the movement is gaining new impetus, and nothing seems likely to restore the usual British calm and self complaisance until the army has been put on a genuine war footing and the navy prepared to meet the combined fleets of Europe. What Charles Dibden's "Sea Songs" did for the navy one hundred years

ago, "An Englishman's Home," the sensational play by Guy du Maurier—son of the author of "Trilby," and until now an obscure English officer—has apparently accomplished for the English army. Thousands of patriotic Englishmen, we read, have already enlisted, and others are pouring in to meet the imagined foe. Everywhere the martial spirit prevails, and before the end, if indications are true, it seems not unlikely that nearly every able-bodied Englishman will have taken up arms. Wyndham's Theater, where the play is produced, is crowded nightly with the most intelligent upper classes. Cabinet ministers, old generals, foreign ambassadors, are mentioned in the newspapers as attending; letters to the editors discuss the merit and teachings of the play. "The Thunderer" has leading articles upon it, and the sensational newspapers are working the subject for all it is worth. Seats had been sold the night after the first performance for an entire month. The lucky manager who took the play up with no particular enthusiasm or hope has received fifty or more offers for productions of the Du Maurier fantasy throughout the country, and at one of Mr. Frohman's New York theaters rehearsals for a hurried American production are even now going on.

There is no attempt in the play at a story in the ordinary sense. Virtually there is no plot and no love-interest. It is, so the London *Times* asserts, not a good play in itself, hardly a work of art, but of real importance as a political symptom. "Its method," the writer goes on to say, "is crude and amateurish, because the author has put no real person on the stage; his people are all personifications of some tendency or movement of to-day."

"There is Mr. Brown, the typical English ratepayer, whose 'house is his castle,' and who is boiling over with indignation because both the contending armies have had the effrontery to turn this 'castle' of his into a 'strategic position,' and that too without asking his leave. Amid all the pillage and carnage he goes to look for a policeman. There is young Mr. Smith, the typical suburban 'boulder,' who spends his life at football matches, knows the names of all the players by heart, and looks upon Volunteering as 'silly rot,' and there is Mr. Robinson, the quiet, earnest Volunteer, who finds it impossible to convince the others that able-bodied Englishmen have something else to do just now than play at games (even the portly Mr. Brown plays diaboló), and who is rallied by all the girls of the household because his uniform is not 'becoming.' And so they are all wrangling and chaffing and reading sporting papers and generally, in their own phrase, 'rotting' when—enter two stern gentlemen in foreign uniforms. The Englishman's (Essex) house is occupied by an advance party of invaders, the army of the 'Empress of the North'!

"From this moment the grotesque, rather squalid, farce of the thing is turned to grim horror. Of course, the main lines of this sort of thing have been familiar enough ever since 'The Battle of Dorking'; snug English domesticity is suddenly to be brought face to face with the horrors of war. There is the whistling of bullets and the scream of shells; slangy Mr. Smith, in the very act of perpetrating more Cockney jokes, falls dead with a bullet through the heart. But that is only an incident in the author's general scheme of contrasting the inefficiency of the untrained English Volunteer with the iron discipline and masterly organization of the invaders. Our men don't know how to take the range or how to shoot without exposing themselves, don't know on what flank the enemy is, don't know anything. By-and-by the order comes for them to retire, but Mr. Brown, indignant with Englishmen for ever retreating before a foreign foe, declares that he, at any rate, will stay. The shells are knocking his 'castle' to pieces, and a kind of frenzy possesses him. He snatches up a rifle, and does not know how to use it; then finds out the way, and shoots one of the enemy. Quickly overpowered, he is summarily ordered to be shot, as a civilian found in arms. (This particular incident is quite well done, by the way, so well done as to suggest a classic little story of Maupassant on the same theme.) As his daughter is wailing over his corpse there is a distant sound of bagpipes. It appears that the British Army has been rapidly brought up in trains, motor-buses, anything; and the invaders are caught in a trap. With this final solace to our national *amour propre*—after all, a theatrical audience is human—this remarkable little play comes to an end."

A number of critics indict the play because it tends to increase the baseless apprehension of an attack upon England from Germany. The censor has been careful to strike out direct references to any country, but "Prince Yorland," the hostile general, and his officers are unmistakably Teutonic. The number of improbabilities that must be accepted is so great as to make the whole thing ridiculous as a scare; but the public is not daunted by that fact. It is interesting to note in this connection that the New York *Evening Journal* points in all seriousness to the play as a "lesson" for Americans, making ominous allusions to our neighbor on the Pacific.

The majority of reviewers agree with *The Times* in its condemnation of "An Englishman's Home" as a poor work of art; nevertheless, the production of plays of this nature, so different from romantic rhapsody and rip-snorting melodrama, rouses sparks of hope in many critical breasts. It is regarded as a tremendous confirmation of William Archer's dictum that the modern drama has reached England at last, and that "the English drama which was nothing is now something." Mr. Harrison, in the London *Daily Mail*, declares that the play has "not only blown a great bomb into national life, but it has brushed a gigantic

cobweb off the English stage." This unknown army officer, he tells us, has achieved what the critical hammer and theatrical anvil of Mr. Shaw and all his sparks of fire and all those of his satellites and all power of criticism have not accomplished—namely, torn away the mask of unreality and stage puppet convention which has so long palsied the theater in England. "Instead of a marionette show," he says, "the play gives us what all these years we have waited for—the truth, the real face of Mary Ann and her 'sporting brothers.'" To quote further:

"The old father who thinks of nothing but diabolio, the vulgar football son, the 'limerick' son, the daughter who can chatter about nothing save their brother's 'shop,' and can not even bandage a simple wound, the lone youth who thinks in khaki and gets generally considered a 'fool'; the abysmal insularity, self-complacency, vacuous garrulity of this family—are these the elements of successful drama? Yet they are. And they are so because the author has a pretty knack of presenting them truthfully to us through the subtle medium of genuine satire.

"Satire! That is the new thing he has given us. And as satire is only a means to an end, a medium, an instrument, but only forcible and convincing when founded on truth, so he has given us truth too. Instead of the tomfool melodrama, the mock-soldier play of British, Union Jack heroics, we have true men and women, truth as the basis, truth as the moral of the play—truth as its compelling motif. Instead of the hero taking off his hat to us, we take off ours to the play, to the author, and to the players. Instead of spending a comfortable evening patting ourselves on the back, we spend an uncomfortable one, questioning, thinking, thinking. Instead of sitting in the stalls like Teddy bears at a children's party while the stage sings 'Rule Britannia,' we it is who quit the theater singing of the sea and of England's freedom; not tired, thirsting for a brandy-and-soda before retiring to rest, and forgetting all about it, but alert, keen, and combative, wanting

to talk and to think—just fancy, to think about the play and ourselves and the little island!

"All this is very cheerful. The success of the play is not a little due to this very revelation. It is the secret of the unexpected success of 'The Third Floor Back.' It is the secret of the French and German stage. It is the 'gobe-mouche' in our national dramatic cobweb which Major du Maurier's broom has swept away. It makes one almost ask whether it will not soon be possible to see 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' on our stage—Mr. Shaw's finest dramatic work. Good times should certainly be ahead for enterprising and discerning managers. What our drama so conspicuously lacks is—psychology, which is, of course, the essential basis of all dramatic illusion."

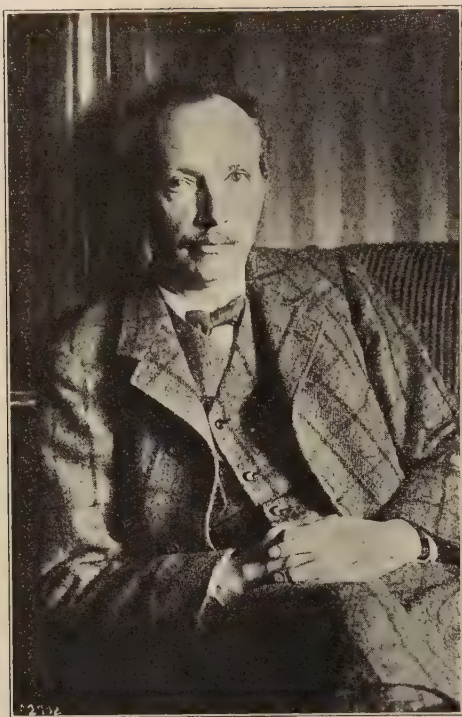
"At last we have a melodrama of real people. At last we have a play pointing and enforcing a great lesson. At last we have our stage used as an informative and educative and ennobling platform, a thing of reality, a power which is really a power. And it cannot go back now. One of the greatest clogs on our literary and dramatic work hitherto has been this very absence of it, that blighting influence which wrapt the stage in an artificial veneer of unreality and kept the plays with a purpose, the plays dealing with great things, with the problems and battles of our lives, away from it, and left the intensity of truth untouched. But it has all changed now. Now that managers, writers and the public have seen what a power the stage can possess, what possibilities there are in plays which are fundamental as opposed to the purely elemental, what a pulpit the stage might be, the good work begun for English drama will go on, must go on, untrammelled in advance. For the national art this is a great thing. It means that it will henceforth be possible for a writer having something definite to say about a subject of interest and importance to say and get it said. It means that we shall get new men with new ideas writing for us, a new spirit and a new inspiration; for with the demand will come the supply. In time, perhaps, even politics will be treated on our stage, and we shall no longer be the butt of the intellectual world as the people who refused 'Monna Vanna' and Mr. Granville Barker's 'Waste'."

THE MUSICAL VALUE OF STRAUSS'S "ELECTRA"



Y ALL odds the most important musical event of the winter has been the production in Dresden of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Electra." Opinions differ widely as to the exact musical stature of Strauss, and the permanent worth of his work, but no one can deny his unique position in the musical world of to-day. Debussy and Puccini are his only rivals, and he may be finally ranked above both. "He is the only musician," a recent critic points out, "who can focus the interest of two continents upon himself, and whose every new work takes on the significance of an international musical event."

The conditions under which "Electra" was produced are said to have been unprecedented in musical annals. Two hundred and sixteen rehearsals were found to be necessary before the opera was ready for public presentation. During the week preceding the first performance Dresden was thronged by music-lovers of all nationalities. More than two hundred musical critics attended. Strauss himself was present, but the brunt of the hard work in connection with the production of the opera fell upon the shoulders of the conductor, Ernst von Schuch, who is described as a man of iron energy, boundless enthusiasm and youthful ardor.



THE AMAZING STRAUSS

Whose new opera has evoked a torrent of invective, criticism and praise. The score of "Electra" is said to mark the limit of possible orchestral complexity.

The effect of the opera upon the audience was most extraordinary. Some were bewildered; others disgusted. One eminent critic, the Wagnerian scholar, Angelo Neumann, exclaimed: "Absolutely perverse! No ordinary audience will listen to such a work." The *London Times's* correspondent, on the other hand, pronounces parts of "Electra" the finest dramatic music since Wagner. "I have scarcely ever been so much moved by any music," he says. A third critic, an American, who was also deeply impressed, told the correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"At the end of the performance it was nearly a full minute before the house recovered its equilibrium sufficiently to enable it to burst into a spontaneous roar of cheers and applause. No theatre or opera audience in the world was ever called upon to weather such a strain upon its emotions as that ninety-five minutes of harrowing, thrilling operatic bedlam imposed upon us.

"Beads of actual perspiration stood out upon many a forehead. Enthralled as we had been, we were glad that the ordeal was over. If it were Strauss's purpose to daze 'Electra's' hearers, the Dresden *première* was an unqualified success. Such demoniacal orchestral and vocal effects have certainly never before been set to music.

"The audience was kept in an incessant paroxysm

of ghastliness and horror. The orchestra barked and growled with hellish realism. The singers shrieked and moaned in accents which were something more than agonizing. The tone production which resulted marks Strauss for all time as a genius and wizard."

The "Electra" of Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, upon which Strauss's opera is based, has already been described at length in these pages (see *CURRENT LITERATURE*, April, 1908). Its literary cunning is sufficiently attested by the fact that it has been translated into English by Arthur Symonds, and performed both in England and America by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. In dramatic form, however, it has not been favorably received in either country, its fate in this respect recalling that of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which has also aroused much greater interest as an opera than as a play. The two dramas are alike in their obvious appeal to the morbid and pathological side of human nature. But whereas "Salome" deals with perverted sex-emotion, "Electra" portrays the maniacal joy and mad melancholy of revenge. "Electra," as one critic puts it, "is neurotic, hysterical; 'Salome' is erotic, perverse; and both of them offer tremendous potentialities for a man like Richard Strauss."

The story of "Electra" is "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" rolled into one. From the moment when Electra leaps like a wild-cat into the midst of the serving maidens of the palace, everything in the drama is subordinated to one note—the passion for vengeance that burns and consumes her. Agamemnon, her father, has been foully slain. Her mother, Clytemnestra, and her mother's paramour, Ægistheus, are the murderers. She has only one purpose in life—to avenge her father. From an account in the *Boston Transcript* we gather:

"Electra herself, in whom centres the propulsive force of the drama, has ceased to be a woman; she barely remains a human being. Haggard, dishevelled, ragged, she prowls about the sinister house of the Atridae that has seen so many crimes. She plucks at the walls, she crawls on the ground, she scratches in the earth (as beasts do) to dig out the axe that has slain Agamemnon; she howls of death (as a dog howls) from the first to the last word of the play. One idea incessantly absorbs her, haunts her like an hallucination—death for her mother, death for Ægistheus—until she becomes a very maniac of vengeance. Orestes is her brother; yet to her he is less brother than the promised avenger. She despises and detests her sister, Chrysothemis, until she discovers that the girl's arms are strong. Then Electra would cajole her into a murderess. As she sees death drawing nearer and nearer upon those she hates, savage mockery and horrid elation possess her. When at last the deed is done and Clytemnestra lies dead, a maniacal fury of triumph

seizes upon her, and she dances frantically until she falls breathless, crushed by the mighty passion of her rejoicing and release. She is as a woman demented, possessed.

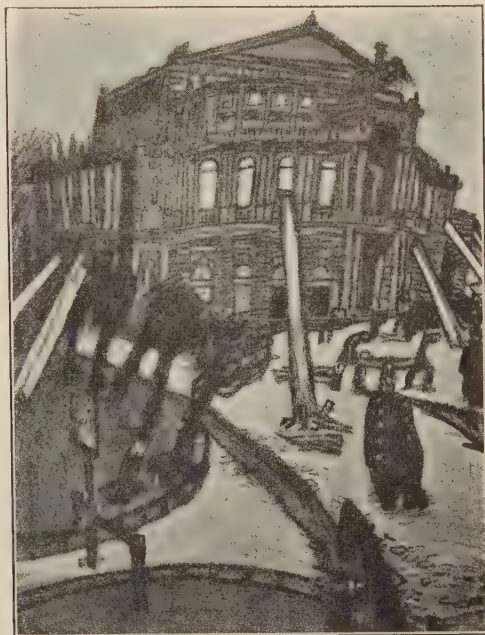
"Clytemnestra is in like case with her daughter. She exists as one who lives in a tortured slumber that is neither quite sleep nor yet waking. Pangs pursue her; bloody visions haunt her. She comes, she goes; she shrinks in fear, or she gathers her strength, as one wrapped in a hideous dream. Ægistheus, restless, fearful, shivering at the glimpses of an unfamiliar shadow, is, like Clytemnestra, the prey of his spent and neurotic spirit. Even the buxom Chrysothemis, the semblance seemingly of physical and mental soundness, is hysterical after her kind, when she shouts her desire for life, and reiterates her shoutings for a spouse, for children, for the joys of wifehood and motherhood. The silent troop of slaves that restlessly, nervously, unceasingly go and come at the back of the stage in the flickering light of their torches, seem like some mentally disordered band. The atmosphere of the play has the breath of a mad house. The palace of the Atridae seems the abode of maniacs."

To the development of this gruesome theme Strauss devotes his matchless powers. He follows the text of the play literally, almost slavishly. As in the case of "Salome," he seems to aim at transcribing in musical language every sentence, every emotion. A correspondent of *The Musical Leader and Concert Goer* (Chicago), Caroline V. Kerr, declares:

"He is primarily a writer of symphonic poems, and when, as in the case of his 'Salome' and 'Electra,' he further elucidates the 'program' of his orchestral tone painting by adding stage music, action and accessories—these always retain the character of a running commentary to the orchestra rather than having any independent musical existence. Strauss treats the human voice as if it were an instrument, not, however, sharing the same consideration and appreciation of its peculiarities as he does for those of the regular orchestral instruments. He concerns himself less about the individual than the effect, and it is not surprising to learn that at one of the rehearsals he complained that the singers were heard too distinctly, and gave orders to 'drown them with the orchestra!'"

"Much of the time the work of the artists could be confined to pantomime, and all singing eliminated with quite as good effect.

"In his bold flights of fancy he willingly sacrifices beauty to realistic truth. By means of bizarre rhythms, shifting tonalities and harmonious progressions which result in shrieking dissonances, he endeavors to give musical expression to details, physical and psychological, which have absolutely no point of contact with the tonal art. And it must be admitted that he succeeds. With Strauss nothing seems impossible. The freedom of his musical language knows no bounds. The score of his 'Electra' abounds in the same marvelous imitation effects which we have come to expect from a Richard Strauss. The fifty musical thoughts or 'motives'—for Strauss does not disclaim to follow closely in the footsteps of a greater Richard in the use of the 'lead-



AFTER THE STORM

A Jugend artist's idea of how the Dresden Opera House looked after the "Electra" cyclone had struck it.

ing motive'—serves not only for character delineation, but the entire text is illustrated almost verbatim. He tells us in the orchestra how Agamemnon was murdered in his bath and then dragged to his sleeping apartment; we see the floors covered with slippery pools of blood; we see the gleam and glitter of the jewels worn by Clytemnestra. We hear the creaking of a door on its hinges when Electra cries: 'Never open a door in this house!' We hear the lash descending upon the animals which are being led to the sacrificial altar, and the strokes of the hammer in the hands of Orestes as he commits the double murder. It is detail painting of consummate skill, and gruesome fidelity. The strain upon the nerves is so intense that it is not difficult for the listener to imagine that he too has felt the scourging of the lash and the strokes of the hammer, and he is grateful that only an hour and forty minutes has been devoted to such excruciating orchestral realism."

Of Strauss's orchestral methods in the new opera, the critic of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes:

"The orchestra—in the case of Richard Strauss one is always tempted to speak first and principally of the orchestra—is this time even more elaborately equipped than it was for his last opera. In 'Electra' he employs eight French horns, seven trumpets and eight clarinets, of which two alternate with basset-horns. The shrill little E-flat clarinet, which is usually only to be met with in wind bands, is not lacking, and out of the sea of instruments towers the enormous heckelphone, a sort of bass oboe. Many peculiar duties fall to the percussion instruments, of which liberal use is made. Thus, for example, the



Courtesy of New York Times

SHE REFUSES TO SING IN "ELECTRA" AGAIN

Madame Schumann-Heink, who appeared as Clytemnestra at the Dresden *première* of "Electra," declares that the vocal parts are "not singing at all, but a thunderous medley of groans, moans and sighs." She declines to take any further part in the opera.

big drum is at times struck with a birch-rod, and shortly before the close of the opera a gong is violently assailed with the triangle rod in order to produce what is described in the score as 'a terrible buzzing sound.'

"The enumeration of these effects and apparent extravagances might easily give rise to the idea that they are merely orchestral pranks of the composer. After having heard them, however, I can give the assurance that they are not felt as such in the performance. Indeed, they rather excite astonishment at the composer's tonic imagination and the incredible accuracy of his aim. Strauss has not divided the violins, as is customary, into firsts and seconds, but throughout into firsts, seconds and thirds. The violas are treated in the same way, and these manifold voices combine in an amazing polyphony—a polyphony which, on account of its harmonic recklessness, many people will refuse to recognize as legitimate."

Such are the dominant characteristics of "Electra," discussed in musical circles the world over. Intense interest is everywhere shown in the new opera, but its value as a musical composition can hardly be estimated yet. Strauss himself is as yet too enigmatic a figure to be estimated with any degree of accuracy. One fact, however, is already plain: "Electra" has *not* had quite the tremendous effect that its composer hoped. In the criticisms evoked an undertone of disappointment is discernible. It is significant in this connection that Arthur M. Abell, the Berlin correspondent of *The Musical Courier* (New York), who in the first glow of enthusiasm over the production of "Electra" cabled to his paper pronouncing the opera "a step in advance of 'Salome,'" and prophesying that it would become "the reigning operatic sensation of the decade," has later materially modified these views. His maturer convictions, as expressed in a critique in *The Musical Courier*, are as follows:

"The success of the 'Electra' first performance was not so great and spontaneous as that of 'Salome,' and it is not difficult to discover the reasons for this. In the first place, the libretto in content is revolting and repelling and wholly objectionable to the general public; such a bloody tale of revenge and matricide could not appeal to esthetic minds and souls. In 'Salome,' with all of its objectionable features and its horrible close, there is something poetic, and it has a pleasing Oriental atmosphere; in 'Electra' all is terrible and brutal, nor is there aught on the stage for the eye, by way of compensation. The dreary, gray, menacing castle of Agamemnon and the few figures that come and go before it in the uncertain, fluttering torchlight is before us, with no change of scene and no curtain, during the entire performance of one and three-quarters hours. In the second place, in his music, Strauss offers us nothing new in 'Electra,' as he did in 'Salome'; there is manifested a fearful and wonderful skill of instrumentation, a gorgeous orchestral coloring and a barbarous treatment of the vocal parts, but it is all built up on lines very similar to those of 'Salome.' The composer has simply gone further in every respect. Public curiosity to see and hear this sensational and much heralded music-drama will, for a time, of course, be very great, and the work will be produced on numerous stages, but I cannot believe that its success will be of long duration."

The new opera brings once more to the fore the question how far Strauss possesses creative genius to match his consummate technique. Years ago Mr. Arthur Symons declared flatly: "Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas, and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material." The same attitude is taken by many of the critics now. The London *Times* finds the principal themes of "Electra" neither

very beautiful nor very distinctive. "The result has been," it says, "to drive the composer to rely for his effects more than ever on orchestral coloring alone. That way disaster seems to lie." A French critic, M. Lalo, in the *Paris Temps*, has this to say:

"Once more the invention of melodies seems one of the weaker and more sterile of Strauss's talents. Willingly or perforce, he rests content, for his themes, with characterless combinations of notes, or with the musical thought upon which his imagination first chances. He is little disposed to search out melodic ideas of intrinsic, intimate, deep and individual significance. Rather, he seems to trust to the prodigious skill and fertility of his workmanship, to the varied and ample resources of his harmonic and instrumental treatment, to give commanding power and engrossing significance to melodic ideas that are very insignificant in themselves. In 'Electra,' for example, among the forty-five motives that an 'official guide' to the opera confidently specifies, too many are merely 'figures' of random notes that are meaningless and empty except as Strauss develops and treats them. More important motives, like that which recalls the memory of Agamemnon, or that which affirms that Orestes still lives, are often mere rhythmic sequences."

In similar vein, the critic of *The Musical Leader and Concert Goer* declares:

"There are those who deny to Strauss the birth-right of genius. It is not always easy to distinguish between genius and talent. 'Genius creates; talent constructs,' says Schumann. Personally I should feel inclined to call Strauss a man of enormous talents, with an almost uncanny sense of instrumentation and a hyper-feeling for orchestral color—a phenomenal technician in the ability to use his tools to their very ultimate possibility, but lacking in the true creative genius, that of creating from within, of producing something that has not before existed and which he alone has power to call into being."

At least one writer, however, Ernest Newman, the latest biographer of Strauss, finds in "Electra" elements of the highest genius. Mr. Newman, who is musical critic for the *Manchester Guardian*, and made the journey to Dresden to witness the *première* of the opera, sums up his impression as follows:

"To recall 'Electra' is to think irresistibly of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. There do seem to be two influences at work in Strauss—one pulling in the direction of long-drawn sensuous melody and luscious harmony, which are delightful but not entirely original; the other urging him towards the new and the strange with a complete disregard of all limitations. . . .

"The first appearance of Electra brings moments of nobility. The first call to Agamemnon is splendid in its self-conscious dignity, and there is great sweetness in the theme which always accompanies the idea that the children of Agamemnon will triumph.

"On the entry of Orestes into the palace to fulfil the fate of the house of Atrius, Strauss shows him-



Courtesy of New York Times

ELECTRA SPEEDING AEGISTHEUS TO HIS DEATH

This picture conveys the maniacal joy of the heroine of Strauss's new opera as she sends the murderer of her father into the palace to be slain.

self a greater dramatist than Hofmannsthal. The music makes Orestes, who in the spoken drama is a cipher, the central figure in the drama. He tells us of his struggle and his doom. The death of Clytemnestra calls forth an orchestral cataclysm, and the scene which follows stimulates excitement still further. Then comes an interlude of real 'irony' in the Greek sense where Electra parleys with the doomed Aegistheus. Here Strauss's gift of sardonic musical humor is fully displayed. Aegistheus dies too, but while the death of Clytemnestra had, in spite of all, the heroic note, here all is sordid and weak.

"The dawn breaks, and there is light in the orchestra, too; the relief of the gorgeous, glowing color after all the grim lurid hues we had had before is almost unspeakable, and the dramatic power and the irresistible swing of Electra's frenzied dance of death is undoubtedly one of the finest things in modern music. It is a little like the dance of the Superman in 'Thus Spake Zarathustra'—but there is something superhuman in the deadly intensity of Electra's passion throughout.

"Whatever may be said of the rest of 'Electra,' we feel the hand of a master and the presence of a master mind from the moment of the entrance of Orestes, and in the last five minutes we are subdued by the inspiration of true genius. It is a real 'purification,' such as the Greek thinker demanded in tragedy. It is proof as well of a new loftiness of imagination and expression in Strauss. He has advanced from the beautiful, transfiguring music of the final scene of 'Salome' to the exalted, inspired music of the final scene of 'Electra.'"

Science and Discovery

IS THE PSYCHOLOGY TAUGHT AT HARVARD A NATIONAL PERIL?



AN ATTEMPT to revive on a most ambitious scale that form of occultism which rendered life hideous to Europeans prior to the Renaissance is all that Dr. Lightner Witmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, sees in the so-called Boston school of psychotherapy. Professor Witmer, who edits that well known journal for the study and treatment of retardation and deviation, *The Psychological Clinic*, places the responsibility for the evils which he sees in the train of the psychotherapy, mental healing and what not of the hour squarely upon the shoulders of Professor William James and Professor Josiah Royce, the psychological pillars of Harvard. The resultant situation is viewed as a craze which, spreading from some academic minds like a psychic contagion among the laity, is rapidly reducing the mentality of the American people to a medieval and even pagan obscurantism of imbecility.

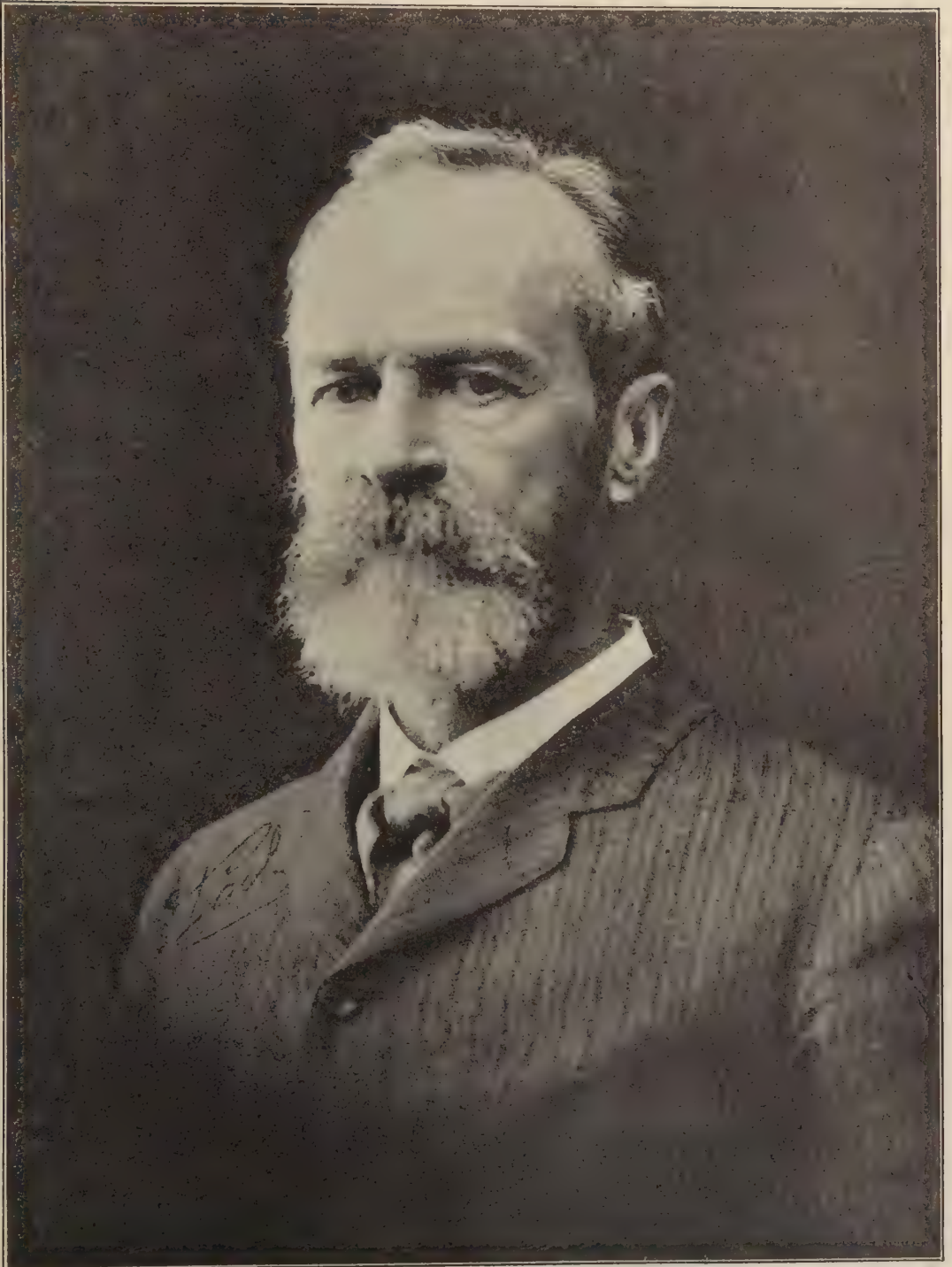
To sum up the facts, as Professor Witmer contends that they are, it would appear that about eighteen years ago Professor William James "opened a campaign for occultism." In the course of this campaign, Professor James is alleged to have attacked modern psychologists as "narrow-minded scientists." He went so far as to avow a faith in spiritualistic trances. The possibility of thought transference, the reality of crystal visions, the existence of ghosts—in all these things Professor James is accused of developing faith in his pupils not incidentally but deliberately. Professor James, in this interpretation of him, has always been an advocate of "the pretensions of the Christian Scientists." He appeared before the legislature of Massachusetts in opposition to a bill forbidding Christian Scientists to practice medicine.

His position in the world of science proper is considered critically by Dr. Witmer. That position is not so high, according to this critic, as the layman might infer from the prestige attained by him through his Harvard professorship and his studies into the psychology of life-processes. Indeed, the attitude of William James is highly unscientific, one might almost say anti-scientific, according to the

article by Dr. Witmer in *The Psychological Clinic*, which makes it appear that Professor James has produced no results which have had any effect on the development of modern psychology. To quote:

"The son of a Swedenborgian mystic and writer, William James was born in the year 1842. He attended the Lawrence Scientific School but took no degree, and subsequently graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1870, where he taught from 1872 until 1880 as instructor and assistant in comparative anatomy and physiology. Professor James may therefore be said to have had at least the training of a man of science. In 1880 he became assistant professor of philosophy and in 1885 professor of philosophy. In 1889 he assumed the chair of psychology, which he held until 1897, when he again returned to the chair of philosophy. Alone of the larger universities of this country, Harvard still fails to make a definite distinction between the departments of philosophy and psychology. Their philosophers teach and write psychology, and their psychologist teaches and writes philosophy. A philosopher-psychologist, temperamentally interested in mysticism, professionally engaged in philosophy, and temporarily assuming the rôle of a psychologist, Professor James represents to-day the survival of an academic tradition. In addition to his eight years occupancy of the chair of psychology at Harvard, his claim to recognition as a psychologist is based upon the publication in 1890 of a work entitled 'The Principles of Psychology.' Gifted with a charming literary style, a keen sense for the dramatic in presentation, and a love of speculation without any positive determination to arrive at a solution, James has produced the most popular text book in psychology. This book is accepted by many as a standard work on the subject. As a matter of fact, it represents a transition between old and new psychology.

"James's attitude, even toward more general problems of psychology, is one of utter weariness at the difficult task of investigation on a scientific basis. It looks like intellectual asthenia, but it is really the boredom of an emotional and mystical temperament forced to dig when it would like to fly. Naturally, therefore, he gives expression to such debilitating opinions as the following: 'Perhaps you will ask me what are the practical benefits conferred on the world by this interesting science. So far as I am able to discern, absolutely none.' Thus might a poet feel toward the progress that has been made in the science of electricity from Faraday to Edison. The poet's opinion would scarcely influence the course of science or the feelings of the practical man as he turns on the electric light. But a clever writer with a poet's make-up, backed by an academic position, is capable of arresting to an appreciable extent the progress of a science which has still its place to win in the world."



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PILLAR OF THE HARVARD TEMPLE

Professor William James, "the centre of a cultured and admiring circle," is accused by some critics of being no true scientist.

While Professor James contributes neither in fact nor in spirit to the results and methods of modern experimental psychology—we are still following *The Psychological Clinic*—the science might yet owe him much for the development of its theory. But Professor James's contributions appear to be important without really being so. A theory of the emotions, for instance, goes by the name of the James-Lange theory, but the difference between James's method and that of Lange is well known to the professional student, altho the layman remains in ignorance respecting it. James has contributed a phrase, a paradox and literary expression, whereas Lange has contributed results which, whether they be accepted or ultimately rejected, have played a determining part in the development of the analysis of the emotions. James's exposition of the theory is chiefly useful to arouse to a newer point of view those in whom reflection is moribund. Throughout the "Principles of Psychology," by William James, the dramatic, the sensational, and the unusual have played the leading parts. For this reason the work is a stimulus rather than a treatise—a book for the beginner and not for the scholar. That it has had a tremendous influence in arousing an interest in psychological questions, and has assisted in the development of the science is only an evidence of the low level of scientific work in the United States.

It is as "the spoiled child of American psychology, exempt from all serious criticism and the beau ideal of a large and cultured circle," that *The Psychological Clinic* dismisses Professor James. Since the publication of his "Principles of Psychology," we are told, Professor James has "apparently relaxed the intellectual inhibition which every man should exert over his desires." Characterized throughout a long life by an unusual fairness of mind, we find him at last becoming so tolerant to all beliefs that he is willing to exalt the value of systems which to the common sense judgment contain but very few grains of truth. As for the eminent Professor Royce, his incapacity to pass judgment upon any question involved in the discussion that has preceded is treated with scant respect. Professor Royce, it is conceded, "has been more guarded in indicating the popular implications of his obscurantist attitude than James has been in exploiting the occult and mystical elements of his psycho-philosophical theories or than Münsterberg in the application of psychological methods and results to law, medicine and everyday affairs." Royce's work, more-

over, has been thought out in more deliberate fashion, and presents a point of view and a system of philosophy which would require in some details even less regard for the amenities of criticism than James gets the benefit of. It suffices *The Psychological Clinic* to affirm that "the gifts" which this wise man of "our most venerable institution of learning" has to "lay at the feet of the infant science in this country are obscurantism, occultism, and bluff."

From a somewhat more popular point of view, an attempt to expose what is called "the fake philosophy taught at Harvard" is made by Professor Raymond St. James Perrin, of Columbia University, who is widely known as a lecturer and a writer on philosophy. His paper was given to a limited circle of magazine editors and writers in the pages of *The Bang*. This is a facetious little paper, but Professor Perrin wishes to be taken very seriously when he says in one of its recent issues:

"It may seem ungracious to hold the eminent men who are teaching philosophy at Harvard responsible for what amounts to a widespread intellectual scandal. Is it fair, for instance, to charge Dr. William James and Profs. Royce, Santayana and Münsterberg with teaching a fake philosophy when they are simply following the trend of academic thought observed in almost every institution of learning in the world? Better scholars or more attractive personalities than these men it would be difficult to find, and yet the metaphysic they teach is unreal and, as it has the effect of crippling the minds of our American youth, it ought to be exposed.

"Philosophy is not a thing apart from science. Cause and effect account alike for our simplest experiences and our most exalted ideas. If we are creatures of habit, we should not forget that even spirituality at times becomes so much a prey to convention as to constitute a bad habit. The aristocracy of learning is apt to forget our kinship with the inanimate.

"Transcendentalism is a spiritual affectation. It is a concealed way of looking at nature. The empire of mind is the home of the spirit, but its government is universal. The same power that causes a weight to fall to the ground enables us to pray and forgive.

"Transcendentalism in America is a New England growth, but the seed was brought from Germany. Up to twenty-five years ago before the evolutionary philosophy had become a power in the world, it was the fashion to study philosophy in the Fatherland. Now the four men whom the Fatherland acknowledges as leaders of transcendental thought and whom, by the way, Schopenhauer characterized as the 'four greatest impostors,' are Emanuel Kant and his immediate followers, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. These men were geniuses and wrote beautiful and mighty things, but no one has ever clearly understood them, and no one ever will. They have made themselves fundamentally incomprehensible by contradicting nature."



WALKING UP

It is inferred that the fly believes itself to be upon a fixed surface.



THE WHEEL TURNED

A bluebottle fly has been imprisoned and forced to perform this feat.

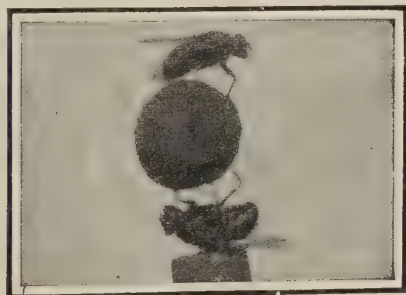
UTILIZING THE STRENGTH OF THE FLY

WHILE it can not be said that any successful effort has been made to train the domestic fly, it would appear from what *The Scientific American* has to say concerning the accompanying pictures that the insect is susceptible to something more or less like education.

The species illustrated is the familiar domestic bluebottle, which, because of its size, is most suited to the purpose. In one case the fly is seen lying on its back or seated in a diminutive chair, supported or held in position by a thin band of silk passed around its waist. In this position it held and played or juggled with a number of articles of relatively large size, such as small dumb bells and weights, or nursed a smaller fly without any apparent effort. A certain degree of restraint was imposed, but in the case of revolving the small wheel, the insect was allowed complete freedom.

In order to revolve the wheel, the fly was made to try to walk along its periphery. An ingenious device was prepared, the object

being to cause it to desist from its natural inclination to fly, and to induce it to walk up the side of the wheel. A dark box was fitted with a small door of very thin glass attached to an escapement similar to that of a pendulum clock. When the fly was first imprisoned in the box, it instantly attempted to effect an escape through the glass door with a frantic buzz. Every time it struck the glass it received a slight tap on the head from the escapement. At first such results only increased its fury, but in a short time, owing to the continued tappings upon its head, it would become more tractable. Finally, instead of trying to escape by flying, it would make an effort to achieve its object by walking up the wheel. While in this tractable condition the photographs were secured. The entomologist, however, found it impossible to depend upon the results of the incarceration in the box, since very often a fly that had been under instruction for days upon removal to the wheel outside immediately took advantage of its liberty and flew away. Another fly (here pictured) performs an even more unusual feat.



BALANCING

A ball of cork is the object, the pair of flies being the performing subjects. One fly does the balancing.



TAMED

The insect is consuming a dash of molasses on a pin held in the experimenter's hand.



"REALIZATION"

Together with "Desperation" on the part of "little Willie" on the right as he sees his last chance for that luscious meal disappearing down his brother's throat.



"EAGER ANTICIPATION"

This sentiment is that of two young kingbirds in contrast with the "Nervous Caution" of the more experienced mother bird.

THE EXPRESSION OF EMOTION IN BIRDS

THE lay mind it would seem that a bird must be entirely incapable of emotion as that term is understood among men. That a bird, however, not only possesses emotions, but is capable of adequately showing them, is affirmed, after years of study and by the proof of a large collection of photographs by the able ornithologist, Clinton G. Abbott. The raising or depressing of her feathers, the poise of her body, the opening or closing of her bill, and "the expression of her wonderful eye" are, in the bird, emotional revelations to which Professor Abbott attaches great importance. As a test of the expression of emotion in birds, says this careful student

of the subject, let any owner of a canary approach its cage with whistled notes of encouragement and sympathy:

"The little fellow will doubtless cock his head on one side, raise his crest, and gaze in a quizzical and friendly manner at his visitor. But utter some unaccustomed sound, or run the finger-tip across the bars, and instantly his manner will change; with feathers tightly depressed, and body slim, he will dash from perch to perch with a look of unmistakable terror in his eye. Who would maintain that the expression of the face of a barnyard fowl, as she runs at the signal of corn-scattering, is the same as when with ruffled feathers she boldly resents interference with her brood?"

"If, then, one can appreciate the expression of emotion in birds whose spirits have been spoiled by generations of captivity and pampering, how



"FEAR"

Enlarged detail of sandpiper's head from photographs taken when she plucked up courage to return to her nest for the first time.



"PEACEFULNESS"

This is the same bird as the one representing "Fear," after three days of photographing when she learned that the man with the camera meant her no harm.



"OBSTINACY"

"I don't want to have my picture in the paper," says the young herring gull. Observe the stubborn bracing of the feet and the determined expression.



THE INDIGNATION MEETING

The absurd pose assumed by young chipping sparrows when placed for their photograph on the back of an old garden chair.

much more marked must it be in the wild denizens of the forest and moor, whose very existence in the midst of a hostile world depends upon their own ingenuity and wits! The goose, which in a tame state is called the stupidest of all poultry,

will be found on its nesting grounds in the far north of Scotland to be possessed of an intelligence and crafty nature such as has seldom come under my observation, either by direct contact with Nature or from study of the work of others."

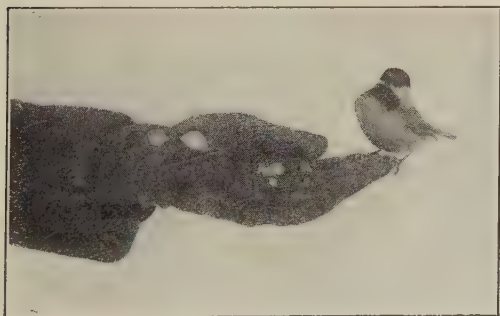
DETECTIVE WORK IN ASTRONOMY

DISCOVERY of a truth in the heavens varies in little, except the subject, from the discovery of a crime on earth, says that most eminent of living astronomers, Professor Percival Lowell, in the latest of his books.* The forcing of the secrets of the sky is, he adds, like the forcing of the secrets of a man, simply a piece of detective work. It is the finding of a cause instead of the finding of a culprit; but the process, Professor Lowell insists, is quite similar. Like, too, are, or should be, the methods employed.

In astronomy, as in criminal investigation,

explains this competent interpreter, two kinds of testimony must be secured. Circumstantial evidence must first be marshalled, and then a motive must be found. To omit the purpose as irrelevant and rest content with gathering the facts is really as inconclusive a procedure in science as in law, and rarely ends in convincing any more than in properly convicting anybody. For motive is just as all-pervading a preliminary to cosmic as to human events, only for lack of fully comprehending it we call the one a motive and the other a cause. Unless we can succeed in assigning a sufficient reason for a given set of observed phenomena, we have not greatly furthered the ends of knowledge, and have done no more than the clerkage of science. A theory is just

* MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE. By Percival Lowell. The Macmillan Company.



"HESITATION"

"Do I dare?" inquires the chickadee.



"HELPLESS RAGE"

A young night heron who very much resents being posed for his photograph against his will.

as necessary to give a working value to any body of facts as a backbone is to higher animal locomotion. It affords the data vertebrate support, fitting them for the pursuit of what had otherwise eluded research.

Co-ordination is the end of science, the aim of all attempt at learning what this universe may mean. And co-ordination is only another name for theory, as the law of gravitation witnesses. Now, to be valid, a theory must fulfil two conditions. It must not be contradicted by any fact within its purview, and it must assign an underlying thread of reason to explain all the phenomena observed. Circumstantial evidence must first lead to a suspect, and then this suspect must prove equal to accounting for the facts.

This is the method pursued by Professor Lowell in arriving at his conclusions respecting Mars as the abode of life.

Starting with the known physical laws applicable to the concentration of matter, we find that altho, in the general course of evolution of the earth and of Mars, the process was similar, the smaller mass of Mars caused it to differ eventually from the earth in some important respects.

Three of these are noteworthy: (1) its surface should be smoother than the earth's; (2) its oceans relatively less; (3) its air scantier. On turning to Mars itself we find that these three attributes of the planet are exactly what the telescope discloses. (1) The planet's surface is singularly flat, being quite devoid of mountains; (2) its oceans in the past covered at most three-eighths of its surface instead of three-quarters, as with us; (3) its air is relatively thin.

We next find that physical loss should, from its smaller mass, have caused Mars to age more quickly. This aging should reveal itself by the more complete departure of what oceans it once possessed, and by the wider spread of deserts.

Telescopic observation next discloses these two peculiarities: (1) no oceans now exist on the planet's surface; (2) deserts occupy five-eighths of it.

From such confirmation of the principles of planetary evolution, from the present aspect of the planet Mars, Professor Lowell goes on to consider the most essential prerequisites of habitability—water and warmth. Water he seeks first, and he finds it in the polar caps of Mars. The phenomena of the polar caps prove explicable as consisting of water and not as

of anything else. Still more important is the question of temperature. He took this up with particularity. Instead of a temperature prohibitive to life, Professor Lowell finds one entirely suitable for it. And this even more for animals than for plants. For a climate of extremes is what Mars appears to be, with the summers warm. Now, investigations on earth have shown that it is the temperature of the hottest season that determines the existence of animals, cold much more adversely affecting plants. Yet to the presence of the latter the look of the disk conformed. Scanning it, he marks effects which can only be explained as vegetation. Thus the conditions on Mars show themselves hospitable to both great orders of life, the latter actually revealing its presence by its great seasonal change of tint.

Here Professor Lowell reached the end of what might directly be disclosed in the organic economy of the planet. For at this point we brought up before a most significant fact: that vegetable life could thus reveal itself directly, but that animal life could not. Not by its body but by its mind would it be known. Across the gulf of space it could be recognized only by the imprint it had made on the face of Mars.

Turning to the planet, Professor Lowell witnessed a surprising thing. There on the Martian disk were just such markings as intelligence might have made. Seen even with the unthinking eye, they appear strange beyond belief, but viewed thus, in the light of deduction, they seem positively startling, like a prophecy come true.

For confronting the observer are lines and spots that but impress him the more, Professor Lowell says, as his study goes on, with their non-natural look. So uncommonly regular are they, and on such a scale as to raise suspicion whether they can be regularly produced by nature. Next to one's own eyesight, the best proof of this is the unsolicited endorsement it has received in the skepticism their depiction invariably evokes. Those who have not been privileged to see them find it well nigh impossible to believe that such things can be. Nor is this in the least surprising. But however consonant with nescience to doubt the existence of the lines on this score, to do so commits it to witness against itself in the most damaging style the moment their existence is proved. Now, assurance of actuality no longer needs defence,

CONCRETE ARMOR FOR BATTLESHIPS

ARMOR plates of reinforced concrete for the huge twenty thousand ton battleships now in process of construction at the navy yards of Europe were suggested at the Italian congress of naval engineers by an authority on both construction and armor, Signor Lorenzo d'Adda, an engineer of standing. Signor d'Adda prepares a concrete of a specially manufactured cement mixed with hard stone and sand. Its specific gravity is about 2.25, with which, says *The Scientific American*, to which we are indebted for these details, may be compared the specific gravity of Krupp steel—8.1. D'Adda asserts that five inches of his reinforced concrete will resist armor-piercing projectiles, and three inches will resist shells as well as one inch of Krupp steel. The interior of the concrete armor contains a network of stout iron bars as an additional reinforcement. The hardness of the

concrete is graduated like that of Krupp steel armor, the outer layer being harder than the interior.

The idea of using concrete for armor was suggested to the inventor by the remarkable resistance opposed at the siege of Port Arthur to the Russian projectiles by the Japanese casemates, which were made of concrete, without any reinforcement, and by the results of experiment and practical experience in other countries in regard to the effect of gun fire on concrete.

"The inventor contends, very properly, that there is a great difference between the proving ground and the naval battle, and that at the former the advantage is all in favor of the projectile. The actual conditions of war are so different that it is not fair to estimate the protection given to the ship by its armor by the results of tests made at the proving station. The penetrating power of projectiles is dependent upon various conditions which cannot be foreseen. If concrete affords sufficient protection

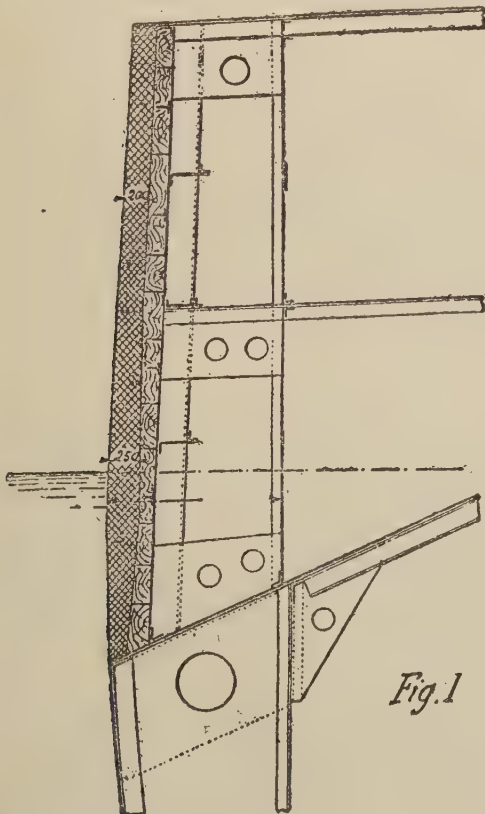


Fig. 1

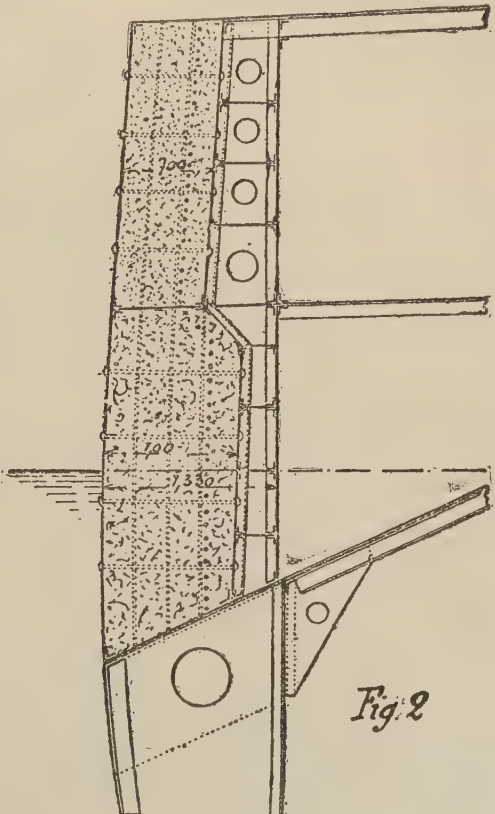


Fig. 2

Courtesy *The Scientific American*.

STEEL ARMOR.

CONCRETE ARMOR.

TRANSVERSE SECTION OF SIDE OF BATTLESHIP "REGINA ELENA"

As actually armored with steel and as it would appear with equivalent armor of reinforced concrete.

to land fortifications, it ought to be equally effective when applied to a floating fortress. The great displacement of modern warships will permit the carrying of concrete armor of a thickness of 60 inches at the water line and 40 inches above it. At the usual fighting distance 60 inches of reinforced concrete of the best construction cannot be pierced by a 12-inch armor-piercing projectile. The steel point of such a projectile would be softened, if not melted, by the heat of impact and friction before it had gone

through 24 inches of hard concrete, and the remnant of its penetrating power would be destroyed by the chemical action of the ingredients of the concrete. On the other hand, explosive shells could not penetrate to any great depth, but would burst and waste their force on the outer layers. D'Adda exhibited drawings showing the possible application of his concrete armor to the new battleship *Regina Elena*, and stated that it would cost seven million lire (\$1,400,000) less than the steel armor actually used."

BACTERIOLOGY OF THE COMMON COLD



COLDS are among the most frequent of all the so-called minor ailments, and are especially frequent in this country, notes the *New York Medical Record*. The reason for this prevalence of catarrhal states in America have been variously stated. One cause, and possibly the chief cause, according to our professional contemporary, is that the houses and offices and public buildings of every description are generally overheated, and especially that the air in them is over-dry, rendering those who spend a great part of the day under such conditions peculiarly susceptible to the influence of variations of temperature. It is curious to note that the majority of people look upon the complaint known as catarrhal fever as trifling. "Only a cold," is a stock figure of speech, and few realize that from so trivial a source spring diseases which kill and incapacitate thousands.

"When defining colds Allen avoids the term 'fever,' inasmuch as any rise of temperature is more often than not local and not general; indeed, the true body of temperature obtained either per rectum or by means of the urine is more often than not subnormal. Another feature of some moment in connection with colds is that they are always acute at the outset, but may go on to a chronic stage, persisting for even twenty years, punctuated at intervals by acute exacerbations.

"The bacteriology of colds was investigated by the writer with care and patience, and his conclusions, though necessarily not definite and even somewhat confusing, throw some light on the matter. The influence of three bacilli and of one micrococcus was traced, *Bacillus friedländer*, *B. influenza*, *B. septus*, and *Micrococcus catarrhalis*. In the trachea, throat, and nose, several other organisms were isolated, but Allen (an able writer on the subject in England) decided that the above-named were those fruitful of harm.

"Little need be said regarding the capacity of *Bacillus influenza* and of *Micrococcus catarrhalis* to produce colds, as both these organisms have been definitely shown to be capable of so doing. The claims, however, of the other micro-organisms mentioned as a causative factor in the origin of

colds have not up to the present time been thoroly examined.

"Among other reasons for Allen's belief that *Bacillus friedländer* is an important factor in causing colds is that an emulsion of the bacillus was spilt in the laboratory where three individuals were working, and within a few hours each developed a mild catarrhal attack during which the bacillus was found in the nasal mucus. Other evidence tending in the same direction is given, and the investigator seems to have brought forward a fairly strong case against this organism. Allen places the Friedländer bacillus, indeed, in the front rank as the originator of the ordinary cold, and furthermore holds the view that this bacillus is probably the sole cause of a chronic nasal catarrh and that the risk of the involvement of the Eustachian tube, middle-ear, and accessory sinuses being considerable, the prognosis in the case of this organism should be very guarded and much greater care should be taken by the patient. The claims of *Bacillus septus* are not so great, as many previous investigators have endeavored to show, tho the writer believes that this microbe is the etiological factor in the production of a certain percentage of colds."

In the treatment of cold Allen regards quinine as theoretically about the most useless of any drug in the pharmacopeia, tho in practice, especially in combination with ammonia, he thinks it may possibly do some good. The most useful drugs, however, are in his opinion the oil of cinnamon and the oil of eucalyptus, the former being preferable by reason of its better odor and better taste. It should, however, be given in generous doses—20 minims in milk every hour for three hours, then two doses of 15 minims at intervals of two hours, and finally several doses of 10 minims at three or four hour intervals.

"He puts most reliance, however, upon vaccine therapy. The best time for dealing with an acute attack is either at the onset or on the third day; inoculation between these times is not advisable, as it may produce considerable constitutional disturbance. The appropriate doses are 250,000,000 of *B. septus*, and 125,000,000 of either *B. friedländer* or *Micrococcus catarrhalis*. Should an acute diagnosis of the infecting organism not be

possible, a combined vaccine of the several 'cold' organisms may be given. Repetition of the dose is not usually necessary, but should it be, then 500,000,000 of *B. septus* or *M. catarrhalis* may be given at the end of a week, or 250,000,000 of *B. friedländer* at the end of a fortnight.

"To secure immunity against colds the author advises the administration of a dose of 250,000,000 of each of the several organisms every four to six months, the first being given three weeks after recovery [assuming recovery to have taken place] from the acute attack."

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DESTINY OF THE EUROPEAN POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES

OVEL and important problems relating to the European population in this country—problems for the solution of which the evidence is insufficient—were raised by Professor Ripley in his recent Huxley lecture before the Royal Anthropological Institution in London. In contrast to Europe, Professor Ripley said, where the existing races have grown up from the soil, "one may say they have dropped from the sky" in America. "They are in the land, but not yet an integral part of it. They are as yet unrelated to its physical environment." Further, the influence of environment on this diverse population is as yet little more than a matter for speculation. The day has passed for assuming that the modern American type is a reversion to that of the American Indian. But for the future of this foreign population, suddenly planted among new surroundings, we must depend more and more upon speculation than upon prophecy, because as yet except in the classical records of the armies recruited for the civil war, anthropological statistics are not available.

"The extent of this foreign invasion of the country is stupendous. Twenty-five million emigrants have landed since 1820, and in 1907 no fewer than one and a quarter million souls were added to the population; and, what is still more remarkable, the source of supply has completely changed in recent years. A quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the annual immigration was in origin Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon; at present less than one-sixth is derived from this source. The newcomers are now mainly south Italian, Russian, or Austro-Hungarian. We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians and Syrians. Ninety per cent. of the tailors of New York are Russo-Polish Jews; all day laborers, once Irish, are now Italian; fruit-vendors, once Italian, are now Greek. Chicago is now the second Bohemian, the third Swedish, the fourth Polish, the fifth German city in the world.

The question then arises, Will these racial groups coalesce into a more or less uniform American type? In dealing with this problem, Prof. Ripley discusses the causes which promote and those which operate to prevent the union of these races. On

the one hand, as tending to combination, he notices the extreme mobility of the newer industrial immigrants, and their readiness to wander into the most distant parts of the country in search of employment; the inequality of the sexes, males being in a large majority, which results in marriage of the new-comers with locally born women. In this connection, he remarks the tendency of the male as he rises in the world endeavoring to improve his social position by marrying into a class higher than his own. The main cause which checks further union of the races is the concentration or segregation of the immigrants in compact industrial colonies or in the large cities of the west. While the Teutonic races wander far afield as colonists, the Mediterranean, Slavic and Oriental races herd in the towns."

An investigation of marriage statistics brings out many interesting facts. Even in the case of the Jews, the most exclusive of peoples, there is more intermarriage than is commonly supposed, the Jews in Boston constantly taking as wives Irish or Irish-American women. All the facts of marriage and birth-rates, however, indicate a relative submergence of the Anglo-Saxon stock in the near future. While the birth-rate among them is steadily declining, the fecundity of the foreign races newly arrived in the country shows little signs of diminishing. In Massachusetts, the birth-rate of these two races is in the proportion of about one to three. This superiority will probably not be maintained, as even now the fecundity of the foreigners seems to be diminishing after the second generation; but their vitality under a favorable environment is remarkable.

"This race struggle is only in its very earliest stage, and it remains to be seen whether the Anglo-Saxon will be able to preserve and transmit his characteristic culture over these hordes of foreigners.

"America, including Canada, is thus confronted with a novel series of problems, racial and social, and to add to these she has to deal with a fresh set of difficulties connected with the negro and the Filipino, with which Prof. Ripley was unable to deal in this address. He cherishes a pious hope that a satisfactory solution will be attained; but this lies in the lap of the future, and it will be well that this notable address should attract on both sides of the Atlantic the attention which it deserves."

WHY ONE CASE OF CANCER HAS NO RELATION TO ANY OTHER

LL research work of the past five years has made it more certain than it ever was before that cancer contains no virus or other parasite foreign to the living organism. The assertion will be vehemently denied by many cancer experts of eminence, according to the third report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund of London, a document recently issued, but the evidence is pronounced overwhelming. The crucial importance of the subject arises from the question so often asked as to whether a relative suffering from cancer is dangerous to others, or if an historic family mansion should be burnt down because many progenitors inheriting it had died of cancer.

During the past six years, it seems from the official report already mentioned, many tens of thousands of mice suffering from cancer have been under the most stringent observation in the laboratory. If cancer were communicable in the sense in which infective diseases are communicable, animals housed along with those naturally suffering from or inoculated with cancer would be the first to suffer. In an experience extending over the six years indicated—almost three times the length of a mouse's life—exhaustive investigation has shown that this risk does not exist.

This fact of itself satisfies those scientists handling the animals. They incur still less risk in passing many hours daily dealing with cancerous animals in a room in which ten thousand of such rats and mice are usually housed at one time. If such a cancer house as never before existed has no dangers to human beings who spend their days in it, other persons have no ground for apprehension:

"The presence, every day in the year, of some 50,000 persons suffering from cancer in England and Wales constitutes no menace to the health of those near and dear to them, nor to the health of the population generally, as would a smaller number of people suffering from small-pox. Notwithstanding the unwise assertions irresponsible enthusiasts will continue to make from time to time, what was a justifiable cause of public alarm has been removed by experiments on the transference of cancer from one animal to another, and on the housing of large numbers of cancerous with sound animals over a prolonged period. It has been demonstrated completely that artificial transference from animal to animal is due to the implantation of living cells. This is a factor which does not come in at all in reference to the frequency of spontaneous cancer in man and animals. In corresponding observations

on mice suffering from spontaneous cancer no case of transference has occurred.

"In this respect cancer presents a marked contrast to other diseases, *e.g.*, tuberculosis, equally widely disseminated and common to man and the whole vertebrate phylum, for altho no race of mankind is exempt, and cancer extends down the vertebrate scale to marine fish living in a state of nature, there are the most striking limitations to its communications from one individual to another. There is no connecting link, as it were, between the disease as it presents itself in nearly allied species nor yet even in individuals of the same species. There is nothing which, while foreign to the animal body, is nevertheless common to cancer wherever it occurs. There is nothing equivalent, *e.g.*, to the characteristics of tuberculous tissues which, no matter what the species of animal, are stamped with unmistakable common features by the presence of the tubercle bacillus. The properties of the tubercle bacillus obscure all the natural properties of the tissue containing it, and they confer upon such tissue new properties essentially the same in all species of animals. Tubercular tissue has common properties in all animals; the distinctions of species, and of individual tissues of one and the same species, are submerged in their acquirement of a new property, conferring on them the power of conveying the disease to previously healthy tissues, not only from one animal to another of the same species, but also to others of different species. The tuberculous *tissues* themselves, however, die when transferred to a few animal; they do not grow; they merely hand on the cause of the disease, *viz.*, the bacteria, which continue to grow in new soil."

How, then, is the pervasion of the animal kingdom by cancer explicable?

It is intelligible, we are told by way of reply, because experiment has proved that cancerous tissues retain not only the characters of the species of animal, but also those features distinguishing the several normal tissues of an individual, and because the general conclusions from comparative and experimental investigation are that cancer arises—strange as it may seem—independently and of its own accord, and even spontaneously and sporadically in each individual attacked by a transformation of healthy tissue, one case of cancer having no relation to any other. This general conclusion is based, says the report, upon observations and experiment of very varied but confirmatory nature, resulting in the most contradictory and baffling situation, from the therapeutic standpoint, with which the science of medicine has had to cope since the spread of the black death through Europe. But it should not be forgotten that the problem of cancer is receiving more attention at this time than any other question still remaining unanswered in therapeutics.

JOY AND SORROW MEASURED BY THE PSYCHO-GALVANIC REFLEX



PHYSICAL manifestation of mental processes in the form of a change in the electrical properties of the skin is referred to by Dr. Otto Veraguth in *Umschau* as the psycho-galvanic reflex. The change in the electrical properties of the skin to which this scientist refers takes place whenever an emotion is felt by a human being. It can be detected and recorded by means of a sensitive galvanometer. The point of a needle, connected with one point or, more correctly,

vessels of lukewarm brine connected with the battery and galvanometer, or to press the palms of the hands or the soles of the feet on plates of metals similarly connected. In all cases the deflection gradually diminishes during perfect mental calm, and is suddenly increased by emotion. The stimulus may be a flash of light, a sharp whistle, a prick with a needle, or a word, spoken or written.

In order to affect the galvanometer, the stimulus must produce an emotion or feeling of some kind. For example, the steady decrease of the deflection is not interrupted by reading uninteresting matter, but a word that awakens interest always increases the deflection.

The interval between the stimulus and the movement of the galvanometer is one of the peculiarities of the psycho-galvanic reflex that may aid us in detecting its nature. The length of the interval and all other phases can be recorded by well known photographic methods. The curve obtained in this way often shows, before the great deviation, a small deviation in the opposite direction which considerably shortens the latent interval. Often, also, a strong stimulus is followed by several, and sometimes by many, oscillations, and the deviations caused by successive stimuli of the same kind gradually diminish. The same peculiarities have been observed in the galvanic re-

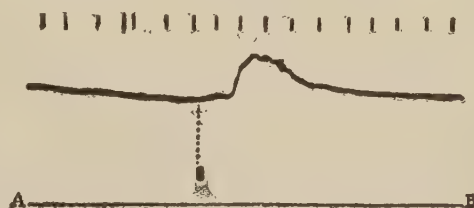


AN OUTLINE

Curves of deflection produced by pricking the scalp at the instant indicated by the black square. The vertical marks denote seconds.

pole of a sal-ammoniac battery is thrust through the skin of the palm of the hand in a normal person. When the pain of the wound has eased, a steel plate, connected with the other pole of the battery, is laid on the skin between the needle and the plate. The strength of this current is indicated by a sensitive galvanometer composed of two fixed coils and a suspended coil, which takes the place of a magnet and carries a mirror. If the subject remains at rest and undisturbed by emotion, the galvanometer reading is found to decrease, at first rapidly, and then more slowly, indicating a corresponding increase in the resistance of the skin; but any stimulus which produces an emotion produces a temporary decrease in the resistance of the skin, which is indicated by an increased deflection of the galvanometer. If the galvanic cell is removed from the circuit, the galvanometer again shows a deflection, varying within wide limits, when an emotional stimulus is applied.

This effect is due, not to a change in resistance, but to the variation caused by emotion in the electromotive force resident in the skin. These experiments, especially the first one, can be greatly simplified. The skin need not be pierced. It is sufficient to immerse the hands of the person experimented with in two



EMOTIONAL CONFESSION

Curve of reflex produced by a sound emitted at the instant indicated by the ordinate below. The vertical marks denote seconds.

flexes of plants, certain animal tissues, and especially electric fishes. Psychology possesses in the psycho-galvanic reflex an objective indication of emotions which, in contrast to many other forms of expression, is free from ambiguity and apparently from control by the will of the person experimented upon. We can not prevent the electric confession of our skins.

Recent Poetry



POETRY, they sometimes tell us, is no longer in demand. But we cannot hold a centennial celebration without calling upon the poets, or, if they are not around, upon the near-poets, to help us. If there is some new triumph of mind over matter, such as the rescue of the *Republic* by wireless telegraphy, we feel that the event is inadequately treated until the poets have said something about it. If a new century is about to dawn, or a new university is to be dedicated, or a golden wedding is to be celebrated, or any other of the milestones of national, institutional, or individual history is to be passed, two things still seem essential to the occasion—a speech and a poem. We may possibly, if the event is significant enough, call upon the sculptor or the painter or even the musical composer for his aid; but none of the other fine arts can take rank with poetry and oratory as a necessity in all our formal and ceremonial observances. In schools where declamations are yet in vogue, two-thirds of the “pieces” are and always have been at least alleged poetry. One-half of the contents of any scrap-book you come across in the homes of the people consists of verse. In the valentine, the autograph album, and the obituary column the rhythmic stanza still holds its own! The heart of the lover and the heart of the mourner still turn naturally unto the words of the bards. Instead of being no longer in demand, there is no other art so constantly in demand, and so close to the emotional life of the common people. And every writer who unpacks his heart in words feels that any real message he has to posterity will stand a better chance of a long and safe voyage down the years if it can be couched in the melodious lines of a true lyric.

The Lincoln centenary has come and gone, and any number of Lincoln poems have been given to the world. None that we have seen—with, perhaps, one exception, that of Mr. Robinson's, printed in this department last month—has the note of real inspiration. One of the best-built of them all was Mr. Hagedorn's ode, read at the centenary exercises held in Philadelphia by the Loyal Legion of Pennsylvania. It is too long to reprint here, but we give an extract:

LINCOLN

BY HERMAN HAGEDORN

Oh, patient eyes, oh, bleeding, mangled heart!
Oh, hero, whose wide soul, defying chains,

Swept at each army's head,
Swept to the charge and bled,
Gathering in one too sorrow-laden heart
All woes, all pains;
The anguish of the trusted hope that wanes,
The soldier's wound, the lonely mourner's smart.
He knew the noisy horror of the fight,
From dawn to dusk and through the hideous night
He heard the hiss of bullets, the shrill scream
Of the wide-arching shell,
Scattering at Gettysburg or by Potomac's stream,
Like summer flowers, the pattering rain of death;
With every breath,
He tasted battle and in every dream,
Trailing like mists from gaping walls of hell,
He heard the thud of heroes as they fell.
Oh, man of many sorrows, 'twas your blood
That flowed at Chickamauga, at Bull Run,
Vicksburg, Antietam, and the gory wood
And Wilderness of ravenous Deaths that stood
Round Richmond like a ghostly garrison:
Your blood for those who won,
For those who lost, your tears!
For you the strife, the fears,
For us, the sun!
For you the lashing winds and the beating rain in
your eyes,
For us the ascending stars and the wide, unbounded
skies,
Oh, man of storms! Patient and kingly soul!
Oh, wise physician of a wasted land!
A nation felt upon its heart your hand,
And lo, your hand hath made the shattered, whole,
With iron clasp your hand hath held the wheel
Of the lurching ship, on tempest waves no keel
Hath ever sailed.
A grim smile held your lips while strong men
quailed.
You strove alone with chaos and prevailed;
You felt the grinding shock and did not reel,
And, ah, your hand that cut the battle's path
Wide with the devastating plague of wrath,
Your bleeding hand, gentle with pity yet,
Did not forget
To bless, to succor, and to heal.

Last month, in another department, in our story of the rescue of the *Republic*, we quoted lines from a poem which we credited to Mr. Oppenheim. In doing so we confused the poem with another, on the same subject, written by Mr. Oppenheim, and published a few weeks ago in the *New York Times*. We reprint this latter poem entire:

WIRELESS

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

The seas are deep and the seas are wide, and or
ever the days of creatures were,
By sun and moon was pulled the tide and all the
Earth was ocean-stir—
Then came land and then came beast and then came
Man, and five feet high
Blinked his eyes on the churning yeast of a sea that
melted in the sky,

Laughing the five-foot creature stood against the
leagues on leagues of the deep—
Laughing he knotted a raft of wood and paddled his
craft through hollow and steep—
But the seas are deep and the seas are wide, and
they swallowed him down—and a host there-
after—
Till nations came like a vast ebb-tide and went down
cured of insolent laughter.

Nation by nation the daring came, with ribs of oak
and with ribs of steel,
With wing of sail or heart of flame, but the great
sea sucked them keel by keel—
Till some escaped and some flew free, and mammoth
greyhounds skimmed the deep—
Yet still the salt and dreadful sea was like a mas-
todon asleep.

But now comes the triumph of all the ages—the sub-
ject seas belong to Man—
They break his ship when the tempest rages, they
bind his keel with the ancient ban,
But out through the big and blinding weather and the
thick black fog that chokes and smothers,
Man sends his cry through the infinite ether and
calls to him his coursing Brothers.

Lo, at his call the mighty steamers turn them about
with a word of love,
And deeds in the brains of ancient dreamers come
real in flesh and live and move—
The Brotherhood gathers on gliding foam and with
sandal-seas are their frail feet shod—
Man is making of Earth a Home, man is making of
man a god.

Lo, we have taken the Earth's rough features and
builded cities and civilizations—
Lo, we tiny sky-lost creatures are shadowed by our
own creations—
Earth, that was but rough seas and sands, becomes
a being with soul and heart—
Man is the Power of God with hands to build of
Chaos an ordered Art!

Earth and the teeming fullness thereof is Man's;
and in five-feet of clay
There is light of Dream and fire of Love enough to
burn the skies away—
With every Labor the Soul enlarges—its depths are
vaster than the sea—
We have not touched its starry margins, nor guessed
how godlike we may be.

Vast Eternities are before us with dreams and labors
no soul may shirk:
Pure with the Glory divine that bore us we shall
loosen God in us; set Him to work:
Unborn glories and grandeurs wait the releasing
touch of a new creator:
The immense Creation of God is great, but the hu-
man spirit shall make it greater.

The Bookman announces the rediscovery of a
lost Kipling poem. Six lines of the poem were
quoted in an historical essay by Professor Turner,
who was unable to find the rest of the poem in
any of Kipling's published works. Professor
Meany, of the University of Washington, suc-

ceeding no better in finding the complete poem,
wrote direct to Kipling, and received a surpris-
ing reply to the effect that the lines were his, but
he could not remember when or where the poem
was originally published nor what the other lines
were! Professor Meany thereupon published the
facts in *The Century*, and one of the readers of
that magazine promptly supplied him with the
missing lines from his scrap-book. Here is the
poem entire. Think of a man's being able to
write such a poem and then forget it!

THE FORELOPER

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave
break in fire,
He shall fulfil God's utmost will unknowing His
desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars
arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new
skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger
arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold
from the sand.
His neighbor's smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices
break his rest,
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and
dispossessed;
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall
bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and
a king;
And he shall come back in his own track, and by his
scarce, cool camp;
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derrick,
and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and
with brand
Till on his last won wilderness an Empire's bulwarks
stand.

William Herbert Carruth has given the world
one little poem that is likely to live for many a
decade to come—"Each In His Own Tongue." It
is too well known to print again in these pages,
but the publication of a new edition of his col-
lected poems ("Each In His Own Tongue and
Other Poems": Putnam's) reminds us that he
has done other work of equal sincerity. Here
are lines that evidently came hot from his brain-
forge:

THE TIME TO STRIKE

BY WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

My God, I am weary of waiting for the year of
jubilee;
I know that the cycle of man is a moment only to
thee;
They have held me back with preaching what the
patience of God is like,
But the world is weary of waiting; will it never be
time to strike?

When my hot heart rose in rebellion at the wrongs
 my fellows bore,
 It was "Wait until prudent saving has gathered you
 up a store";
 And "Wait till a higher station brings value in men's
 eyes";
 And "Wait till the gray-streaked hair shall argue
 your counsel wise."

The hearts that kindled with mine are caught in the
 selfsame net;
 One waits to master the law, tho his heartstrings
 vibrate yet;
 And one is heaping up learning, and many are heap-
 ing up gold,
 And some are fierce in the forum, while slowly we
 all wax old.

The rights of man are a byword; the bones are not
 yet dust
 Of those who broke the shackles and the shackles
 are not yet rust
 Till the masters are forging new ones, and coward
 lips are sealed
 While the code that cost a million lives is step by
 step repealed.

The wily world-enchantress is working her cursed
 charm,
 The spell of the hypnotizer is laming us head and
 arm;
 The wrong dissolves in a cloudbank of "whether"
 and "if" and "still,"
 And the subtleties of logic inhibit the sickly will.

The bitter lesson of patience I have practised, lo!
 these years;
 Can it be what has passed for prudence was
 prompted by my fears?
 Can I doubt henceforth in my choosing, if such a
 choice I must have,
 Between being wise and craven or being foolish and
 brave?

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by
 the strong,
 Whenever the voice of honor is drowned by the
 howling throng,
 Whenever the right pleads clearly while the lords of
 life are dumb,
 The times of forbearance are over and the time to
 strike is come.

George Sterling has just published in book form his "Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems" (A. M. Robertson). The title poem—which we reprinted when it first appeared—is a striking illustration of adjectival verse, but it is inorganic, not like a tree with roots and trunk and branches, but more like a necklace of unrelated opals. He has never, to our mind, surpassed his "Testimony of the Suns," with its cosmic sweep; but he has in his new volume a shorter poem that exhibits much of the same power to awaken in a reader the sense of the awfulness of the universe and the littleness of man. The last two lines of the third stanza are worthy to stand alongside any two lines ever penned by any of the poets.

A DREAM OF FEAR

BY GEORGE STERLING

Unseen the ghostly hand that led,
 I walked where all was darkness, save
 What light the moon, half-wasted, gave
 Above a city of the dead.

So lone it was, so grey, I deemed
 That death itself was scarce so old;
 The moonlight fell forlorn and cold
 On tombs where Time lay dead, it seemed.

Within its gates I heard the sound
 Of winds in cypress-caverns caught
 Of huddling trees that moaned, and sought
 To whisper what their roots had found.

Within its gates my soul was led,
 Down nettle-choked and haunted way—
 An atom of the Dark's dismay,
 In deaf immensities of dread.

In broken crypts where ghouls had slept
 I saw how muttering devils sate
 (Knowing the final grasp of Fate)
 And told grim auguries, and wept.

The night was mad with nameless fear.
 The Powers of Darkness feared the gloom
 From sentried sky to anxious tomb
 Ran messages I bent to hear.

Mine ears were sealed, nor heard I save
 The secret known to Endor's witch—
 Whispered to lemur and to lich
 From lips made wiser by the grave.

O'er tarns where spectral vapors flowed
 Antares shook with bloody light,
 And guarded on its haughty flight
 The offended fire of Alphard glowed.

The menace of infinity
 Constrained the cavern of the skies,
 I felt the gaze of solemn eyes
 In hostile gulfs intent to see;

Gage of whose imminent designs,
 Satanic Armageddon broke,
 Where monstrous vans in blackness spoke
 The flight of Evil on the Signs—

Abysmal occultation cast
 By kingdoms of the sunken noon,
 And shadow-shafts that smote the moon
 At altars of the cloven Vast!

To worlds that faltered on their way
 Python's intolerable hiss
 Told from the jaws of his abyss
 Malign amazement and dismay.

By god or demon undestroyed,
 In malediction sate the stars,
 Concentrated from Titanic wars
 To cry the judgments of the Void.

Assigned, implacable, supreme,
 The heralds of the Curse came down:
 I felt the eternal bastions' frown;
 I saw colossal cerements gleam,

Convoing trumpets shook the gloom.
 Their incommunicable word
 Announced o'er Time's foundations, stirred
 All vasts and covenants of doom.

I saw the light of dreadful fanes,
 I heard enormous valves resound,
 For eons sealed in crypts profound,
 And clangor of ascending chains.

We have read with sustained interest Mr. Cale Young Rice's volume "Nirvana Days" (McClure Company), but are rather surprised to find that, in a volume so full of poetical ideas, no one poem has made a deep and abiding impression. Here, however, is a very fine picture:

SOMNAMBULISM

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

Night is above me,
 And Night is above the night.
 The sea is beside me soughing, or is still.
 The earth as a somnambulist moves on
 In a strange sleep . . .
 A sea-bird cries.
 And the cry wakes in me
 Dim, dead sea-folk, my sires—
 Who more than myself are me.
 Who sat on their beach long nights ago and saw
 The sea in its silence;
 And cursed it or implored;
 Or with the Cross defied;
 Then on the morrow in their boats went down.

Night is above me . . .
 And Night is above the night.
 Rocks are about me, and, beyond, the sand . . .
 And the low reluctant tide,
 That rushes back to ebb a last farewell
 To the flotsam borne so long upon its breast.
 Rocks . . . But the tide is out,
 And the slime lies naked, like a thing ashamed
 That has no hiding-place.
 And the sea-bird hushes—
 The bird and all far cries within my blood—
 And earth as a somnambulist moves on.

We have seen many of Thomas Hardy's poetical efforts, but never until now have we seen one that seemed to us even moderately successful. This is rather more than moderately successful. We find it in *The New Quarterly*.

THE HOUSE OF HOSPITALITIES

BY THOMAS HARDY

Here we broached the Christmas barrel,
 And up-piled the billet-ends;
 Here we sang the Christmas Carol,
 And called in friends.

Time has tired me since we met here,
 When the folk now dead were young—
 Since the viands were outset here,
 And quaint songs sung.

And the worm has bored the viol
 That used to lead the tune,
 Rust eaten out the dial
 That struck night's noon.

Now no Christmas brings in neighbors,
 And the New Year comes unlit;
 Where we sang the mole now labors,
 And spiders knit.

Yet at midnight if I walk here
 When the moon sheets wall and tree,
 Forms outshape and seem to talk here,
 And smile on me.

Another English writer who has been turning from prose to poetry is Mr. Galsworthy. His verses in the London *Nation* have already been quite widely quoted:

THE CHURCH

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Here stand I
 Buttressed over the sea!
 Time and sky
 Take no toll from me.

To me, grey,
 Wind-grey, flung with foam,
 Ye that stray
 Wild-foot, come ye home!

Mother, I—
 Mother I will be!
 Ere ye die,
 Hear! O sons at sea!

Shall I fall,
 Leave my flock of graves?
 Not for all
 Your rebelling waves!

I stand fast—
 Let the waters cry!
 Here I last
 To Eternity!

A new and striking variation on an old theme is given us in the following poem taken from *The Independent*:

THE CROSS

BY EDITH CAMPBELL BABBITT

I wonder if the Master knew,
 Those weary days He walked apart,
 Communing in the silent wood
 With His Father, heart to heart,
 Which of the myriad trees that gave
 Their fragrant breeze and grateful shade
 Transformed into the cross should be,
 To welcome Him at Calvary.

I wonder if He sought or shunned
 That single tree above the rest;
 And did He think of it accurst,
 Or, in God's planning, doubly blest?
 And did He speak to it a word
 None other ever yet had heard,
 Making its leaves to shiver there,
 With a nameless, wild despair?

I wonder if He ever prayed
 Beneath that conscious, trembling tree;
 If it a mystic comfort gave
 When He cried out in agony.

Were they companions, close-allied
By the sad word, "Crucified,"
Or did He shrink, with startled breath,
Before this emblem of His death?

I wonder if He knew the day
When they struck it from its place;
If, wandering through the woods, its fall
He watched, with drawn and haggard face:
If He said, "Ah, woodland tree,
We meet again at Calvary.
Thou shalt be with me at the last,
And on thy breast shalt hold me fast."

When are we going to see a volume of Theodosia Garrison's poems? No American poet is doing work more uniformly good than hers. She has the singing voice, but, still more, she has the poetical mind, and her work makes an appeal to the intellect as well as to the ear. She has power to pack a great deal of meaning into a very small space. The following poem is in evidence of that power. We reprint from *Appleton's Magazine*:

FATE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

You gave me my work to do, you brought and set it
before me;
I laughed with the laughter of one, seeing, who
understands;
I bent to the task elate, zeal like a mantle o'er me—
*Why did you break my wrists and shatter the
strength of my hands?*

You gave me the song to sing, and mine the joy of
the bringing
Strands of Heaven and sea and earth strung to the
perfect note.
Finished, glorious, whole, I raised my head for its
singing—
*Why did you seal my lips and crush the song in
my throat?*

The work I was fain to do—it rusts in the drift of
the sands;
The song I was fain to sing is waste for the winds
to float.
*Why did you break my wrists and shatter the
strength of my hands?*
*Why did you seal my lips and crush the song in
my throat?*

In *The Living Age* we find an effective little poem that is not credited to any other magazine, and has, to indicate its authorship, simply the two initials, A. E. It is one of the worth-while poems.

THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

By A. E.

I pitied one whose tattered dress
Was patched and stained with dust and rain;
He smiled on me: I could not guess
The viewless spirit's vast domain.

He said: the royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light,
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

The breath of joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it.

It is time for spring poems. Here is one (from *Appleton's*) by an outdoor poet, who seldom misses his mark. His mark, it is true, is not as high as Milton's or Browning's, but it is well up out of the slime and fog. He doesn't lose himself (and us) amid the stars in cosmic flights, but he finds beautiful and wholesome themes not too far away from the surface of the earth, and he can always find them without fumbling.

ONE MORNING WHEN THE RAIN-BIRDS CALL

By LLOYD ROBERTS

The snows have joined the little streams and slid
into the sea;
The mountainsides are damp and black and steam-
ing in the sun;
But Spring, who should be with us now, is waiting
timidly
For Winter to unbar the gates and let the rivers
run.

It matters not how green the grass is lifting through
the mold,
How strong the sap is climbing out to every naked
bough,
That in the towns the market-stalls are bright with
jonquil gold,
And over marsh and meadowland the frogs are
fluting now.

For still the waters groan and grind beneath the icy
floor,
And still the winds are hungry-cold that leave the
valley's mouth.
Expectantly each day we wait to hear the sullen roar,
And see the blind and broken herd retreating to
the south.

One morning when the rain-birds call across the
singing rills,
And the maple buds like tiny flames shine red
among the green,
The ice will burst asunder and go pounding through
the hills—
An endless gray procession with the yellow flood
between.

Then the Spring will no more linger, but come with
joyous shout,
With music in the city squares and laughter down
the lane;
The thrush will pipe at twilight to draw the blos-
soms out,
And the vanguard of the summer host will camp
with us again,

Recent Fiction and the Critics



WHEN critics disagree, the novelist thrives. One of the most vital books of the year, if judged by the comment it has provoked so far, is Mr. Frank Harris's story of the Haymarket riot* in Chicago. His novel has been highly praised in England, and utterly condemned in the United States. We have

seen so far only one periodical in the United States which frankly admits merit in Mr. Harris's novel, and it does so with reluctance. Mr. Harris has attained some reputation as a London journalist. The *St. Louis Mirror* asserts that he is not an Englishman, but an American. The meanest anti-American paper in London, says the *Mirror*, is *The Saturday Review*, and it was at its nastiest and meanest during the Spanish-American war under the editorship of Mr. Harris. The latter, however, in his preface to the American edition, speaks of himself not as an American, but as an Englishman who took a lively interest in the labor dispute in Chicago all through 1885 and 1886. "The reports that reached us in London from American newspapers," he avers, "were all bitterly one-sided. They read as if some enraged capitalist had dictated them; but after the bomb had been thrown and the labor leaders were brought to trial, islets of truth began to emerge from the sea of lies." To quote further:

"In 1907 I paid a visit to America and spent some time in Chicago visiting the various scenes and studying the contemporary newspaper accounts of the tragedy. I came to the conclusion that six out of seven men punished in Chicago were as innocent as I was, and that four of them had been murdered—according to law.

"I felt so strongly on the subject that when I sketched out 'The Bomb' I determined not to alter a single incident, but to take all the facts just as they occurred. The book then, in the most important particulars, is a history and is true, as history should be true, to life, when there are no facts to go upon."

Mr. Harris admits that the success of his book in England has been due, in part at least, to the fact that it enabled Englishmen to gloat over a fancied superiority to Americans in the administration of justice. "At the risk of disturbing the comfortable self-esteem of my compatriots," he adds, "I must say that I believe that the administration of justice in the United States is at least as fair and certainly more humane than it is in England."

Seen through English eyes, Mr. Harris is a man of exceptional talent. "The Bomb," says the London *Bookman*, "is a strong and living piece of work. It is an historical novel, but Mr. Frank Harris does not take us back to the middle ages. There is no 'by my halidome!' or 'Gramercy' nonsense in 'The Bomb.' An incident in the social war of modern times, the labor troubles in Chicago, 1886, which culminated in bomb-throwing and the subsequent trial and execution of the Chicago anarchists, is the subject of the book; and already the events recorded are an old story, unknown or unremembered for the most part by men and women of to-day. The whole book," concludes the writer, "is far above the heights of average contemporary fiction."

Seen through American eyes, presto! the picture changes. Says the *Washington Star*: "One clearly sees not a student or a writer of history, but an avowed critic of America and American ways, a prejudiced commentator upon an episode in the national life of the American people with the insular restrictions of the foreigner." To quote further:

"It is an appeal for a more tolerant appreciation of the foreign elements which go to make up our complex civilization. But the appeal will fail of the purpose designed.

"If prejudice and passion reigned in Chicago and other American cities in 1886 there is prejudice and passion in this work. If injustice was done in Chicago in 1886 and 1887 there is gross injustice in this volume. A justification of anarchism and a condemnation of judicial procedure cannot have a wholesome purpose or a desirable effect."

The story of the book is the alleged autobiography of one Rudolph Schnaubelt. "I," he says, "threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886. Now I lie in Reichholz, Bavaria, dying of consumption, under a false name, in peace at last. . . . But there is one thing I must do before I go out. I must tell the story of the man who spread terror through America, the greatest man that ever lived, I think; a born rebel, murderer and martyr. If I can give a fair portrait of Louis Lingg, the Chicago Anarchist, as I knew him, show the body and soul and mighty purpose of him, I shall have done more for men than when I threw the bomb." Schnaubelt incidentally relates his own and Lingg's love affairs in a manner characterized as "pornographic" by the *Rochester Post Express*. The same writer denounces Schnaubelt's version of events as an "outrageous invention." He goes on to say:

*THE BOMB. By Frank Harris. Mitchell Kennerly.

"Mr. Harris has the boldness to introduce the names of a number of persons who either have recently died or are still living. This, however, in no way produces the effect of verisimilitude. As a work of fiction the book is a miserable failure. Mr. Harris has none of the magic of Defoe. He is a clumsy and ineffective writer. Danton's motto 'de l'audace de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,' does not apply to the art of fiction.

"The work has evidently been 'edited' by a socialist, for there are a number of notes which are only transparent vehicles for the propaganda of those who wish to upset the present condition of society and to have human beings managed by the absurd system of governmental regimentation. As a vindication of the Chicago anarchists and as a 'character study' the book is wretchedly impotent. It would have really been better for the author if he had never wasted his time in writing this vamped-up story which is neither good fiction nor genuine history."

Mr. William Marion Reedy alone of all reviewers hands in a dissenting opinion. Tho no friend of the author, he courageously concedes that the book describes conditions in Chicago with a "curious photographic fidelity to detail." "The mountain of evidence in the trial," says Mr. Reedy, "has been sifted over with the utmost care, and the readjusted material fired with imagination into a convincing veritism." To quote further:

"Schnaubelt's description of the men makes them live again. His story of the throwing of the bomb, his fainting, heart-sick, nauseated condition as he saw its effects while making his way to the depot to get out of town is a piece of realism so vivid that the reader almost feels in himself the physical qualms of horror and terror. The story of Lingg's suicide is told with the particularity of the newspaper report of the event. With subtle power you

are made to feel the moral heroism of the men who were hanged, especially of Parsons, who gave himself up after getting away. Lingg looms up in a kind of sinister, satanic majesty of defiance. . . . I noted particularly the description of the crowd of reporters in the jail vestibule the morning the anarchists were hanged. It is true; for I was there in that crowd, for the *Globe-Democrat*. But Harris doesn't describe the hanging: the men marched out on the scaffold, their arms and feet tied, the long white hoods dropped over their heads—the aching stillness, the police peering in and down through the jail-roof windows, muskets in hand—then a high, piping cry from under one of the caps, 'Hoch die Anarchie!' then another cry of the same words. Then Parsons forgot his feet were tied, tried to step forward and began 'Fellow Americans, I—' and the trap was sprung, his voice going up in an indescribable shriek as his body, with the others, dropped into space with that stop that sounds like a clod on a coffin-lid, or a blow upon a woman's breast. Long years after I heard that cry in 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' 'heard the prayer, the hangman's snare *strangled into a scream!*' Frank Harris doesn't describe that in 'The Bomb.' He could not have seen and heard it and forgot it. . . . The book is singularly detached in its attitude to the subject of which the supposititious writer was so much a part. Indeed, Schnaubelt was never a convinced anarchist himself, but was fascinated, as even the guards were fascinated, as the reader is fascinated, by Louis Lingg. He tells his story matter-of-factly, calmly, is not stirred really in a higher region of sensation, is not moved at all until his stomach turns at the horror of the mutilation wrought by the bomb. He is a creature cold even in his love affair with materialistic Elsie—his passion for her is unpleasantly physical, and he puts her aside almost lightly to throw the awful missile that Lingg made. The book submits the Lingg theory without apology, as an abstracted German philosopher might do it. It has the hard, brilliant intensity of Lingg stamped upon it, the desperate defiance of the man who blew his head off by exploding a cartridge in his mouth."



HE publishers of this novel are, by their own designation, "publishers of exceptional books." Mr. Lewisohn's novel* is a brilliant vindication of their claim. "The Broken Snare" is not, as we might be led to expect by that young poet's verses and lectures, the book of a rebel. It is a book of a rebel

repentant, of a sinner returned to the fold; it denotes a rebellion against rebellion, and is a powerful plea for marriage and the salutary heritage of restraint which has come to us through the ages. We all need, the author insists, "some faith, deep at the bottom of everything else, that some things are true and some are false—always . . . and some things are right and some wrong—always, forever, no matter what reason

tells you. It is necessary to accept the imperfect, and one cannot escape life, life as it is, as it has shaped itself, slowly, inevitably."

The story itself, unlike Herrick's presentation of the marriage problem in "Together," makes the impression of being written out of the need and the experience of an individual soul; for surely the radical ideas expressed by Julian Ware, Mr. Lewisohn's hero, on the subject of marriage, are shared only by a small minority, and the institution of matrimony, standing like an imperishable rock in the seething ocean of scandal and yellow fiction, needs no defender as yet. The problems which confront the hero and the heroine of the book are not, after all, those of the nation at large, and its eloquence is most immediately addressed to the few who are least likely to heed it—free lovers, Bohemians and socialists. In the opening chapter of Mr. Lewisohn's novel one reviewer discerns the ineffable pathos of the man

*THE BROKEN SNARE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. B. W. Dodge & Co.

with a carpet-sweeper in a recent popular play. It begins with the silence that follows the breaking of dishes. Its setting is a flat on Morningside Heights. The mother is a household drudge, the father a doctor with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year; their existence in New York is an obviously dreary mathematical problem. Their daughter, Frances Ware, beautiful, intellectual, is thus forced to lead the life of a social hermit; her only companions books, her only adviser the idealistic, world-estranged pater familias. Enter Julian, a writer. He comes, sees and conquers. Unfortunately his notions on marriage are somewhat unusual, for he has never read Gelett Burgess's—or whose is it?—"How To Be Happy Tho Married." And always he remembers how the father he loved cowered before the distant voice of his stepmother, the woman "to whom a perverse law had given the right to rend, to destroy, to crush."

Julian and Frances elope without marriage, and live in the South through days of "pure sunlight, and rare swift rain, in aromatic purple nights, spangled with trembling stars." While under southern skies they encounter Arthur Langdon Held, poser and poet. His hands are "cool and smooth and white as a girl's," but "with all his grace of youth, he is puny and absurd." The man has prodigious gifts, but everything he does, so Ware explains, perhaps not without a touch of envy, is false and rotten at the core. "I'm twice the man he is in mental power, knowledge and insight. But his easy accomplishment, his smooth workmanship—ah! that's beyond me." Held's notions on marriage are even more peculiar than Ware's. His eyes look dreamily over the water as he explains his doctrine to Frances. "The man," he affirms, "who does not marry the woman he loves invites his doom. Were he to marry her she would not possess the fever to possess him wholly at every moment. Her hold upon him would be of an ultimate security, and she would not rob him and herself of peace. I am infinitely careless of society and its needs; but I would not dare to live with a woman and not marry her. No legal bonds are of such crushing fierceness, no convention is so throttling, as these lawless fetters. If one is married one can at least—get a divorce." Thus the light-haired heavy villain sows the seed of discord. With his half-closed satyr-eyes, with lips half open, and his conquering smile, he proceeds to make love to Frances; but she pushes him back, violent, indignant. Buried instincts arise in all their might. "Tho the irreparable had not happened, tho no legal bond united her to Julian, she knew herself akin to the woman whom Christ had not condemned." Held typifies the wickedness of their revolt from convention, and the incident with him leads to a

crisis in her relations with Ware. When her mother falls sick, she leaves him, and refuses to return to him save on her own terms—marriage. Here, as in Shaw's "Man and Superman," woman is not the agent of sin but of conventional morality, whereas the man resists as long as he can, but succumbs in the end.

The critics, while admitting the striking qualities of Mr. Lewisohn's theme and style, have not, on the whole, devoted to his maiden effort the space relative to the importance which it seems to possess in their eyes. Even William Morton Payne, one of its most enthusiastic reviewers, dismisses it in a paragraph with the general run of the season's fiction. And yet he assures us in *The Dial* that it is not often that we come upon a novel written "with the conscious artistic purpose of 'The Broken Snare,' in which the imperative demands of technique—both verbal and architectonic—are never ignored, and yet which has no lack of rich human substance. The author," he goes on to say, "has taken Flaubert for his model, and has shown himself a not unworthy disciple of the master."

The discriminating reviewer of the *Chicago Tribune* speaks of the book as a novel of such compelling interest that it should be begun only after mature consideration. "Original in conception," she goes on to say, "it is a series of surprises, all perfectly logical." To quote further:

"The end justifies the means, one might say, for the book through a roundabout way, impressive nevertheless, is a sermon upon the compelling power of convention, of customs, and the past. Whether we kick against the pricks or not, we are too much creatures of inherited tradition really to be happy ignoring the few words which legalize marriage.

"After the opening, which is something of a high fence for the author, Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn acquits himself of his task well, analyzing the emotions of the man and woman with forceful diction and writing descriptions which are graphic in their suggestiveness. It is not a book to be recommended at large, not to be picked up when others are at hand, but a mature, sensible person that happens upon it will doubtless read it at the first sitting and say 'aye' when he closes it."

The *New York Times Saturday Review* indorses this opinion. "There is not a little of calling things by their right names," it says, "but it is always with the aim of getting at the ethical significance of actions and conditions, and never is there any attempt to make ill-smelling capital out of plainness of speech." "Unusual qualities of strength and beauty; strong, both in performance and promise," remarks the *Chicago Record-Herald*; and in the opinion of the *New York Globe* it is a story that "will easily rise to the top and demand attention even in the rushing stream of the season's fiction."



HE cryptic phrase chosen as the title for his new novel* by Emerson Hough, author of "The Mississippi Bubble," at once challenges the reader's attention. It is explained, for those who need more explanation of an historical phrase, by the dialog passing between President Tyler and the British Ambassador. "Our backwoodsmen," says the President, have invented a phrase which runs '54-40 or fight.'"

"Or fight," exclaims the Britisher. "God bless my soul! Fight us!"

"Such things have been," rejoins Mr. Tyler.

"54-40" means fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, and refers to the boundary of Old Oregon, embracing all the territory known to-day as Oregon, Idaho, Washington and a portion of Wyoming. The people demanded that the boundaries prescribed in the phrase should be respected by England, which was at that time threatening our national existence South in Texas and Northwest in Oregon. Mr. Hough charmingly mingles history and romance, and it is perhaps fortunate for him that, to quote the reviewer of the *New York World*, it is an ethical point still in abeyance how far the amendment of history is justifiable under a romancer's sweeping license to make out a good story. The figure looming largest in the story is John C. Calhoun. The hero of the novel in the accepted sense is Calhoun's secretary, Trist, who is dispatched by his master to see the Baroness Von Ritz, a beautiful adventuress and the diplomatic agent of Great Britain and Mexico. The Baroness falls a victim to the young secretary's manly charms, and, betraying both her political friends and the British Ambassador, one of her lovers, aids him and Calhoun in their political game. Her amorous arts are, however, unable to wrest young Trist from his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill, and having been thereof convinced, the adventuress unselfishly resigns and morality triumphs. "Had I not done so," says Trist, describing the crucial temptation—"had I not thought of Elizabeth—then, as in my heart I still believe, the flag of England to-day would rule Oregon and the Pacific; and it would float to-day along the Rio Grande; and it would menace a divided North and South—instead of respecting a strong and endurable union which owns one flag and dreads none in the world."

The author ends by assuring his readers of the purity and loveliness of the Baroness, but the *Louisville Post*, at least, finds it difficult to follow

his logic. *The Saturday Review of Books* (New York), also is troubled considerably by Mr. Hough's heroine. "She is a beautiful creature," it says, "but she is a good bit of a free lover, for whom, in spite of Mr. Hough's efforts in her behalf, we are unable to acquire a great liking. Nor are we able to take seriously the portion of Mr. Hough's story which represents this woman as shaping the destinies of America by means of the hold she took on gentlemen of the diplomatic corps, to whom she was more or less complaisant." Still there are some who judge less harshly of the heroine, whose past, present and future are equally dubious. "Seldom," exclaims an inspired reviewer, "does a character in fiction pique the reader's curiosity as does this mysterious beauty." He goes on to say:

"She has about her all the fascination of Europe and the romance of America. In her are traits of the good woman and the bad, of the loving and the daring. The conflict between the Old World and the New is not only controlled by the magic influence which she wields but is mirrored in the struggle which goes on in her own proud, ardent, resourceful soul. From the moment of her entrance into the story she has the reader literally at her feet, for, in the toe of one of her dainty white satin slippers lies concealed an Ambassador's note, the finding of which may change the fate of Texas and disturb the peace of Europe. Mystery attaches to her origin, to her purposes, to her wit, and to the domination she wields over great men and small."

Trist, the *Boston Herald* informs us, was too old in 1845 to have been so strong an influence with a charming woman who, according to the book, prevented war between America and England, for he had married a grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson as early as 1824, or one score years before the remarkable adventure with the Baroness de Ritz.

The figure of Calhoun is well drawn, and should be received with satisfaction by those who, in the words of Charles Ferguson, regard that remarkable man as a seer and prophet—an ascetic, renouncing the love of a woman to take his country to heart—a Richelieu of the Western and democratic spirit absorbed in an impersonal political passion that burnt his life out. "The story," he adds (in the *New York American*) "deserves to be one of the 'best sellers,' and has easily a chance of more than ephemeral fame." To quote further:

"It is an epic and it is an idyl. Its appeal to the imagination, its continental reach, its power to rouse a slumbering social sense, its processional of stirring events, its historicity—these qualities give it the character of grand poetry and make it a kind of Iliad or Odyssey of our American earth struggle.

"But there is the lilt of a song through it all, and a heart-ache, like an Irish ballad."

*54-40 OR FIGHT. By Emerson Hough. Bobbs, Merrill & Co.

THE ORIGIN OF MACARONI—A LEGEND. BY MATHILDE SERAO

The author of this pleasing little folk-tale is a busy Italian journalist and a popular society favorite in Naples. She takes high rank among Italian writers of the day, and the following tale, translated for us by Helen E. Meyer, is selected from her "Legends of Naples."



IN THE year 1220, in the time of King Frederick of Suabia, in the little alley of the Cortellari, there stood a tall and very narrow house whose leaded window-panes were gray with the grime of ages. The doorway of the house was low and dark, the stairs were steep and dirty, the windows were always closed. People hurried by the accursed place casting back looks of fear or muttering prayers or maledictions.

The house was tenanted by people of ill-repute. A usurer dwelt on the fourth floor; a handsome girl watched by the police lived on the second floor; on the third floor lived and wrangled two "ugly mugs"—man and wife—who plied some illegitimate trade in the day time, and returned to their room at night to beat one another as flails beat flax.

But worse, in the public regard, than the forbidding gleam in the squinting eyes of the usurer, and worse than the glances of the handsome girl, even worse than the cries of the woman beaten by her husband, was Cicho, the devil's tool, the sorcerer, who lived in rooms opening on a balcony at the top of the house. Believers crossed themselves as they hurried by. Sceptics grimaced, and, holding their fingers to their foreheads to represent horns, knocked their knees together and murmured the incantation against the evil eye.

Cicho seldom went into the street. His window seldom opened. But no one questioned his magic, and all trembled at the thought of his mysterious power.

No one knew whence he came. No one had crossed his threshold. But by spying and by exchanging imaginary knowledge the gossips had given him a character. He had been watched as he studied great parchment tomes with silver clasps. He had been seen at dead of night bending over his crucibles, and the fires of his furnace never died.

By creeping close to his window, Jovannella, the woman whose windows opened on his balcony, had seen his tools of magic—retorts, filters, and small gleaming instruments, supposedly intended for deadly work.

Rumor had it that Cicho passed his time hovering over boiling pots in which infernal herbs danced in witches-broth. Cicho's servant catered

for the sorcerer, and they who spied upon him knew that he bought nothing but the herbs habitually used by cooks—tomatoes, parsley, onions, garlic, fine herbs, and other harmless objects of vegetable origin. But that Cicho brewed draughts powerful to spread death and ruin, the whole world knew; because sorcerers go to the fields on the eve of the witches'-Sabbath to cull accursed growths and to invoke the moon and the devil. Cicho knew what the people said, and, to avert gossip, he clung to his laboratory and did his best to keep out of sight.

In his day he had been very handsome and very rich. He had been loved. He had owned palaces, fine horses and splendid gems. He had hung his rooms with draperies of spun gold and with equal pleasure he had received the smiles of women, the sword thrusts of men, and the generous wines of the royal banquets. Then he lost his fortune and his friends shunned him. But tho despised and forsaken, Cicho was not cast down. He was a savant. He loved learning. He had drunk deep from the wells of ancient wisdom. Cast out by the world, he arose from his ruins with a mind clear to the real meaning of life. "Men are brothers," he said firmly. "Man's duty is to help his fellow-man. I must find means of giving happiness to all mankind before I die."

He had loved to eat. He could think of no better gift than a delicious dish concocted to suit all tastes. His aim was to give, not fleeting joy, but something stable, something to nourish and satisfy the whole human family. With mind fixed on that high ideal he searched his ancient tomes and studied and experimented day and night. For a long time ill-luck pursued him, and all that he tried to do failed. But his confidence in himself was not shaken. He felt that his object was exalted, and consciousness of unselfish brotherly love so acted upon his brain that his sleep brought visions of encouragement and joy, and day by day he arose from his bed strengthened for his work. After years of painful and unceasing effort, his heart cried out as Archimedes had cried out before him; and, satisfied with his discovery, he seated himself to rest and to perfect details. His invention lacked nothing but the charm of form. So day and night he toiled in his close rooms, sustained by thought of the hour when, presenting his perfected gift to his brothers, he

could say: "Take it as freely as I give it. I deliver it into your hands, finished, perfect, savory, fair to look upon, redolent in its combination of the animal and the vegetable!"

Jovanella's di Canzio window opened on the balcony close to Cicho's room, and the sharp, shrewd, inquisitive gossip stole from the side of her sleeping husband to peer through the closed blinds of Cicho's window. In the deep blue dusk of the Italian night, barefoot, in her one clinging night garment, the treacherous woman watched the work of the old magician.

Jovanella's husband, Giacomo, was the cook's helper in the palace of the king.

At first, uncertain of her ground, Jovanella caught nothing of the meaning of Cicho's movements, and in her spite she raged, lashed her neighbors with her tongue, and drove her husband to the verge of madness. But one night her zealous watch bore fruit, and her heart leaped for joy. Close to the window, standing with bare toes curled upward, she saw the magician put his spoon into the boiling pot, draw it out, blow upon it with his breath, then, with eyes beaming, scent, then taste the brew.

It was something to eat!

Jovanella watched Cicho an hour longer. Then she crept back to the side of her sleeping husband and drew the bed covers over her ears. "Ah!" thought the guilty wretch, "what woman longs for with all her might, that she wins!"

When Jovanella awoke, Giacomo, the cook's-helper, was on foot, combing his hair before his little mirror. "Listen, husband," said the wife; "go straight to the king's cook and tell him that I can cook a dish so luscious that it deserves to appear before the king!"

"Woman," answered the husband, "you are daft! you make nothing of the kind!"

"May my tongue, my most precious possession, drop from my mouth if what I tell you is not true!"

Jovanella's accents were so convincing that Giacomo gave the message to the cook. The cook repeated the message to the king's body servant. When the valet insinuated the message to his noble master, the bodyguard listened, questioned, and then, breathless, ran to the king.

The king ordered his minions to summon Jovanella to the palace, give her materials, and see what she could do.

Jovanella was placed in position before a furnace, pots, and such materials as she demanded, and with sleeves tucked up and with skirts covered by an apron, she began to work.

First she made a dough by mixing flour, salt and eggs with water and kneading it long and fast to make it tender and as smooth as linen.

Then she rolled the dough thin, cut it in strips, rolled each strip in a tube, and hung the tubes in the sun to dry.

Then she put fat fresh pork and finely-cut, peppered and salted onions into a frying pan, and having fried the pork and the onions a golden brown, she added to the mixture a large piece of meat, cooked the meat to a pretty yellow, and, rubbing ripe tomatoes through a sieve, poured the rich red juice over the meat and set the pan to simmer over a slow fire.

At dinner time she threw the paste tubes into salted boiling water, grated a large quantity of the Lodi cheese (called Parmesan), boiled the paste until tender, and drained off the water.

Having put the boiled paste into a porcelain basin, she poured over it first a spoonful of sauce, then a spoonful of grated cheese. When all the sauce and all the cheese had been added to the boiled paste, the king, seated in state, received and tasted it.

When he recovered from his surprise and delight, he sent for Jovanella and asked her how she had come to think of the possibility of so harmonious a marriage of animal and vegetable materials. The wicked woman answered that the possibility of the combination had been revealed to her in a dream, by an angel.

The replete monarch begged for the recipe and presented it to his cook with his own hands. He gave Jovanella one hundred pieces of gold, because, as he said, she who had so successfully worked for the good of man deserved all that her sovereign could do for her.

But Jovanella's good fortune did not end there. Every noble and every high official in the kingdom begged for her recipe, and the cooks of all the palaces of Naples flocked to the rooms of the king's cook's helper to learn the lesson given to Jovanella by the angel.

After the nobles came the opulent commoners; and after the commoners came the merchants and the working classes, and last of all came the masses—men and women in rags. So one after another, swarming like homing bees, all the people of Naples climbed the steep and grimy stairs of the devil's house, and, wide awake, learned the lesson imparted to Jovanella in a dream.

The king called the dish Macaroni, from the word macarus, the divine dish.

Jovanella was rich, sought after by her superiors, respected.

Meanwhile Cicho, the sorcerer, locked in his laboratory, worked to perfect his discovery, reveling as he toiled in anticipation of the time when he should bestow his gift on man. In his sleep he dreamed of the gratitude of his fellow-crea-

tures and of peace and appreciation in his last years.

"For," said he to himself, "is not the discovery of a succulent and delicious kind of nourishment as valuable as the discovery of a philosophical theorem, the discovery of a comet, a thing of no practical value—or the discovery of a possibly pernicious insect? It is, of a truth. Therefore lauded by grateful man shall I be. And at last, after all my sorrow, I shall rest!"

One day, when the details were perfect, when the inventor was ready to make known the invention, Cicho the sorcerer went out into the street to breathe the air and to let the wind blow through the long curls of his silver hair. As he reached the gate of the first walled house, it seemed to him that the soft winds wafted to his nostrils a familiar odor. Fear assailed his heart, but he tried to believe that his senses had deceived him. As he passed on, the odors of his secret invention beset him from all sides. Struck by appalling dread, he pushed in the door of the first house. A woman in a short skirt, with black hair, half covered by the square head-shawl of the Contadina, stood before a little charcoal stove pouring, alternately, tomato juice and grated cheese on tubes of boiled flour paste.

"What are you doing?" asked the sorcerer, in a dying voice.

"I am cooking macaroni, Old One," answered the woman.

"Who taught you?"

"Jovanella, wife of Giacomo, servitor of the king's house."

"Ah! And who taught her?"

"An angel taught her in a dream. The king

was the first to taste her brew. He named it. After the king the court, and after the court all Naples ate of it. And now, go where you may, Old One, you will see some one cooking the food given by the angel in a dream. Will you taste my dish? It is good."

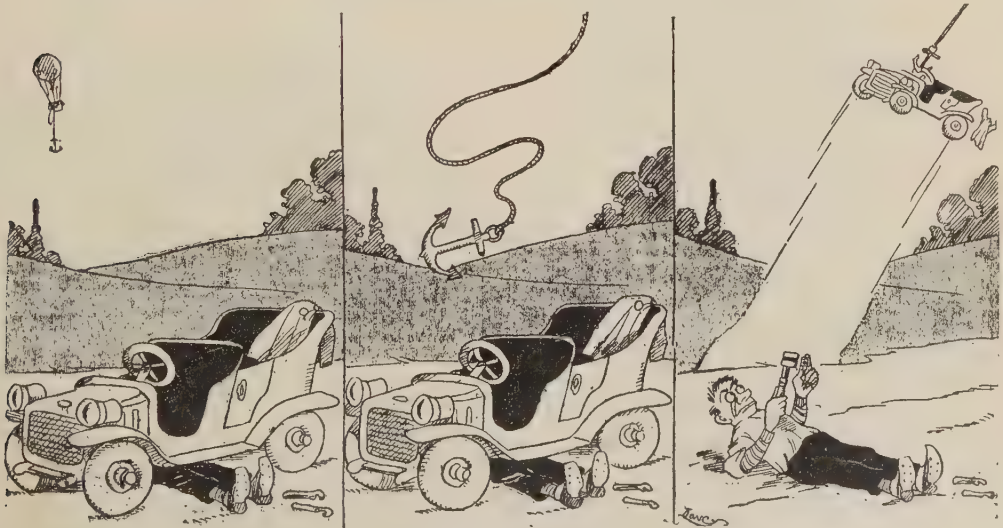
"Adieu. I thank you. No!" With head bowed upon his breast he turned away. Dragging his weary body from street to street, Cicho convinced himself of the treachery of Jovanella. Even the king's gardener repeated the story of the woman taught to cook the divine dish by an angel.

In disgust and despair, Cicho returned to his laboratory, broke his retorts, burned his books, destroyed his instruments and his furnaces, and went out of the accursed house, never to return or to be seen of men. His neighbors declared that the devil carried him away.

Jovanella flourished as the wicked flourish; but when she lay dying upon her bed, the agony of death forced her to confess. So, at last, justice was done to the memory of the magician.

But in the little street of the Cortellari, in the rooms where Cicho labored for the good of man, on the eve of the witches-Sabbath, strange sounds are heard. And there, so the soothsayers believe, the old man cuts and rolls his paste. Jovanella, lashed by demons, stirs red sauce with a cooking-spoon, while Satan grates Lodi cheese with one hand and pokes the fire with the other.

Whether the tale be true or false, whether the wizard's gift be of angels or of devils, the so-called divine dish, macarus, has worked for centuries for the nourishment of the people, and there is no reason for thinking that it will not continue so to work through all the time to come.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY

—F. G. Long in the *San Francisco Bulletin*.

Humor of Life

NOT GUILTY

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.
"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.
"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."
"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.
"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"—*Everybody's*

IT KEPT ON RUNNING

GYER.—"I dropped my watch in the river, and didn't recover it for three days. It kept right on running, tho."

MYER.—"A watch won't run for three days."

GYER.—"Of course not; I was speaking of the river."—*London Tit Bits.*

THE CULPRIT FOUND

One winter's evening in the city of Belfast, when a water inspector was going his round, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water owing to some repairs. He had just put the handle on the tap and begun turning when a hand was placed on his shoulder. Looking round, he was confronted by a tipsy gentleman, who said, in a drunken tone:

"So I have found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street round, is it?"—*London Tit Bits.*

A TOAST—"WOMAN!"

Oh! the neatness of their neatness when they're neat,
Oh! the fleetness of their fleetness when they're fleet;

But the neatness of their neatness
And the fleetness of their fleetness
Are as nothing to their sweetness when they're sweet.—*Exchange.*

ONE OF THE UNDERFED

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors, and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate, and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"—*Penny Pictorial.*

TOO EASY

JUDGE.—"You are charged with burglary. How do you plead?"

PRISONER.—"Not guilty, boss; an I'll tell yo' why. In de fust place de chicken coop doah wuzn't eben locked; in de secon' place dar wuz no burglar alarm; in de third place dar wuz no bulldog; an' in de fourf place dar wuz no steel traps. Now dat ain't burglary et all, boss; dat's jes' simply findin' chickens, an' I leabe it toe yo'self."—*Life.*



SUSPICIOUS

"Hiram, how d'you reckon Dobbin got into this habit?"

—*Scribner's.*

NOT NEEDED.

Children all over the world enjoy the "Mother Game," but it remained for an American four-year-old to give the modern touch.

"Come on and play Father and Mother," cried a playmate. "I want to be the father!"
 "No, Billy," she replied, with decision. "We're going to have plenty of money—we won't need any father!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

TWO JOKES WITH BUT A SINGLE BUTT.

During a performance in the West by Frederick Warde not so long ago a curious error was made by the compositor, who "set up" the bill for "The Tempest." The part enacted by Warde was that of "Prospero, Rightful Duke of Milan," and this the compositor billed in this wise:

"Prospero, Frightful Duke of Milan
 Frederick Warde."

Now, the player, who has a keen sense of humor, was sufficiently struck by the fun of the thing to forward a marked copy of the play-bill to his daughter, then in the East. Miss Warde, too, was appreciative of the compositor's effort, for she is said to have sent her father the following note:

"Dear Dad.—Inasmuch as I have seen the performance, I fail to see wherein the program was wrong."—*Lippincott's.*

A TOO INQUIRING MIND.

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water? No, there—Right over there!"

The guide was busy rebaiting the old gentleman's hook, and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."

"Guide," repeated the old lady, in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing, and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh. "That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."—*Exchange.*

A REFORM GONE TO SEED.

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post-office building, "what is the meanin' of thim letters 'MDCCCXCVIII'?"

"They mean eighteen hundred an' ninety-eight."

"Dennis, don't it shtrike you thot they're car-ryin' this shpellin reform entoiirely too far?"—*Exchange.*

NOT WHOLLY RESPONSIBLE

LODGER.—"Here's a nice breakfast to ask a friend to! Did you lay the table, Mary?"

MARY.—"Yes, sir. All but the eggs, sir."—*Exchange.*



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

—*Harper's Magazine.*



THE HAIR AND THE TORTOISE

—*Harper's Magazine.*



ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION:—IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE MENTAL CONCENTRATION IS REQUISITE.
—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN ART CRITIC

ARTIST.—“This is my best picture. I call it ‘St. Agnes.’ And you don’t like it? I am so sorry! May I ask what your objection is?”

CRITICAL YOUNG WOMAN.—“Her halo isn’t on straight.”—*Exchange*.

AN EXPENSIVE DEATH

During a snowstorm on the Highland Railway a train was held up for an hour or two. The guard, a cheery Scot, passed along the carriages trying to keep up the spirits of the passengers. An old gentleman angrily complained that if the train didn’t go on he would “die of cold.”

“Tak’ my advice an’ no’ dae that,” replied the guard. “Min’ y’, we charge a shillin’ a mile for corpses.”—*London Tit Bits*.

A FALLACIOUS PHILOSOPHY

The visiting parson at Dartmoor was handing Convict 99 consolation in small chunks.

“You should not complain, my misguided friend,” he said; “it is better to take things as you find them.”

“Yer on the wrong track, parson,” replied the prisoner. “It were practising that theory that got me nabbed.”—*London Tit Bits*.

SO BACK HE CAME

An official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:

“In October last a man named August Hulzberger took out his ‘first papers.’ As he was about

to leave the court-room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

“In a few days August again turned up. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying, ‘Vell, here I vos!’

“‘Pleased to see you, I’m sure,’ said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. ‘Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?’

“August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. ‘It says, “Redurn in five days,”’ he explained, ‘und here I vos!’”—*Harper's Weekly*.

A PROSPECTIVE SHELTER

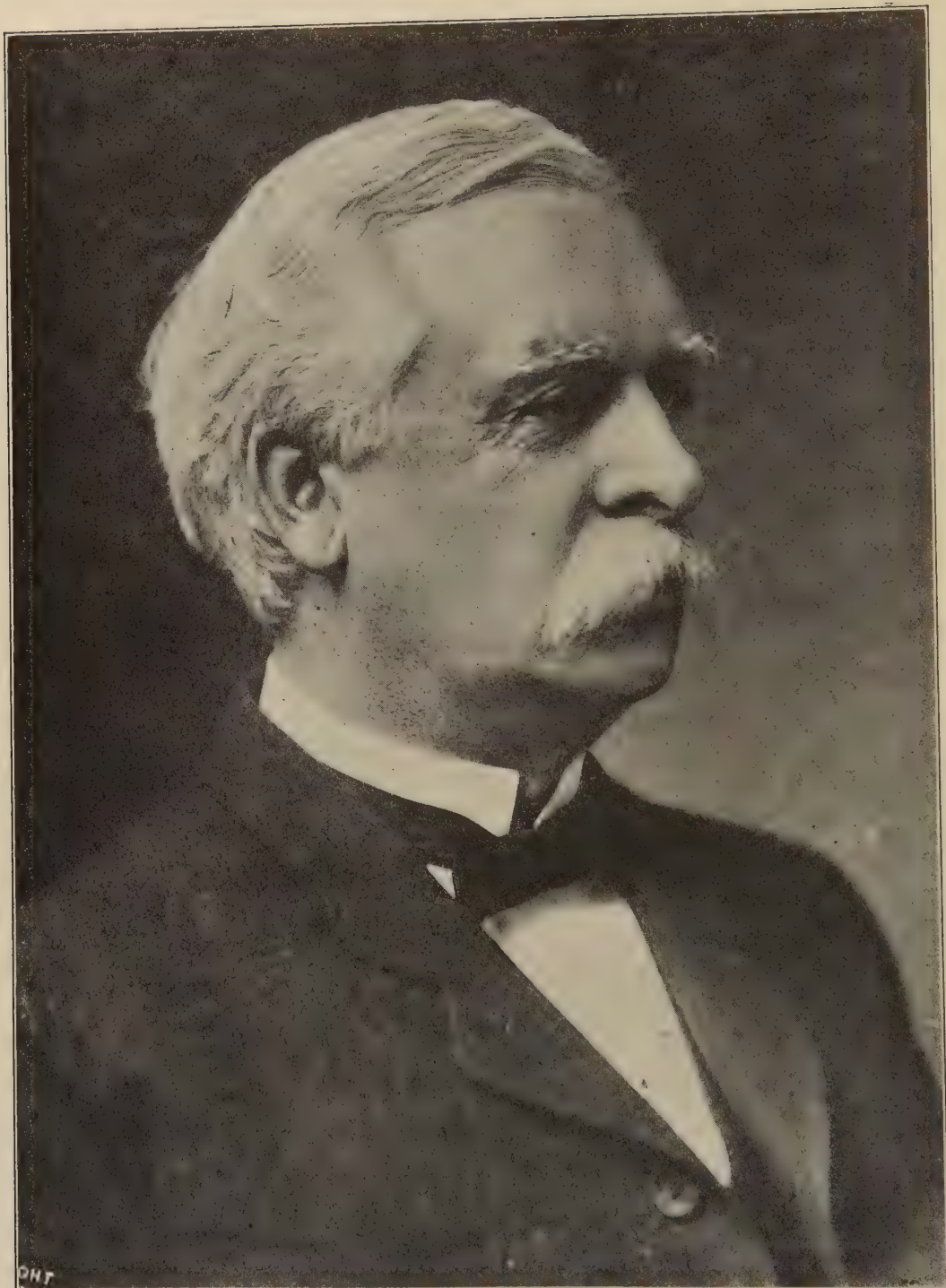
A well-known senator was asked why some politicians were always making such a howl about the preservation of our forests. “Oh,” he replied, “they probably never know just when they may have to take to the woods.”—*Success Magazine*.

THE EXPERIENCED SWINE

The crowd around the post-office stove, after exhausting the possibilities of politics, local and national, had been discussing the alleged lack of the truth-telling instinct in Old Man Simpkins. Uncle Ezra came in, and Jim Peters said:

“What do you think about it, Uncle Ezra? Would you call Old Man Simpkins a liar?”

“Well,” answered Uncle Ezra slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, “I wouldn’t go so far as to call the Old Man a liar, but I do know it to be a fact that when feedin’ time comes, to get any response he has to have somebody else call his hogs fur him.”—*Woman's Home Companion*.



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THE ROBUST AUTHOR OF THE PAYNE BILL

Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, is said by Champ Clark to know more about tariff schedules than any other man alive. He helped to construct the Dingley bill and the McKinley bill. In his speech introducing the Payne bill, he spoke for two days, "knocking higher than a kite the idiotic theory of Dr. Osler." Mr. Payne is nearing his sixty-sixth birthday.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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A Review of the World

NE who has followed with any care the processes of tariff revision during the last few weeks can understand why members of Congress shrink from such an undertaking even as often as once in ten or twelve years. "No eighteen men," says Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, "Democrats and Republicans both, in the history of this country, ever did harder, more tedious, more fatiguing or more honest work than the eighteen members of the ways and means committee did in these hearings." For weeks, the committee began hearings at 9.30 A. M. daily, took an hour for luncheon at 1 P. M., took another hour for dinner at 7 P. M., then worked on until 11 or 12 P. M., "keyed up, on edge, tussling with intellectual men who had facts in their possession about the tariff which they were determined not to give up." Mr. Clark has done all sorts of work on a farm, as a clerk in a country store, as a teacher, as an editor, as a criminal lawyer, as a political leader; but under no circumstances, he asserts, has he ever performed labor so exhaustive of nervous energy as that performed at these tariff hearings. "I have no doubt," he adds, "that it shortened all our lives." Similar testimony of an even more striking character has been given by those who participated in previous revisions.

MR. CLARK'S statement pertains merely to the hearings. He and his five Democratic colleagues on the committee had nothing to do with the still more strenuous labor of drafting the tariff bill. The Republican members attended to that, the Democrats not considering it expedient for them to draft a substitute bill, but contenting themselves with attempts to amend the Republican bill. To draft the Payne bill called for the digesting, by somebody, of 8,000 pages of testimony given at the hearings, and a vast amount of

documentary material obtained from our consuls. The bill itself had to deal with 4,000 articles, ranging all the way from locomotives to peanuts, and pertaining more or less vitally to the entire industrial system of the country. When Chairman Payne made his speech introducing the bill, he was on his feet nine hours and a half (in two successive days), answering questions, parrying attacks, interrupted time and again in the middle of a sentence, and altogether, as Champ Clark testified, "knocking higher than a kite the idiotic theory of Dr. Osler." "The gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne] is nearly old enough to be my father," continued the Missouri Congressman. "I have always been credited with having an iron constitution, but I believe that he came out of that exhausting work fresher than I did, which was an absolute marvel to me." Three weeks after Mr. Payne presented the bill of his committee, it was passed by the lower house of Congress by a vote, following party lines closely, of 217 to 161. Only one Republican congressman voted against it and only four Democratic congressmen—all from Louisiana—voted for it. Now it is "up to" the Senate; or, as the *New York Press* would have us believe, up to one particular senator. "The House makes the tariff," it remarks; "Senator Aldrich, pretty much single-handed, remakes it."

IN ONE important respect, the Payne tariff bill differs from all its predecessors. It contains two schedules, a maximum and a minimum schedule of rates. Twenty years ago when the McKinley bill was being drafted, Mr. Blaine smashed his silk hat on the table to give emphasis to his indignant objection that the bill at that stage lacked all features of reciprocity whereby American trade might be pushed into foreign lands. The eloquent appeal of the crushed hat was effective. In that bill were placed provisions



CLIMBING ABOARD
Oh, look who's here!
—Thorndike in *Baltimore American*.

for reciprocity agreements, to be consummated by the President, whereby nations giving us special tariff favors received special favors in return. Since that time other nations have been elaborating that plan, adopting a maximum and minimum rate, the former being sometimes as much as 100 per cent. higher than the latter. Out of this fact has come a situation that, in the phrase of Mr. Payne, is "becoming intolerable" to our own



"CONFOUND THESE JIG SAW PUZZLES!"
—New York Press.

industries, and which has been perhaps the chief reason for any revision at all at this time. As the *Baltimore Star* puts it, "the era of the trade war has arrived and the tariff is the militant outfit, so to speak, with which each of the great modern nations is seeking to pummel every other nation into an advantageous trade arrangement. The maximum and minimum rate—the dual tariff system—is a veritable steel-clad battleship sort of argument through which nations may try warlike conclusions concerning markets. It is a kind of warfare that has already been engaged in and that will certainly be more extensively resorted to in the future."

REASONING on this line, the authors of the Payne bill have provided for a minimum tariff schedule, which Mr. Payne believes will become "the universal tariff law in the United States." Then it is provided that any country which gives us as fair trade relations as it gives to any other country shall have this minimum tariff applied to its articles on their importation here. But for any country that persists in discriminating against our products in any way, a maximum tariff is applied, which is about twenty per cent. higher than the minimum. All existing reciprocity treaties are to be terminated and this maximum and minimum arrangement is to take their place. For sixty days after the passage of the bill, the minimum rate is to prevail. Then for every country still discriminating against us at the end of that time, the maximum rate is to go into effect.

IN THIS section of the bill many of the newspapers have thought to discern a "joker," by which the Payne bill, while appearing to revise the tariff downward, is in effect actually revising it upward. The minimum rate is to satisfy the consumers, they say, and to appear to meet President Taft's demand for lower duties; but the maximum tariff is to be the rate that is actually to obtain. "It is very hard," says the *New York Times*, "to look on the maximum and minimum rate contrivance as anything but a piece of rather clumsy humbug. . . . If this had been a deliberate device to nullify the reductions in the tariff, except as to our imports from England, it could not have been better adapted to its end." The point *The Times* urges is that if Germany, for instance, gives to any country the slightest concession, on any product, not given to us, then our maximum rate must

THIS view of the case is, however, vigorously repudiated by Mr. Payne. He refers scornfully to the charge that this arrangement is a trick, and scouts the notion that other nations will choose a course that will bring the maximum rate into effect against them. Here is the way he puts it: "That great country of our cousins—the English—give us, as they give every other nation of the earth, equal trade relations, and from the very moment that this bill becomes a law until it is finally repealed Great Britain will be entitled to come into this country with its products precisely at the minimum rates in sections 1 and 2. Take her great rivals for our market, France and Germany; can they stand by and see Great Britain take up that trade and they do nothing? Will they enforce their maximum rate against us because we do not give them our minimum rate? Will they force our maximum rates on exports to this country and see Great Britain come in and take the trade of this market? Is there any man within the sound of my voice that supposes for a minute that France and Germany and the nations of the earth seeking our markets will not immediately avail themselves of the minimum rate which we offer in sections 1 and 2?" Our market, Mr. Payne further remarks, is the leading market of the world. We are the greatest buyers of any people on earth, consuming from one-third to one-half of the products of the world. It is "absolutely certain" therefore that the great nations will take advantage of the situation to secure for their products our minimum rates.

A political cartoon showing a man in a top hat and dark suit, holding a long whip, leading a pack of five pigs. The pigs are labeled 'MAJORITY PARTY', 'SOUTHERN INTERESTS', 'WOMAN SUFFRAGE', 'SOUTHERN MINORITY', and 'SOUTHERN INTERESTS'. They are walking towards a sign that reads 'TO THE TARIFF MARKET'.

doubted whether any member of the committee could make a better academic speech on the subject now than he has made in the past." This illustrates the singular situation. Discussion of the general principles of the tariff question, such as never failed in the past to call forth impassioned oratory, is now pronounced "academic," and gives way to a consideration of details. The *Springfield Republican* reminds us of General Hancock's remark that the tariff is a local issue, and says that, absurd tho the remark was at the time, the truth of it as the case now stands is being strikingly illustrated from day to day in the revision struggle at Washington. "It is a contest of local interests against which all attempts to draw party lines seem to be futile." "And what," the same paper goes on to ask,



ANOTHER KIDNAPPING?
—Macaulay in New York *World*.

"is the Payne bill itself but a mass of nice balancings of tax favors to special interests which the leaders cannot allow to be disturbed by promiscuous amending from the floor of Congress lest it be upset altogether? The talk of a scientific tariff is absurd. Such a tariff does not exist, never has existed, at least in our own time, and never will exist on an aggressive and extreme protection basis."

IT SOUNDS as tho the political millennium were drawing near to read praises in the free trade *Evening Post*, of New York, of a Republican bill drafted on avowed protection lines and supported by such old "standpat-ers" as Dalzell and Cannon. Yet in editorial after editorial, the *Post* has expressed a sort of amazed delight over the unexpected merits of the Payne bill. While Champ Clark was declaring that it is "the very worst tariff bill that ever was introduced into the House," *The Evening Post* was asserting that "even as it stands to-day the Payne bill must be confessed to be a more enlightened and promising measure than any tariff bill ever fathered by the Republican party," and "a measure which will bear comparison with the Wilson bill, and embodies a degree of tariff reform greater than we should have had any chance of getting had Bryan been elected President." And again this from the same paper:

"At last, the forgotten consumer is given a thought. After long years of argument, it has been beaten into the heads of high-tariff fanatics

that low duties mean both more revenue and more trade. And the old idea of universal, all-round protection, every single product getting its just recompense of reward in a perfectly equitable tariff, is now admitted to have broken down. . . . It would make not only hides free, but iron ore and coal; and the taxes on other raw materials it would cut down. This is the greatest single achievement of the Payne bill. It marks progress. Upon some of the hoariest absurdities and outrages of protection, it plants a heavy foot."

These opinions were expressed before the bill assumed the final form in which it passed the House. But the changes then made commended it to the same paper still more highly, and the Senate committee has carried the process of reduction still farther.

THE question is raised whether the Payne bill actually raises or decreases the average rates of duty. Champ Clark asserts, on the basis of a government document prepared by William W. Evans, assistant clerk, with the aid of government experts, that the average rates are raised 1.56 per cent. "The average rates on the Dingley bill," says Clark, "about which people were complaining and from which they wanted relief, were 44.16 per cent., and the average rates under the Payne bill are 45.72 per cent." There are, Mr. Clark admitted, many reductions in the bill, but "most of them are more apparent than real." While the rates on certain articles have been cut in two, yet, he claims, there remains as much protection on those articles as there ever was,



TWO WAYS OF FEEDING HIM

—Morris in Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.

inasmuch as the rates are still high enough to be prohibitive. The New York *Times*, which at first pronounced the bill "a more reasonable bill than any that has ever originated with the party of protection," and expressed the hope that it would be passed "without impairment," changed its note as it studied into the details and especially into the maximum and minimum contrivance.

THEN *The Times* reversed itself completely, saying that the bill so far from being the best, is the worst bill ever introduced. To quote:

"It is not going too far to pronounce the Payne bill dishonest because, prepared in performance of a pledge to reduce duties, it has with care and cunning been drawn in such a way as to raise them. In this respect its bad eminence surpasses any previous tariff bill. It is more disappointing to expectation than the commission bill of 1883, it is worse than the McKinley bill which brought down upon the Republican party the resentment of the people. It adds new extortions to those practised under the Dingley act. It disregards alike the needs of the Treasury and the demands of the people. It is not a bill, as it now stands, that President Taft could sign without a complete abandonment of the principles to which he has committed himself."

While Mr. Payne does not impeach the estimate on which Mr. Clark bases his charge of a revision upwards, he does repel, with considerable heat, the justice of the charge itself. The increase in the *ad valorem* duties

on the entire bill he admits to be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; but that is due, he asserts, to the transfer of articles of luxury now on the free list to the dutiable list, and the raising of rates, for revenue purposes, on other articles such as perfumeries, fancy soaps and kid gloves. The rates, he claims, have been lowered, on the whole, all the way through. "Any intelligent man can understand by reading the bill that the revision is downward," and the $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. apparent increase is the result of an unfair method of calculation.

WHILE the Payne bill is thus presented as a revision downward, reducing the rates on lumber to one-half the present rates, cutting the rates on steel and iron heavily, putting hides, iron ore, wood pulp, coal and petroleum on the free list, making a considerable decrease in the rates on leather goods (25 per cent to 15 per cent. on boots and shoes), and slightly reducing the rates on woollens, there has been heard a loud feminine outcry against the increase of rates on women's gloves, hosiery, mercerized cottons, figured cottons, ribbons, feathers, furs and hair goods. Chicago clubwomen sent a delegation to congress with petitions signed by 500,000 women protesting against the glove and hosiery schedules. The federation of women's clubs in New York held a mass-meeting in the ballroom of the Hotel Astor to make the same protest. In Kansas City, Detroit and other places clubwomen took similar action. "The women of Utah have votes,"



WEANING THE BABY?

—Flohri in *Judge*.



THE BLACKSMITH WHO HAS BECOME A
LEADER OF CONGRESS

James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the committee of appropriations, is one of the men who toiled so laboriously in getting the Payne bill into shape, and upon whose aid Payne depended largely in fighting it through to success.

cries the Salt Lake *Herald*, "and their voices should be more potent in protest than those

of their sisters in the East. . . . Let the women of Utah be heard." The Chicago *Tribune* has been especially energetic in stirring the women up to action. It sees in the proposed advances a strong incentive to the adoption of woman suffrage: "It has been a pleasing superstition that the legislative interests of women are safe in the hands of men. Pass the tariff bill as it stands and the militant woman suffragists will say to their sisters: 'See what treatment you will get from law-makers as long as you have not the ballot with which to make yourselves respected.'"

IN 1892, according to an Illinois senator, the defeat of the Republican party in the presidential election was due to "the rise in tin peddlers' prices," and the New York *Times* warns the same party now that "the senseless and inexcusable burden placed on the millions of women in the land may have an effect that cannot be offset by free iron ore or lower duties on lumber." Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, have sent a circular to the hosiery and glove trade protesting against the advance in rates and asserting that "to-day nearly 80 per cent. of the fashioned hosiery made in this country is sold by one commission house, which is mainly the interested party in securing an advance of 25 per cent. more, making the industry practically a hosiery trust." A leading dry goods house in Washington has inserted in its advertisements exhortations to the women to "object! object! object!" by writing to Chairman Payne. As the combat deepens, the otherwise rather dreary debate on "ad valorem" and "countervailing duties" and "draw-back provisions" and "ultimate consumers" and other strange things that fail to stir the emotions is enlivened by the ardor and rhetoric of the champions of the American woman.

ONE ex-president of the American Federation of Women's Clubs writes from Colorado to one of that state's representatives urging him not to increase the tax upon the family income "and thereby bring about the inevitable result of relegating America to the rank of the barefoot nations." The congressman receiving this heart-wringing appeal rose to the occasion. Said he:

"The woman of average means is now the possessor of two pairs of gloves—one for common everyday wear, the other for dress. Enact this schedule and she will be able to purchase only one



A GOOD PETITION—PUSH IT ALONG—SHOW
WHAT YOU CAN DO

—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune*.



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TAKING THE VOTE ON THE PAYNE TARIFF BILL

The House is here in committee of the whole, Olmstead, of Pennsylvania, being in the Speaker's chair. The bill was adopted by a strict party vote, only one Republican voting against it and four Democrats for it.

pair. Is this fair or right? We gaze with unfeigned rapture on the lily white hands and tapering fingers of our wives, daughters and sweethearts. How can the daughter of Eve keep this precious and adorable portion of her body in good condition so that it will continue to compel the adoration of the sterner sex if she be deprived of the consolation and protection of the glove?

"And what man, sir, is brave enough to stand on this floor and vote to deprive lovely woman of the pleasure she derives by dressing her tiny feet in the sanctuary of her boudoir? Without a selfish thought and with no commercial interest to defend, I rise here and now seriously and emphatically to plead that this solar plexus blow of injustice be not delivered. I plead for the hand of woman, that angelic part of her that rocks the cradle, extends the cup of water to the wounded soldier, and fans the brow of the fever-racked invalid."

In the words of the up-to-date young college woman, that is "going some." While the House resisted this appeal, the Senate Committee has acceded to the demand of the club-women and replaced the Dingley rates on hosiery and gloves.

BUT there are women and women. While Congressman Rucker was thus discoursing on lily white hands, the women working in the hosiery mills of Philadelphia were getting ready for a parade to the railway station in

order to go to Washington on special trains, carrying banners such as these:

"FIFTY THOUSAND MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN DEPEND ON THE MILLS FOR LIFE; THE MILLS MUST RUN."

"ALL WE ASK IS 1 2-3 CENTS MORE DUTY ON EVERY PAIR OF FOREIGN-MADE HOSE."

The manufacturers pay the bills, but the demonstration was first agitated, it is said, by the women themselves. The National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers has issued a statement denying that the proposed increase



FOR NINE AND A HALF HOURS HE WAS ON HIS FEET

It took the author of the Payne bill that long to explain, defend, answer questions and parry attacks.



"HUSTLE, MISTER, HUSTLE!"

—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Leader*.

of duty will result in the addition of a cent to the price of women's stockings. And Chairman Payne has also issued a statement to the effect that all this agitation against a raise of rates is created by a number of department stores (he names nine of them) that maintain hosiery manufacturing establish-

ments of their own in Chemnitz, Germany. As for the increase of duty on gloves, he says: "We did it to build up an industry. Women could get along without the kid gloves, or fewer pairs of them, use silk gloves and cotton gloves, and all that sort of thing. They could keep their hands warm, altho they could not cover their pride. So we increased that duty. We believe that when this bill becomes law and is in full operation and before it is repealed, we will be making 90 per cent. of the women's gloves in this country." He points out that a similar increase in the rate on men's gloves was made in 1897 and has resulted in our manufacturing 90 per cent. of those gloves here, whereas we then manufactured but 5 per cent. "It transferred an industry, built up small cities and towns, and the price per pair of men's gloves in the United States, they tell me, is less than it was when we put on this duty in 1897." He wishes to do the same thing now with women's gloves. We makè but 5 per cent. of them and import 95 per cent. By making the duty the same as that on men's gloves, he believes



NOT A SHAVE; JUST A TRIM

"Oh! it won't hurt a bit; I'll just shape 'em up a little."

—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Leader*.



"THE COUNTRY IS GETTING ALONG NICELY AND IS SOON TO GET ALONG BETTER"

That is the optimistic note sounded by Edward H. Harriman, returning from his Pacific Coast trip. The tall young man with hat off is Mr. Harriman's son, W. Averell Harriman. Just behind him, on his right, is Mr. Robert Goelet, and the two young ladies on his right are Mr. Harriman's daughters, Miss Carol and Miss Mary.

work will be made in this country in a year or two for 50,000 more persons in that industry alone. There is likely to be a struggle between the House and the Senate on this part of the schedule. It has aroused more general discussion than any other detail.

THE course of the Senate finance committee with the Payne bill has, on the whole, been an agreeable surprise to the general public. During the progress of the bill through the House, gloomy predictions have abounded of the way in which the Senate would raise rates

to suit the trusts. As a matter of fact, Senator Aldrich's committee has made three times as many reductions as increases in the Payne bill rates. It has not only left the heavy cuts in the lumber schedule unchanged, but has added hard woods to the free list. It not only leaves tea and coffee on the free list, but it puts cocoa and spices there as well. It has restored the Dingley rates to hosiery and kid gloves, and has cut down the rates in the Payne bill on hats and bonnets by fifteen per cent. It has kept nearly all the heavy reductions in the iron and steel schedule, and has added



TO STRIKE OR NOT TO STRIKE

The coal miners have been trying to readjust their relations with the coal operators, and the fear of another coal strike has been hanging like a pall over industry. President Lewis, head of the miners' national organization, who is seated in the centre of the aisle, has cast his influence strongly against a strike, and to him is due largely the present hope of a peaceable end to the controversy.



STILL IN THE SPOTLIGHT

—Brewerton in *Atlanta Journal*.

others; but it refuses to let iron ore remain on the free list, as in the Payne bill, putting a duty on it of 25 cents a ton. It is now 40 cents a ton. The duties have been increased from those in the Payne bill on spirits and wines (champagne will be affected most here), and on saccharine (used as a substitute for sugar), and on farm products, such as corn, oats, wheat, rye, and hops. The action of the Senate finance committee gives promise of far less of a struggle than was expected in conference committee and probably presages a quick passage of the revision bill.

WHILE the tariff is thus in the throes of a general revision, what about business? Here again is to be found an unprecedented situation. For instead of general confusion and consequent depression, the condition of business has shown a distinct improvement since the introduction of the Payne bill. For the month of March, *Dun's Review* noted in the railways "a really notable recovery from the depression of 1908, the gain in gross earnings being 10.5 per cent." For the first week in April bank clearings were given as 50 per cent. larger than last year and 5.3 per cent. larger than in 1906. While the same journal considered that the tariff discussion is unquestionably "checking full activity in industries most concerned," yet general trade at the opening of the month shows a "fairly satisfactory" condition, a fact which gives "cause for surprise." There are other signs of improvement. The returning tide of immigration had, by the middle of last month, reached an unprecedented height. In one week 31,781 arrivals at Ellis Island were chronicled. "They know why they are coming," remarks the *New York Times* of these thousands of im-

migrants, "just as they knew why they went away. The lack of jobs found its earliest reflection in the focusing at this port of the departing idle hands. Assuredly they are not returning with the expectation of idleness."

THERE was also, during the month of March, an unparalleled volume of imports, but this may mark not a corresponding improvement in trade but merely unusual activity to bring in goods in anticipation of a change of rates. More significant is the increase in building operations in New York City for the first quarter of this year, of 88 per cent. over the first quarter of last year and of 13 per cent. over the first quarter of 1907, before the panic. The early part of last month marked also a decided buoyancy in the stock market. "The country," says Mr. Harriman on his return from the Pacific coast trip, "is getting along nicely and is soon to get along better." The condition of the wheat crop, however, according to the government reports for April 1, showed a falling off from 91.3 per cent. of normal last year to 82.2 per cent. this year. Whereupon the price of wheat took an aeroplane and soared high over the best previous records for twenty years. With the tariff scare apparently over, railroad earnings increasing, bank clearings back to normal, immigration booming, imports unprecedentedly large, and building operations showing marked activity, the time seems to be auspicious for the starting of that optimist magazine that has been recently talked of.

* * *



IF, PERCHANCE, Mr. Roosevelt hoped that a hunting trip to Africa—or a "scientific expedition" as he prefers to call it—would take him out of the limelight for a while and enable him to be what he asserts he is—"the privatest kind of a private citizen"—he must be by this time a much disappointed man. The crowd that attended his departure from New York was probably expected by him and not unwelcome. But he can hardly have expected that his daily life on shipboard would be minutely chronicled by the wireless, and that the newspapers of two continents would continue to feature him as persistently as ever and to draw upon their imagination for startling events when other sources of supply failed. He can do many things, but he cannot take himself out of the public eye or fight successfully against his own popularity. "Vexed and watchful eyes,"

remarks the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, "will follow him to the uttermost corners of the earth. Columns will be written in the next year to prove conclusively that he couldn't make a campfire in three tries, that he can't tell a hippopotamus from a ring-tailed squealer without looking at the plates in the reference book, that every up-to-snuff faunal naturalist in Europe is quietly sniggering at him for an inflated ignoramus, and that not to save his immortal soul could he hit a flock of man-carrying balloons at five paces distance. Whatever he does or doesn't do, it is going to be dinned into his ears that he is doing or leaving it undone in the most bungling way ever noticed in these parts."

FIRST came the stories, told with much detail in the Spanish papers, of an assault made upon him by a steerage passenger. As soon as he learned of the report he made an explicit denial, the only basis for the tale being that a half-witted passenger approached him one day muttering and was hustled away. Then came the alleged interviews with him at Naples, published in the Parisian press. The correspondents described his cabin as filled with his own books and photographs, said that he talked about himself continually, declared that he had to build a great navy to calm the impetuosity of the young men of America and keep them from raising a war against Japan, and spoke in patronizing terms of Taft. "Evidently," says the *Baltimore Sun*, knowing the ways of reporters, "he refused to talk to the French correspondents, refused to admit them to his cabin, and in their pique they devised a Gallic revenge." In anticipation of something of the kind—for Mr. Roosevelt also knows the ways of reporters—he made this announcement in *The Outlook* just prior to his sailing: "Any statement purporting to have been made by me, or attributed to me, which may be sent to newspapers should be accepted as certainly false and as calling for no denial from me. So far as possible I shall avoid seeing any representative of the press, and shall not knowingly have any conversation on any subject whatever with any representative of the press beyond exchanging the ordinary civilities or courtesies."

IT IS thus obvious that the Ananias Club need not suffer from Mr. Roosevelt's tour. It ought to develop into an international organization before he comes back. "Aspiring individuals," remarks the *New Or-*



"NOPE, CAN'T SEE HIM YET!"

Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

leans *Times-Democrat*, "covetous of the lime-light and jealous of the great man who has for seven years monopolized it, who cherished the hope that Mr. Roosevelt's African trip would take him for a time out of the public eye and the newspaper headlines, are approaching, we fear, the worst disappointment of their lives." It proceeds to speculate:

"How will it be if at the precise moment when President Taft springs his plan for the circumvention of wealthy malefactors, Mr. Roosevelt announces his capture of the only living white rhinoceros? It does not seem unreasonable viewed in the light of past experiences, to expect that our strenuous friend may destroy the effect of an acquittal of New York newspaper men indicted for libel in Washington, by slaying a lion with his bare hands in the African wilds. If Congress, in a last desperate effort to capture the American audience, should vote to put all trust-made articles on the free list, its ancient enemy would in all likelihood choose that very moment to announce his discovery of the missing link, the lost tribes of Israel, or a live ichthyosaurus."

THE reception given the ex-President at Naples must have dispersed any lingering delusion that he might have had that the world contains any place where he can indulge in the luxuries of real privacy. On the way into the harbor, his ship was saluted with

the blowing of whistles, the fluttering of flags, the playing of many brass bands and the singing by bands of musicians of Neapolitan songs to an accompaniment of guitars and mandolins welcomed him to Italy. On the streets of Naples "great crowds" waited for him and cheered the automobile in which he rode, wherever he went, "with enthusiasm which astonished him." A letter from the German Emperor and a bunch of carnations in a crystal vase accompanying it were awaiting him. So was another letter from an American Roman Catholic prelate in Rome expressing the desire of the Pope to see him. So were "several thousand" other letters and telegrams from various parts of the globe. At Messina he inspected the ruins of the earthquake and the relief work being done by Americans, and had an interview with the king and queen of Italy. When he embarked in a small boat, at Naples, to go to the ship that is to take him to Africa, it was raining heavily; but, despite the rain, "the people gathered in crowds, the women kissed their hands to him, the children threw flowers in his path, and the men, cheered wildly." As the *Admiral* steamed slowly out of the harbor, bearing this "privatest kind of a private citizen," King Victor Immanuel was seen standing on the bridge of his battleship, the *Re Umberto*, waving his hands while the big guns saluted and roared out their farewell.

IF THE recipient of all these honors feels himself in danger of developing a "swelled head"—tho "no more unassuming passenger" says the N. Y. *Times* special correspondent, "ever sailed the seas"—he might, as a precaution, send for the Socialist papers of the United States and read what they are saying about him these days. The article which he published in *The Outlook* on March 20 has aroused their scorn, derision and indignation. "For intemperance of language, untruthfulness of statement, misrepresentation of facts, fool and slanderous insinuations, and other features which belong to the lowest type of gutter journalism," says one of the Socialist papers, "this attack stands unique and unparalleled." Another Socialist writer remarks: "I see no use of mincing words about Roosevelt. Acquit him of being a fool and one convicts him of being a conscious intellectual crook. . . . He knew the facts, but, rather than print them, deliberately lied, not once but many times." This latter writer, Allan L. Benson, author of a Socialist book quoted by Mr. Roosevelt, has almost equally

warm words for Dr. Lyman Abbott for allowing the Roosevelt article to be printed.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S article—first of a series on the subject of Socialism—arraigns the Socialists for immorality. He admits that there is a number of hazy, nebulous Socialists who mean well and with whom there is not much need of discussion. "Those of them who are sincere," he remarks, "almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought, for if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent in the eyes of any upright and sensible man." But the thoro-going Socialists, the men who represent the doctrine in its most advanced form, "are and must necessarily be not only convinced opponents of private property but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality," occupying especially in relation to domestic morality "a position so revolting that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper." He refers to M. Gabriel Deville as one of the extreme French Socialists who announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, which he regards as equally wicked, "by making unchastity universal." Mr. Roosevelt quotes Karl Pearson, whom he calls "a leading English Socialist," as follows: "The sex relation of the future will not be regarded as a union for the birth of children, but as the closest form of friendship between man and woman. It will be accompanied by no child bearing or rearing, or by this in a much more limited number than at present. With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the future will in no wise interfere; but when it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere." The method of interference will be for the State to rear the children, usually in huge buildings like founding asylums.

AS FOR the attitude of Socialists toward property, Mr. Roosevelt finds it to be that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no matter what work is done. He refers to a little book published in England, "The Case Against Socialism," for quotations from Socialist leaders showing that this is the position taken generally by them, and he quotes from Mr. Benson's book in this country, "Socialism Made Plain"—officially circulated—the following sentence: "Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any la-

borer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours." Mrs. Besant is quoted to the same effect. Now under such a system, says the ex-President, nobody whose work was worth anything would consent to work at all unless he was forced to by "the most drastic possible despotism" on the part of the State. When Socialism of this advanced type was tried in France in 1792 and again under the Commune in 1871, we are told, it quickly and inevitably spread to include "not merely the forcible acquisition of the property of others, but every conceivable form of monetary corruption, immorality, licentiousness and murderous violence." He proceeds to combat the alleged doctrine of the extreme Socialists that all wealth is produced by manual workers, and therefore the entire product of labor should be handed over every day to the laborer. Every business, he contends, shows the vast importance of the part played by the guiding intelligence. "A great industry could no more be managed by a mass-meeting of manual laborers than a battle could be won in such fashion, than a painter's union could paint a Rembrandt, or a typographical union write one of Shakespeare's plays."

THE most temperate answer to Mr. Roosevelt's article is to be found in *The Christian Socialist*, Chicago, April 1. He makes a few good hits, the editor says, and a lot of misses that would be pitiful if they were not so ludicrous. The editor asserts that in ten years' study of the leading German, Dutch, French, Italian, English and American writers on Socialism, he "cannot remember an instance where any of them taught that 'manual workers' alone are producers of wealth." Superintendents, inventors, artists, writers—all are included by Socialists in the class of real workers. Nor can Mr. Roosevelt find in any Socialist platform or standard book anything to justify his statement that under Socialism "each will put into a common store what he can and take out what he needs." But as for Mr. Roosevelt's charges that free-love and sex-immorality are supported by the advanced Socialists, *The Christian Socialist* admits that there is too much truth in the charge. Here are its words on this phase of the subject:

"There is little use of the Socialists tearing their hair, stamping and hurling the 'shorter and uglier word' at Mr. Roosevelt. He is somewhat unfortunate in his authority, for he might have quoted men more prominent in the Socialist movement, like Bebel. And he is particularly unjust toward Prof. Herron, whose life history is a real tragedy rather than a crime; especially as Roosevelt does not ostracize divorced Republicans and Democrats. Herron never was a free-lover and, so far as we know, never advocated it. But the charge that prominent Socialist writers have advocated free-love is true. And there is reason to believe that the charge that men and women prominent in the Socialist movement practice free-love (not merely get divorces) is also true.

"Of course there are Republicans and Democrats who advocate anti-religion and free-love and who practice moral obliquity in this regard; but the Republican and Democratic parties do not endorse such writings, *nor are they advertised in Republican and Democratic papers as propaganda books of their faith*. Whereas nearly every prominent Socialist paper in America has advertised such infamous free-love books as 'The Thoughts of a Fool,' presenting the statement of America's leading Socialist publisher, Charles H. Kerr, to the effect that *this book gives the best forecast of conditions that will prevail under Socialism*—a baser slander against Socialism than Roosevelt could possibly utter. And while Bebel's 'Woman Under Socialism' is frequently advertised as the greatest book on the subject yet produced, we have not observed a single Socialist editor attempting to rebuke Bebel's bald teaching of sexual promiscuity under Socialism."

IN THE Socialist replies, the authorities cited by Mr. Roosevelt in support of his charges are derided as being no authorities at all. "In the whole course of his article," says *The Daily Call*, New York, "Mr. Roosevelt does not quote from a single recognized exponent of Socialist theory or a single recognized spokesman of the Socialist movement." Gabriel Deville, we are told, was once an active Socialist, but is now a "respectable" bourgeois politician who hates his old colleagues bitterly. Neither Pearson nor Mrs. Besant, it is further said, is a Socialist leader or has ever spoken with authority for Socialists. Mr. Benson himself denies that he is an authority on Socialism, altho he has written a book for American workmen on the subject. The revolution in France in 1792, so far from being a Socialist revolution, says the *Daily Socialist*, of Chicago, "was the revolution that ushered in capitalism, and for its sins and its orgies the capitalist class alone is responsible." As for the doctrine that all wealth is created by the manual laborers and should be divided equally among them, the same paper asserts that "no Socialist ever dreamed of saying any such a thing."



PALERMO HONORS THE DEAD PETROSINO

It was here that the heroic policeman met death in the discharge of an extra-hazardous duty. Palermo is described as "the worst hole in Southern Italy for the Mafia." It is more than doubtful if the real assassins are ever punished.

FLAGS were at half-mast on the steamship *Slavonia* as it brought the body of Lieutenant Giuseppe Petrosino into New York harbor last month. Flags were at half-mast on the City Hall for the four days preceding his burial. Twenty thousand persons crowded to the bier as his body lay in state, and 1,200 policemen accompanied the hearse on the way to and from the burial services in the pro-Cathedral, while many thousands of spectators bared their heads in respect as the cortege filed slowly up Fifth Avenue. Wreaths were on the coffin from Palermo, there was a wreath from the King of Italy and there were other wreaths from the police departments of Baltimore and other cities. All this honor was paid an unlettered policeman, of humble rank, partly in appreciation of his martyrdom in public service, partly to emphasize the growing apprehension and detestation aroused by the Black Hand outrages committed by Italian criminals banded together more or less loosely in this country and in Sicily. It was in prosecuting his search for evidence against these criminals and to secure the coöperation of the Italian government with ours in bringing them to book that Petrosino lost his life. He was shot and killed instantly in one of the streets of Palermo, his assassins making good their escape. He knew that he was taking his

life in his hands. Palermo is described as "the worst hole in Southern Italy for the Mafia." Many of its worst criminals had been deported from this country by Petrosino's efforts. A few days before his death he wrote his wife that he thought he had been recognized in Palermo, and was glad his work was nearly done. He was right: it was indeed nearly done. Yet "all that Petrosino did in his plucky career," remarks the *New York World*, "had less advanced the fight with crime on society's behalf than did the manner of his slaying."

SINCE the first of January, there have been recorded in New York City 424 Black Hand cases and 44 bomb explosions. Lawyers, bankers, priests and ministers have been among the victims, and there have been so far but 36 convictions. Petrosino believed that these outrages were committed, not by a new and distinctive Black Hand organization, but by members of the Camorra and Mafia using this new phrase to inspire terror. In this country, he estimated, there are 30,000 members of the Camorra, 5,000 of them being in New York City. The Italian government has for years waged a futile conflict against this organization. It looks as tho the American government must set itself systematically to work to do the same thing. The vast majority of Italians in this country, however, are law-abiding and industrious. For the years 1904-1907, the records of the Court of General Sessions in this city show that out of 10,347 persons convicted for high crime, 3,657 (or 35.3 per cent.) were of foreign birth, and 873 of these (8.4 per cent.) were Italians. The foreign-born in New York number about 42 per cent. of the entire population, so that, according to these figures, there is a smaller proportion of convictions for crime among them than among the native-born. "Foreign criminality," says Francis J. Oppenheimer, "is actually more of a scare than a fact. It is a great bugaboo, the same as the Black Hand." He quotes Petrosino as saying that "as far as they can be traced, threatening letters are generally a hoax," written by inexperienced criminals. The Black Hand consists merely of independent malefactors who happen to frequent the same saloon, two or three of whom get intimate with each other and operate together. The one criminal organization in Italy, Mr. Oppenheimer insists (in a pamphlet entitled "The Truth About the Black Hand") is the Camorra, which exists in Na-

ples alone, not even exerting any influence in the suburbs of that city; and of the 2,690,174 Italian immigrants entering this country in the four years 1904-1907, but 17,837 of them were from Naples. There are in this country no Italian tramps, the Italian drunkard hardly exists, and according to the report of the commissioner-general of immigration for 1904, there were in the various penal institutions of the United States barely 75 Italians charged with grave crimes.

IN THE *New York Times* of March 28, appears an informing article on the Italian societies by "a veteran diplomat" whose name is not given. According to him, the Mafia as well as the Camorra is, in part, a criminal organization and extends throughout Sicily. "Petrosino's murderers," says this writer confidently, "will never be brought to justice and the important papers taken from his pockets by the police of Palermo never will be recovered; not because the police are confederates of the assassins, but because they neither care nor dare to lift a finger against them. The same influence will prevent the magistrates from making a real investigation and "it is doubtful whether any one of the persons already arrested is really connected with the tragedy." They are more likely to be innocent persons who have incurred the enmity of the Mafia. These statements, the "veteran diplomat" is aware, will be derided by Italian officials serving their country abroad, for "they know that it is as much as their place is worth to admit that any such thing as the Mafia or the Camorra exists." Senator Count Codronchi, from the north of Italy, we are further told, was appointed by the King as high commissioner of Sicily for the express purpose of stamping out the Mafia there. He was driven into retirement "by political forces still more potent than those of his sovereign." The entire population of the island was banded together in defense of the Mafia, and it commanded the support of high officials, even of cabinet ministers, and every Sicilian deputy and senator. Here is Count Codronchi's sworn statement made a few years after his retirement, in the trial of Palizzolo, political "boss" of Palermo: "It [the Mafia] exercises its baneful influence on all in Sicily. All fear it. And in order to secure their property and persons people are compelled to submit to its behests. . . . Its power knows no obstacles, not even at the hands of the government. Read the description of the Bravi in the 'Promessi Sposi' and



HERO AND MARTYR

Lieutenant Petrosino, of the New York police force, shot down in Palermo because of his activity against Black Hand criminals, was buried with high honors a few days ago. The king of Italy sent a wreath, and the flags on all municipal buildings in New York were put at half-mast.

you will have a slight idea of the might of the Mafia." General Mirri, formerly minister of war, is also quoted to the same effect. He said in the Italian parliament: "The Mafia is composed of a swarm of ruffians, who dishonor a beautiful island, sucking its very life blood and dishonoring it in the eyes of the world. I know what I am talking about, for I was in military command of Sicily in 1894."

THE explanation given by this writer of the Mafia's power is that Sicily sustains to Italy somewhat the same political relation that Ireland sustains to England. The Mafia is in large part a patriotic organization; but there is a higher and a lower Mafia, the lower being at the service of the higher, and attending to the murders, the blackmailing, and the robberies ordered by the organization. "The veteran diplomat" continues as follows:

"The Mafia is a mixture between a cult, such as the Japanese Bushido and a great secret order such as that of Freemasonry. Thus the various low Mafia lodges are permitted to work along their own lines in ordinary matters, but are ex-



A BLACK HAND GANG

This group of tough-looking citizens was recently operating in Fairmont, West Virginia, as a Black Hand lodge for purposes of blackmailing. The whole band has been arrested, on complaint of an Italian fruit merchant.

pected to defer to the lodges of the high Mafia in matters of importance, such as parliamentary, provincial, and municipal elections, in the persecution and punishment of those who have offended the order, etc. In return they are able to rely upon the protection of the more influential Mafiosi, when involved in difficulties with the authorities; and, if compelled to absent themselves for a time from their island, can depend upon being well recommended in those countries in which they seek refuge."

When last year Palizzolo, whose record was known to Commissioner Bingham, visited America, Petrosino was appointed to shadow him. To the enmity of the "boss of Palermo" thus incurred, is probably due, in great measure, the writer says, the fate that overtook the brave policeman in the dark streets of Palermo.

* * *



EE!" remarked a small boy in Sharon, Pennsylvania, after the return of the kidnapped boy, Willie Whitla, to his home,— "Gee! but it's a great thing to be kidnapped." The small boy may think so, because he is a small boy; but there has been no crime committed in this country for years that has so aroused the indignation of parents. That the lad in this case was well treated and eventually returned safe to his mother's arms has not mitigated the feeling of anger. The real suffering in a case of this kind is not

that of the child but of the parents, and Mr. Whitla's act in technically "compounding a felony" by the payment of the \$10,000 demanded as ransom is censured by no one. This particular case ended happily. The man and woman who did the kidnapping were caught with the marked money on their persons. Nearly all the money was recovered. The boy was taken back home, cheered by crowds on the way, a hero to be envied by every other small boy in Sharon. But the journals of the land continue to discuss the best way to punish kidnappers hereafter and several legislatures have been wrestling with the same subject. The legislature of New York State has passed, practically without opposition, a bill increasing the penalty of such offenses to fifty years in the penitentiary. The police authorities of Chicago have forbidden the moving picture shows to exhibit pictures of kidnappings. The subject is one that comes close home to parents everywhere, for the Whitla case, while it received unusually wide publicity, is but one of a number of such cases that are being reported. In one day's chronicles in the daily papers of the country during the Whitla case excitement, there were five other cases of kidnapping recorded.

IN THE *New York Evening Post*, a correspondent advocates as a punishment for the kidnapper the same penalty inflicted upon the first of murderers—the branding iron. Let the letter K be branded low on the fore-



"GEE! BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE KIDNAPPED"

This is a picture of the Whitla family reunion, the kidnapped boy with his happy mother's arm around him, and his father and sister by their side. No case of kidnapping since the days of Charlie Ross has so stirred the country.

head of the criminal, then let him be turned loose to meet the living death that would await him in society. The *Times-Union* of Jacksonville, Florida, jumps at the suggestion and urges its adoption upon the legislature of that state. "Perhaps," it remarks, "if a Southern state offered branding as a terror to the kidnapper we might be accused of cruelty, but would not threatened parents be inclined to seek safety in Florida?" The *Springfield Republican* thinks that no more can be said for such a penalty in the case of kidnapping than could be said for it in cases of murder. In a tribal state of society it might be a good thing, for such a society can cast out its dangerous characters and send them to wander alone in the wilderness. But they would to-day remain of necessity in our midst, "rendered tenfold more dangerous from the desperation of the situation forced upon them." Prisons, it thinks, are to us what the wilderness was to Israel and long prison terms are the thing for kidnappers.

ANOTHER suggestion that has been made is that kidnapping be made a capital crime punishable by death. But this, the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, thinks, would

be of very doubtful wisdom, for this reason: "In states where capital punishment has been provided for burglary the practical result has been to place householders in deadly fear, because they know that when the burglar is aware that he is to be executed if caught, he will not hesitate to do murder rather than be taken. If a kidnapper is to be put to jeopardy of his life he will assuredly destroy the 'best evidence' against him in the person of the innocent child." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* takes the same view and regards the demand for the death penalty as a somewhat hysterical demand. In addition to the increased peril to the child, it thinks, the conviction of the kidnappers, when caught, would be rendered much more difficult, especially if one of them chances to be a woman. Juries now "almost invariably ignore the evidence and strain every nerve to avoid bringing in a verdict against a murderess."



EARING nearly 250,000 signatures of wives and mothers, the monster petition of the female anti-suffrage league against the Pankhurst project of votes for women was presented to the House of Com-

mons a few weeks ago. Many days had not passed when the Prime Minister felt impelled to decline hearing a deputation from the Woman's Social and Political Union organized for the special purpose of impressing upon the mind of Mr. Asquith that votes for women must not be delayed. There was a tart correspondence between Christobel Pankhurst and the head of the ministry. The austerity of tone in which Miss Pankhurst arraigned the conscience of the British government for the time being was reflected in the epistolary stiffness of Mr. Asquith's reply that, so far as he was aware, no new facts have been adduced with respect to the controversy over woman suffrage, "nor has there been on the part of the government any change in their stated intentions with regard to this question." In the circumstances, therefore, the Prime Minister ventured to think no useful purpose would be served by his reception of a deputation. This ultimatum elicited the assurance from Miss Pankhurst that she would be false to the most glorious cause for which woman ever sacrificed all that woman holds most dear if she did not send the deputation in question down to the House of Commons. The communication was immediately referred to the police, between whom and the Pankhursts a perfect but far from cordial understanding now exists. To the tune of the Marseillaise, the deputation fought its way through police lines clear into Parliament Square, only to wind up, according to precedent, in the police station.

AS MANY as twenty-six suffragettes were released from terms in jail on the eve of these events, the most conspicuous among them being the well-born and socially prominent Lady Constance Lytton. While in durance, this latest heroine of the crusade, being deprived of ink, scratched her arm with a pin, dipped a toothpick into the wound, and made notes of her reflections. Her incarceration had not changed this lady's views on the suffrage question. Her attachment to the cause when she went to prison was weak, she avowed, in comparison with what it had become when she got out. The enthusiastic listeners, all affiliated with the militant wing of the movement, pledged themselves to keep the agitation alive, tho they all spend another term in Holloway Jail. Notwithstanding, the verdict of the London press generally seems to be that the acute phase of this agitation has passed. It has definitely failed, asserts the *London Times*. The packed and sympathetic

audiences gathered by women speakers opposed to female suffrage are held to be conclusive on this point. Prominent members of the House of Commons have been more emphatic in ranging themselves against woman suffrage.

ALTHO admission fees far from nominal were charged when the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League held its demonstration in the British metropolis contemporaneously with the Pankhurst rush of last month upon the Commons, the hall was completely filled. The chair was taken by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was accompanied by the illustrious regenerator of Egypt, Lord Cromer, by Austen Chamberlain, once in the cabinet of Mr. Balfour, and many of the best known men and women in English life to-day. Mrs. Humphry Ward called attention to the immense success, as she deems it, of the anti-suffrage movement among the women of Great Britain. She and her sympathizers have held meetings all over the kingdom. Signatures to their anti-suffrage petition are still pouring in. "That was a preliminary answer to the Prime Minister, who last year demanded more information than was yet available as to the real opinion of the women of England on this question of the suffrage." Mr. Asquith had asked for less agitation and for more facts. The anti-suffragists had accumulated facts, Mrs. Ward said. They meant to go on doing so.

ALLUDING to some results of the great agitation in behalf of votes for women, Mrs. Humphry Ward insisted that the female population of the British isles remained unmoved by it. "The militant suffragists might rush the House of Commons, but the women anti-suffragists are strong enough to prevent them from rushing the constitution. They were bringing home the real meaning of the suffragist agitation to hundreds of thousands of women to whom it was before but a name, who had been vaguely inclined to it but had never at any time been made acquainted with the reasons against it. This league was making them acquainted with these reasons. The woman suffragist movement for the first time in over forty years was confronted with a strong and organized opposition. Thus Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose remarks were loudly cheered by the vast gathering of women who had assembled to show their sympathy with her. The lady was interrupted now and then by an occasional emissary from the Pankhurst camp.



THE SERAPHIC VIRGIN OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

This recent photograph of Miss Christobel Pankhurst, the most conspicuous leader of the woman suffragists in England, reveals the physical vigor which enables the young lady to lead her militant supporters in rush after rush upon the Prime Minister's home and the British House of Commons.

TERRIFIC as is the guise in which the naval panic of the past few weeks has overpowered the British imagination to the very remotest regions of that empire upon which the sun never sets, it had its origin in a quite accidental discovery by Reginald McKenna that Emperor William is building all-big-gun battleships by stealth. In his official capacity as First Lord of the Admiralty the suave but careless McKenna confessed to a crowded House of Commons that Germany would have no less than seventeen all-big-gun battleships of high speed in less than three years—to be exact, by April of the year 1912. For a political convulsion paralleling the upheaval that ensued in the alarmed comment not alone of the London press but of the newspapers of the whole British Empire from Toronto to Melbourne, the mind must revert to that "vast, tremendous, unformed spectre" which, according to Burke, arose "out of the limb of the murdered monarchy" at the great collapse of Bourbon France. Whether one turns to the Melbourne *Age*, most venerable and cautious of all organs of antipodean opinion, or to the Toronto *Globe*, the restrained and reticent exponent of ministerial Canadian standpoints, or to the interminable columns of the London *Times* itself, sentiment has been unanimous. England is within measurable distance of her deposition as mistress of the

seas. Even the warring factions making up the heterogeneous Asquith majority in the House of Commons—Liberal, labor, socialist—seemed for the nonce to have become solidified into what is known to French politicians as a block. A naval appropriation of unprecedented magnitude was the first result.

NOTHING summarizes the press opinion of the whole of the British Empire upon the sensational debates of the month in the House of Commons so well as the deliberate utterance of the temperate London *Spectator*. "The whole nation realizes," it says, "that the object of the great increase in the German fleet is to fight our fleet, and everywhere people are wondering how they could have been so foolish as not to realize this before." Strange—indeed incredible—as it may seem to those Americans who have not studied English press opinion of late, it seems nevertheless true that no British organ in touch with the national sentiment disputes the verdict of the London *Spectator*. "As long," it says, "as Germany's navy was obviously greatly inferior to our own, it might be argued that the battleships which it was intended to fight were those of France, of Russia, of America. The rapid expansion of the German navy in the last two years has made this view of German naval affairs untenable. Germany passed her other rivals, with the possible exception of America, several years ago and the present astonishing activity of her shipyards can have only one explanation. The new ships are being built to fight our ships." No authoritative dissent from this view found expression anywhere in England.



ANGELS OF PEACE.

"I should like to clasp your hand, but before I can do so you must remove your boxing glove."

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

WHAT distinguished this British naval panic from those panics which have preceded it in the present generation is the stimulus it derives from those advocates of disarmament who have heretofore frowned upon expenditure for battleships. The paper addressed by Frederic Harrison, for instance, to the Positivist Society and recently printed in their *Review*, has disconcerted his Liberal friends. For Frederic Harrison, the greatest pacifist of this generation, has within a month become the most uncompromising Jingo in England, warning his country of that terrible war with Germany which he foresees within no long time. "Our national existence," he writes in the London *Times*, in a two-column letter to which that great daily devotes large type and an editorial leader, "I make bold to say, may be in peril within less than a genera-

tion from the tremendous navy now being hurried on in Germany." Frederic Harrison, it should be explained, has spent many years in Germany, conversing with Germans and reading their periodicals. Two of his sons in their professional careers have been trained in Germany and have made Germany their home. No living Englishman is better acquainted with the empire of William II or is deemed a higher authority on its affairs. The sensation of Mr. Harrison's unexpected sounding of the tocsin is the most marked feature in the general din of Socialist warnings against Germany, labor warnings against Germany and even suffragette warnings against Germany. Mr. Harrison interprets sober-minded opinion with such authority that his prediction of a German descent upon England, echoing views now universal in London, is already the classic of the crisis.

UNLESS some war not at present foreseen or a revolution in international morality should intervene, it seems inevitable to Mr. Harrison that Great Britain's supremacy at sea will be met by a determined German challenge "within measurable time." Emperor William will have allies in the conflict. "It is an antagonism like that between Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, Spain and Britain, Germany and France, one which seems independent of persons, even of the will of peoples, to be borne on by the elemental springs of national destinies." It is conceivable to Mr. Harrison that within so short an interval as ten years the world-power of Great Britain may meet with catastrophe. "If the coming challenge to our maritime supremacy were to threaten simply the diminution or the loss of some oversea dependency, I for one should not regard this as tantamount to national ruin." The blow, when it falls, will be upon the heart of the empire—London. "The German navy is not built for distant voyages. It is built only to act as the spear-head of a magnificent army. This army, as we know, has been trained for sudden transmarine descent on a coast." The coast is that of England.

IT IS this "certainty," as Frederic Harrison calls it, which compels him to modify the anti-militarist policy he has consistently maintained for forty years past. "The conditions are now changed; new risks involve fresh precautions." To him it is now no question of loss of prestige. It is no question of the shrinkage of the British Empire. It is Brit-



German Tar—"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,

We've got the ships, we've got the men,
we've got the money, too."

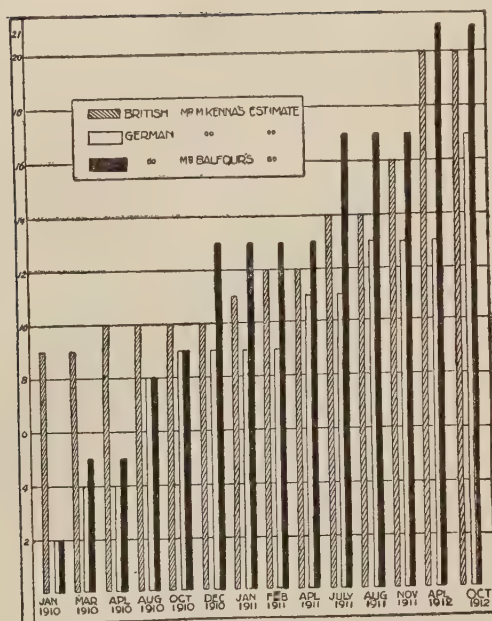
John Bull—"I say, that's MY old song."

German Tar—"Well, it's mine now."

—London Punch.

ain's existence as a foremost European power and even as a thriving nation. "To talk of friendly relations with Germany and the domestic virtues of the Fatherland is childish. Who in 1860 imagined that Prussia was to be the dominant power in Europe? Who in 1864 imagined that she was to defeat Austria? Who in 1868 foresaw that in two years she would be in Paris? Who in 1888 dreamed that she would be our rival at sea?" If ever Britain's naval defense were broken through, adds this prophet of calamity impending, the ruin would be such as modern history can not parallel. "It would not be the Empire but Britain that would be destroyed." Famine, social anarchy, incalculable chaos in the industrial and financial world—these things Mr. Harrison makes the potentialities of what he foresees.

THE voice of Reginald McKenna, as he unfolded to the House of Commons details of an unsuspected naval expansion in Germany, inflamed the Jingo passions of all parties. "It will be regarded as axiomatic," to reproduce the words of the First Lord of the Admiralty, "that our island position, the extent and dispersion of our empire, the magnitude of our trade, oblige us, so long as we are equal to the task, to maintain a navy ade-



COMPARISON OF DREADNOUGHTS

"The above diagram," to quote the *London Standard*, from which it is copied, "shows a comparative table of British and German Dreadnoughts and Invincibles at different dates. The figures at the side denote the numbers of Dreadnoughts; those at the foot denote the various months and years; while the sets of three columns show the British Dreadnoughts (lined columns) at the dates, as opposed to Germany's Dreadnoughts. Mr. McKenna's estimates of German Dreadnoughts at the various dates are shown by the white columns, while Mr. Balfour's estimates are denoted by black columns."

quate in strength to insure our shores from invasion, our empire from hostile attempts and our trade from destruction in war." It was noted that in the cheering with which Mr. McKenna's speech was punctuated, the labor members and the socialists made themselves most audible. The limits of the British fleet, proceeded Reginald McKenna, must be established by the naval expansion of other powers. "We can not take stock of our navy and measure our requirements except in relation to the strength of foreign navies." Amid the profoundest silence, Mr. McKenna, who never spoils an exordium by the fastidious superabundance of his oratorical preliminaries, mentioned Germany.

HAVING pointed out that several powers are developing their naval strength with rapidity just now, Mr. McKenna added—"but none at a pace comparable with that of Germany." He reminded the Commons that when the naval appropriations were submitted to the house a year ago, Great Britain had seven battleships of the Dreadnought class

and three cruisers of the mighty Invincible class either afloat or in course of construction. These were all to be completed by the end of next year. "At that time Germany was building four Dreadnoughts and one Invincible, of which two Dreadnoughts were expected to be completed by the end of the present year and the remaining three ships in the autumn of 1910. Thus, at that time, we had a superiority in these classes of ships of ten to five in the course of construction with the additional advantage that the whole of ours were expected to be completed some months in advance of the last three of the German ships." The new German fleet bill had at that time become law, and, according to Mr. McKenna's interpretation of its provisions, three Dreadnoughts and one Invincible would have been laid down by the end of next year.

THE financial provisions of the German navy bill were such as to lead the British admiralty to think no work would be commenced on the huge new ships for Emperor William's fleet until the month of August of last year and that they would not be completed until February of 1911. This time last year, therefore, the Asquith ministry—loudly professing a disarmament policy—was contemplating five German ships under construction and four more to be commenced about August last and commissioned early in 1911. "In view of this state of affairs," said Mr. McKenna, who had fixed the attention of his auditors by the vigor with which he grasped his subject, "the government and the House of Commons last year approved a program of two large ships to be laid down at such times as would give to this country a total of twelve of these new ships as against a possible completed German total of nine. In the face of last year's program no one could with any fairness charge this government with having started on a race of competitive armaments." By example as well as by precept Britain sought disarmament. She failed.

THE difficulty in which the Asquith ministry finds itself placed at this moment is that it does not know—as it thought it did—the rate at which German warship construction is taking place. "We now expect," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "that the four German ships of the 1908-09 program will be completed, not in February, 1911, but in the autumn of 1910." Mr.



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S GRANDCHILDREN

These two sons of the German crown prince are aged respectively three years and a half. The oldest of the lads is to be brought up in the army, like his father and his grandfather; but the younger of the two will be put in the navy—a circumstance helping to convince the English of the naval megalomania of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

McKenna professed to be informed, moreover, that the collection of material and the manufacture of armaments in Germany—guns and gun mountings—have already begun for four more ships, which, according to the navy law, belong to the program of 1909-10. Great Britain, therefore, has to take account of the new situation in which she reckons not nine but thirteen huge new ships completed by Germany in 1911 and in 1912 such further ships as may be begun in the course of the next financial year, or laid down in April, 1910. Here, then, as summed up in a discourse that has spread panic to the confines of remotest Britain beyond the seas, are the elements of the catastrophe which Frederic Harrison describes and which the *London Times* affirms already exposes the empire of Edward VII to "sudden, complete and irremediable ruin."

THIS discourse of Reginald McKenna's, in the matured opinion of the *Paris Gaulois*, has inaugurated an all-big-gun battleship competition "destined to eclipse in fierceness any contest for supremacy in armed strength to which history can point." The speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty, chimes in the *Paris Journal*, has made an epoch. Germany has definitely taken her place as the second naval power of the world. Nothing

could have been more effective, in the opinion of the *Paris Figaro*, than the subtle tribute paid "for the purposes of imperialism" by Reginald McKenna to the extraordinary growth in capacity to build giant warships which Germany is displaying. "Two years ago there were in that country, with the possible exception of one or two docks in private yards, no slip capable of receiving a Dreadnought. To-day they have no less than fourteen such slips and three more are under construction. What is true of the hull of the ships is true also of the guns, the armor and the mountings." Two years ago anyone familiar with the capacity of Krupps and other great German firms would have ridiculed the possibility of their undertaking the supply of the component parts of eight battleships in one year. To-day this production, as Mr. McKenna told the Commons, is a "realized fact." It would tax the resources of the greatest British firms to retain Albion's supremacy in rapidity and volume of construction. The United States could not, by ten years of the hardest straining, according to a writer in the *London Times*, place itself on a level with Germany in this respect.

BY reason not only of the sensational import of his subject matter but the lucidity with which he treated it, the First Lord of

the Admiralty is now greeted among his constituents as a coming Prime Minister. Amazing sureness of judgment, impeccable acquaintance with details, lucid and strong argumentation, sustained power in presentation, moderation of tone, circumspection of rhetoric blended with boldness of inference—with these qualities of a distinguished oratory he held captive the attention of ministerialist and opponent alike during several wearing hours. Yet the dramatic climax came only when that old parliamentary hand, Arthur James Balfour, so long Prime Minister himself, rose to reply. That Socialist group in the Commons to which he is so fond of referring as "a medley of Saintsimonianism, Quixotism and a bastard Liberalism, dazzling with words and destitute of ideas," refrained pointedly from participation in the applause that hailed the lean and cadaverous Balfour, as his skinny forefinger indicated the pale-faced Asquith. "The Germans laid down eight Dreadnoughts last year." That was the beginning of his exordium. The House ceased to cheer. Every eye fixed itself upon the Prime Minister, for whom, according to the *London Post*, this was the crowning shame of a long career. If Germany laid down eight Dreadnoughts last year, the fact had been concealed from England, concealed from the British Admiralty, concealed from the German nation itself. The inference was that William II possessed facilities for secrecy unparalleled by the subtlest achievements of the Sphinx.

OFFICIAL Berlin, proceeded Mr. Balfour, took quite a different view of The Hague conference from that taken by the British government. He paused to permit the outburst of ironical laughter to die away. The whole House knew how Mr. Asquith, seated among his supporters, quivered inwardly, for whenever the leader of the opposition says "the British government" he means the Prime Minister himself. "While the British government," went on Mr. Balfour, "were deliberately reducing their program in view of a perfectly imaginary and illusory general reduction of armaments, the German government, in the first place, refused to assent to any such general reduction and, in the second place, logically and naturally occupied all the time we expended in nursing empty hopes and vain expectations, not only in building ships but in what is far more important, making enormous preparations, with immense expenditure upon plant, machinery,

slips and docks, which has put them, as the right honorable gentleman preceding me has admitted, in a position compared with us in which no nation up to the present time has ever yet been."

IN SPITE of what had happened as a result of The Hague conference, in spite of the immense German potentialities and of German output, said Mr. Balfour, the British government reduced the program of three all-big-gun battleships to two. Hence, during Mr. Asquith's three years of office, instead of having turned out four Dreadnoughts each year, his Majesty's government produced three the first year, three the second year and two the third year. "In the debate upon the naval estimates of last year, we pointed out the extraordinary state of peril in which we were likely to be in 1911. The Prime Minister, who followed me, perfectly apprehended the point we endeavored to make, and gave his own statement of the policy of his government." (The statement by Mr. Asquith thus referred to was that if Germany anticipated the building of battleships through speed of construction, Great Britain, on her side, would lay down extra battleships.) By April of 1911, proceeded the ex-premier, Germany will have thirteen Dreadnoughts. If she lays down four ships this year before July she will add four to that number in 1911. She will then have seventeen.

ABOVE the hubbub of this unexpected intelligence, the voice of Reginald McKenna was heard to the effect that Germany would not lay down the four extra battleships. "My information is that they were laid down!" cried Mr. Balfour. The discord was now a din. The House of Commons, amid the darkness in which the First Lord of the Admiralty had left them groping, took refuge first in laughter and then in cheers. "The information that I had given to me," Mr. Balfour fairly shouted, "was that these ships were laid down last year." He accused Reginald McKenna of being so ignorant of what concerned his department vitally as to be unable to affirm or deny that Germany had begun four all-big-gun battleships without the knowledge of the outside world. "It is not very easy to know what the Germans are doing," declared Mr. Balfour, amid a profound silence brought about by a sudden sense of the mystery connected with the four clandestine ships. "When did the government discover that the Germans were laying down

their four ships in November? When did the government discover that the Germans deserved the warm eulogy passed upon them by the First Lord of the Admiralty in regard to the immense and unprecedented development of their powers of turning out these great battleships?" As Mr. Balfour resumed his seat after going so directly to the point, it was the verdict of the Commons that never had his elocution been clearer, his gestures nobler, his attitude firmer, his language more convincing. Any effort to unhorse him as leader of the opposition, as leader of the Conservative party in England, must henceforth, says the *London Post*, be a labor in vain.

A PROFOUND hush succeeded as the Prime Minister himself arose. It has been said of Mr. Asquith that in debate he has always more courage of intellect than dauntlessness of soul. The sea of debate had been too boisterous for him and now his lips seemed a trifle blue and his face very livid. He has aged greatly in office. The invincible respect he is accused of entertaining for his own abilities is said to leave no room in his soul for anything but self-complacency even in the amazement of finding out that his government had been caught napping by that of the Hohenzollern. But all this is the opposition standpoint. He said now things which commend him warmly to partisan papers like the *London News*, for he was brave enough to admit that he blundered. "The right honorable gentleman said," began the Prime Minister, "that in the speech I made exactly a year ago, in which I expressed our sanguine view as to what the state of things would be in 1911, I made two assumptions which have not been verified by subsequent experience. I got my information from the best possible sources and I said that the German paper program was a program that might not be realized and certainly could not be exceeded. That has turned out not to be true." Here the Prime Minister paused and for fully half a minute there was tense silence. Mr. Asquith had plunged head foremost into the ocean of a crisis in which he sank again and again, according to the *London Mail*, only to deny as he came to the surface that he was a drowning man. The opposition already think they see the doom of the ministry.

THE rise and progress of the British naval panic has been studied in Berlin partly with professions of unconcern and to some extent with manifestations of wonder. Ad-

miral von Tirpitz, the most eminent naval constructor in the world, who is in Berlin what Reginald McKenna is in London—official head of the navy department—at once affirmed that Germany in 1912 would have not seventeen but thirteen all-big-gun fighting ships. He could not imagine what data might have inspired Mr. Balfour's vision of seventeen anticipated Dreadnoughts. The theme has been taken up with spirit in the semi-officially inspired organs of German policy like the *Kölnische Zeitung*. "Of ships of the Dreadnought type," it says, "not one has yet been completed in Germany. Up to the present only the battleships Nassau, Westfalen, Rheinland and Posen have left the slips. They will be completed in the period between the autumn of this year and the spring of next. Then the first large armored cruiser will be launched at Hamburg. Its completion can not be expected before the summer of 1910. That is to say, five ships of the kind in question." There are on the stocks, it says further, three battleships and a large cruiser. These ships will be ready for service in 1912—thirteen Dreadnoughts and Invincibles. "Mr. McKenna spoke of the acceleration of the German shipbuilding program. As Admiral Tirpitz stated not very long ago to a Reichstag committee, it is, as a matter of fact, true that the naval administration has given out to private firms the two battleships asked for in the estimates of 1909." But this was done to save money. By giving the vessels out in advance, the German government got the benefit of low prices for material, according to the *Kölnische Zeitung*. There have been dismissals on a large scale of workmen from the shipyards. By letting contracts at once, the distressed condition of the labor market was relieved. "From this circumstance alone, absence of any military ground for the giving out of the ships in advance becomes absolutely clear."

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EVIVING^{*} the spirits of his adherents in Venezuela by a sudden return to the Caribbean, Cipriano Castro, self-styled Napoleon of the Andes, found himself, much against his will, aboard a steamship headed for that old world he thought he had left for good a few weeks previously. President Vicente Gomez, still at the head of the government in Caracas, was willing, but afraid, it is hinted, to take a measure of expulsion which would involve a final rupture



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Kept in suspense for no land wants him.

—Thorndike in *Baltimore American*.

with his predecessor in office. The alleged connection of Castro with the family of Gomez, and some remnants, perhaps, of grateful sentiment for past patronage, besides a dread of adding to the numbers of the disaffected in the republic, kept Gomez irresolute. He actually offered to permit the landing of Castro on Venezuelan soil. The Napoleon of the Andes preferred to make a Caribbean island his asylum and had planned a provisional descent upon Trinidad until the British authorities there refused him leave to land. Castro was wrought to a pitch of excitement so high that he stigmatized this as the most unprovoked and furious persecution ever directed against the innocent. He ascribed everything to his successor, Gomez. "It was I who placed him in his exalted position," he is quoted as affirming during his sojourn at Martinique, "and badly has he requited me." This is a reference to the edicts excluding Castro's supporters from all public offices and especially from command in the army.

CASTRO, during the dramatic interlude of his recuperation in Berlin, made many boasts of the state of his health. During this period of convalescence he was called upon to decide, as he told the *Paris Figaro*, not whether the Venezuelan republic should be subverted, for Gomez had already achieved

that end, but whether he should proceed to the establishment of a new constitution at Caracas on the general principles of reason and freedom. Castro resolved that from the ruins of the republic fragments were to be collected for the reconstruction of the political edifice. Gomez, by favoring the great corporations upon which Castro waged war, retained the seeds of reviving despotism at the roots of the tree of liberty. Agitated by these reflections, Castro suffered a relapse in the Caribbean. He was too weak even to put on his clothes in Martinique when informed that the French line steamship was off shore to take him back to Europe. A corporal's guard from the local garrison procured a stretcher upon which the sometime dictator was borne, between lines of spectators, to the Spanish main. Castro's friends among the crowd evinced some disposition to riot. The incident has been treated with much license by the Venezuelan partisans of the fallen executive, who describe the hero as reduced to begging for his bread among the Dutch.

ONE account of Castro's physical condition, widely circulated in the past fortnight, represents him as on the verge of the grave from the after effects of an organic malady which has plagued him for years. This is explained in the *Paris Journal* as the secret of the willingness of Gomez to permit his predecessor in the presidential dignity to land on Venezuelan soil, where indictments for crime hang over his head. The Napoleon of the Andes has so many partisans in the land of his exploits, on the other hand, that his arrival in Caracas might entail such a climax as that of Paris when Napoleon returned from Elba. Dreading the contingency, according to our Paris contemporary, the Foreign Offices of London, Paris and The Hague concerted with the Department of State in Washington the measures which Castro found so summary. President Gomez has, in Caracas, the confidence of the solidly respectable elements of society; but his government, according to the *Paris Temps*, is anything but popular with the peasantry of the mountains, the political adventurers and the professional makers of civil war. Even should Castro be kept permanently out of Venezuela, in the opinion of the French daily, revolution in the capital is almost a foregone conclusion before many months have elapsed. Gomez is already inflaming the patriotic by what they suspect to be a fawning attitude to Europe.

ONE of the most unequivocal diplomatic triumphs of modern times, as the *London Telegraph* calls it, became an accomplished fact last month when humiliated Serbia formally recognized the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovinia to the dominions of the Hapsburgs. Nicholas II, the vacillating Russian Czar who deems himself the guardian of Slav ambitions, swallowed this bitter pill after a series of imperative menaces—or so the definite tale runs—addressed to him by Emperor William. It was, as the *Rome Tribuna* thinks, a clean cut issue between little Serbia backed by the Dual Alliance and defiant Austria upheld by the Triple Alliance. The direct parties to the conflict had fallen into the background. Nominally Serbia did the yielding. Actually, as the *London Telegraph* avers, Russia was the defeated party. "There is no pretence—for Russia rarely dissimulates—that her compliance with demands presented to her almost at the point of the bayonet was spontaneous or gracious. The government of the Czar realized that the country was not ready, either from a financial or a military point of view, to engage in a deadly and protracted campaign and she rightly decided that to plunge Europe into war without a reasonable prospect of securing victory for the cause of international morality and justice would be in itself a crime." Nicholas II bowed to the arbitrament of arms, for William II had persuaded the autocrat that the logic of events was against the Slav by merely exhibiting the Teuton's strength. France is rumored to have plainly told the Stolypin ministry that she could not risk herself in the field this year for a war on behalf of Serbia.

THE reiterated insistence of Great Britain, France and Russia upon a conference of the powers at which Austria's defiance of the treaty of Berlin in seizing Bosnia-Herzegovinia should be discussed is thus flouted. "Baron von Aerenthal," to quote the officially inspired version of what has taken place, "declared from the outset of this long crisis that Austria-Hungary would not consent to appear at any conference unless it were assembled merely for the purpose of ratifying an accomplished and unalterable fact." The aged Emperor Francis Joseph has been dominated by the heir to his two thrones, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who had the Emperor William behind him. When the Archduke becomes the official head of the House of



THE DEPOSED CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA

George Karageorgevitch was forced to give up his position as heir to the throne of Serbia in order to avoid the suppression of the dynasty by Austria.

Hapsburg, predicts the *Paris Journal*, his prestige from this triumph alone ought to make him the most influential sovereign in the world. Yet let him beware! The *London Telegraph* utters that warning. "Let it be granted that he succeeds in securing the formal recognition of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovinia without submitting the flagrant violation of the treaty of Berlin to the judgment of the signatories; that he imposes harsh terms upon Serbia as punishment for suffering national injury at his hands, and that he satisfies the uneasy conscience of Italy by making some trifling concession to Mon-

tenegro—at what cost will he have purchased his victory?" He has made a bitter enemy of Nicholas II, who, for the first time in years, is about to travel beyond the confines of his dominions for the sole purpose, it is whispered, of laying the grievance personally before one or two of his brother sovereigns.

* *

RESHT, one of the most important cities of northern Persia, was wholly in the hands of the revolutionaries a month ago. Shiraz, near which are the tombs of Sadi and Hafiz, revolted from the Shah immediately after the capture of Resht. The forces of the Persian sovereign have carried the siege of the important city of Tabriz to such lengths, on the other hand, that the revolutionary commander there had to evacuate much of the town, but at last accounts was holding his own within the heart of the place. Suburban Tabriz may at any moment be overrun with tribesmen, in which event, according to the correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, "there would ensue scenes of pillage and massacre which must horrify the world." The corpulent little Shah remains invincible in his determination not to restore the constitution, but he appears to have lost wholly what little control he ever had over the troops fighting nominally under his orders. The miseries of the population in the larger towns as a city after city revolts, falls, is recaptured, besieged

afresh, given up to plunder or made the theater of pitched battle in the streets, has become so keen that a large percentage of the Persian population is dying of starvation or disease.

WITH one day's despatches from the front flatly contradicting those of the previous twenty-four hours, and with the facts further confused by last month's charge in the British House of Commons that all newspaper despatches are "mutilated" in the Shah's interest, little credence can be given the story that the Russian troops in Teheran are to take the field against the rebels. The mere rumor has excited those elements in British politics which concern themselves with the unrest throughout India. Persia is Great Britain's next door neighbor in India, as Mr. H. F. B. Lynch told the Commons a few weeks since, "and the frontier of Baluchistan, which we administer, marches with the frontier of Persia for no less than four hundred miles." If Persia falls into the hands of Russia, as many a British publicist seems to fear, Great Britain would have to defend that frontier. It presents no natural obstacles in the shape of mountains. "With the handful of men we keep in India," said Mr. Lynch in the debate inspired in the House by the progress of the civil war, "it would be impossible to defend a frontier of that nature." England must "write off" her Indian Empire.



SCENE IN TEHERAN AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SHAH'S FORCES AND THE REVOLUTIONARIES

The battles between those who wish the constitution and those who are resolved to hold it in abeyance grow more and more violent, the civil war assuming last month so sanguinary an aspect that talk of European intervention is becoming definite in Paris and London.

Persons in the Foreground

THE SIMPLICITY OF MR. ROCKEFELLER



IF THE world is to judge John D. Rockefeller, in the years to come, by his autobiography, just published,* he is going down into history as one of the most simple-minded men that ever rose to prominence. If the simplicity is assumed, not real, as some insist, then the man is one of the most accomplished artists in duplicity that ever stepped out into the sunlight. Whichever way one may look upon him, he is still something of a problem. It is not easy to fit such utter simplicity of nature into the rôle that he has played. To mix in the world as he has mixed, pitting himself against clever, powerful, unscrupulous men of business and always winning out; to start into a fiercely competitive business with but \$700 capital of his own and to gather headway from the first that no one ever could check, until he became the most dominant financial figure on the continent; to escape all the traps and pitfalls that are laid in the course of such a man; to choose his associates with an almost unerring skill; to dominate them and control the workings of one of the most complicated business machines ever constructed; to fight his rivals to a standstill over and over again; to bring great banks and railroad systems on their knees to him; to turn one of the most hazardous and uncertain forms of business into one of the solidest and most reliable financial enterprises ever reared—this is a rôle in which simplicity is not expected to play much of a part. Yet, on the other hand, to imagine that he is merely playing a part, that he is a sheer hypocrite, a monster of duplicity and yet has succeeded in deceiving his closest friends and in keeping their personal regard, has kept his personal record clear of scandal and has contrived to find enjoyment in the simplest and most innocent forms of diversion,—this also is nearly unbelievable. Either way the man is a sort of miracle, a miracle of simplicity or a miracle of duplicity.

What could be more naïve than the explanation in the preface of his book:

"It has not been my custom to press my af-

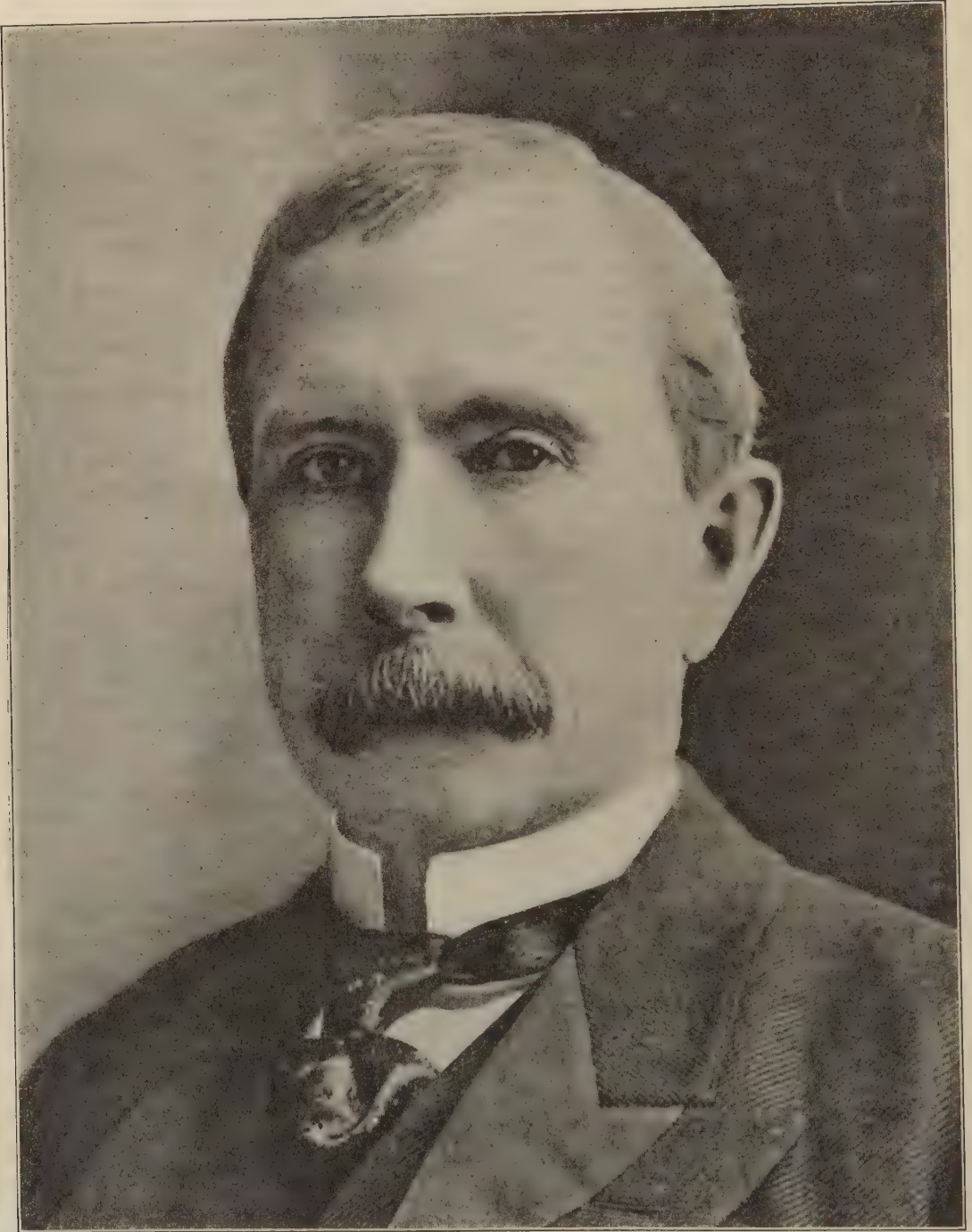
fairs forward into public gaze; but I have come to see that if my family and friends want some record of things which might shed light on matters that have been somewhat discussed, it is right that I should yield to their advice, and in this informal way go over again some of the events which have made life interesting to me.

"There is still another reason for speaking now: If a tenth of the things that have been said are true, then these dozens of able and faithful men who have been associated with me, many of whom have passed away, must have been guilty of grave faults. For myself, I had decided to say nothing, hoping that after my death the truth would gradually come to the surface and posterity would do strict justice; but while I live and can testify to certain things, it seems fair that I should refer to some points which I hope will help to set forth several much-discussed happenings in a new light. I am convinced that they have not been fully understood."

If that is posing, it is very artistically done. It is the art that conceals art. Throughout the book there is a freedom from boasting and egotism, and when he does display a little elation over some event, it is done with a sort of bashful shyness. Here is one of the few paragraphs in which he speaks of his own qualifications: "Of detail work I feel I have done my full share. As I began my business life as a book-keeper, I learned to have great respect for figures and facts, no matter how small they were. When there was a matter of accounting to be done in connection with any plan with which I was associated in the earlier years, I usually found that I was selected to undertake it. I had a passion for detail which afterward I was forced to strive to modify."

It is this commonplaceness that renders the book remarkable. He does openly display pride in one place. He hired an expert landscape architect to lay out the grounds at Pocantico Hills. When he received the architect's plan, he sat down and worked out another plan of his own. Then: "'Look it all over,' I said, 'and decide which plan is best.' It was a proud moment when this real authority accepted my suggestions as bringing out the most favored spots for views and agreed upon the site of the house. How many miles of roads I have laid out in my time, I can hardly

*RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS. By John D. Rockefeller. Doubleday, Page & Company.



MR. ROCKEFELLER AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER

This was John D. Rockefeller before he found out he had a stomach, before he lost his hair, before he retired from the active direction of the Standard Oil, and before he manifested his present inclination to enter into friendly personal relations with the public. This is the Rockefeller who made history. The present Mr. Rockefeller writes it,

compute, but I have often kept at it until I was exhausted. While surveying roads, I have run the lines until darkness made it impossible to see the little stakes and flags."

That is the most boastful passage in the book! In another place he does say, "I had been unusually fortunate when I came face to face with men in winning their friendship," but the statement is almost necessary to the story he is telling of an interesting business transaction in his early days. In fact, all the patting on the back that he gives himself is for the achievements of his early days, much as a man might talk of a younger brother who long ago died. Here is another of these little revealing touches: "As our successes began to come, I seldom put my head upon the pillow at night without speaking a few words to myself in this wise: 'Now a little success, soon you will fall down, soon you will be overthrown. Because you have got a start, you think you are quite a merchant; look out, or you will lose your head—go steady.' These intimate conversations with myself, I am sure, had a great influence on my life. I was afraid I could not stand my prosperity, and tried to teach myself not to get puffed up with any foolish notions."

Strange to say, Mr. Rockefeller has nothing whatever to say about his religious feelings. He does tell of his activity, when he was but seventeen or eighteen, in raising a church debt; but there is nothing in the book that the most microscopic critic can interpret as cant or sanctimoniousness. He makes no display of virtuous habits and takes no credit to himself for benevolence. There is, in fact, hardly a line of criticism of others, either express or implied, such as one looks for from a Pharisæic man. Here is the way he speaks of his own critics: "Criticism which is deliberate, sober and fair is always valuable and it should be welcomed by all who desire progress. I have had at least my full share of adverse criticism, but I can truly say that it has not embittered me, nor left me with any harsh feeling against a living soul. Nor do I wish to be critical of those whose conscientious judgment, frankly expressed, differs from my own. No matter how noisy the pessimists may be, we know that the world is getting better steadily and rapidly, and that is a good thing to remember in our moments of depression or humiliation."

Taking a passage of this sort out of its context gives it perhaps an undue importance. Such things are said by him in an incidental way that robs them of the appearance of any

self-conscious vanity. The note of optimism in the above quotation appears again and again. Mr. Rockefeller seems to have taken for his motto, Concerning the living and dead, nothing but good. "I am naturally an optimist," he admits, "and when it comes to a statement of what our people will accomplish in the future, I am unable to express myself with sufficient enthusiasm." And again: "I confess I have no sympathy with the idea so often advanced that our basis of all judgments in this country is founded on money. If this were true, we should be a nation of money hoarders instead of spenders. Nor do I admit that we are so small-minded a people as to be jealous of the success of others. It is the other way about: we are the most extraordinarily ambitious, and the success of one man in any walk of life spurs the others on. It does not sour them, and it is a libel even to suggest so great a meanness of spirit."

Mr. Rockefeller gives a recipe for business success. Like most recipes of the kind, it is easy to read but hard to apply.

"The underlying, essential element of success in business affairs is to follow the established laws of high-class dealing. Keep to broad and sure lines, and study them to be certain that they are correct ones. Watch the natural operations of trade, and keep within them. Don't even think of temporary or sharp advantages. Don't waste your effort on a thing which ends in a petty triumph unless you are satisfied with a life of petty success. Be sure that before you go into an enterprise you see your way clear to stay through to a successful end. Look ahead. It is surprising how many bright business men go into important undertakings with little or no study of the controlling conditions they risk their all upon.

"Study diligently your capital requirements, and fortify yourself fully to cover possible set-backs, because you can absolutely count on meeting set-backs. Be sure that you are not deceiving yourself at any time about actual conditions. The man who starts out simply with the idea of getting rich won't succeed; you must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success. The great industrial leaders have told again and again the plain and obvious fact that there can be no permanent success without fair dealing that leads to widespread confidence in the man himself, and that is the real capital we all prize and work for. If you do each day's task successfully, and stay faithfully within these natural operations of commercial laws which I talk so much about, and keep your head clear, you will come out all right, and will then, perhaps, forgive me for moralizing in this old-fashioned way."

It is all as simple as bread and butter, and even for giving this much advice on a subject on which he certainly can claim to be an expert, he grows apologetic; but there is no touch of sanctimoniousness either in the apology or the advice, and there is no assumption of superiority. Here is another passage in which a sanctimonious nature would have been almost sure to reveal itself to a discerning eye:

"The mere expenditure of money for things, so I am told by those who profess to know, soon palls upon one. The novelty of being able to purchase anything one wants soon passes, because what people must seek cannot be bought with money. These rich men we read about in the newspapers cannot get personal returns beyond a well-defined limit for their expenditure. They cannot gratify the pleasures of the palate beyond very moderate bounds, since they cannot purchase a good digestion; they cannot lavish very much money on fine raiment for themselves or their families without suffering from public ridicule; and in their homes they cannot go much beyond the comforts of the less wealthy without involving them in more pain than pleasure. As I study wealthy men, I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting gratification."

Such is Mr. Rockefeller in his autobiography, simple, sincere, modest, kind, hopeful, generous with his praise for others, claiming nothing for himself,—in fact almost an embodiment of St. Paul's eloquent description of Charity.

Is this the *real* Rockefeller, or is the real Rockefeller found in the sketch given a few weeks ago in *Collier's* by E. Lloyd Sheldon? In that sketch, Mr. Rockefeller is represented as a canting old hypocrite who is making a constant bid for popularity. Mr. Sheldon talks of his "ostentatious Christianity." "You cannot be with Mr. Rockefeller a quarter of an hour without knowing from his own lips not only that he is a follower of Christ but also that he is an eminently devout one." Mr. Sheldon goes on to narrate his experience on his first visit to Mr. Rockefeller. It was on the golf-course, Mr. Rockefeller being attended, as usual, by several preachers.

"Almost the first words after he had greeted me were: 'Are you a college man?'"

"Upon my affirmative reply, he asked: 'What college?'"

"Harvard," I replied.

"Isn't that an un-God-ly place?"

"Then, as if perfectly assured that it was, he waited for no response, and remarked to the clergymen: 'There is too little of Christ's teachings in that institution, too much of freethinking philosophy. I much prefer the smaller religious colleges in the West—Oberlin, for instance. There religion and study are mingled so as to produce God-fearing men and women.'

"Don't you think so?" he asked.

"Most emphatically, Mr. Rockefeller," both clergymen agreed.

"Our talk turned to social settlements.

"Those in New York City make a grievous error in not bringing Christ into their work more," he asserted. "Do you not think so, Doctor?"

"The Protestant minister was starting after his ball, which he had just driven, but he stopped to say: 'A grievous error, Mr. Rockefeller, a grievous error indeed.'

"The host, pleased with the reply, smiled and nodded his head.

"They should be outposts of Christianity," he continued. "In fact, we ought never to do anything without bringing Christ into our work."

"So he went from tee to tee, constantly regaling us with religious platitudes—always eager to refer them to his clerical companions, and always pleased with the devout echoes."

In the midst of this scene, one of Mr. Rockefeller's secretaries came with a business matter growing out of the panic. After a short conference in low tones, the secretary was dismissed, Mr. Rockefeller calling out in a harsh voice: "Remember! Tell them I did not take an option on the \$5,000,000 to last the life of the country." As he said this, Mr. Sheldon writes, "the lines of his face became tensely drawn, his eyes winced shrewdly, and his thin lips were so compressed there seemed no heart in the man."

It is not a pleasing picture, just as it stands; but whether the portrait is a realistic or impressionistic painting, each reader must decide for himself. It may be noted, however, that this was Mr. Sheldon's *first* interview with Mr. Rockefeller, and a Harvard graduate who is told at the beginning of an interview that his university is an ungodly institution may not be in just the best mood to interpret aright the pious discourse in which Mr. Rockefeller and his preacher-friends seem to have indulged. At least this must be said, that in Mr. Sheldon's sketch Mr. Rockefeller is portrayed as a very unskilful, bungling, inexperienced sort of hypocrite. There is nothing of the artistic in his pose. If *that* is the real Rockefeller, then who is responsible for this autobiography? That is the work, as we said in the beginning, either of an artist in duplicity or of a man of the utmost simplicity of character,

THE GERMAN CREATOR OF THE BRITISH NAVAL PANIC

AT NO time in the long official career of the Secretary of State for the Imperial German Navy, Admiral von Tirpitz, did the prodigious memory for which he is so famed display itself with a more consummate mastery of the details of every fleet in the world than when he confronted, a few weeks ago, the excited budget committee of the Reichstag in Berlin. The newspapers of all England were full of von Tirpitz, whose prowess as a builder of all-big-gun battleships had taken the English Prime Minister completely by surprise and occasioned the most exciting series of debates heard in the House of Commons since the accession of Mr. Asquith to power. The difficulty in which Mr. Asquith found himself, thanks to Admiral von Tirpitz, was that he did not know, as he thought he did, the rate at which German battleship construction is taking place. "We know," to quote the words of Mr. Reginald McKenna, who is the spokesman of British naval policy in the Commons, "we know that the Germans have a law which, when the ships have all been completed under it, will give them a navy more powerful than any in existence. But we do not know the rate at which the provisions of this law are to be carried into execution." Neither, it seems, did the Reichstag nor its budget committee. The revelation in the British House of Commons that Germany was building Dreadnoughts in a sort of clandestine way amazed Germany not less than it amazed England. There was a loud invocation of Admiral von Tirpitz.

Scarcely a naval expert in the world, whether he be on the staff of the *London Times* or but an occasional contributor to the *Rome Tribuna*, would dissent from the view that Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, most illustrious of living Ministers of Marine, has stamped upon this epoch of world politics its characteristic "note" of naval power. "He is," to quote the *London Mail*, "the real creator of the German fleet." Facing the members of the Reichstag committee in the uniform of his high rank, the six-foot, long-bearded sailor looked very much less than sixty altho his age now exceeds the three-score limit. Not once did he refer to a memorandum or an official register as he replied to query after query in the courteous, dignified and low-voiced style habitual to him. It

is said of von Tirpitz by the Berlin *Vorwärts*, and most authorities agree, that he can repeat by rote the name of every battleship in the world, giving its tonnage, its date of construction, its displacement and the details of its armament. He is intimately acquainted with the resources of every shipbuilding yard on the face of the earth. He stunned the Reichstag committee by the ease and accuracy with which he rattled off the details of the naval appropriations made in the past five years by all the first-class powers. There was not a trace of the braggart in the tone of his declaration that Germany would go her own way in the evolution of her fleets, regardless of disarmament proposals from any quarter. Rightly or wrongly, Admiral von Tirpitz is held responsible in the press of the whole of Europe for the uncompromisingly forward constructiveness which has lifted the fleet of William II from insignificance to a power portentous to the mistress of the seas herself. Reacting on the naval policy of every great power, the energy of von Tirpitz may thus be said, in the words of the *Paris Figaro*, to have inspired the great battleship competition of the nations for supremacy on the water. This old salt, in truth, has long been the scapegoat of those aspirants for universal disarmament who see in the contemporary craze for Dreadnoughts an unheeded warning of a period of barbaric conflict yet to come. No one could be more wedded to the all-big-gun battleship than the ranking officer of the German fleets.

In manner, as in appearance, Admiral von Tirpitz reveals the lowliness of that origin which has always made him so anomalous a personality among the men who sway the mind of his imperial master. Altho not exactly of plebeian birth, von Tirpitz sprang from a humble family in the March of Brandenburg, where his father long held an obscure local dignity. The "von" did not appertain to the Tirpitz name until the bearer of it had attracted attention to himself by an almost monomaniacal insistence upon the theory that imperial Germany meant fighting ships. Alfred Tirpitz at sixteen was a raw-boned, awkward rustic who had never seen the sea and whose aged father, in sheer despair of ever making much of such a lout, put him aboard one of the frigates comprising the royal navy of Prussia. The boy had re-

ceived what we would call a high school education, altho the critics of the great admiral to-day are fond of insinuating that he could not speak intelligible German when he entered the service and has never succeeded in acquiring the language since. There is certainly much that seems uncouth in the Admiral's mode of conveying his ideas, but his friends in the navy league insist that he has merely the bluntness and the heartiness of the old salt.

The other explanation, and one finding favor with all scions of ancient houses, is that he loathes the well born. It took him four years to win his way to a lieutenantcy at a time when the younger sons of Prussian territorial aristocrats got all the good berths in the service. By the time he was twenty-five Tirpitz had formed the methodical habits which made him what he is to-day—a punctual, regular, systematic being, ever on the alert to keep his next appointment. He seems to have a craze for detail and exactness. He is down to breakfast every morning by seven, according to one account of him in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, and he expects all official reports for that day to be on his table by that hour. Immediately after breakfast, which meal engages him just half an hour, he takes refuge in a huge apartment off the dining room, fitted up with models of every sort of gun and torpedo that can be utilized aboard a battleship. Here the admiral receives the great capitalists and employers of labor who, from one end of Germany to the other, are eager to participate in the profits of the new era of huge squadrons. They are known to find him a keen driver of bargains. Admiral von Tirpitz exercises an almost absolute sway over the huge sums annually diverted from the imperial treasury into the coffers of the Krupps, the Blohms, the Vosses, the Schichaus and other great captains of industry whose incessant activities make the new imperial Germany so marked a contrast with the fatherland of Goethe, Schopenhauer and the other "dreamers."

Intellectually, von Tirpitz is as the poles asunder from the philosophical, poetical and proletarian Germany from which the ranks of his severest critics are recruited. Many a fierce denunciation of the Admiral is given space in the Socialist *Vorwärts* of Berlin and heartily does von Tirpitz echo his imperial master's taunt that the party to which this organ devotes itself is but a crew of traitors without a country. In the political philosophy of von Tirpitz there never was a Ger-



THE WORLD'S GREATEST GENIUS IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

Alfred von Tirpitz, Emperor William's Minister of Marine for the past twelve years, has lifted the imperial navy from a rank below that of Italy to a position that must render it by 1912, according to European naval experts, second to that of Great Britain only.

many until the creation of the North Sea squadron of sixteen battleships, with Wilhelmshafen as a base. He has given expression to this theory in the past with so much freedom that European organs, especially those in London, quote him rather freely as the typical German Jingo. This has made the Admiral cautious of late. He may not have said that the idea of the fatherland to the true subject of the Emperor embraces an establishment of thirty-eight battleships of the largest size, but the remark is attributed to him in many foreign dailies and is found by them to harmonize with his career.

Altho he has a wife and grown up sons, Admiral von Tirpitz is said to be so wedded to the task of equipping his imperial master's navy with the appropriate number of battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and submarines that his very relaxations are nautical. He dumfounded two young naval officers at one of his wife's receptions by demanding sternly what they meant in neglecting their duties to dance attendance upon a frivolous woman. He frowns down all utilization of battleships for the purely social functions attendant upon visits to a foreign port. He has set his face resolutely against the marriages of young naval officers to rich heiresses. "You have very soft white hands for a man who aspires to command a swift cruiser," he is reported to have said with his characteristic bluntness to a candidate for promotion. He refused a post of great responsibility to an officer of much distinction on the ground that the applicant was an exceptionally fine waltzer. "A man who dances so divinely," von Tirpitz is said to have said, "proves that he has no sea legs. Our sailors must not waltz if they want to reach the bridge. Let them learn the hornpipe." However authentic such anecdotes may or may not be, they illustrate the popular conception of the character of von Tirpitz, whose rise from poverty to the supreme command, under William II, of the entire imperial naval force, is a great humiliation to the Prussian aristocracy. Time and again have the great nobles gone over the head of von Tirpitz to their sovereign in protest against the Admiral's hostility to the caste system of promotion in the army. Many incredible tales are told of the blunt debates between von Tirpitz and his sovereign on this sore subject. "Get along with him as well as you can," the Emperor is said to have remarked to one aggrieved candidate for promotion. "That is what I must do." In justice to the Admiral, however, it must be pointed out that he is the target for all sorts of attack not only in European newspapers generally but especially in the Socialist and radical dailies of the fatherland. He is denounced as a martinet, as the head of a system of paid spyings upon the navies of foreign powers and as a tool of the dynastic ambitions of the Hohenzollerns.

The secret of the unparalleled career of von Tirpitz in creating a great naval power out of an inland empire with but a fraction of coast line is said in the *London Mail* to be his amazing capacity for initiative—his ability to impose his ideas upon inferior and su-

perior alike. This initiative explains the force of his genius, but the keynote of his character—the facility with which he infects others with his ideas—accounts for the German navy as the world beholds it to-day. Had there been no von Tirpitz, in the matured opinion of the *London Post*, the ambitions of William II for a position of might at sea would doubtless have persisted, but they must have remained as intangible as his ambition for a vast colonial empire. A certain narrowness of outlook in the mind of von Tirpitz, a propensity to what is called the fixed idea, a contempt for birth and breeding as such, an unconventionality, not to say rudeness, of manner and method—these personal traits are not attractive, but they enable their possessor to master the intricacies of the famous steel, gun and armor works of Krupp at Essen, to manage the state dockyards at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen and to command a great squadron at battle practice in the North Sea. "He is, perhaps," to quote the *London Mail* again, "the world's only Minister of Naval Affairs who incorporates in himself the rare combination of practical seamanship, eminent executive talent, astute statesmanship and genius for naval construction." He has held his present post for the unprecedentedly long period of over twelve years.

The tendency of the Admiral to select promising young men of humble birth as subjects for promotion in the service he controls has won him innumerable devoted adherents in every squadron. Afloat he is rather jovial and, for a sailor, most abstemious in eating and drinking. The regular features of the large, typically Teutonic countenance, the unshrinking gaze of the steely blue eyes and the patriarchally forked gray beard impart to von Tirpitz in uniform somewhat the aspect of Neptune conventionalized. He will sit in the smoking room of a battleship and roar a marine ditty into the ears of the staff, all joining in the chorus. For all that he has the reputation of being pretty stiff. No one in the service afloat or ashore knows precisely when to expect the Admiral on one of his perpetual tours of inspection. The owner of a great establishment at which the impulse of demands for the fleet had led to sudden expansion was quite amazed when von Tirpitz burst into his private office one morning. "You are hiring foreigners to rivet the armor plates," said the Admiral. "There are three in the yard now. Do you know that you risk the loss of your contract?" With that the old sailor dashed out abruptly.

THE BIGNESSES OF JUDSON HARMON



ONE does not need to be a big man physically in order to be a big man politically; and yet, from the days of Washington to Taft, undersized men like Douglas and Tilden and Knox have been the exception in posts of political leadership. The little men who forge to the front in politics are almost invariably men of remarkable cleverness or cunning. They have to be to overcome their physical disadvantage. On the other hand any number of rather stupid big men have gone lumbering along easily to success, carried on, one might almost say, by sheer momentum. We have no statistics at hand to fling at the heads of those who may challenge the assertion, but we would be willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that the ratio of successful men in politics who are six-footers is several times as large as that of six-footers in any other profession. The occidental races have never outgrown the feeling, bred in us through many centuries of hand-to-hand fighting when personal strength and height and weight counted for so much in the making of history, that a leader ought to be a man of physical prowess. The feeling may be absurd, a mere relic of barbarism, but it exists and it is a political factor to be taken into account.

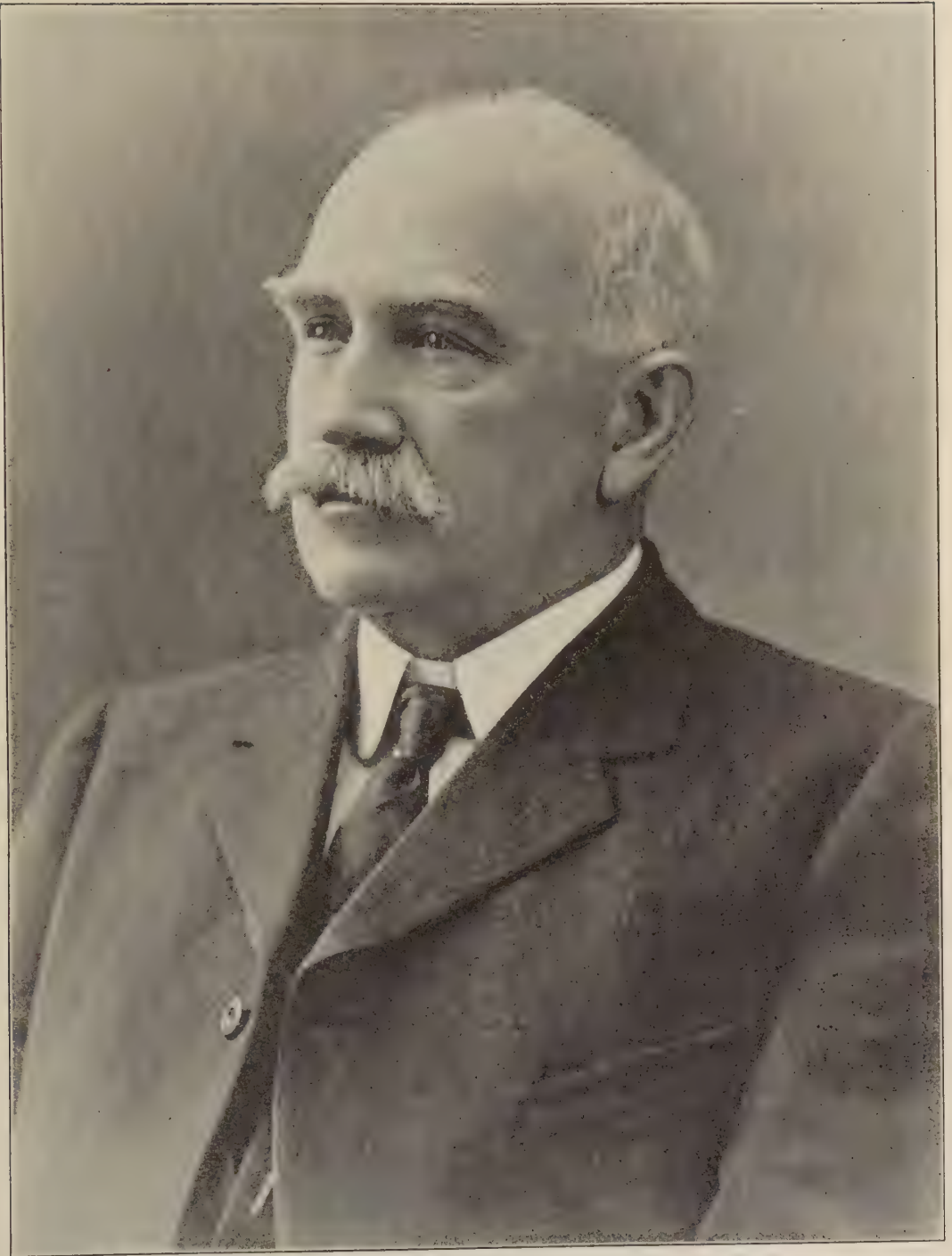
Judson Harmon, of Ohio, the Democratic governor of a Republican state, is a big man physically, intellectually and politically. He has his eye, it is said, on the White House, and the country has its eye on him. To begin with, Fate has strangely linked his destiny with that of his close friend, "Bill" Taft. Where one goes the other is destined to follow. "It's funny about Bill Taft and me," said Harmon years ago: "I don't know whether he's following in my footsteps, or I in his; but it's certain that we've been close on each other's heels for a good while. When I resigned a judgeship in Ohio, Taft was appointed. Later he resigned a judgeship to become solicitor-general during Harrison's administration. Then I was appointed district judge, and Taft succeeded me; and now here I am in the department of justice, where Taft was. I wonder if he'll land in somebody's cabinet later, after I'm out?" Everybody knows that Taft did land in "somebody's cabinet" and now has a cabinet of his own. If these two orbits that have had so many points in common have also the same perihelion, why it is as clear as a pikestaff

that Johnson of Minnesota may as well give up all presidential aspirations for 1912. Harmon's political horoscope stands in his way.

Harmon, like Taft, was born and bred in Ohio. Harmon, like Taft, studied law. Harmon, like Taft, became a U. S. district judge and a presidential adviser. Harmon, like Taft, is passionately fond of golf and baseball. Harmon, like Taft, is a big man physically. He weighs two hundred and ten, or thereabouts, but, like Taft, again, he is remarkably light on his feet. Here is a description of his physical appearance as written by William Inglis some time ago for *Harper's Weekly*:

"Imagine a long, loose-limbed, broad-backed athlete, six feet in height and weighing 210 pounds, light-legged and heavy-armed, and you have the physical dimensions of the man. He has a hand bigger than the hand of Jim Jeffries, a great, broad, thick, bony paw developed by chopping, plowing, and reaping. He moves with all the agility of the veteran athlete. His keen gray eyes, set far apart, twinkle genially from beneath bushy brown brows at the base of a broad, high, well-rounded brow. The nose is long, broad at the bridge and slightly arched, the nose of a leader. A brown mustache, somewhat splashed with gray, is brushed stiffly back from a wide, straight, determined mouth. The chin and jaw are deep and square, in keeping with the broad, combative head. Here is a man who evidently will fight to the last ditch, yet the ever-ready smile and the genial gleam of the eyes proclaim him a lover of peace."

Another observer grows almost poetical over Harmon's features. He rhapsodizes over the "big bushy brows that look like the wooded foothills of the mountain of a forehead that reaches away back into the sagebrush hair." Harmon is a clever boxer who takes and gives punishment with unfailing joy, and for years he was the pitcher in a baseball nine in Cincinnati composed of business and professional men who had a game with other similar nines once a week. "It was quite a sight," says Sloane Gordon in *Munsey's*, "to see the ex-Attorney-General of the United States, with his coat and vest off and his sleeves rolled up, putting curves over the plate, and grabbing 'liners' with those capacious hands that seem to have been made for mauling logs or splitting rails." Now, however, instead of wielding the willow, Harmon wields driver and cleek and mashie every Saturday afternoon and can play his eighteen holes "well down in the nineties."



A HOPE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

"It's funny about Bill Taft and me," said Judson Harmon a number of years ago. "I don't know whether he is following in my footsteps or I in his; but it is certain that we have been close on each other's heels for a good while." Mr. Harmon's election as governor of Ohio in a Republican year makes many Democrats hope that he will follow Mr. Taft to the White House in 1912.



THE FIRST LADY OF OHIO

Mrs. Judson Harmon, wife of the Democratic governor of the Buckeye state, was not many years ago one of the favorites of Washington society, where she shone as one of the ladies of the Cabinet in President Cleveland's administration.

Sixty-three years ago it was that he began life, in a country town in Hamilton county, Ohio. His father, like that of another governor whose toes seem pointing toward the White House—to wit Governor Hughes—was a Baptist preacher. Young Jud was twenty-one when he first saw the night-lights of a city. He hoed potatoes and weeded onion-patches when a boy, and picked blackberries at five cents a quart to get spending money. When older he plowed and harrowed and did a man's work in the hayfield. Also he taught school. Also he did some soldiering. He was fifteen when Kirby's raid was made to capture Cincinnati, and Jud, with a double-barrelled shot-gun on his shoulder, marched off surreptitiously to repel the invaders. Kirby heard he was coming and retreated; so Jud, with a parental hand on his coat-collar, returned to his home, and soon afterward was sent to Denison University, in Newark. On his first vacation he again sallied forth to repel Morgan; but Morgan, having a better horse, escaped as Kirby had escaped! "It can be said, nevertheless," says the ex-attorney-general with a twinkle in his eye, "that I am a veteran of two campaigns."

Out of college and into a law school; out of the law-school and into the law office of George Hoadly, afterward Governor Hoadly; then, in his twenty-sixth year, into the bonds of matrimony; then into politics. In 1872, not long after his marriage, he managed the Greeley campaign in Cincinnati, pulling out a majority for the ticket in a normally Republican city. Four years later he was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and two years later was on the bench of the Superior Court. All the time he and "Bill" Taft were warm friends, and when, in 1895, he received an invitation to the post of attorney-general in President Cleveland's cabinet, Taft was one of the first persons whose advice was sought.

Harmon's bigness politically is due to several things. First, of course, is the fact that, despite the vigorous opposition of Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, to his nomination, he was elected governor of Ohio at the same time that that state gave Taft for president a majority of 75,000. A Democratic governor is in these days a *rara avis* in the North, and a Democrat like John A. Johnson or Judson Harmon who can win out for his party in an important Republican state, in a presidential year, becomes at once almost painfully conspicuous. Then Harmon is one of the few of the prominent Cleveland Democrats who has been fairly regular in his support of Bryan. He supported Bryan in 1900 and in 1908, the first time reluctantly, the next time with some degree of enthusiasm. In 1896, he did not support him at all; but twice out of three times is not so bad, all things considered. Harmon was never a free silver man, but he is anti-imperialist and he is strong for tariff revision. But he is strongest of all for the curbing of the tendency toward the centralization of powers in the federal government. This he regards as the first of all issues at the present time. Here is the way he talks about it:

"This tendency must be stopped. The Constitution of the United States defines the limits of Federal power. Men are apt to become impatient, to object to waiting upon the orderly and deliberate working out of the constitutional process. They see a thing which they believe ought to be done at once, and look around for a short cut to its accomplishment regardless of the law. The peril in these short cuts lies in the concentration of the power of the States in the hands of the national government, which in turn would result in the centralization of power in the hands of the President. If the President is a wise and good man no immediate harm may result; but

there is still the bad precedent of having violated the Constitution, and of opening the way to the seizing of illegal power by a President who might not be wise and good."

He is not a radical and not a conservative, say his friends. What, then, is he, do you ask? He is a conservative radical, or a radical conservative, we are told. He stands on the Constitution! He is for "regulation" of the tariff, the trusts, the railroads, and foreign immigration. Do you then ask what kind of regulation? The answer is easy: "We must deal with these problems in a spirit of justice and common sense, not allowing ourselves to lean toward government ownership, socialism, or any other ism that is at variance with the spirit of our Constitution." There you have it. All those who are opposed to dealing with these problems "in the spirit of justice and common sense" will find Governor Harmon in firm and unflinching antagonism to them!

But sarcasm is cheap and easy. All the politicians talk this way at times. They have to. They are called on at all hours of the night and day to give impromptu interviews on complicated problems and if they use a string of commonplaces what else can be expected? The main point is that Judson Harmon is undoubtedly a man of intellect, he has had considerable administrative experience, his record is a good one, and his position in politics is of great strategic value if the Democrats are ever to be reunited under one

banner. The main difficulty in the way of his presidential aspirations is the opposition of Tom Johnson and his following. Johnson's opposition, as expressed in the state convention last year, was on the ground of Harmon's conspicuity as a railroad lawyer and as counsel for the brewers. Harmon has not only been a prominent railroad attorney, but he has been also receiver of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway, administering its affairs for years with what is described as admirable ability. On the other hand, it is pointed out that, as attorney-general, he first established, by his arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States, the highly important fact that the Sherman anti-trust law applies to railroads. "It was Mr. Harmon, too," says the *New York World*, "who as associate of Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis, in investigating the Santa Fé rebate cases, reported to Mr. Roosevelt that guilt was always personal, and that the way to stop rebating was through the criminal prosecution of the man who had violated the law." "His nomination," says the independent *Evening Post*, of New York, "would mean a long step toward the rehabilitation of the Democratic party along sane lines." Harmon has figured as a presidential possibility in four pre-convention campaigns.

If the time ever does come when he is called to the White House, says Mr. Inglis, he will not, like Cincinnatus, let go of the plow, but he will more likely drop the Revised Statutes or a putting-cleek.

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS MEMBER OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY



LOUDLY as the supporters of Mr. Asquith's ministry cheered in the House of Commons when Reginald McKenna, as First Lord of the Admiralty, arose to explain precisely why Germany had been permitted to steal a march upon the mistress of the seas in the construction of all-big-gun battleships, there was, as the *London News* frankly concedes, many an uneasy mind among the Liberal groups. It would be idle to deny, as England's greatest naval expert, H. W. Wilson, said a year ago, that "the news of the appointment of Mr. McKenna as First Lord of the Admiralty has been received with alarm by those who know the exact position of the British Navy." For reasons

which may be cogent or the reverse, according to the politics of the particular London organ one happens to be reading, the name of this Reginald McKenna is associated in the public mind with the great reduction of the program of British battleship construction some three years ago—a reduction which was quite hastily and ingloriously abandoned last month when the Commons learned from Mr. McKenna's own slightly faltering lips that His Majesty's government had misunderstood what Germany was doing in the way of battleships. "My first experience of official life was at the Treasury," began Mr. McKenna, in the clear, round delivery for which he is indebted to his celebrity in the Commons. "In that admirable department I learned the prac-

tice and the theory of economy." Too true, according to his hostile critics in the opposition press, who point to Reginald McKenna as the awful example of one who has made himself the most conspicuous member of the British ministry by the simple process of jeopardizing the supremacy of England on blue water.

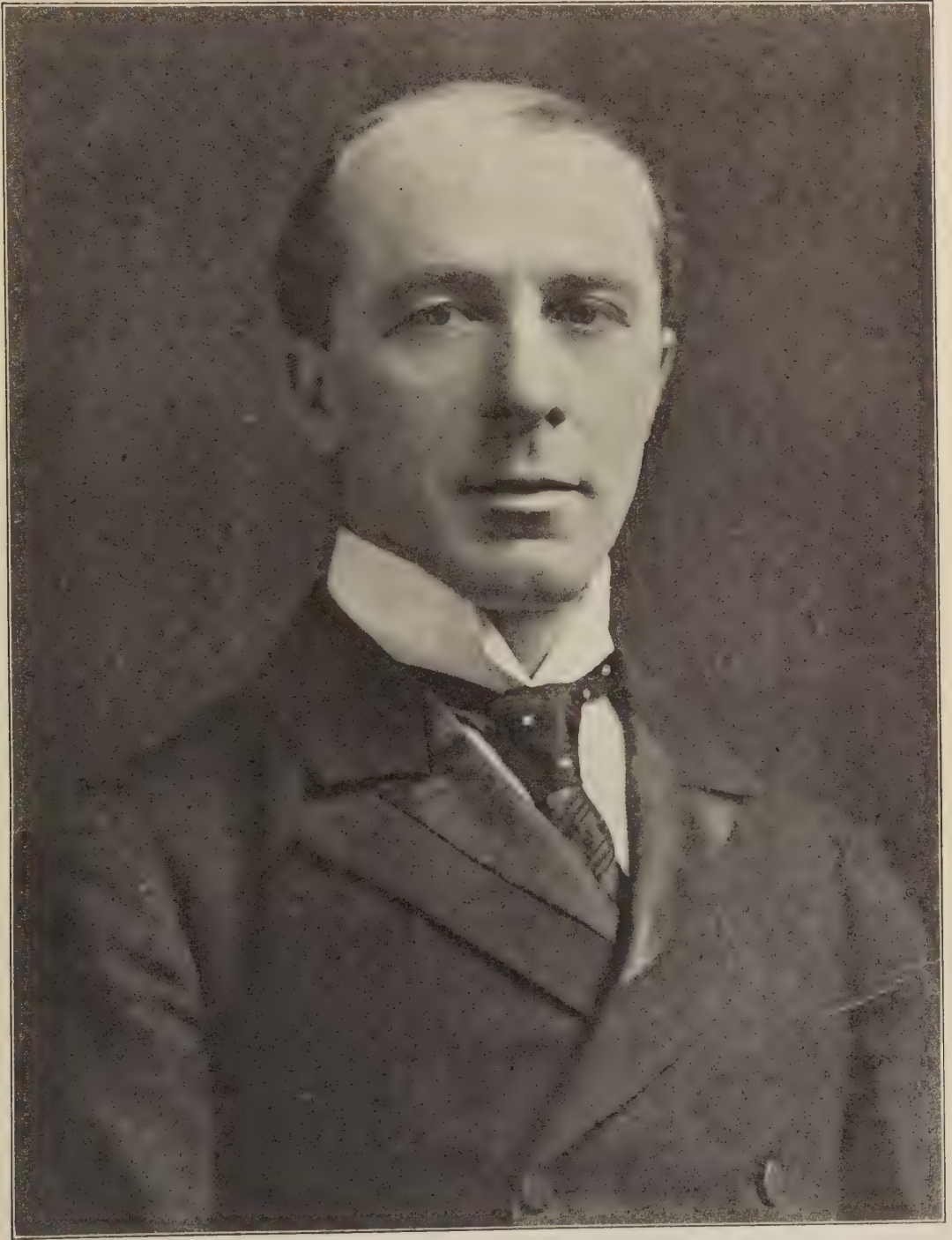
The great parliamentary triumph achieved by Reginald McKenna in the debate that ensued convinces his admirers, and his admirers include many of his foes, that he has a great political future before him. He got upon his feet and confessed to the listening and amazed house that he had allowed Berlin to steal a march upon London in the construction of battleships. He sat down amid the loudest applause, more firmly fixed in the affections of the Commons than ever before. The explanation of the mystery is found by the *London Standard* to be the delightful humility of his nature. "I find myself now in a situation which is much above my pretensions," he said in the course of the debate amid the loud laughter of the house, which likes him very much indeed without having any faith in his ability. Indeed, the leading newspapers of London, which coincide in very little, are occasionally a unit in opining that Reginald McKenna is a pleasant dunce.

He owes his political prominence it would seem from the *London Nation*, mainly to the magnificent stroke he pulled when he won the grand cup at Henley. Reginald McKenna is certainly a magnificent figure with an oar and while triumphs on the water in one's undergraduate days at Cambridge count for much less in English politics than they did before John Burns got into the cabinet, they do count still. Moreover, as the *London Post* somewhat dubiously concedes, Reginald McKenna is "so nice." To complete the anomaly of his position in official life, he represents a distinctively labor constituency of miners and iron workers who roared mercilessly at every allusion to his kid gloves and his spats at the last election. Reginald McKenna is an extremely elegant looking person at all times—what might be called fashionable. His strolling air, the inconsequentiality of his expression, a deprecating and even timid way in conversation and a most amiable assent to every adverse criticism that can be leveled against him, confirm the impression conveyed by those who insist that he is destitute of talent. "He has a head for figures," the Prime Minister is reported to have said, to one amazed politician who ex-

postulated at the selection of Reginald McKenna for the Treasury when the Asquith ministry was formed. Into the mouth of Prime Minister Asquith has been put the verdict that Reginald McKenna is a sage, mingling a little folly with his wisdom. "Reginald McKenna has been a strong man, with that strength which never allows the silken glove to fall from the iron hand." Thus his chief, who bestows higher praise yet: "A rapid worker, quick to grasp guiding principles, as well as the minutest details. He is an administrator, above all."

Somewhat contradictory of all this is the insinuation in the *London Times* that Reginald McKenna did so badly at the Treasury that the Prime Minister shifted him to the Presidency of the Board of Education, the post wherein that genial man of letters, Augustine Birrell, came to such grief. When Mr. Asquith withdrew his education bill of three years ago it was intimated that other means might be found of compassing some of its objects. Through the medium of this threat was foreshadowed the substitution of administrative action for legislative action—the characteristic in which the political talent of Reginald McKenna displays itself. His methods are so excessively agreeable, his personality is so irresistibly amiable, that he easily and imperceptibly substitutes government by special decree for government by general law. "Mr. McKenna," to quote the indignant *London Times*, "displays haste—we had almost said indecent haste—to arrive by a short executive cut at results which will gratify a clamorous section of his political friends." He has so many political friends! This lament is that of the *London Standard*. It is the boast of the *London News*. He is always making them, we read, because of his implicit good faith. "The trouble with Mr. McKenna," we read in the *London Mail*, however, "is that he can not take anything seriously—not even himself. Luckily for himself, he displays forms of incapacity that are amusing instead of irritating."

Before very long, the agreeable McKenna had been transferred again—this time to the post he holds still, that of First Lord of the Admiralty. In Liberal circles the promotion was regarded as suitable recognition of a rising politician. He has an amazing lack of imaginativeness and no initiative at all. So much all concede. On the other hand he does not belong in that class of literary statesmen who, as the *London Post* is so fond of repeating, are "ruining England with their



THE DELIGHTFUL STATISTICIAN IN THE BRITISH CABINET

Reginald McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Asquith's ministry, has been the man of the month in England owing to the unprecedented severity of the naval panic. He is very popular, very fashionable, very athletic and very statistical. He has no particular antecedents socially and he has no particular talents politically, but he does get on in spite of everything.

amateurishness." It is said of Reginald McKenna that he never reads anything, and the *London Mail*, for one, professes to believe it. "What has he ever made but mistakes? Is there a sane man who would accept Reginald McKenna's opinion about anything practical?" To both queries the object of them would return a cheerful negative for friend and foe alike admit the unassuming modesty of Mr. McKenna's ideas of himself. He frankly apologized to his own constituents for accepting the presidency of the Board of Education, announcing, amid unrestrained hilarity, that he really never ought to have done such a thing.

The secret is to be sought, say the society prints, in the influence of his lady friends. Hardly a year has passed since the very fashionable agitation over the marriage of the Right Honorable Reginald McKenna, M.P. The bride was daughter of a great London traction magnate. It was like "Reggie's impudence," to quote a London society print, to wed one of the belles of the year. Often has the *London World* and oftener has *London Truth* entered into the question of Reginald McKenna's success. It seems to be taken for granted that he will be Prime Minister yet, for he is forty-five and quite at home in the House of Commons. Yet there remains the mystery of how this man, who comes from nowhere in particular and never was anybody until his election to Parliament fourteen years ago, should have attained such power and influence by merely pulling a stroke at Cambridge. That old parliamentary hand, Sir Charles Dilke, has been a great friend of McKenna's always, but this, of itself, would not explain everything. "Mr. McKenna," avers the *London Mail*, "makes one feel, by the mere way he has of grasping one's hand, that one likes him. There is no humiliating conviction of being in the presence of an intellectual superior. And look at the way he wears those clothes!"

Even as a tiny little boy, it appears, Reggie was shy. Shyness is his most delightful trait to-day. It is affirmed of the First Lord of the Admiralty, that he trembles like a leaf in the House before he gets up to speak and is quite afraid to address a crowd. This does not prevent him from being effective because he possesses what English politicians call a "cold head." He can blush, stammer, look absurd in the presence of the hugest audience and still retain the extreme lucidity which makes him so interesting as an expounder of figures. Mr. McKenna attains with figures

results so extraordinary that all the newspapers in London dispute for weeks the statistics with which he supplies the House. He calculated last month that Germany would have seventeen Dreadnoughts and Invincibles in 1912, a figure which amazed no one more than Admiral von Tirpitz, the head of the imperial navy in Berlin. Nevertheless, Mr. McKenna shyly and deprecatingly affirmed, in a subsequent debate, that he had the exact figures and the House believed him. There was no unpleasantness about this "incident" because Mr. McKenna was "so nice" about it. "He is of the type," to quote the *London Truth*, "referred to by young ladies as perfectly lovely."

Yet it would be slandering Reginald McKenna to accuse him of being a lady's man.

He is a man's man and a manly man who grows manlier every day. His personal characteristics, from a psychical standpoint, assimilate him with a French nobleman of the time of Francis I. He has a gallant bearing that smacks of the camp, a bold glance, suggesting the eye of the eagle and in the heat of debate he lays a hand upon his hip, seemingly without realizing the attitude and as if to clutch the hilt of a sword.

Reginald McKenna is a knight errant in his soul and a Euclid in his brain. To sum him up, he is sweet.

He always was. "We hear of him," to quote the *London News*, "as a shy little boy, speaking only his mother tongue, being sent to a school in Germany, where he not only wins his way into the hearts of his companions but is kissed for his sweetness by all the women who encounter him in the streets." At Cambridge the record of his scholarship is somewhat indefinite, but the perfection of his manners and the popularity of his style in rowing seem undisputed. At the bar he won golden opinions on the score of his good nature from those who sympathized with him for having no clients. "Reginald McKenna," in the words of the laboring man who introduced him first to the constituency he still represents, "has a heart of gold." Even that stern critic of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the *London Mail*, endorses that judgment as the only possible explanation of the mystery that makes him, for the time being, the most conspicuous member of the British cabinet. "After all," muses our contemporary, "it is much easier to be brilliant than to be nice, but we must express our regret that Mr. McKenna is not both."

Literature and Art

WHAT CONSTITUTES ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE?



WHEN Schopenhauer voiced his conviction that "everything has been thought, everything has been done, everything has been said, everything has been written," he expressed an ever-recurring human mood. To almost all there comes at times a sense of the futility of creative endeavor. "It is impossible," says Charles Barton Emmett, a recent writer, "that anything should now be original; for after the centuries upon centuries throughout which countless human brains have been scheming and contriving and inventing and discovering, there is probably nothing today that cannot be traced to something earlier."

The development of an idea, Mr. Emmett continues, may be new, but "the embryo, or the suggestion, is older than the hills." So generally is this recognized that many modern writers, especially in France, have given up in despair the attempt to create anything that is new in plot, in theme, or in subject-matter, and confine themselves to the cultivation of style as such, expending all their thought and talent to secure a more exquisite setting for the ideas that are no longer new, and simply studying to extract from language new harmonies, new cadences, and new combinations. "What we now call originality," Mr. Emmett contends, "is found not in what is itself quite new, but in that which produces on the mind the effect of the novel and the unexpected, that which was not looked for in a particular connection, or that which displays in a new light something which in itself was already quite familiar to us." The argument proceeds (in *The Scrap Book*, New York):

"A truth may be very old, and yet it may never have made upon our minds the least impression. We may have accepted it and never felt it. Then, all of a sudden, some person, either by an apt phrase, by an unexpected illustration, or by a curious and unusual application, brings it vividly before us in such a way that it will never afterward be forgotten or ignored. If he does this, he has done it by the exercise of originality, for to us at least he has given something that is practically, even if not actually, new."

This Mr. Emmett declares, is the secret of originality in literary work. He illustrates his point by citing the cases of Sir Walter Scott and Rudyard Kipling:

"The Highlands of Scotland, their people and their legends, were in a way sufficiently well known to Englishmen before Sir Walter Scott first wrote of them; but after he had written, they meant something to the world that they had never meant before, because they were suddenly illumined with a new light, in which they were seen to teem with poetry and romance.

"Most Englishmen knew India before Kipling wrote, but not as they know it now. The beast fable is older than Egypt, but it was only a veiled apology for a sermon or an aphorism, until Kipling wrote his *Jungle Books* and made us see in the beasts and reptiles not, on the one hand, beasts and reptiles only; nor, on the other hand, mere speaking personifications of various moral and mental qualities; but creatures in whom we may recognize, by the light of a great imagination, a curious kinship to ourselves. . . .

"What we all accept, therefore, as originality must be found, not in the discovery of new material, but rather in the way in which the old material is treated."

Mr. Emmett's arguments are reinforced in an article by Charles Leonard Moore in the *Chicago Dial*. To the questions, Is there ever anything new in literature? or do the same old waves rise and recede as the moon guides its retinue around the earth? Mr. Moore replies: "There is this—the individual spirit and gift of each new writer." He continues:

"In Goethe's 'Italian Journey' he describes how he was once taken at night, with a party of artists, to the Vatican, to see the statues by torchlight. He describes the wonderful effects of the flashing torches upon the marble figures—altering, contorting, making them alive. The great statues of humanity, the circling background of nature, always exist the same. But each one of us has a uniquely burning, differently colored torch, which we flash upon these permanent forms. As we choose, we can concentrate its light upon some noble head with serene brow and solemn eyes; or we can direct it upon the laboring limbs, or animal portions of the figure. We can let one statue stand out, while all the rest are swathed in darkness; or we can move our light rapidly about and set the whole

company in confused motion. We can reveal the central group of humanity, or we can illuminate the background of nature."

A third writer, in *Harper's Weekly*, offers the following advice to literary aspirants who are aiming at originality:

"'Emphasize the personal note.' Do not go to literature for more literature, but go inside of yourself and find out what kind of an impression this universe teeming with life has made on the sensitive plate of your own consciousness. There is a kind of blasphemy in discarding our personal vision and imitating whatsoever model. To reproach a writer for his choice of subject, his natural diction, his brutal candor or inborn subtlety, his chosen wanderings in the dim and vague, or his sharp, precise, recording senses, is to reproach the Creator for lifting men above the level of sheep, who one and all poke their noses through the same hole in the hedge because the bell-wether did so first.

"In reading a great number of magazine stories one emerges often feeling as if one had read over and over again the same thing with the slightest of changes in names, places, and gen-

eral paraphernalia. There appears and reappears the precocious child story, the love complication, the domestic service (of recent date) story, the slangy story, the dangerous adventure story, and the stories of friendship. But what one feels like calling out to the writers is: 'Can't you be just a little different? Can't you see something all the others haven't seen?' It was Flaubert who said to de Maupassant in those famous counsels of perfection for authors: 'Look at a tree until it appears to you just as it appears to every one else'—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, he was striving for here—but he continued: 'then look at it till you see what no man has ever seen before,' and this is the demand for the decoration of the individual spirit.

"Let the short story teller learn to see and reproduce something beautiful as he himself sees it, according to his personal temperament, and we have a worthy product. For literary craft is the power of re-creating, of making a miniature of the bit of the world seen and felt; the power to re-create is talent, or genius, as the case may be, and that story is best which with strongest individuality creates the most beautiful illusion."

THE REAL FACTS IN REGARD TO FITZGERALD AND "OMAR KHAYYAM"

NOTHING in the history of posthumous reputations," a great-niece of Edward FitzGerald, the poet-translator of "Omar Khayyam," has lately declared, "can be more extraordinary than the slow but persistent growth of **FitzGerald's, which now, in this year of the centenary of his birth, has almost reached the perilous dignity of a cult.**" The words occur in an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, and may fittingly serve to emphasize both the peculiar conditions under which the *Rubáiyát* passed into universal currency, and the great gulf that separates FitzGerald from the host of his latter-day admirers.

When he died, more than twenty-five years ago, his name was almost unknown. He had no expectation or desire of fame after his death. But he had been dead only a little while when it began to come to him. Tennyson wrote a poem in his honor; other voices followed; and in 1889 the "Letters and Literary Remains," issued by Dr. Aldis Wright, revealed a letter-writer of distinction and a poet of genius. All at once the *Rubáiyát*, which until then had been familiar only to the liter-

ary elect, became the sensation of the day. It was quoted and talked about everywhere. Its special devotees formed themselves into an Omar Khayyam club, dined and made speeches, planted Persian roses on their poet's grave, and generally behaved in a way that would surely have aroused the disdain, if not the indignation, of the solitary and scholarly FitzGerald. America was just as enthusiastic, perhaps a little more so, and soon Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, was heralding the new discovery in *The North American Review*. At the present time, more than fifty editions of "Omar" have been published.

Much of all this, a writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* comments, has not been very wisely or appropriately done. The writer continues:

"The scholar and the Bohemian, often so alike superficially, are essentially wide apart as the poles; and it is strange that FitzGerald, a scholar and an intellectual aristocrat, if there ever was one, should have had to bear so much noisy laudation from ecstatic Bohemians. It is the essence of scholarship to walk always in the great tradition; it is the essence of Bohemianism to be for ever making a dust by the attempt to

kick tradition out of the way. It is of the essence of aristocracy to practise an economy of the emotions; it is of the essence of Bohemianism to do both its laughing and its crying aloud and in the streets. FitzGerald was eccentric enough in externals, but no one who knew him ever forgot for a moment that he was most emphatically an English gentleman, with all the essential reserve and dignity of the part. The 'hidalgo' in him would have made him turn a very stiff back on the impertinences of gushing criticism or journalistic gossip; and one may be sure that many of the pilgrims who have made their way to the Little Grange in the last twenty years have been very fortunate in not finding its 'laird' at home. What would have happened if they had found him and got into talk with him about books is a pleasant subject of speculation. For, by some curious freak of fate, the loudest of his worshippers have constantly been recruited from what may be called the 'modernists' of the literary world, men, and especially women, who have nothing but impatient scorn for the education of the public schools and Universities, resent the authoritative yoke of the centuries and the classics, and lavish their loudest superlative at worst on some mere novelist of the hour, at best on some contemporary 'spirit of the age,' such as Ibsen, or Nietzsche, or D'Annunzio. Nothing in the whole world of intellect and taste could be less like FitzGerald, whose mind took its permanent shape at Cambridge, whose literary friends were all, or almost all, scholars of the University type, like Tennyson and Thompson, Cowell and Dr. Wright, whose studies lay almost entirely among the old classics, Greek or Roman, English or Spanish, or Persian, who was so ultra-conservative in his likings that he found even Browning and George Eliot too modern for him, who admitted, as he says, no poems into his paradise but 'such as breathe content and virtue.'"

Goethe, it is said, liked to think he wrote for girls, but he has turned out to be pre-eminently the poet of grown men. Schiller set himself to address readers of culture, and his centenary found him the poet of the governor and the school-room. Such is the perversity of fate. The lesson to be drawn, perhaps, is that the less a poet thinks about his literary fame, the less likely he is to be deceived; and certainly no one ever thought less than FitzGerald. But the fame remains, an outstanding fact, asking explanation. What is it that makes his birth at the English village of Bredfield in 1809 a memorable event now that a hundred years have passed? To this question the *Times* writer replies:

"The principal element in the memorability is, of course, the great version of Omar. Without

that FitzGerald would have died unknown; with it he was very slow in winning any general recognition.

"It had been printed a dozen years and more before his friend Carlyle so much as heard of it; and when he did he could still speak of its author with a sort of kindly condescension as a 'peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man' of an 'innocent *far-niente* life,' and note a letter of his as a connecting link between 'Omar, the Mahometan Blackguard, and Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan.' So little did he understand that he was writing of a poem that in thirty years would have more readers than any book of his own! Tennyson, who knew a poem when he saw one, could, indeed, not fail to declare that he knew 'no version done in English more divinely well.' But even he had no suspicion that the version was much more than a version, that FitzGerald had projected into the old Persian poet much that had never been his—had, in fact, projected himself, Edward FitzGerald, and more than himself, a great part of the mind of that generation of which he proved so intimate an interpreter, for all his air of standing aside from its doings altogether. It never struck Tennyson that the wistful agnosticism of Omar, always seeking an answer to the great riddle but never finding it, forced to acquiesce in its own ignorance, was as exactly the voice of a very large part of England in the eighties and nineties as his own 'In Memoriam,' an agnosticism that would not rest in negation but fought its way to an answer of faith, was of an equally large part of England in the fifties and sixties. But that was, of course, the real secret of the popular success the poem ultimately attained. People who knew nothing of literature, and could have no opinion as to whether verses were or were not made 'divinely well,' found in Omar their own doubts and fears and difficulties. The books that are widely read outside the narrow literary world are always those in which people find themselves. It is a commonplace that the author who wins immediate success is the man who says to perfection what everybody around is wishing to say but cannot.

"Such authors are not always the greatest. Milton and Wordsworth were not among them. They had in consequence to wait. But when a man of real power catches the very breath and spirit of his age, as Pope caught it in his pseudo-moral, popular-philosophic poems, as Scott caught it in the wisely-tempered romanticism of his novels, the success is instantaneous and overwhelming. FitzGerald's success was obviously less immediate and less universal. His 'Omar' was first printed in 1859, and it was almost thirty years later that it began to be a popular poem. But when its day came it so exactly fitted the needs of that generation that it lay for a time on every table and its stanzas were in every mouth."



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"THE WITCHES OF SAN MILLAN"

One of Zuloaga's latest and strongest canvases, painted in the key of Goya. The artist relates that the beldames screeched and fought in his studio when he posed them.

One curious result of the popularity of "Omar Khayyam" has been to convey a totally inaccurate idea of the life of the poet. The epicurean and sensualist side of Omar, tempered as it is in the poem by the spirit of serious preoccupation with the greatest questions, has yet fixed itself somehow in the popular mind and attached itself to FitzGerald. People of the esthetic and hedonist sort have claimed him as a kind of patron saint. Now nothing, in the opinion of the *Times* writer, could be more beside the mark.

"His name ought to be cleared of all that. No one was ever less of the luxurious hedonist than Edward FitzGerald. All his life he lived simply, almost barely, not laborious days certainly, but at any rate days that utterly scorned the delights that are dear to the hedonist. He was so unworldly about money that he could take no further interest in his marrying friends when he found that they were to be so rich as to have £500 a year! He made his home deliberately in such very unhedonistic spots as Boulge and Woodbridge. If anybody is inclined to confuse the life of leisure with that of luxury, let him read FitzGerald's letters. Let him see a way of living that reduces necessities to the minimum

and gives the time and money gained by their suppression to friendship and affection, to nature and books, to quiet solitude and meditation. It is not a life every one could live, but the reason of that is much more often that people are below it than that they are above it. He called it himself a life of 'visionary activity,' and the visionary quality in it that made the power of the poet or the charm and distinction of the man, was only made possible by the inactivity. He took no pride in the one or the other, and paid all honor to the 'useful and virtuous activity' of others; but he came to see that his part was not that, but to stand and wait and judge. In his early years he might be vexed at seeing others pass him, 'but now,' as he wrote to Cowell in his later years, 'I am glad to see any man doing well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within my self whether it is done well.' Does it ever strike people in these days, when everybody wants to write, that the reader plays an important part, too, and that there is nothing ignoble in accepting it? Good books cannot do their work without good readers, and many people might be good readers who are now indifferent writers. Anyhow, FitzGerald was not above accepting that part, and it led in his case to writing, and writing well, that was almost an accident and one to which he himself attached no importance. The part for which he cast himself was that of spectator. And his instinct was a sound one. His leisureliness is the root of what is finest in his writing and most lovable in his life. He is the wise and kindly looker-on in an age when hardly any one gives himself time to look about him."

FitzGerald has been characterized as "a Hamlet of literature"—one who felt to the full the sense of mystery and wonder and beauty, yet was unable to dedicate himself to the creative life, from lack of a certain vitality, and from an unhappy capacity of seeing both sides of a question. This view, however, now appeals as little to American as to English critics. "For our part," says the *New York Evening Post*, "we prefer to regard him simply as a philosopher, and to place him in the great company of sages and saints who have deliberately turned their eyes away from what seemed to them the world's folly."

ZULOAGA, A NEW WIZARD OF THE BRUSH

THE remarkable exhibition of paintings by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, which in the short space of four weeks attracted to the Hispanic Museum in New York 150,000 appreciative visitors, has been followed by a display of some forty canvases by another Spaniard, Ignacio Zuloaga. The new arrival, while of wide European reputation (see article, "The Greatest Spanish Painter Since Velasquez" in *CURRENT LITERATURE* for August, 1906), has been as little known in this country as Sorolla. He is seven years younger than Sorolla, and a Parisian by adoption. By competent critics he is ranked above Sorolla, but the American public is hardly likely to indorse this verdict.

The quality in Sorolla's work that attracted was its radiant health, its flashing sunlight. Zuloaga, on the other hand, is sombre, subtle and psychological. In Paris they say that Sorolla paints too fast and too much and that Zuloaga is too lazy to paint. "Half truths, these," Mr. James Huneker retorts. He continues (in the *New York Sun*):

"The younger man is more deliberate in his methods. He composes more elaborately, executes at a slower gait. He resents the imputation of realism. The fire and fury of Sorolla are not his, but he selects, weighs, analyzes, reconstructs—in a word, he composes and does not improvise. He is nevertheless a realist—a verist, as he prefers to be called. He is not cosmopolitan, and Sorolla is. The types of boys and girls racing along the beaches of watering places which Sorolla paints are cosmopolitan. The passionate vivacity and the blinding sunshine are not qualities that appeal to Zuloaga. He portrays darkest—let us rather say greenest, brownest Spain. The Basque in him is the strongest strain. He is artistically a lineal descendant of El Greco, Velasquez, Goya; and the map of his memory has been traversed by Manet. He is more racial, more truly Spanish, than any painter since Goya.

The demerits of literary comparisons are obvious, yet we dare to think of Sorolla and Zuloaga as we should of Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire. In one is the clear day flame of impersonality; the other is all personality, given to nocturnal moods, to diabolism and perversities, cruelties and fierce voluptuousness. Sorolla is pagan; Gothic is Zuloaga, a Goth of modern Spain."

Zuloaga is now thirty-nine years old, and his life is as interesting as his paintings. No artist in our time has struggled more manfully for self-expression or has won more

legitimately. At first everything seemed against him. He was compelled, at different times, to renounce art altogether, to become a book-keeper, an art-dealer, even a bull-fighter! But he would not admit defeat and he finally triumphed.

Christian Brinton, whose essay in "Modern Artists"* is the most valuable and exhaustive study of Zuloaga that has yet appeared in America, contributes a summary of the artist's career to the catalog of the new exhibition. It appears that Zuloaga was born at Eibar, in the heart of the Basque country, on the slopes of the Pyrenees. His father was the foremost chiseler, armorer and decorator of his day. Young Ignacio gave evidences of his artistic talent at a very early age, but his parents desired that the boy should embrace a lucrative profession. Accordingly Ignacio was placed in the workshop to learn, as a long line of ancestors before him had done, the intricate secrets of ornamental metal-



A BULL-FIGHTER WHO HAS BECOME A PAINTER

Ignacio Zuloaga, whose paintings are now being exhibited in America, was at one time compelled to earn his living in the bull-ring as a toreador.

*MODERN ARTISTS. By Christian Brinton. The Baker & Taylor Company.



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"PAULETTE"

A study by Zuloaga in green and pink. Paulette is a *danseuse*, and the artist conveys most skillfully a sense of suspended motion as she concludes her dance.

work. He might have remained at Eibar indefinitely had it not been for a chance visit to Madrid, where he saw for the first time the incomparable masterpieces of the Prado. The boy's artistic ambition now became a dominating passion.

At the age of eighteen he was reluctantly permitted to depart for Rome. His Italian journey, however, like that of Sorolla, proved a disappointment, and he soon turned his steps to Paris. There he suffered all the torments of the struggling artist. His initial attempts were marked by immaturity and conflicting ideals. He did not see clearly what he wanted to do.

It was not until his return to Spain, in 1895, that he began to "find" himself, in any real sense. He lived in Seville and saw his native country with new eyes. The artistic fruitage of this period was rich and refined, but it won no wide recognition. In order to make a living, he had to go into the business of dealer in antiques and appraiser of *objets d'art*. Then he accepted a position as book-keeper for a mining company. At last, like many another of his courageous, clean-limbed countrymen, he entered the bull-ring as a toreador.

This proved to be the turning-point in his career. One of the pictures suggested by his experience in the ring, "Before the Bull Fight," won a gold medal in Barcelona in 1898. The following year he was equally fortunate with a triple portrait of "Daniel Zuloaga and His Daughters," which was acclaimed at the Paris Salon, and purchased by the Luxembourg.

Even yet, however, his battle was not entirely won. He suffered the humiliation of having his prize picture, "Before the Bull Fight," rejected by the Spanish judges at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It was one more instance of the prophet not without honor save in his own country. Zuloaga did not have to wait long, however, for his vindication. The slight

inflicted upon him by his countrymen was more than offset by the triumphant reception of the rejected picture in Brussels and its purchase by the Brussels Museum.

Altho Spain has remained somewhat hostile to Zuloaga, he has, during the past few seasons, exhibited with unvarying success in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna, Venice and London. At the Düsseldorf Exhibition of 1904 he was awarded the distinction accorded only to Menzel, Rodin and himself, of being assigned a special room where eighteen representative canvases were placed on view. "Scores of public and private museums throughout Europe," Mr. Brin-

ton declares, "possess pictures from this fertile brush, and there are at the present moment few living artists whose productions are more sought after or which command higher figures than those of this painter, who has not yet reached the age of forty and who, barely a dozen years ago, was unable to boast a single patron or purchaser."

The distinguishing quality of Zuloaga's art, Mr. Brinton continues, is an abundant racial flavor. "Always regional, always topical, there is about these paintings an ethnographic fidelity which is unmistakable." To quote further:

"There is no ill-digested cosmopolitanism here; this art not only speaks Spanish, as it were, but has mastered idiom and dialect as well. Not only is the nationality of these sitters at once apparent, it is also possible to tell at a glance from what province they come and to what particular social stratum they belong. In Zuloaga's canvases can be studied as nowhere save from the originals themselves those deep-rooted racial factors which have molded into distinct types the seductive Andalusian, the aggressive Basque, the haughty Castilian, or the languorous and passionate Sergovian. The art of Zuloaga, like that of his great predecessors, is an art which is based upon observation, which is founded not upon vague esthetic formulæ but upon the definite aspect of the world external. Like the solemn, disdainful Velázquez, Zuloaga cares for little besides truth and a compelling manipulative mastery. His work is never complicated by abstract ideas. He never forsakes the realm of actuality or of highly specialized feeling. And yet, while this art takes its material direct from life, it is itself by no means an abjectly realistic reflection of life. Contrary to his more prompt and explicit Valencian contemporary Sorolla, the painter of Eibar composes his pictures with consistent deliberation. Always sensitive to the efficacy of a well-balanced design, he detests everything which suggests a servile copy of nature. There is nothing instantaneous in the entire gamut of Zuloaga's art. He arranges each canvas with an eye for dramatic climax, using landscape and other accessories merely to heighten and enforce the desired impression. He is a realist only in so far as reality coincides with his conception of the



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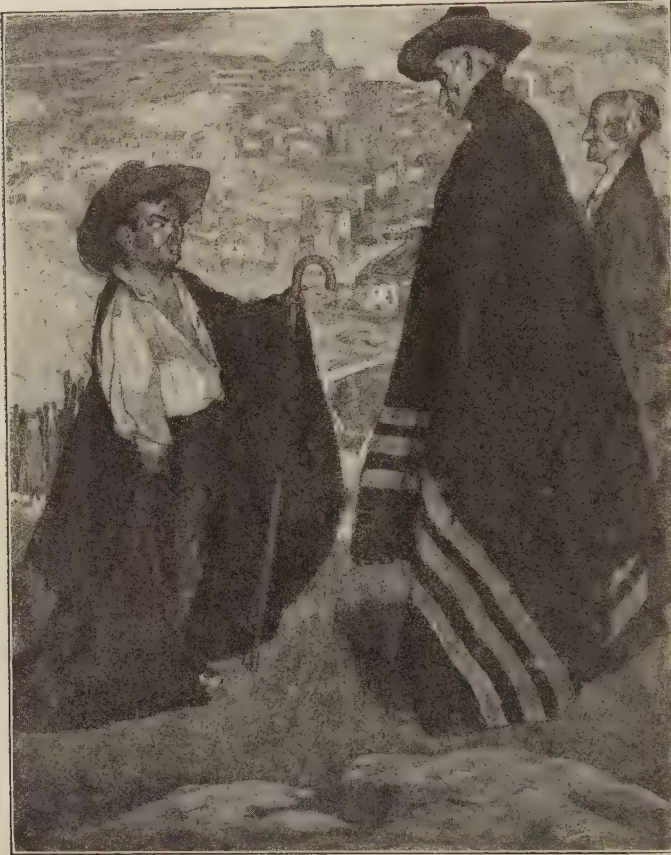
"THE HERMIT"
(By Ignacio Zuloaga)

A painting remarkable for its dignity and simplicity

task in hand. In the treatment of single figure or of larger schemes Zuloaga displays the same fullness of vision and completeness of suggestion.

The favorite subjects of Zuloaga's brush are popular types, unspoiled by modernism. In his quest of congenial models he is indefatigable. To furthest outlying districts he journeys, sometimes in an automobile, accompanied by his friend, the great sculptor Rodin. Much of his painting he has done in the nave of an ancient church at Segovia. "He will haunt for hours," Mr. Brinton tells us, "a fiesta on the outskirts of some provincial town, or hasten away to the mountains, passing months at a time with smugglers and muleteers, with the superstitious fanatics of Anso in the extreme north of Aragon or with the monkish cutthroats of Las Baluecas, a little village on the southern boundary line of Salamanca."

His treatment of women is thoroly distinctive. "He knows intimately the *majas* and *gitanas* of the Sevillian Triana, and naturally they, too, figure in his work with their mouths



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"THE DWARF GREGORIO"

"As a painter of dwarfs," says James Huneker, "Zuloaga has not been surpassed by anyone but Velasquez. His 'Gregorio,' the monster with the huge head, the sickening, livid, globular eye, the comical pose . . . palpitates with reality."

red as open wounds, their glistening, carnivorous teeth, their avid glances, and insinuating gait. . . . As he grows more and more familiar with these creatures his accent becomes more pronounced. The infectious and somewhat ingenuous coquetry of 'Lola la Gitana,' now in the Marcel collection in Paris, blends into a more insistent artifice with 'Pastorita.' . . . He has frankly no equal in depicting these wilful, unredeemed creatures whose badges are a thick coating of rice powder and a saffron-hued mantilla, and who ever lie in wait for the weak or the unwary, yet who never found their true interpreter until Zuloaga rendered them in all their flaunting, instinctive character."

Still another territory conquered by this restless seeker after local color is the shabby, shifty kingdom of laconic dwarfs, ragged mendicants, bronzed water-carriers and

itinerant venders, so characteristic of Spain. In this connection Mr. Brinton writes:

"He is as much at home in the province of the picaresque as anywhere else, for it is a world which has been peculiarly dear to Iberian author and artist since the author of *Lazarillo* and *rillo*. For anything comparable to the early portrait of 'The Dwarf of Eibar, Don Pedro,' to 'Los Bebedores' of the National Gallery of Berlin, or to the sun-tanned and doubtless salacious interlocutor in 'A Smart Retort,' it is, however, necessary to go straight to Velasquez. It is the painter of the 'Topers' of the Prado and kindred compositions, not the softly affable Murillo who could, when he wished, reveal a like fund of sardonic strength and stark brutality of statement."

To this should be added the tribute of Henry Tyrrell, in the *New York World*:

"Zuloaga was not a bull fighter for nothing. He learned to use his eyes unerringly and to thrust his pencil, like a sharp sword, straight home to the heart of fierce, proud, passionate, splendid and savage old Spain. The Spaniards themselves know this and distrust him. . . . The *Sorcières* of San Millan—half a dozen hideous, old, evil-eyed, fortune-telling

witches or philtre-vendors, represent what some critics are pleased to call the 'diabolic' tendency of Zuloaga's later inspirations.

"Maybe so. They are all, certainly, devilishly interesting. They take a strong hold upon you thru the imagination—not thru the superficial senses, as Sorolla's unpremeditated sunbursts did. Everything of Zuloaga's is a composition—a remembered dream, carefully thought out, reduced to its simplest terms and then visualized on canvas with the most intense earnestness.

"What is the use of gainsaying it? The art of Zuloaga, whether we easily 'like' it or not, turns for our eager eyes page after page of that enchanting, legendary volume, *Old Spain*—the parched and sunburnt land, with its gypsies and grandees, its girls of the languorous fiery glances, the wild rhythm music and pungent perfumery, that sense of a fierce, voluptuous, terrible intensity of living, which, as Maurice Barres justly says, is the limit of what man's nervous system can be keyed up to enjoy."

THE VISION OF WILLIAM MORRIS

T IS now thirteen years since the body of William Morris was borne in an open hay-wagon to its last resting place in the village church-yard at Kelmscott, on the upper reaches of the Thames. During the period that has elapsed, his name and fame have gone to the ends of the earth. Two pretentious biographies and a small library of lesser studies have been devoted to his career. His claim on posterity has proved to be threefold. He was, first of all, a poet of genius. His authorship of "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung" would alone ensure his lasting reputation. He was, secondly, a decorative artist without equal in modern times. He left his impress on every department of craftsmanship. Finally, he was a great pioneer of the Socialist movement, which since his death has grown by leaps and bounds. To this day his lion-head may be found beside that of Karl Marx in workmen's clubs and Socialist lecture-halls all over the world.

Three new books on William Morris bear witness to the enduring interest in his work. The first¹ is by Alfred Noyes, the brilliant young English poet. The second² is by Holbrook Jackson, a friend of Bernard Shaw's and one of the Socialist "intellectuals." The third³ is from the pen of John Spargo, the well-known Socialist writer and lecturer, now resident in this country.

Alfred Noyes's emphasis is on Morris the poet. "The essential factor," he tells us, "in all the branches of Morris's activity was undoubtedly the poetic spirit in him. In all things he was a poet—in words, in tapestry, in Socialism." Mr. Noyes has much to say of Morris's earlier poetry, "The Defense of Guenevere" and "The Life and Death of Jason," but he devotes himself chiefly to "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung."

"The Earthly Paradise" is a tale of how, in the Middle Ages, certain adventurers of Norse, Germanic and Breton origin took ship from a land stricken with the Black Death and sailed across the Atlantic in search of a haven where they might find eternal youth and escape from death. They find, instead,

a city with marble palaces and temples inhabited by descendants of early Greek voyagers who had settled there in despair of ever seeing their native land again, and have preserved in their purity the living traditions of ancient Greece. The mediæval voyagers tell the story of their quest, with naïve pathos, to the elders of the Greek city. They are received with pity and love, as messengers from the outside world, and Greeks and Northern travelers are soon exchanging confidences and regaling one another with stories, after the fashion of the Canterbury Pilgrims or the dwellers in the garden of Boccaccio. The first story told, by the Greek high-priest, is of "Atalanta's Race." This is followed by a Norseman's tale of "The Man Born to be King"; and the scheme is carried out through all the months of the year until twelve stories have been told by the Greeks and twelve by the men from the North. One of the recitals, "The Lovers of Gudrun," is of surpassing beauty. Swinburne regards it as decidedly the finest of all Morris's poems. "The Earthly Paradise," as a whole, is ranked by Mr. Noyes as "Morris's most complete and representative achievement." He goes on to say:

"Morris's other works, beautiful as they may be, are not strong enough to stand by themselves; but 'The Earthly Paradise' does stand by itself, like an independent literature, in a world and an atmosphere of its own. One can almost conceive it to have been indeed the work of some strange Greek nation in an unknown sea rather than the work of one man, and one can picture it surviving the wreck of many languages and literatures as the 'Arabian Nights' and one or two collections of fairy tales will survive, with perhaps the work of half-a-dozen individual poets.

"The whole effect of it is that of an immortal palace of art, down whose quiet golden corridors, hung with unchanging tapestries and eternal dreams, perpetually passes a pageant of human pleasures and pains and fears. Iceland may forget Gudrun; but her arms are stretched out for ever towards Herdholt. Troy may not remember Helen; but the sky here does not change over the cast-back golden head of the dead Paris.

"All around these immortal figures the human cloud-rack is changing and dissolving and passing away, in contrast. We see the momentary gleam of lovers' eyes and the secret clasp of their hands as they pause for a moment to look; and the brief sweetness of real life and the beauty of the deathless dreams minister to one another."

¹WILLIAM MORRIS. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

²WILLIAM MORRIS, CRAFTSMAN-SOCIALIST. By Holbrook Jackson. London: A. C. Fifield.

³THE SOCIALISM OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By John Spargo. Westwood, Mass.: The Ariel Press.

With the publication in 1876 of "Sigurd the Volsung," a poem based on the Northern sagas, William Morris himself believed that he had reached the highest point in his achievement. "Sigurd" has been described as the greatest epic of the nineteenth century; but "that may well be true," Mr. Noyes remarks, "without any necessity for ranking it above so complete an expression of Morris's genius as 'The Earthly Paradise.'" Yet Mr. Noyes confesses to moments of enthusiasm when he feels like saying, with a sort of wild personal hope for our own age, that "Sigurd" is a far greater epic than "Paradise Lost," that it ranks with the "Odyssey." He continues:

"Never once through its hundreds of pages does it become monotonous; and there are subtle variations in the rhythmic beat which, tho the comparison would have been odious to Morris himself, we can only say remind one of the curious thrill which one experienced in hearing certain passages of Wagner for the first time. With Morris's objections to the opera and his horror of a sandy-haired German tenor tweedledeeing in the character of Sigurd it is possible to sympathize, and yet affirm as a compliment that his treatment of meter in this poem is something akin to Wagner's innovations in music. The long overlapping lines, the unending sea of song swelling and dying and surging again, like the wind in some mighty primeval pine-wood, touching us with sudden suggestions or wakening ancestral memories of billowing green and singing-birds and keen Northern scents, joyously shattered here and there by the golden echo of huntsmen's horns or the clash of battle, or barbarously torn by the savage jungle-cries of the elemental passions, these qualities of the music of the poem irresistibly remind us of some of Wagner's greatest work. It is the nearest approach in our literature to that free music the dream of which has lured so many into mere chaos and formlessness or imitation of Whitman."

Alfred Noyes's interpretation of his subject from a purely literary point of view is admirably supplemented by the studies of Holbrook Jackson and Spargo. Mr. Jackson chooses to emphasize Morris's gifts as a craftsman and Socialist. "The position occupied by William Morris among the great men of the last century," he says, "was that of one who accepted the intimation of an inner vision of beauty and used it as a challenge to the triumphant ugliness of the day." By that vision he threw down the gage, and ever afterwards waged a kind of holy war in behalf of joy and beauty. He felt as a personal degradation the drab squalor of Eng-

lish factory towns and the dullness of the lives led by their vast populations, and he strove to show that it was possible for men to work happily together and to make the products of their hands both seemly and useful. The war he waged was not a war of destruction. He sought to vanquish a sordid and ugly world only that he might build up a beautiful and generous one.

William Morris, says Mr. Jackson, was Ruskin in practice. "He never claimed originality for his ideas, and was never weary of owning John Ruskin as his master." To quote further:

"Rarely has human being possessed the ability of expression in so many forms. He will be remembered as the motive force behind a number of activities, each of which gained in power and beauty by association with the magic of his personality. But altho his work was in many forms it represented a decided and homogeneous whole, closely and intimately related with his ideals of a new social order. Without this organic relationship between his art and his ideas, those beautiful productions which bear the mark of his genius are no more than the objects of any fashion of a moment. Whether as weaver or decorator, printer or painter, his work is a constant and deliberate protest against cheapness, and an assertion of the principle of production for use against the prevalent one of production for profit. It is an appeal to society to take up the half-forgotten traditions of the pre-commercial age, to go back for its ideals to an age which was interested in what it made, not because of any monetary profit that might accrue therefrom, but because it desired what it produced for its own use and took a sane joy in the effort of making things that were to be a part of its daily life.

"The avowed aim of Morris as a craftsman was to apply and amplify the principles of art laid down by Ruskin in the chapter of 'The Stones of Venice' called 'The Nature of Gothic.' He considered that essay one of the most important of its author's works, and 'one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century.' The essence of its teaching was the principle that art is the expression of man's joy in his work. At the same time the theories of Morris were not entirely derived from Ruskin; he was derivative only in the sense of having been awakened to the main bent of his genius by the teachings of Ruskin. There was an affinity between the two men which was, quite naturally, first revealed by the elder. This affinity was almost complete, but it broke down in one essential. Morris, 'born out of his due time,' as he cried, child of the Middle Ages, as he undoubtedly was, was yet never so consistent a Mediaevalist as Ruskin. He would go back to the Middle Ages with him for the lost traditions of art,



"DREAMER OF DREAMS BORN OUT OF MY DUE TIME"

So William Morris characterized himself. But his "dreams," as expressed in his poetry, his art and his Socialist writings, have gone to the ends of the earth, and have influenced the whole life of our time.

but beyond that his medievalism did not go. Ruskin's love of even the best days of Feudalism did not convince Morris of the desirability of their revival. The traditions of art lay in the past, but the traditions of society in the future. Ruskin called himself a Tory of the old type; Morris was a Socialist."

The criticism has often been made that Morris's literary product deteriorated after he became a Socialist, but this Mr. Spargo vigorously denies. "I venture to make the claim," he says, "that the whole of Morris's marvelous output contains nothing finer than the best of his Socialist writings in prose and verse." Proceeding to speak of "The Pilgrims of Hope," a narrative poem with a Socialistic theme that ran through many issues of Morris's Socialist paper, *The Commonwealth*, Mr. Spargo declares:

"There are prosy passages more than a few in 'The Pilgrims of Hope,' just as there are prosy interludes in 'The Earthly Paradise,' but there are also passages of wonderful charm and beauty, passages equal to anything he ever wrote. This, from 'The Message of the March Wind,' seems to me to be as perfect in its way as anything Morris ever penned:

Fair now is the springtide, now earth lies be-
holding,

With the eyes of a lover the face of the sun;
Long lasteth the daylight, and hope is enfolding
The green-growing acres with increase begun.

Now sweet, sweet it is through the land to be
straying

'Mid the birds and the blossoms and the beasts
of the field;

Love mingles with love and no evil is weighing
On thy heart or mine, where all sorrow is
healed.

From township to township, o'er down and by
tillage

Fair, far have we wandered as long as the day,
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,
Where o'er the grey wall the church riseth
grey.

There is wind in the twilight; in the white road
before us,

The straw from the ox-yard is blowing about;
The moon's rim is rising, a star glitters o'er us,
And the vane on the spire-top is swinging in
doubt.

Down there dips the highway, toward the bridge
crossing over

The brook that runs on to the Thames and the
sea.

Draw closer, my sweet, we are lover and lover;
This eve thou art given to gladness and me.

"If it be objected that the selection from which these stanzas are taken is not a fair test of the matter we are discussing; that, altho appearing in a Socialist journal and written when Socialism was the dominant influence in the poet's life, it is still not a Socialist poem, but a picture of rare beauty and a love-song more justly to be classed with that little duet of almost incomparable sweetness and purity in 'Ogier the Dane' with its refrain

Kiss me, love, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

I cheerfully admit the point and turn elsewhere for illustration. Where, in any of Morris's poems, is there sweeter, purer, more inspiring verse than in the song, 'All for the Cause,' so often heard at Socialist meetings?—

Ah, it may be! oft meseemeth, in the days that
yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth
of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the
sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for
all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bit-
ter days of old;
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the
curse of gold;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn
thought of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then
shall be the brave and wise;

There amidst the world new-built shall our
earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale
of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we
gain or what we lose?

Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the cause
for each shall choose."

Socialism undoubtedly betrayed Morris into a good deal of slipshod journalism, but so far from marring his literary genius, Mr. Spargo contends, it "brought into his work the glory of a more passionate inspiration and the force of a definite faith. After all," he concludes, "it is idle to attempt to separate the art of Morris from his Socialism: they were interdependent, parts of one glorious inspiring whole."

THE MANUFACTURED LOVE-STORY OF ROUSSEAU AND MADAME DE WARENS



ACTS and documents lately discovered go to show, almost conclusively, that one of the most famous love stories in the history of the world—the affair between Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens at Les Charmettes—is in large part a fabrication. The evidence has been collected by French scholars, and is presented by Francis Gribble, a well-known English writer, in his new book, “Rousseau and the Women He Loved.”*

Rousseau, as everybody knows, was incurably romantic. Throughout his life-time he was obsessed by idealistic visions. His sociological work, “*Le Contrat Social*,” which helped to bring on the French Revolution; his educational theories, as expressed in “*Emile*”; his glorification of love in “*La Nouvelle Héloïse*,” were all expressions of this idealism. And behind the books was the man Rousseau, who sought romantic experience and then hungered for more. He felt that the highest romance had been denied him. He saw himself, in his declining years, a prey to painful maladies, approaching the end of his career without having fully tasted the pleasures he craved, without ever having given full play to the intensity latent within him.

Fame, indeed, crowned him beyond his wildest expectations. But the dream of his youth had been not of fame but of romance. Philosophy had been nothing to him then. He became a philosopher almost by accident—almost in spite of himself, philosophizing with his heart rather than with his head.

All through the “*Confessions*” of Rousseau the “heart-interest” is predominant. His autobiography is a monument to the women he loved. But discerning readers are bound to find in it a story of progressive disillusionment. There was Madame de Warens, his first love, who took pity on him as a vagabond lad and gave him the shelter of her house. She was old enough to be his mother. He shared her favors along with her steward, and was finally supplanted by a journeyman barber. There was a Madame de Mably, who snubbed him cruelly, and a certain Suzanne Serre, who preferred to marry a young tradesman. There was Madame Dupin, to

whose husband he wrote acknowledging her “visible disgust for me.” There were Venetian courtesans who advised him to “leave the ladies alone and study mathematics instead.” There was Madame d’Epinay, who almost had to turn him out of the “hermitage” she had lent to him for a while. Finally there was the Comtesse d’Houdetôt, whom he tried desperately to entice from her allegiance to another man. Jean-Jacques’s one real conquest was a peasant woman, Thérèse le Vasseur, the mother of children whom he discarded. He went through a kind of marriage ceremony with her before he died, but even she betrayed him for the affections of a groom.

The record is far from cheerful, and it is hardly a matter for wonder that Rousseau, as he looked back over it, found it painfully unsatisfactory. Nothing in his experience had measured up to his dream; nothing had fulfilled his ideal. “Both George Sand and Madame de Staël,” Mr. Gribble says, “could look back upon a golden age of however brief duration, in which love had indeed yielded all that could be asked from it. Jean-Jacques could not. Women had sometimes helped him to succeed in life; women had sometimes thrown themselves at his head. He had played the rôle of Adonis in the arms of Venus and of Joseph in the house of Potiphar; he had also bought the love that was for sale in the houses of ill-fame, and had waxed sentimental over the bargain. But nothing had come of it all. It was not merely that he had tired of the women, or that the women had tired of him. It was rather that he had never succeeded in lifting intrigue to the level of romance.”

As he began, toward the close of his life, to write his “*Confessions*,” he felt the need of some memory on which his mind could dwell with luxurious regret. He lived over in his own imagination, and determined to preserve for posterity, the love-romance that had come the nearest to affording him actual happiness—his romance with Madame de Warens at Les Charmettes. He let his fancy manipulate old recollection until he was half persuaded that things had really happened as he dreamed—“a curious anticipation in the realm of sentiment,” so Mr. Gribble suggests, “of George IV’s delusion that he had charged with the Guards at Waterloo.”

*ROUSSEAU AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED. By Francis Gribble. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

The idyll of Les Charmettes is the result. No other episode in Rousseau's life is so well known as this. It is conceived and embellished with the artistic touches of a master. All of Rousseau's biographers dwell on it with emotion, eloquence and enthusiasm, uncritically accepting the sentimental version of the facts.

Everybody knows Les Charmettes from pictures and Jean-Jacques's descriptions. It was—and still is—a white farm-house not far from Chambéry in the province of Savoy, with a red roof and green shutters, surrounded by a garden arranged in terraces and containing bee-hives and a dove-cote. Adjacent and forming a part of the property were a small vineyard, an orchard, a group of chestnut trees, and a plot of meadow land. Cows, sheep and chickens completed the Arcadian ensemble. To this quiet spot Madame de Warens and Jean-Jacques repaired for the sake of the *solitude-à-deux*. "Here," he tells us, "the brief happiness of my life began, those peaceful and rapid moments which have given me a right to say, 'I have lived.'" He proceeds to relate in detail the manner of his daily life.

He rose, he says, every morning before dawn, and walked along a road that skirted a hill-side, saying his prayers as he went. Returning from his walk, he approached the house to see if Madame de Warens was awake, and the moment her shutters drew back he hastened to embrace her.

They breakfasted together and chattered for an hour or so, and then Jean-Jacques sat at his books until mid-day. In the interval before dinner he visited the pigeons and bees. After dinner, when the weather permitted, they took their coffee in an arbor. A little later, study was resumed, tho sometimes varied with the outdoor work of the farm; and in the evening Jean-Jacques was in the garden again, astonishing his simple neighbors by taking astronomical observations.

This was the ordinary round, but there were also holidays and picnics. They wandered together far over the hills. One beautiful day they dined in a peasant's chalet, and after the meal lit a fire out of doors and partook of their coffee in the shade of a chestnut tree. Jean-Jacques was so happy that he embraced his friend "in a melting transport of tenderness," and cried: "This day of delight has long been promised to me and I do not look beyond it. Thanks to you, my happiness has reached its zenith. May it never decline! May it last as long as I



A MASTER OF ILLUSIONS

"Jean-Jacques Rousseau," the French critic, Jules Lemaitre, has said, "is always a poet, a romancer, a temperament of the same order as a Byron, a Leopardi, or a Musset. . . . He was pre-eminently, among illustrious writers, a creature of nerves, of weakness, of passion, of sin, of suffering, and of dreams."

continue to desire it. In that case, it will only cease with my death."

Nor was it only at such supreme moments that Jean-Jacques was ravished with delight. He was happy, he assures us, at all seasons:

"I rose at sunrise and was happy; I went for a walk and was happy; I saw her and was happy; I left her and was happy. I wandered through the woods, and on the hill-sides, and in the valleys. I read and I was idle. I worked in the garden, I gathered the fruit, I helped in the house, and wherever I went happiness followed me. It was happiness the seat of which was in my own mind, and it never deserted me for an instant."

Such is the idyll, as Mr. Gribble describes it. It has passed into universal currency. Whole books have been written about it. The scene of it is a place of sentimental pilgrimage, preserved as an historical monument at the public cost. Among the pilgrims whose names and sentiments are to be found in the visitors' book are Lamartine, Berlioz, Louise Michel, Stendhal, Saint-Saens, Octave Mirbeau and Maurice Barrès. Arthur Young,

long before any of these, had "viewed it with a degree of melancholy"; and Lord Morley has pictured the house "brooding in forlorn isolation like some life-wearied grey-beard over ancient and sorrow-stricken memories," and felt it stirring "those inmost vibrations which in truth make up all the short divine part of a man's life."

It seems a pity, almost a shame, Mr. Gribble declares, to destroy a legend consecrated by so many tributes of eloquence. But the truth is sacred, and well authenticated facts, he holds, make it clear that nothing of the kind narrated by Rousseau actually took place.

In the first place, the dates are wrong. Madame de Warens took possession of Les Charmettes, not in the summer of 1736, as the "Confessions" allege, but two years later. The lease has been discovered. "And in the meantime," Mr. Gribble tells us, "things had happened—things which Jean-Jacques wrongly represents as having been posterior to the settlement at Les Charmettes." Nor is his error merely of chronological significance. It was at this moment, and not later, as he intimates, that the journeyman barber Wintzinried arrived, whom he describes as "big, blond, insipid, with a flat face and a flat mind," and who was destined to become his rival and successor in Madame de Warens's affections. It is now certain, Mr. Gribble affirms, that Jean-Jacques walked out of the house almost as soon as Wintzinried entered it, and this not only before the sojourn at Les Charmettes took place, but before there was any talk of it.

This view is confirmed by a careful reading of Rousseau's own letters. They indicate unmistakably that matters were no longer on the old footing. Reproaches are mingled in them with expressions of affection. Jean-Jacques was absent for weeks at a time. After one of these periods of absence he returned, half-distraught, to find Madame de Warens in company with Wintzinried. He realized that his place was taken. The incident is described vividly in the "Confessions," and the impression there conveyed is that Jean-Jacques was overwhelmed with surprise and indignation by the new turn things had taken. "But it is not true," Mr. Gribble asserts, "that the presence of Wintzinried took Jean-Jacques by surprise; and it is not true, as the date of the lease has shown us, that the meeting took place at Les Charmettes as the dramatic culmination of an idyllic *solitude-à-deux*. It took place at Chambéry before the

removal to Les Charmettes; and the Les Charmettes story—that pastoral interlude on which Jean-Jacques and all his biographers have dwelt with poetical eloquence and loving and sympathetic enthusiasm—needs to be re-written in the hard, dry light of this discovery." Mr. Gribble pursues the investigation relentlessly:

"The details—some of them, and perhaps even a good many of them—may be true, and certainly cannot be disproved. It is credible enough that Jean-Jacques tamed the pigeons—that he said his prayers out of doors—that he drank his coffee in a summer-house—that the country people took him for a sorcerer when they saw him studying the constellations with the help of his planisphere. We need not throw any doubt upon the list of books which he tells us that he read: the 'Port Royal Logic,' Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' the works of Virgil, Leibnitz, Malebranche, and Descartes, and Banchieri's 'Cartella per Musica.' All this may stand. What we have to sacrifice is not the little points of fact but the pervading sentiment which was thought to color the facts and clothe them with beauty and poetry.

"For it is not true that Jean-Jacques and Madame de Warrens were lovers who fled from the world to be alone together. It is not even true that Les Charmettes was taken for Jean-Jacques's benefit, because he was ill and Madame de Warens, watching him with anxious, affectionate eyes, decided that he needed country air. It is not even true that he was consulted as to the removal to Les Charmettes, or probable that he was intended to reside there. The negotiations for the hiring of the country house were conducted while he was in the South of France; and Madame de Warens did her best to prevent him from returning. A greater than Jean-Jacques had arisen. His place was taken. The period during which, according to the 'Confessions,' his happiness was supreme and unalloyed was also the period during which the blond and burly barber with the flat face and the flat mind was preferred to him. The romance at Les Charmettes was, from beginning to end, the romance of a man who had accepted that extraordinary situation."

Thus one more of the world's illusions is dissipated, and we understand what Jules Lemaitre meant when he said in his lectures in Paris two years ago that "deceit is the soul of three-quarters of the literary products of Jean-Jacques." It is not likely that the streams of sentimental pilgrims who visit Les Charmettes every year will be deflected by the new revelations. But henceforth they will have to realize that the little farm house is the scene of one of the greatest love-stories of literature, not of history.

Religion and Ethics

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ADVANTAGES OF SUPERSTITION

OT a few social institutions which civilized man deems beneficial have partially rested upon a basis of superstition. Without superstition it is difficult to perceive how such social blessings as are summed up in the general term civilization could have evolved at all. To this effect contends the able professor of social anthropology in the University of Liverpool, Dr. J. G. Frazer. His contention may be summed up in some three or four propositions. Among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for government and has thereby contributed to the establishment and maintenance of civil order. Superstition has in like manner strengthened the respect for private property and has thereby contributed to the security of its enjoyment. Superstition, again, has among certain races increased the respect for marriage, contributing thereby to stricter observance of the rules of sexual morality both among the married and the unmarried. Finally, among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for human life and made that respect ultimately what we see it to be today.

In dealing with these propositions Dr. Frazer confines himself to certain races of men and to certain periods of history, altho he seems to think that his conclusions are applicable to man generally and to history generally. He makes one cautionary observation. If it can be proved that in certain races and at certain times the institutions in question have been partly based on superstition, it by no means follows that even among those races they have never been based on anything else. On the contrary, there is a strong presumption that they rest mainly upon something far stronger than mere superstition. No institution founded wholly on superstition can be permanent. If it does not answer to some real human need, if its foundations be not based deeply in the nature of things, it must perish—the sooner the better.

Now government, private property, marriage, and respect for human life, avers Dr. Frazer, in the little book from which we copy

these observations,* are the pillars upon which rests the fabric of civil society. "Shake them and you shake society to its foundations." Therefore, if government, private property, marriage and respect for human life are all good and essential to the very existence of human society, then it follows that by strengthening every one of them superstition has rendered a great service to the human race. Dr. Frazer writes:

"Superstition has supplied multitudes with a motive, a wrong motive it is true, for right action; and surely it is better, far better for the world that men should do right from wrong motives than that they should do wrong with the best intentions. What concerns society is conduct, not opinion: if only our actions are just and good, it matters not a straw to others whether our opinions be mistaken. The danger of false opinion, and it is a most serious one, is that it commonly leads to wrong action; hence it is unquestionably a great evil and every effort should be made to correct it. But of the two evils wrong action is in itself infinitely worse than false opinion; and all systems of religion or philosophy which lay more stress on right opinion than on right action, which exalt orthodoxy above virtue, are so far immoral and prejudicial to the best interests of mankind; they invert the true relative importance, the real ethical value, of thought and action, for it is by what we do, not by what we think, that we are useful or useless, beneficent or maleficent to our fellows. As a body of false opinions, therefore, superstition is indeed a most dangerous guide in practice, and the evils which it has wrought are incalculable. But vast as are these evils, they ought not to blind us to the benefit which superstition has conferred on society by furnishing the ignorant, the weak and the foolish with a motive, bad tho it be, for good conduct."

By way of illustration, Dr. Frazer reverts to his first proposition that superstition has strengthened the respect for government at certain times and among certain races and has thereby contributed to the establishment of civil order. Among many peoples, he reminds us, the task of government has been greatly facilitated by a superstition that the governors belong to a superior order of be-

*PSYCHE'S TASK. By J. G. Frazer. The Macmillan Company.

ings and possess certain supernatural or magic powers to which the governed can make no claim and can offer no resistance:

"Thus Dr. Codrington tells us that among the Melanesians 'the power of chiefs has hitherto rested upon the belief in their supernatural power derived from the spirits or ghosts with which they had intercourse. As this belief has failed, in the Banks' Islands for example some time ago, the position of a chief has tended to become obscure; and as this belief is now being generally undermined a new kind of chief must needs arise, unless a time of anarchy is to begin.' According to a native Melanesian account, the authority of chiefs rests entirely on the belief that they hold communication with mighty ghosts and possess that supernatural power or *mana*, as it is called, whereby they are able to turn the influence of the ghosts to account. If a chief imposed a fine, it was paid because the people firmly believed that he could inflict calamity and sickness upon such as resisted him. As soon as any considerable number of his subjects began to disbelieve in his influence with the ghosts, his power to levy fines was shaken. It is thus in Melanesia religious scepticism tends to undermine the foundations of civil society.

"Similarly Mr. Basil Thomson tells us that 'the key to the Melanesian system of government is Ancestor-worship. Just as every act in a Fijian's life was controlled by his fear of Unseen Powers, so was his conception of human authority based upon religion.' The dead chief was supposed still to watch jealously over his people and to punish them with dearth, storms, and floods, if they failed to bring their offerings to his tomb and to propitiate his spirit. And the person of his descendant, the living chief, was sacred; it was hedged in by a magic circle of taboo and might not even be touched without incurring the wrath of the Unseen. 'The first blow at the power of the chiefs was struck unconsciously by the missionaries. Neither they nor the chiefs themselves realized how closely the government of the Fijians was bound up with their religion. No sooner had a missionary gained a foothold in a chief's village than the taboo was doomed, and on the taboo depended half the people's reverence for rank. The taboo died hard, as such institutions should do. The first-fruits were still presented to the chief, but they were no longer carried from him to the temple, since their excuse—as an offering to persuade the ancestors to grant abundant increase—had passed away. No longer supported by the priests, the Sacred Chief fell upon evil days'; for in Fiji, as in other places, the priest and the chief, when they were not one and the same person, had played into each other's hands, both knowing that neither could stand firm without the aid of the other.

"In Polynesia the state of things was very similar."

Without following Dr. Frazer's instances through the tribal life of the Kaffirs and into the history of pre-Homeric Greece, it suffices to observe that he traces the most enlightened form of government among men to an original superstition that invested the ruler and his authority with a species of awe. It is the same with private property. Nowhere, perhaps, does this appear more plainly than in Polynesia where the system of taboo reached its highest development. The effect of tabooing a thing was, in the opinion of the natives, to endow it with a superstitious or magical energy which rendered it practically unapproachable by any but the owner.

"Thus taboo became a powerful instrument for strengthening the ties, perhaps our socialist friends would say riveting the chains, of private property. Indeed, some good authorities who were personally acquainted with the working of taboo in Polynesia have held that the system was originally devised for no other purpose. For example, an Irishman who lived as a Maori with the Maoris for years, and knew them intimately, writes as follows: 'The original object of the ordinary *tapu* seems to have been the preservation of property. Of this nature in a great degree was the ordinary personal *tapu*. This form of *tapu* was permanent, and consisted in a certain sacred character which attached to the person of a chief and never left him. It was his birthright, a part in fact of himself, of which he could not be divested, and which was well understood and recognized at all times as a matter of course. The fighting men and petty chiefs and every one indeed who could by any means claim the title of *rangatira*—which in the sense I now use it means gentleman—were all in some degree more or less possessed of this mysterious quality. It extended or was communicated to all their movable property, especially to their clothes, weapons, ornaments and tools, and to everything in fact which they touched. This prevented their chattels being stolen or mislaid, or spoiled by children, or used or handled in any way by others."

Altho the restrictions imposed by taboo were often vexatious and absurd and the whole system has sometimes been denounced by Europeans as a degrading superstition, yet observers who looked a little deeper have rightly perceived that its enactments, enforced mainly by imaginary but still powerful sanctions, were often beneficial. In other parts of Polynesia, in Samoa and in Madagascar, to name but a few regions, taboo or its equivalent built up a system of private property upon which a civilization of a sort based itself.



MADAME THE COUNTESS

It is she who owns all the pleasant things her distinguished husband, the aged Tolstoy, condemns—private property, luxuries, a beautiful home.

Leaving private property and the right of the individual as an outcome of personal taboo, Dr. Frazer comes to the institution of monogamous marriage as the product of a species of social taboo. Violation of the marriage vow was deemed serious by primitive and by savage man, he says, because it was thought to be the forerunner of bad crops, bad weather and ill luck in war and the chase. It mattered not that the guilty sinned in secret. The god or the deity or the influence, at first favorable, became unfavorable:

"Some of the tribes of Assam similarly trace a connection between the crops and the behavior of the human sexes; for they believe that so long as the crops remain ungarnered the slightest incontinence would ruin all. Again, the inhabitants of the hills near Rajamahl in Bengal imagine that adultery, undetected and unexpiated, causes the inhabitants of the village to be visi-

ted by a plague or destroyed by tigers or other ravenous beasts. To prevent these evils an adulteress generally makes a clean breast. Her paramour has then to furnish a hog, and he and she are sprinkled with its blood, which is supposed to wash away their sin and avert the divine wrath. When a village suffers from plague or the ravages of wild beasts, the people religiously believe that the calamity is a punishment for secret immorality, and they resort to a curious form of divination to discover the culprits, in order that the crime may be duly expiated. The Khasis of Assam are divided into a number of clans which are exogamous, that is to say, no man may marry a woman of his own clan. Should a man be found to cohabit with a woman of his own clan, it is treated as incest and is believed to cause great disasters; the people will be struck by lightning or killed by tigers, the women will die in child-bed, and so forth. The guilty couple are taken by their clansmen to a priest and obliged to sacrifice a pig and a goat; after that they are made outcasts, for their offense is inexpiable."

The particular superstition which has led to respect for human life is the fear of ghosts—especially the ghosts of the murdered. The ancient Greeks believed that the soul of any man who had just been killed was angry with his slayer and troubled him; hence even an involuntary homicide had to depart from his country for a year until the wrath of the dead man had cooled down. If his victim chanced to be a foreigner, the homicide had to shun the country of the dead man as well as his own. The legend of the matricide Orestes reflects faithfully the ancient Greek conception of the fate which overtakes the murderer at the hands of the ghost. Not only does the hag-ridden homicide go in terror of his victim's ghost, he is himself an object of fear on account of the angry spirit which dogs his steps.

It would be easy to multiply evidence of the terror which a belief in ghosts has spread among mankind and which has probably served a useful purpose by enhancing the sacredness of human life. "For it is reasonable to suppose that men are more loth to spill the blood of their fellows when they believe that by so doing they expose themselves to the vengeance of an angry and powerful spirit whom it is difficult either to evade or to deceive. Fortunately in this matter we are not left wholly to conjecture. In the vast empire of China, as we are assured by the best living authority on Chinese religion, the fear of ghosts has actually produced this salutary result."

ROCKEFELLER VERSUS TOLSTOY—A PROBLEM IN ETHICS

ROCKEFELLER or Tolstoy: whose is the higher creed? This is the question debated by Maximilian Harden, the brilliant editor of the *Zukunft* (Berlin) in an imaginary disputation between the saint of latter day Russia and the king of the Standard Oil. Both men stand to him for great world forces, and the fact that Mr. Rockefeller, at least, is likely to repudiate some of the views attributed to him, cannot rob the argument of its philosophical value. The idea was probably suggested to the editor of the *Zukunft* by a newspaper report of an exchange of letters between the two men, each, in his way, representative of his nation's temperament and genius.

Harden first pictures Tolstoy to us, on his eightieth birthday, striving to express to himself the sum total of his experience and teaching. "For thirty-five years," Tolstoy meditates, "I lived as a nihilist; not as a Socialist and revolutionary, but as one in whom there was no spark of faith,—nothing. I wrote books like so many others, and attempted to teach what I did not know. But with inexorable rage the Sphinx pursued me, saying: 'Solve my riddle or I shall destroy you.' Science with all its reputation, explained nothing. The man who listens to her must needs join company with the choir of sages from Solomon to Socrates, from Sakya-Muni to Schopenhauer, and, like his great predecessors, pronounce life a meaningless

evil. I wanted to kill myself. At last, however, I was illumined by a thought of seeing the great mass of mankind *live*."

Tolstoy goes on to tell how he rediscovered for himself the teachings of Christ, unadulterated by the traditions of priestcraft and dissociated from the State. "All I see and feel confirms me in the belief that I have found again the true meaning of the teaching of Christ. Resist not evil; judge not; kill not! We are diminutive particles of the great world-soul, and our only duty is to guard our purity. What need have we, therefore, of government, weapons, courts, judgments, gaols and wars?"

At this point there is an interruption.

"And with such a confession of faith you have become the hero of two continents, its almost worshipped favorite? Curious!"

Leo Nikolayevitch raises his massive head. He sees a man, old, but muscular; with furrowed forehead and serious mien. Without asking for an invitation, the stranger seats himself upon a straw-covered chair.

"Curious," he repeats, "why curious? Would you have men hate one whose gospel is love?"

"Yes, curious it seems to me. Men are not wont to treat prophets and those who denounce them with kindness. They have stoned some, and crucified others; the stake, not the throne, is the martyr's reward."

"You speak as tho I received only gratitude, only love, not as tho all the powers that be had conspired to chain my hands."



THE GATES AT YASNAYA POLIANA

Showing the entrance to the vast estate in which the apostle of poverty has made his home.



A GERMAN BRISBANE

Maximilian Harden is easily the most brilliant journalist of the German Empire. Through the force of his individuality he has made the *Zukunft* a potent political and literary organ. Tho his methods are often unscrupulous, his honesty of purpose cannot be denied.

"Are you really in so dismal a plight? Of Savonarola it was said by Alexander the Sixth: 'That man would have to die even if a second John the Baptist died in him!' But Alexander the Third replied, when asked to deliver you up to the vengeance of the Holy Synod: 'This man is an apostle; I will not make him a martyr.' No hair of your head has been harmed. When the enemy threatened your country bleeding from a hundred wounds, and it needed comfort as a starving man needs a crust of bread, you spat venom into the face of the famished land; you sought to make your mother defenceless. And yet this mother loves you; regards you proudly; celebrates your eightieth birthday like a national feast. In the chronicles of martyrs there is no life like yours."

Two eyes flash; glances parry. Fire leaps from the snow-white head of the prophet.

"Jesus Christ be with you on all your ways. He who tells others the truth, must be prepared to hear the truth himself. Such I take it, was the purpose of your call?"

"No, it was really curiosity that brought

me hither. Here, in this land, I see factories rising where temples reared their heads. Yet, if your doctrines prevail, they will be torn down and temples again reared in their place, I came to see the man who preaches retrogression, who wants to turn the world back to barbarism."

"As an enemy, then, you come? Even thus are you welcome."

"Not as an enemy. 'Anna Karenina' and 'Peter Bezuchow' count me among their most ardent admirers. I revere the poet, not the philosopher."

"We two stand on different ground. I can not thank you for your praise of me as a poet. You have probably also praised a Shakespeare, a Maupassant and other pernicious growths on the tree of life, and I know that your admiration is for the art of the story-teller which is a thing of no value at all. The only thing that matters is the ethical relation between author and reader and the unfailing discernment between good and evil. The true meaning of life was defined by Christ nineteen hundred years ago. That you have not grasped the essence of my endeavor with all your proud reasoning, every word of your lips proclaims. Yes, I desire a world without mushrooms, goose liver *patés*, automobiles, races, churches, wars, and legitimate or hidden strumpetry. Whatever Jesus Christ wished is my wish. And you think you can convert the octogenarian?"

"Such, indeed, has not been my purpose. I came to see a living saint. One loudly praised. One glorified with love. I, the most abused of men, by rage and jealous hate cast into utter darkness."

"And who are you, who evoke the hatred of your brethren? One who has dragged the sons of the people to slaughter?"

"I am an American, John Rockefeller. On the eighth of July I shall be seventy. A pleasure-loving youth I never was. The years you wasted, a young lieutenant, I spent behind the ledger. When you grew tired of the mad orgies of Russian court-life, I had already made two fortunes. The curves of our fates diverge widely."

"Widely, indeed. An industrial lord and a peasant; a tyrant and a child of God; the richest man on this un-Christian earth and the poorest!"

"The poorest. Yes. All the good things one sees and eats here belong to Madame, your wife; you eat simple fare; you even brush your own clothes (such things are not unheard of in my country.) It is all a sport

which you can give up the moment it no longer agrees with you. He is poor, who never ate well, who would love to live pleasantly, and cannot; not the over-sated who needs only to stretch out his hand to satisfy every desire. . . . In the last analysis I live as you live, as every old man lives who would not injudiciously hasten the end. I must use every facility, charter special trains, automobiles, because time is valuable to one who in ten minutes can call values out of nothing. God Himself could not make room for the great without limiting the space of the small. He who accomplishes nothing and folds his hands, need not stain his cloak. We are all sinners compared with God's saints. No one ever asks what the market would be if John Rockefeller had not stood for unity and organization. Every demagog, whether his name be Bryan or Roosevelt, spits upon his honor. That I cast small obstacles from my path, they call a crime. . . ."

"And crime it is against the Holy Ghost. One who lives as you live is the Devil's henchman, even if he goes to church at the hour prescribed and swallows dogmas like pills. What? To heap human beings together in the stench of factories and in pestilential caverns underground, to organize robbery sanctioned by the State, and then come here to—"

"To see a saint. Here, Mr. Tolstoy, if anywhere is the right place for a primitive Christian community. But what do I find! Is the land divided among the peasants! No,—it belongs to Madame, the Countess! She has a fortune, servants, luxuries, all Monsieur the Count, her husband, condemns as un-Christian, and in turn, will bestow it upon her children. Yet let us not calculate pedantically whether black-souled Rockefeller has freely given his people sixty or eighty million dollars. The University of Chicago alone received thirty millions. . . . But that is inconsequential. What sums has this arch-rogué paid into the coffers of the state since he began to deal in oil at Cleveland? How many countries has he enriched? Comparison will show how he has raised the standard of living."

"Beware of boasting into God's ear of ill-gotten riches!"

"A higher judge shall decide who of us is the braggart. I, at least, have never posed as a savior. . . . The vanity of saints on their pillars cannot rob me of the certainty that I have made men happier and led my little band forward along the path of progress, Science, art, culture, are they mere de-

lusions? Why, then, did God labor for six days? And do you mean to imply that what was the law by the Lake of Tiberias should still be the law in Frisco and Tula, in Paris and Mukden, in Sicily and Alaska?"

"Even so. The Lord did not write His law for three months, as you write your drafts. And he had no consideration for thieves, robbers, slave-dealers and slayers of men!"

"Yet He has not barred His world to them. He has placed many whom you would call by such names right in the midst of it. His all-seeing eye perceived that the man of the tropics, whose bare needs are supplied by nature herself, is incapable of development and retains the habits of his ill-smelling ancestor, the simian spouse of Cain. He desired the creation of the sixth day to rise in the scale of progress, not to perish or become as beasts. He gave them the whip of desire for might and the spur of need. I am not afraid of your Buddha smile! Human needs increase in number and in kind, and what seems to you sacrilegious, may be part of the divine scheme. In this faith we work—thieves, robbers, slave-dealers and slayers of men. It is true, we take the lion's share of our conquest, but not for ourselves alone; it is we who base production itself on a surer and more comprehensive basis. We believe in a God who desired nature to be subjected to man and presses as much as the reluctant substance can yield out of human muscle and human brains. The process is not always clean and gentle. But the sum of human intelligence grows and distributes itself. Where we have worked, organized, and pocketed our gains, the world is not as it was before. My people live no longer in times of pastoral complacency. We have more intellect and more joy of the senses. Yes, they must obey, or we should have, instead of one instrument serving all, a heap of useless splinters. But slaves? Each is a lord in his own small way, free to make contracts, free to break them. And because I have enriched my country, insured a living to millions, and opened up the path of culture to many thousands, therefore I, albeit a sinner, value my life higher than that of a barren saint. The mob consigns me to the pillory, you to glory. You have made yourself comfortable in peasant's boots and peasant's garb. Mankind must go on; and will accomplish without Rockefellers what we have taught them. Therefore down with us! But calendar saints under a glass globe cannot impede its march!"

JEANNE D'ARC'S "VOICES"



IT IS not without a certain deep significance that the ceremonial at the Vatican conferring sainthood on Jeanne d'Arc coincides with a period of engrossing interest in psychical research. We are coming to see more and more clearly that psychic phenomena, so far from being a modern portent, are engrained in the very fiber of all human history. In every age men have felt the mystery of the seemingly supernormal. The very words, "ghosts," "witches," "sorcerers," bear witness to this. But whereas in the old days, "witches" were burnt, they are now "investigated" by men of science in solemn conclave.

Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, presents one of the best authenticated cases in modern times of what many would call "psychic control." She saw visions; she was guided by "Voices"; and her Voices led her from victory to victory until she died a martyr at the stake. We may say, as Roman Catholics do, that her Voices were miraculous messages from God. We may say, with the Spiritualists, that angels and saints quite literally "possessed" her. Or we may say, with contemporary students of the psychic, that she exhibited such faculties as "second sight" and "telepathy." But whichever theory we accept, the mystery remains as deep as ever.

Here was a simple country maid, the daughter of peasants and unversed in books. According to her own statement, she was about thirteen years of age when her "visions" first came to her. She was sitting at a spinning wheel outside her cottage door in Domremy one beautiful summer afternoon when suddenly a bright light shone beside her and she heard a mysterious Voice. It brought her a simple message, well suited to the faculties of a child; it merely said: "Joan, be good." She could not help being frightened, yet she trusted the Voice. She knew that no spirit of evil would give such advice to a little girl who was thinking no evil, but only spinning in the summer day.

After that, quite frequently, the wonder-light shone about her, and out of the light, more and more distinctly, definite figures emerged. Preeminent among the rest was a noble, warlike man who called himself Michael, the Archangel of God. She trembled in his presence, but he won her confidence and told her of the destiny to which God had

called her, how she was to deliver her country from the hand of the invader and crown her King at Rheims. There were other figures that came out of the radiance, gentle women in shining garments, with golden circlets about their heads, who spoke to her with sweet and sisterly sympathy. They called themselves saints—Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret; but the burden of their message was the same as the Archangel Michael's, the deliverance of her country and the coronation of her King.

All through her career, Jeanne d'Arc acted directly under the inspiration of her "Voices." To the heavenly influences she ascribed whatever power was in her. And when at the last she was tortured in prison and signed a document which gave the lie to her professions, she said: "My Voices have told me since that I greatly sinned in that deed, in confessing that I had done ill. What I said, I said in fear of fire."

Every biographer of Jeanne d'Arc bears witness to the dominating control of her "Voices," and each has endeavored, according to his temperament and predilections, to explain them. The foundation for a rational solution of the problem, on natural rather than on supernatural grounds, was laid in the middle of the last century, when Jules Quicherat laboriously and conscientiously gathered together all the documents connected with the two trials of Jeanne. He opened the way for a wonderful period of research into the history and legend of the Maid. "Without doing violence to the documents of her history," said Sainte-Beuve, the great critic, on the publication of Quicherat's work, "I believe it not impossible that there will one day arise from critical and impartial study a Jeanne d'Arc at once sincere, sublime and natural." This prophecy has been fulfilled in our own time by the most distinguished living Frenchman of letters, Anatole France.

M. France, whose masterly portrayal of the Maid was treated at length in these pages last July, presents us with a Jeanne at once sincere and sublime, but above all things natural. He follows Quicherat, Sainte-Beuve, Salomon Reinach and many others, in adopting the rational explanation that the Maid, when she heard her Voices, was under a hallucination; and hallucination, in the sense in which M. France uses the word, is neither madness nor miracle, but a fact proved by

science. The Maid's voices really came from her own heart, or, as modern psychologists might say, from her subconscious mind. According to Anatole France's theory, they never told her more than she knew already.

M. France also argues that Jeanne was "indoctrinated" by priests. That is to say, he thinks she communicated her early visions to some ecclesiastic who recognized the marvelous powers of the girl and determined to use her in the salvation of France. This hypothetical priest must have studied her intimately, directed her mind-currents, and emphasized her prophetic sense.

The theories of Anatole France have attracted world-wide attention and have been heatedly discussed, during recent months, by his fellow-countrymen and by students in other lands. His most determined opponent has proved to be Andrew Lang, the famous Scotsman of letters, whose admiration for the Maid once led him to declare:

Yet art thou with this earth's immortal three
With him in Athens that of hemlock died,
And with thy Master dear, Whom this world
crucified.

Mr. Lang has just published his own biography* of Jeanne, a book that in scholarly quality and depth of research rivals Anatole France's work. It is felt, however, to be seriously marred by its controversial tone. Derogatory references to the French writer abound. There are many passages in which Anatole France as an object of attack bulks larger than Jeanne d'Arc herself.

Outsiders can hardly be expected to share Mr. Lang's controversial zeal. Many, indeed, will feel that in his attempts to trip up his opponent and in his preoccupation with ancient texts, he at times magnifies mole-hills into mountains. Moreover—and this is the curious feature of the controversy—both Andrew Lang and Anatole France are rationalists. Equally they reject "supernatural" explanations. But the Scotsman thinks that Jeanne was a genius, while the Frenchman, as already stated, believes that she heard her voices under a hallucination. Mr. Lang says:

"Nobody now asserts that her psychical experiences were feigned by her; nobody denies that she had the experiences; nobody ascribes them, like the learned of Paris University, to 'Satan, Belial, and Behemoth.' . . . I incline

to think that in a sense not easily defined, Jeanne was 'inspired,' and I am convinced that she was a person of the highest genius, of the noblest character. Without her genius and her character, her glimpses of hidden things (supposing them to have occurred) would have been of no avail in the great task of redeeming France. Another might have heard Voices offering the monitions, but no other could have displayed her dauntless courage and gift of encouragement; her sweetness of soul; and her marvellous and victorious tenacity of will."

But what was the character, it may still be asked, of this "inspiration" which Jeanne's ecclesiastical biographers call divine and M. France rejects altogether? In answering the question, Mr. Lang cites Dr. George Dumas, an eminent neuropathologist: "If hysteria had any part in Jeanne, it was only by way of permitting her unconscious thought to become objective in the form of heavenly voices and visions; it was only the open gate by which the divine—or what she conceived to be the divine—entered into her life, fortified her faith, and consecrated her mission. But as regards her intelligence and her will, Jeanne remained sane and upright. Nervous pathology can scarcely throw a feeble glimmer of light on a part of this soul."

Mr. Lang not only repudiates the theory of "hallucination." He contests, with emphasis, M. France's idea that Jeanne was "indoctrinated" by priests. "There is no warrant," he says, "for the literary hypothesis that the Voices long confined themselves to pious advice till some priests, hearing from her of the visions, induced the Voices to urge her to ride in the van of the army."

The arena in which Andrew Lang and Anatole France have been fighting their controversial battle is now being invaded by others. A writer in the London *Saturday Review* inclines to the view that Jeanne possessed "second sight," or clairvoyant vision. The New York *Times Saturday Review* favors the theory of "automatism." It says:

"Admitting a conditional presence of hysteria, and, at the same time, affirming that Jeanne's will and intelligence were normal, the Maid's voices and visions may be explained as 'automatism'; that is to say, expressions by which were made manifest to her the monitions of her unconscious thought.

"This is a most important theory. The conditional hysteria accounts for Jeanne's seeming contradictions, recantations, and relapses at her trial, all being induced by the unconscious hypnotic suggestions of her judges and prosecutors or by the reaction which followed such sugges-

*THE MAID OF FRANCE. Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Company.

tions. As to the 'automatisms,' these may account for those phenomena expressed by her knowledge of 'the King's secret,' which she imparted to him and refused to impart to her judges, her discovery of the buried sword at Fierbois, and her absolute foreknowledge of the arrow wound she was to receive at Orleans. A consciousness of these things cannot be explained by normal agencies, and yet they rest, as Quicherat says, 'on bases of evidence so solid that we cannot reject them without rejecting the very foundation of the history. I have no conclusion to draw. Whether science can find her account in the facts or not, the visions must be admitted, and the strange spiritual perceptions that issued from the visions. These peculiarities in the life of Jeanne seem to pass beyond the circle of human power.'"

There remains, of course, the theory of Spiritualism, that Jeanne actually heard spirit voices, that the Archangel Michael and the Saints Catherine and Margaret and many others in very truth spoke to her and through her. This theory is beautifully expressed in an address on Jeanne d'Arc as "the Great

Spiritualist Martyr," delivered by Mr. J. W. Boulding, of London, and printed in *Light*, the weekly Spiritualist organ of that city. He concludes:

"Reviewing all the stages of this marvellous story, I ask you, is it feasible, is it probable, is it not, in fact, impossible that all this could have been done by a village girl—a girl of seventeen, without learning, knowledge, or experience, a girl who had never seen a field of battle, much less fought in one, or manipulated an army; a girl who knew nothing except to tend her father's sheep in the forests of Domremy or sew beside her mother at her cottage door—impossible, I say, that she could have done all this in her own wisdom or her own strength; and is it not probable, nay, is it not certain, that she did see those visions and hear those voices, and that it was in the strength of some supernatural power, of some princely Michael from the hosts of God, champion of down-trodden and oppressed nationalities, clothed in the thunder of an invincible might, that she went forth on her mission and smote the foe, delivered her country, and crowned her King?"

HOW SPIRITUAL HEALING "WORKS"



VERY general confusion prevails, even among those who are well informed in regard to religious affairs, concerning the exact methods used and advocated by the spiritual healers whose doctrines are now so strongly in evidence in America. Nor is this to be wondered at, in view of the fact that each "school" of religious therapeutics advocates somewhat different methods. The outsider is almost sure to be puzzled by over-much talk about the "conscious" and the "sub-conscious" mind, and the "Divine Mind," and he is likely to end by asking the plain question: What is it that heals?

M. A. Stobart, a writer in *The Fortnightly Review*, has lately formulated what may be termed the "psychotherapeutic" or scientific answer to this question. He declares that the sub-conscious mind is what heals, and he defines the sub-conscious mind as the medium through which Nature works to "preserve the Idea of the Species." More specifically, he says: "To the clairvoyant eye of Nature every organism is an archetype, invisibly but beautifully impressed with the divine Idea of a Form perfect in its power of adaptation to its environment, and it is towards the preservation of this typical Idea of the Species that Na-

ture—left to herself—is persistently at work." If man is to co-operate most effectively with this "natural" process, he must completely eliminate the conscious intelligence, so Mr. Stobart holds. "It is precisely," he argues, "in proportion as the therapeutic system or healer, to whom the sufferer resorts, has the power of eliminating the *conscious* mind, and thus leaving the whole field clear for the recuperative operations of the *Sub-conscious* mind—of the 'Vis Medicatrix'—of the *Natura naturans*—that success will be achieved." According to Mr. Stobart, the success of Christian Science is to be attributed principally to its success in eliminating the conscious mind of the patient. As he puts it:

"The method of elimination employed by Christian Science is indeed drastic. There is no beating about the bush. It doesn't attempt metaphysical discriminations between Conscious and Sub-conscious and all the rigmarole which has here been adopted. It simply says to the patient: 'You have no mind at all,' and there's an end of it. And tho it hereby would eliminate the Sub-conscious as well as the Conscious mind—that is of no consequence and does no harm, for if you can only make sure of eliminating the positive *Conscious* mind of the patient—and there's not generally much difficulty in eliminating

a mind which has already agreed to its own non-existence—you need not then worry about the *Sub-conscious*. That can be trusted to go on with its evolutionary work of preserving the species even in face of Mrs. Eddy's denial of its existence."

But Mr. Stobart, while he defines his own attitude clearly, assuredly fails to state the Christian Science point of view. Christian Science, according to its accredited exponents, acknowledges two sorts of mind—the Divine Mind and human or mortal mind—and it teaches that the healing process takes place as a result of the identification of the human mind with the Divine. Mr. Alfred Farlow, the general manager of the Committee on Publication for the Christian Science denomination, explains the matter thus:

"There are and can be but two mental methods of treating the sick or influencing a fellow mortal—one is that which recognizes no other mind, hence no other power but God, good; the other is that which is based upon the human, mortal or 'carnal' mind. Now either there is but one Mind, one God, or there are minds many, Gods many. Which proposition is true? The Scriptures teach the fact that there is but one God. God is Spirit, Life, Truth, Love. Hence the implied teaching that there is but one Life, one Spirit, one Love, 'one good.'

"An erroneous belief seems to prevail to some extent that all mental methods employed in the treatment of human ills are fundamentally alike. Experience will correct this error, for, as a matter of fact, God, divine Mind, is the only real Cause and the only actual exterminator of evil. Either a method of healing recognizes this fact or else it does not. If it does, it will proceed in complete confidence of the power of God to deal with all cases. It will not require a diagnostician to determine whether in the premises God is competent to act. If, on the other hand, a method of healing does not admit that God is the only cause, then the 'mind' employed in its mental healings will be human mind. Its power is the force of human will and its cures not fundamental. The supposed changes which are produced by the exercise of human will, and which are regarded by some as genuine healings will eventually be discovered to be only temporary changes of mortal consciousness, which are not real corrections, but simply substitutes of certain erroneous mental conditions for others equally erroneous. They are the outcome of the condition mentioned in the Scriptures, 'God is not in all their thoughts.'"

An effort to explain the mysteries of religious healing from still a third point of view appears in *The Contemporary Review*. The writer of the article, Dr. A. T. Schofield,

is an eminent English doctor and author who believes in psychotherapy, and who looks with favor on the new religious emphasis. He tries to summarize the best methods used by all the therapeutic "schools." There are, he thinks, three powers undoubtedly operative—"the gift of healing," "healing by faith," and "the prayer of faith"; and there may be, he adds, a fourth possibility of "miraculous healing," on the lines indicated in the Acts of the Apostles.

Regarding the first, the "gift of healing," Dr. Schofield tells the following remarkable story:

"I believe there does exist a power or force resident in some persons which is called the 'gift of healing.' I cannot find, however, that this 'gift' is confined to the clergy, nor, indeed, that it is necessarily connected with any form of religious profession at all. I have known personally of several people who appear to possess some such therapeutic force; none of them was a clergyman, and three possessed the power from an early age.

"One of these, indeed, called on me and complained much about having a power he did not in the least desire, and which interfered very much with his profession, since he was continually being called away to cure people. (I may say no idea of making any charge ever occurred to him.) He told me that, amongst other calls, he was constantly being pressed to go to the house of a very rich city merchant when any of the family suffered from aches or pains of body or brain, and that soon after he entered the room the trouble disappeared. I went to the city in order to corroborate the statement and found the person in question, who was the head of a large firm near St. Paul's Churchyard, and he said it was quite true, and that relief invariably followed his friend's visits. His object in calling on me was to ask if I could in any way relieve him of this undesired gift.

"I should not, perhaps, have paid so much attention to him had I not had at the time a very near relative dying of rodent ulcer in the eye—a terribly agonizing affection—for whom no relief could be found save from one who possessed this power of healing. Her case being well known to the profession, I need hardly say all was done that the skill of specialists could suggest. The difficulty was with regard to the pain, for, as she could not take morphia in any form, her sufferings were unrelieved. One day I called in a man who in his touch had 'the gift of healing,' which gift, I believe, he possessed from his youth. It was enough for him to hold the sufferer's hands for half an hour each day for her to be entirely free from pain for twenty-four hours. The patient was neither emotional nor imaginative. Indeed, when the healer had to go away for three days, he begged her to imagine he was with her. She failed entirely to do so, and the pain was dreadful. In this case physical contact was

needed, and by this means alone could the sufferer be kept free from pain till she died. I need hardly say there was no suggestion of hypnotism in the treatment."

Between this first therapeutic power, the "gift of healing," and the second, "healing by faith," Dr. Schofield, draws a sharp distinction. The one is resident in the healer, the other in the patient. But in the public mind this distinction is far from being clear. In every age faith-healing has "worked," and always the popular idea has been that it is the object of faith that effects the cure. Only when it is carefully noted that, however many and various the objects of faith, the cures are always the same, does it become evident that the object cannot be the active agency. "For instance," says Dr. Schofield, "equally credible cures are recorded from faith in idols, fetishes, charms, repulsive objects, or powders or drafts; apparatus such as a thermometer or special bits of wood or iron; or in the vision at Lourdes or the holy coat of Treves, or in relics of all sorts; or in kings or holy men, or in trees, flowers, fruits; or in impostors such as Dowie, or in systems of faith, or in the gods of Greece or Egypt; or in a thousand other objects, in themselves powerless."

What is it, then, in connection with faith-healing that *does* cure? Dr. Schofield's answer to this question is the same as that of the writer in *The Fortnightly Review* already quoted. He says: The sub-conscious mind. He continues:

"Time would fail to record the marvellous resources and extraordinary ingenuity of this unconscious curative power. Some of them are enumerated by Dr. Mitchell Bruce, Sir Frederick Treves, and others; and physicians in all ages have recognized this power, which acts without any hesitation in novel and untried situations, and deals successfully with invading microbes of new diseases, the whole action postulating mind of a high order, tho unconscious.

"No true physician stands by his patient's bedside without reverently recognizing that the sufferer is already being treated by one greater than himself, and that his wisest course is to follow the lead given, and seek to help and not hinder the action of 'nature.' In many cases, however, this force, good and wise as it is, is not sufficient of itself to cope with the complicated disorders which are the results of an effete civilization. In a state of nature little medicine and few doctors are needed."

Unlike Mr. Stobart, however, Dr. Schofield does not believe that the sub-conscious mind works best when completely divorced from the

conscious intelligence. He holds, on the contrary, that the patient will get the best results who reinforces the sub-conscious process by his own will. "Faith," he declares, "can stimulate this latent power amazingly; and as is shown in hysteria when the power is disordered, it is capable of doing almost anything with the body, producing high temperature, blisters, tumors, and other affections at will." When the sub-conscious process is sufficiently energized by faith, not only functional diseases can be removed, but material objects, such as warts and varicose veins, can be made to disappear. Without this *vis medicatrix naturæ* no cure is possible; the bones will not knit, the sores will not heal.

The question may be asked: If this power be natural, and healing by faith merely the excitation of a natural process, where does God come in, and where is the power of the Divine? Dr. Schofield replies, with reverence: "That process which you glibly call natural is a great power placed by God in the body for its own cure, and hence is Divine." "Tho any faith," he adds, "if strong enough, may effect a cure of the mere bodily ailment, faith in God alone can cure the man, can restore the spirit, and bring the sufferer into tune with the Infinite, and thus make the result a lasting blessing."

Turning, last of all, to a description of the "prayer of faith," Dr. Schofield reveals something quite different from "the gift of healing" or from "healing by faith." Both of these, he has shown, are dependent upon either the exceptional possession or stimulation of natural powers, and are not necessarily dependent upon Christianity. The "prayer of faith," on the other hand, requires "a soul so lofty, so spiritual, so full of faith, that in prayer it can reach God, and in accordance with His will bring down blessing on the sufferer." To quote, finally:

"This, like all other contact of the human with the Divine, is a high and holy mystery, which may not be lightly touched by irreverent hands, but is one which, in speaking on spiritual healing, we must recognize as a natural power, tho one that can be reached by few; and which differs from other modes of healing in being absolutely dependent upon the Divine Will and the deep spirituality of the intercessor. One must never forget in these matters that to take it for granted that health is always a blessing, and is the will of God for us, and that all illness is a curse to be at once removed, is a cardinal error of the first magnitude. There is no rule, and there can be none, in these matters."

ARE THE CLERGY BIG ENOUGH FOR THEIR TASK?

SERIOUS indictment of the Christian ministers of the country has lately been formulated by Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. He says in his annual report that "the profession of the preacher has not kept pace with the enormous advance in popular education"—that, in fact, "the ministry has relatively retrograded." These statements have led to considerable discussion in the religious press, and are endorsed by at least one clergyman of high standing, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked.

A hundred years ago, Dr. Pritchett declares, ministers were the educated men of their communities, and their power was in proportion. In the interval the congregations have risen enormously in the scale of general education. With this rise the law and medicine have to a large extent kept pace. But the church has relatively fallen back. The standards of admission to it have not kept pace with the general progress. To quote verbatim:

"Much has been said in recent years of the decay of churches, and the weakening of churches, particularly among Protestants. Many explanations have been given of this tendency. No doubt many factors have a share in the result which we see. Among these one of the most evident is the inefficiency of the ministry, due in the main to low standards of admission. In the Protestant churches, where the power of authority has largely passed by, the work of the church depends on the quality of the religious leadership of its preachers. The efficiency of this leadership is low. In the small towns one finds the same conditions as exist among lawyers and physicians. Four or five ministers eke out a living where one or two at most could do the work efficiently. Like the doctors of their villages, these men concern themselves with chronic cases and specific remedies, while the great problems of the moral health of their communities go untouched."

With this state of affairs, Dr. Pritchett compares conditions existing in the Roman Catholic Church. The old mother church, he thinks, has pursued a more far-sighted policy than that pursued by the majority of her daughters. She requires of all her priests a long and severe training. "However one may criticize the kind of education which they receive, or the large factor of loyalty to the ecclesiastical organization which forms

part of it, the wisdom of the requirement is unquestionable. To it is due in very large measure the enormous moral power of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, particularly among the great masses of working people in the cities, where Protestantism has been so markedly ineffective, partly, at least, because of defects that an adequate modern education would go far toward remedying." Then follows the argument:

"The Protestant ministry faces today a most serious economic difficulty. The low standards of admission, coupled with the multiplication of sects and church buildings, have brought into the profession of the minister a large number of ill-trained men, and have at the same time brought down the financial recompense of the minister to a very low basis—the basis, indeed, of the inefficient man. However indispensable is the altruistic motive in the life of the preacher or of the teacher, neither preaching nor teaching can be considered independent of their economic relations in the social order unless the solution of the Roman Catholic Church is accepted, under which preachers are celibate priests and draw their support from the church. So long as preachers are to marry and bring up families, and assume a place in the social life of their communities, so long will the efficiency of the preacher have a direct relation to the quality of his financial support. The poverty of this support at this time, its uncertainty, the uncomfortable attitude of begging for oneself which many preachers have to assume, particularly in small communities, all operate powerfully to turn away able and serious men from this profession."

All of this Dr. Aked endorses fervidly. He feels, with Dr. Pritchett, that the ministry has not kept pace with the culture of the age, and that one secret of the whole trouble is to be found in the antiquated devotional standards imposed on candidates for the ministry. In an interview published in the *New York Globe*, he says:

"Few things are more grievous than the spectacle of really intellectual, highly educated, devoted young men turned back from the ministry. A ministerial friend of my own vouches for the truth of this statement, which he makes from his own personal knowledge of the university in question. Man after man of great ability and great attainments and high character intending to devote himself to the ministry, before his university career closes has changed his mind and gone into law or railroad work or journalism and literature or something else, simply because he was too big a man to pass through the mis-

erable little wicket gate set up by the keepers of the denominations. These men have felt themselves called to maintain the orthodoxy of the churches, a narrow, stupid, stodgy little orthodoxy, out of harmony with our modern thinking, denied by all that we know today under the continuous operations of the Living Spirit of God. Men who respect themselves, real men, men who have it in them to do some good in the world, are not going to stultify themselves by submitting to the absurd little tests which these absurd little men propose."

Dr. Aked goes on to express his full agreement with what Dr. Pritchett says in regard to the inadequate pay of ministers. "One of the very first reforms, perhaps the first, demanded in this day," he concludes, "is to double the salary of every preacher on the continent." He adds:

"It is by no means wonderful that Dr. Pritchett talks about the inefficiency of the ministry. Of course we are inefficient. I bring no railing accusation of my brethren. I only know we are not big enough for the tasks which the new age brings to us. My friend Dr. W. J. Dawson was at one time a Wesleyan Methodist minister in England. He said in those early days that if John Wesley were to come back to earth his first act would be to give orders that one-half the present race of Methodist ministers should be shot in the nearest field. I should not like to be responsible for Dr. Dawson's opinion; I should be afraid of the retort that if that happened I should be among the first led out to face the firing party! I associate myself in all sincerity with my brethren, and I repeat that the work of reinterpreting the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the language of the twentieth century, and of applying its principles to the development of our complex civilization, is so gigantic that we are not big enough for it. All that Dr. Pritchett says and all that he can do and all that the Carnegie Foundation can do toward raising the standard of the ministry is good work for the future of this nation."

The Christian Work and Evangelist (New York) comments at length on these two utterances. They involve, it admits, problems of most vital concern to the churches, but they are "not to be taken," it thinks, "as the last word nor without much qualification." It continues:

"For instance, there never was a stronger, saner, more prophetic, brainier set of ministers in New York City than there is today—and men of great leadership and dauntless courage. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, has a much more vigorous intellect than had Dr. William Taylor, altho perhaps Dr. Tay-

lor was more of an orator. . . . No preacher of the last century in New York was producing sermons of the profundity and grasp of religious experience of the recently published sermons of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. In Brooklyn, Hillis and Cadman are towering as great as did Behrends and Buddington and Storrs. A great critic has recently remarked that the sermons recently published by George A. Gordon, of Boston, 'Through Man to God,' are as great and powerful as the sermons of Bushnell or Munger, and we agree with this critic. For brilliancy Slicer is the equal of any minister New York has ever known, not excepting Crosby; for passionate oratory and prophetic fervor Aked is proving a second Phillips Brooks. We have wide acquaintance among the ministry of the Eastern States, and we are rather inclined to think that on the whole they are as able a body of men as were their fathers, and fully equal in intellectual acumen and vigor and culture to the lawyers and physicians of the town."

Nevertheless, the same paper proceeds, there is truth enough in some of Dr. Pritchett's remarks to cause the churches to think seriously about the future. Without doubt, "many of our theological seminaries have not kept pace with the advance in the law schools and medical colleges." Fully one-half of the problems the modern minister has to meet are absolutely new. The whole temper of man's thinking has changed. Our intellectual horizons have been enlarged. The study of comparative religion has altered previous conceptions of the Orient. A new social conscience and a new ethics have come into being. The emphasis in religion has changed from the metaphysical and doctrinal to the ethical and practical. But many theological seminaries remain indifferent to all this. They offer the same courses today that they offered thirty or forty years ago.

On the other hand, *The Christian Work and Evangelist* insists, there are many theological seminaries that are up to date, and pedagogically as much abreast of the times as the best law schools or medical schools in the country.

"To mention only those we know—Yale, Harvard, Andover, Chicago and Union, for instance, lay great stress on sociological subjects and applied Christianity, demand high grade of philosophical ability, are fully abreast in their theological and Biblical teaching of the best and latest knowledge of the day, are using the case system extensively in their teaching of pastoral functions and are striving to make preachers who shall know both the needs of to-day and their most vital satisfaction. There are no better or more modern or prophetic students of the

whole social problem from its religious aspect than Graham Taylor, of Chicago, or Thomas Hall, of Union, or William Bailey, of Yale, or Francis J. Peabody, of Harvard. These are the men preparing our ministers for the new tasks of the new day."

This editorial closes with the argument that the churches can have just the kind of ministers they want. The reform, it urges, should come from the churches, not from the ministry.

"Young men are not going to spend fourteen years fitting themselves to be prophets when they

know they are not wanted with their prophetic message, but a lively, brisk young organizer and money raiser is desired. The kind of men being called to many of our prominent churches is very discouraging to the men who have great messages to deliver in great prophetic ardor. We are inclined to think that what deterioration there is in the ministry is due largely to deterioration in the congregations. Congregations with minds eager to grapple with the great problems of the day and enjoying the masterly unfolding of great thought and ready to follow the prophet in new ventures and untried ways will soon produce a harvest of great preachers. But congregations that want sweet, fifteen-minute sermonettes will never produce prophets."

"CREATIVE ASSERTION" AND ITS LIMITATIONS



HE basis of the whole psychotherapeutic school today, it has been said, is the theory that whatever you set your mind upon you can get, if you only have an intense enough desire. Not unreasonably it is being urged by a host of "New Thought" teachers that success or failure in life depends upon one's capacity for "creative assertion." A problem is involved here that teaches not merely psychology and religion but life in its every aspect.

Christian Scientists, for instance, would have us believe that Mrs. Eddy can make apple trees blossom by her creative assertion that it is time for them to do so. Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston dramatizer of high finance, tries to make markets for investment by buying entire pages of newspapers and issuing sensational manifestoes. We are all familiar with the political bluffers who "claim everything" before every election, and with the real-estate boomers who create towns with the aid of a great deal of assertion intended to be creative and a few sign-posts to show where streets ought to be.

It is easy to condemn such over-exuberant tendencies of human nature as "a game of bluff." But is the issue so simple? Do not these individuals actually succeed in creating somewhat of that which they affirm? Dr. Richard C. Cabot, the distinguished Boston physician, thinks that they do. Writing in *Psychotherapy* (New York), he says:

"The Christian Scientists probably do not make apple trees bloom, but they certainly do cure a great many people. Mr. Lawson does not increase the substantial value of his stock for investment.

Yet he does create something: he 'calls spirits from the vasty deep,' and *something* comes, even tho it is not the spirits. So your political 'claim-everything' man probably produces some results, influences some votes by his claims, or he would not make them; and there is no question that the real-estate boomer does succeed, by mere force of reiterated assertion and contagious enthusiasm, in creating an atmosphere in which something more substantial can grow."

The defense that professional "bluffers" would make, if arraigned, would doubtless be that things are not fixed and finished; that what a man says does sometimes change facts; that since the world is in flux, it is "up to" anybody to shape it as it should be shaped. Doctors are wont to justify the deception of patients on the ground that absolute truthfulness often produces deleterious results. If a sick man knows that he is expected to die, he is much more likely to die than if he is kept in ignorance. The vehement assertion that the patient will get well, it is argued, tends to create its own truth, tends to make itself real. Political "spellbinders," real-estate promoters and stock manipulators might all offer the same sort of arguments; "and we cannot help perceiving," Dr. Cabot remarks, "that there is much that is plausible, even much that is true, in all this special pleading." On the other hand, it is equally evident that statements of this kind are at times perilously like lying, are dangerously near to imposture and quackery. Where shall the line be drawn between the justifiable and useful, and the rascally and dangerous, in this field? Or, to state the problem otherwise, when is a creative assertion valid?

In answering these questions, Dr. Cabot

makes it clear that creative assertion is successful in just the degree that "we penetrate sympathetically or by scientific comprehension of natural law the persons or things around us." He illustrates this point in a very simple way:

"If you lift the dampers from the strings of a piano by pressing the 'loud' or sustaining pedal and then sing a good loud note, the corresponding piano string will answer with the same tone. Sing an arpeggio, or any series of notes, and the piano will instantly copy them, tho somewhat faintly. This well-known experiment depends on the principle of 'sympathetic vibration.' It is perfectly easy to get the result, provided you obey the laws of sound; otherwise it is impossible. If you press by mistake the wrong pedal, or if you press the right one, and it is not in good working order, you can sing away all day without getting any response; but with the dampers lifted, you 'can call spirits from the vasty deep,' and they will come. Provided all the conditions are right—all the notes of your voice represented by intact piano strings, none broken, and all free to vibrate when the sound wave hits them—and provided you have a fairly loud voice and are not too far from the piano, then your will can evoke the answering note."

This is an illustration from the physical world, but the same law holds good in the psychic and spiritual world. The power which a good conductor exerts over his orchestra, or a skilful orator over his hearers, or a business man over his staff, is equally dependent on "sympathetic vibrations."

"When a captain says to his crew, 'Now we're off!' he uses the indicative mood; he is apparently stating a fact, describing a situation. Yet this is a laughably untrue account of what his hearers understand him to say. Altho he makes an assertion in the indicative mood, they understand it in the imperative mood; and, curiously enough, an assertion is often all the more effective for not having the form of a command. It appears to be a statement made in the middle of the event, on board a boat already started (so it seems), altho, in fact, the boat may be still motionless. By this form of words he projects his hearers into the future, or draws the future into the present; both of which acts are peculiarly characteristic of the creative process and of effective command.

"Watch Henry V whetting his army's courage before Agincourt:

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit . . . !

"The king is not merely describing the facts before his eyes; he is helping to create them by

his assertion. Doubtless he does see the men 'strain upon the start'—after he has said so, and perhaps a little before—with the eye of faith.

"Present assertion, prophetic vision, and creative affirmation melt and blend into one another in this speech, as in all the greatest feats of leadership. So the Hebrew prophets with their 'Thus saith the Lord' are prophetic and creative as well as affirmative."

But obviously there are limits to what a great leader or prophet can do. It is just in the recognition of these limits that a man shows his greatness. The reckless "bluffer" ignores all such boundaries and fails. There are leaders whom no one follows, prophets who have no disciples. Creative assertion, then, has its limits, and these limits, Dr. Cabot says, depend upon the closeness of the relation between the asserter and the assertee. He adds, in concluding:

"The man who says 'I will succeed in business' finds his affirmation crowned with success only in so far as his assertion is the prelude to an intelligent comprehension of the situation around him. If he is keen enough, or hard-working enough, to discover a rising wave on whose back he can ride to success, his assertion will turn out to be creative—otherwise not. So the boy who says, 'I will learn to jump a five-foot bar,' may be answered, 'Yes, if you train, develop, practice properly; otherwise you will probably be limited to the jumping powers of the ordinary man, about two feet and a half perpendicularly.'

"When we go beyond ourselves, there is no question that we do find ourselves possessed in some cases of the power to free each other's energies, to evoke, to disengage, to focus unused powers; but only if we understand the lives or tissues which we undertake to enter. We do not yet understand cancer, Bright's disease, or broken legs in any way so intimate as to make possible the success of our fiat, or even of our prayer, for their healing. The assertion, 'I will cure you,' or even 'God will cure you,' may be powerful or powerless, according to the degree of our penetration of the mysteries of health and disease confronting us. Disease may be as stubborn as a mountain, and as irremovable by the faith or by the affirmation of the ordinary man. On the other hand, disease may be quite plastic, quite yielding. There is nothing in advance of actual experience to tell us to which of these two classes a given disease belongs.

"We must discover, step by step, what we can do by physical, by chemical, and by psychical means. . . . Only by experience, by unprejudiced inquiry, can we learn to predict what is accomplished by anyone's assertion. Its powers are great, its dangers are great; we must steer our way sanely, and cautiously, without groundless dread or groundless confidence."

Music and the Drama

THE MUCKRAKER IN THE PLAYHOUSE



HE stage is worse today in the judgment of Archbishop Farley, than it was in the days of paganism. "Men and women," he recently exclaimed, "old men and old women who ought to know better, bring their young to these orgies of indecency." A distinguished Rabbi has heartily concurred with the Archbishop. "I don't care," he says, "if most managers are Jews,—they are all heathens." Then the unexpected happened. Mr. Charles Burnham, President of the Manager's Association, pleaded guilty for himself and his colleagues to the Archbishop's indictment and predicted a public censor if managers continued to put on the indecent shows that have drawn the crowds for the last twelve months. He insinuated that five plays are now running on Broadway that should be closed at once. The Dramatic Muse, thus impeached in the house of her friends and found guilty in the ecclesiastical court, forthwith proceeded to trial before the tribunal of the public and as a result the theatrical muckraker is now drawing his rake in search of evidence through unpleasant and prurient plays. Especially has Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton, formerly dramatic editor of *The Sun* (New York), manifested his vigilance in the case of the theatrical trust. An unprecedented wave of licentiousness in theatrical entertainments, he maintains (in *Success*), has arisen and is moving slimily from the "Tenderloin" of New York into the real United States. Vaudeville is already inundated, while the musical comedy has in the past two or three years sunk in many cases to the level of back-alley indecency. The dramatic stage itself, he continues, has felt the influence and let down the gates to farces of the rankest suggestion. Such plays pay in "the Tenderloin" of New York and so acquire a reputation that piques curiosity throughout the country. Managers state in defence: "We'll give the public what they want and pay for. We've got to live." Mr. Eaton, however, is of a different opinion. "No," he shouts back, "there is no sufficient reason for your living. There are hardly a dozen of you in the country whose work could not be better done, vastly better done, by somebody else."

The ethics of the theatrical manager, he affirms, do not as a rule reach beyond his pocket-book; and it is there alone we can hit him. The blue pencil of the censor and the bludgeons of the police cannot save us; we must appeal to the public, not the public of "the Tenderloin" but of the country. We safeguard our dwellings, the writer goes on to say, by forbidding saloons within so many feet of a school. We safeguard health by forbidding expectoration in public places. We keep certain books off the shelves of our public libraries and exclude objectionable matter from the United States mails; but "we are permitting every man, woman and child to-day who goes to a vaudeville theater—the best of vaudeville theaters—to see naked women exposed to view and almost naked women going through the filthy motions of the most obscene of Oriental dances." Further:

"We are permitting our young men in so-called 'first-class' theaters to hear licentious dialog which is not spoken to illustrate a social truth, with serious purpose, but solely to rouse laughter at sexual immorality. We are permitting these same young men to face the constant assault on their lowest passions of indecent gestures by young women on the stage, of craftily arranged nudity, and the specious glamor of foreign 'fast life.' And we are permitting it because we have got into the habit, in recent years, of permitting even laxer dramatic standards to prevail, giving even more and more rope to the present vulgar herd of theatrical managers, allowing the taste of the Tenderloin in New York ever more and more to dictate the character of entertainments in the American theater."

New York, Mr. Eaton reminds us, is the theatrical arbiter of the land because, in small towns where traveling attractions seldom remain longer than one or two days, the public is shy of buying unknown dramatic ware, and unless a play comes heralded by a New York run there is no way of determining its merit. The inevitable result of this, we are told, is that New York's theatrical tastes are imposed on the rest of the country. The trail of "the Tenderloin" is over us all. Unless a play pleases Broadway it has small chance anywhere else, except in independent Chicago.

"And," Mr. Eaton continues, "because the theatrical syndicate and a few vaudeville 'magnates' control between them nearly all the theaters in the country (save a few in the hands of the Shuberts, who maintain a partial and gratifying independence), the manager of the theater out in your town, even when he would like to refuse certain plays or certain vaudeville acts, can not do so. He has to take whatever is sent him by Klaw and Erlanger, or Keith and Proctor, or William Morris. He is nothing but a janitor. There is no such thing as local option in our theaters. There is no such thing as personal liberty. Men who want decency can not have it. The trail of 'the Tenderloin' is over the local managers as much in your town as in New York."

Broadway, however, while quick to detect crudities of style, is blasé, cosmopolitan and incapable of enthusiasm. "Tenderloin" audiences are only in part composed of normal American men and women, acting under normal conditions. A large percentage, the writer says, are foreign born and have little sympathy or understanding of national conditions north of the Harlem river. Mr. Eaton seems to forget for the moment that the foreign population of New York has theaters of its own, one of which is acknowledged to be superior in many respects to any American playhouse. The bane of the theater in New York, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, consists of the multitudes who go to the theater merely to kill time. Because they are incapable of understanding it, they avoid like the plague anything which they contemptuously describe as "high-brow." This is not all. "The Tenderloin" is intimately related to the rest of the country, for it is composed only in part of New Yorkers. "You, Madam, out in Grand Rapids, or down in Georgia or Worcester (Mass.)," Mr. Eaton asserts, with startling directness, "your brother or your father or your husband is a very important part of 'the Tenderloin.' There are between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand transients in New York hotels every day. Every night these visitors go to the theater. Without them, half of the New York theaters would close up tomorrow. There is nothing so indecent in New York as a visiting deacon."

The managers, Mr. Eaton exclaims, not without a trace of snobbishness, are mostly of low origin in the social scale and have no social background which they respect. Uneducated, they know nothing about dramatic art in its relation to other arts and to society,

nothing even about its traditions or history. They keep the material side of the stage in their own hands by shrewd and often unscrupulous business methods, and have in recent years almost stifled competition, which in the history of the drama has always proved to be the life of dramatic art. We have, he admits, some high-minded managers, such as Charles Frohman, who conducts his large business on a decent and dignified plane, altho chained to the wheels of the theatrical trust. Most of our worthy managers, we are assured, are either actors themselves (Mrs. Fiske, E. H. Sothérn, Henry Miller, for instance), or are men like Belasco who know and love the theater as a means of artistic expression. Henry W. Savage, a college graduate, enjoys the artistic satisfaction of producing plays. But now more than ever, Mr. Eaton reiterates, "the powerful ones are, with a few honorable exceptions, men of low origin and mean intelligence, men unblest with ideals."

New York, however, stands not altogether alone in its iniquity. "Take," Mr. Eaton says, "the most indecent musical comedy of last winter. Before that play ever came to New York it sold out the theaters in Albany merely on its suggestive title. And Boston, the pure, the proper, the chaste, the cultured, that kicked the Bacchante out of the Public Library; Boston, that sits by its foggy bay and hugs itself with righteous approval, a pharisee of cities, Boston has been known to tumble over itself to hear the Ziegfeld indecencies. The poison which has emanated originally in New York has spread now throughout the country; it is tolerated, sought for and applauded in the best theaters. It is time to call a halt, cries out Mr. Eaton. "Every time a licentious play prospers while a worthy drama is neglected next door, the path is made much harder for the writer of worthy drama, dramatic art is forced down one step toward the mire." To quote further:

"Perhaps you are a little skeptical. Perhaps you are even a trifle annoyed by the vehemence of all this—this talk of 'poison' and 'indecent' and lurking danger. *You* don't go to such shows. Your pleasant suburb seems quite as pleasant as ever, quite as moral.

"No, my dear sir or madam, you don't go to such shows. But are you sure your son doesn't? And be very sure that if *your* son would not do such a thing, other people's sons may not be so well restrained. Is it not 'poison' to the adolescent mind when half-naked women make suggestive gestures, in the glare of the footlights, direct-

ly in his face? Is it not 'poison' when he listens to gross dialog and indecent songs spoken and sung that they may be laughed at, when he hears one thousand men and women around him laughing at this indecency, thus very justly seeming to him to give it their sanction and approval? Is it not 'poison' when scores and scores of children who, poor things, are taken weekly to 'refined' vaudeville because our stage provides no more suitable entertainment for them, are permitted to see naked women on the stage, are thus taught that modesty is not, after all, a virtue? Is this not preparing them in a few years for the more ready acceptance in the 'legitimate' theater of the doctrine, already prevalent there, that chastity is not a virtue, either? Is it not 'poison' when nightly thousands of men and women gather in this or that theater solely for the purpose (secret or avowed) of finding pleasure in appeals to their lowest instincts?"

Nothing is more certain, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, than that suggestion plays a mighty part for good and evil. And nothing, in his opinion, is more certain, in our theaters today than that we are at present starting a frightful number of our young men—and older men, too—on the way toward looseness and the easy acceptance of public immodesty. "In New York alone, at one time this winter, four plays and musical pieces were running and at least two vaudeville entertainments were being given which made frank, bald and unequivocal appeal to the lowest sexual passions. That means that nightly at least seven or eight thousand men and women were being subtly debased in their moral standards. Is this not poison? Is this not something to get indignant about?" But, the writer admits, these are general charges. Are the facts really as bad as all this? He proceeds, in his charge, to more definite facts. Vaudeville, until recently, made a boast of catering to the family. Ten years ago Mr. Keith would not allow an actress who impersonated a French maid to wear silk stockings because silk stockings were suggestive of fast life. Today vaudeville "headliners" wear no stockings at all.

"At Oscar Hammerstein's roof-garden last summer (Oscar poses as a patron of Art with a big A!) Gertrude Hoffman appeared in a so-called 'Salome' dance, imitated from the dance of a female in London. (In originating indecency our managers are not yet expert, falling back on the older capitals of Europe.) Mr. Hammerstein this winter has produced at his Opera House Strauss's opera of 'Salome.' Perhaps he was craftily working up interest in advance. Miss Hoffman appeared almost naked, and slobbered over a wax representation of a severed head.

"So great was the 'success' of this act, that a host of imitations at once sprang up and went the rounds of vaudeville in other cities. Incidentally, in some theaters, the word 'refined' still blazed ironically on the programs. But as the Salome craze began to subside, a public already whetted by salacious excitement demanded a new thrill. The managers met this demand. Recently a female has been appearing in the vaudeville theaters controlled by William Morris (ironic name!) without so much as a gauze skirt and jewels.

"At the same time the rival vaudeville circuit, headed by the passionately proper Mr. Keith, was exhibiting a professional woman swimmer in a skin-tight union suit, and in order to make the act, which is naturally only an athletic exhibition, suggestive, the managers put on the stage a man with a camera to impersonate a peeper. Two sets of naked, shivering females, known respectively as the Bare Bronze Beauties and the Three Golden Graces, are this winter posing as statues, covered with bronze paint, in the rival vaudeville houses. The bronze paint dehumanizes them, to be sure, so that they chiefly resemble very bad and clumsy bronze plaster casts. But they are intended to act as a licentious lure, even if they fail in their effect.

"At Hammerstein's New York theater a woman appeared last January who used to appear at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston—a low joint—who, the week before Hammerstein took her, was performing at Huber's Museum in New York, a Bowery resort. Why was she elevated into 'refined vaudeville'? Because she dances, also half naked, the grossest of Oriental dances. At the World's Fair of 1893 this dance was greeted with yelps of outraged propriety. Only five years ago it was stopped by the police in New York. Now it is accepted in leading vaudeville theaters, accepted and applauded, without comment or interference."

On the "legitimate" stage, the same passionate advocate for the prosecution continues, we find the bulk of indecency in the musical comedies produced by a perniciously active and very powerful number of managers. Some of the serious plays like Walter's "The Easiest Way" and Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" deal soberly and truthfully with corruption and are perhaps, Mr. Eaton concedes, aids in the cause of morality. Indecency in a play he holds to be a matter of intention rather than of subject. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," closed up by the New York police, is a play that arouses no salacious speculation but inspires only pity and sociological interest. But the musical comedies, as held up for condemnation in Mr. Eaton's indictment, are written frankly for the sole purpose of appealing to the baser instincts of the audience. The worst

of them, he informs us, the most pretentious and the most popular, are produced by Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., the husband of Anna Held. In New York they are exhibited in theaters controlled by the theatrical firm of Klaw and Erlanger, the booking agents of the so-called theatrical syndicate, and consequently the most powerful managers (financially) in the country. At the present writing, Mr. Eaton remarks, the front of the New York Theater blazes with a huge electric sign announcing Anna Held in "Miss Innocence." Miss Held impersonates a school-girl reared in complete ignorance of the world who escapes from school into a fast café. The dialog, unfit for publication in any magazine that goes through the United States mails, is pruriently and intentionally suggestive. The songs are suggestive and the costumes are suggestive and there is more danger, especially for the young, in one musical comedy such as this than in a score of such plays as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or "The Easiest Way," against which some people rage even while they have tickets for "Miss Innocence" in their pockets. Another emanation from the same contaminating source, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, is "The Soul Kiss," now on the road. Why, he remarks, it is called "The Soul Kiss" nobody has found out, for the soul is the only portion of the human anatomy that is never displayed. The star is Mademoiselle Genée, one of the most light-footed, graceful and sprite-like dancers ever brought to this country. "To watch her in 'The Soul Kiss,'" Mr. Eaton declares, "is like watching an angel dance on a dung heap." Even worse than "The Soul Kiss," he tells us, is "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," the dullness of which is its only redeeming feature. Indecency alone, he alleges, has kept it on the stage. His wrath, however, is kindled to a flame by "The Girl from Rector's," a remade French farce announced by the managers as "a spicy salad with very little dressing." "The posters for this play," Mr. Eaton maintains, "cause every decent woman to turn away as she passes them on the street. In Trenton, at least, the police very properly ordered these posters off the fences and finally closed the play up. Indeed, the play was of such character that it was promptly promoted to Broadway, Joe Weber housing it at his theater."

Matthew Arnold once delivered an address in New York in which he contended that the majority is always wrong and that a nation's salvation rests with the remnant. The Athens of Plato and the Judah of Isaiah perished because the remnant was too small. But because

in America the remnant sprung from Germanic stock is numerically so large, he looked to it always for a weathering of moral storms. We have not yet, Mr. Eaton maintains, accepted the "great goddess Lubricity" to which Arnold made allusion in the course of his great address. Prurient plays still run counter to our better instincts, and they appeal to us not as natural but as vicious. In fact, it is the flavor of the naughtiness that sends us there. "But," Mr. Eaton warningly asserts, "that is an inevitable step in accepting them as natural, in coming to rely on their lewd appeal as part of our legitimate theatrical pleasures. Every acceptance of an indecency is making easier our acceptance of the next. It is high time in our theater to call on the aid of the remnant, on the saving minority. "The trail of 'the Tenderloin,'" he adds, "could most easily be obliterated by opening up competition throughout the country giving better plays a little better chance."

And already, it seems, the theatrical trust is cleft. Abe Erlanger, so it is asserted, in an editorial in *Collier's Weekly*, at present rules the American stage. Frohman, Klaw, Nixon, Zimmermann, and even Hayman, become his puppets more and more. The rising power of Lee Shubert, however, is a menace to Erlanger's authority. The Shuberts, we learn, have been expanding rapidly as producers and quietly extending their control of a number of theaters so widely as to promise them immunity from Erlanger's domination. Already they are able to conduct their own theaters in the principal cities and still play to houses for which the syndicate acts as agent. The advantage to the public, the dramatist, and the actor of having two booking routes, the writer asserts, can scarcely be overstated. "Of course there ought to be more, but between one and two lies all the difference between slavery and freedom. Even when the power of the syndicate was most severe, a few managers held out. Such were the men who control the local theatres at Binghamton, New York, and Williamsport, Pennsylvania; but, as may be guessed from illustrations of such modesty, a rare bird has been the local manager who, in defying the trust, has managed his house to suit himself." With the central power divided, the local managers may yet take heart and open their theaters to plays in which they themselves have confidence. With competition, the great American public will be able to render its verdict and to indicate clearly whether or not it wants indecency on the stage.

PITIFUL PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT

ROM our dramatists comes a cry of distress. Mr. Wilton Lackaye announces that he has asked his Congressman, William S. Bennett, to father a bill levying a heavy duty on foreign plays. The American playwright, it is said, finds himself in a pitiful plight. Managers turn the cold shoulder to him, and if Mr. George Jean Nathan, writing in *The Bohemian*, is right, the aforesaid playwright is rapidly losing his hold on the public. We are the capital of big industries and financial power, but when we turn in the atlas to drama-land we find ourselves theatrical suburbs of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Of peculiar significance in this connection are the plans for the New Theater, now in course of construction, from which much has been hoped for the American drama. At last, we have been told, we are to have a National Theater. "That is," Mr. Nathan sarcastically remarks, "a National Theater for the presentation of plays of other nations." When the band at the dedicatory exercises seemed to play "My Country 'Tis of Thee" we were fooled, he thinks. It was really playing "God Save the King." The New Theater, the writer facetiously adds, "is going to be opened with a play written by a young author named William Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare's light has been hidden under a bushel for so long and his worth is so unknown to Americans that the gentlemen in control of the glorious, independent Red-White-and-Blue theater have shown a master stroke of commendable originality, not to say bravado, in declaring their intention of giving him a 'chance.'" To quote further:

"In this 'National' theater, moreover, the managers promise us we shall subsequently see the choicest plays of such budding American playwrights as Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, and other dramatists who are loyal subjects of the Goddess of Liberty when they see her on the face of our silver dollars. Lest any capable American playwrights be overlooked, the New Theater powers have commissioned Mr. William Archer to scour every nook and cranny of Great Britain in search of suitable dramatic material."

Where once we may have had some slight independent dramatic status, we find ourselves today, in Mr. Nathan's opinion, devotees of a "denationalized stage." The public, not the managers, are, however, to be blamed if our theater resembles "a chop suey made up of

foreign ingredients." Our own snobbishness, Mr. Nathan contends, forces our leading producers to rely almost entirely on foreign authors. A glance over Mr. Frohman's productions this season from "Love Watches" to "Jack Straw," from "Samson" to "Lady Frederick," and from "What Every Woman Knows" to "The Mollusc" and "Malia," fails to reveal evidence of the stars and stripes. Even "The Patriot" was constructed by an English pen. In Frohman's musical productions, patriotism had its way only in "Fluffy Ruffles," but Mr. Frohman was the only patriot concerned and the play was exiled from the metropolis. The other managers, with few exceptions, have followed in the footsteps of Mr. Frohman. Even in plays by American playwrights, the foreign touch was seldom absent. "Take 'The Man From Home,' an American play by American authors, conceived and written in Italy, with its scenes laid in Italy and several of the prominent characters English. Take 'Girls' and 'The Blue Mouse,' adaptations from the German, and 'The World and His Wife,' reconstructed from the Spanish."

The foreign influence is as evident in nearly every musical comedy. American libretto-makers almost invariably lay their settings in foreign countries. "The Boys and Betty," "Mlle. Mischief," "Marcelle," "Miss Innocence," "The Queen of Moulin Rouge," "The Golden Butterfly," "The Prima Donna"—all from American pens, have borrowed their local color from Europe. Even Mr. George M. Cohan lays the scene of his "The American Idea" in Paris. The place of "Fluffy" is taken by such foreign young ladies as "Kitty Grey" and "The Girls From Gottenburg," and even Mr. Savage has put his foot down on American musical plays. We are "beaten to a frazzle," declares Mr. Nathan, in the theatrical battle. We look to English dramatists for serious plays. German comedies are hurried overseas to fortify the stage. French shocks are heard in New England. We sing songs of Vienna, smile at the wit of Molnar and stare at the dances of sun-scorched southern lands. What sallies we have made into the enemies' country have been mostly disastrous. "Paid in Full" has been a failure abroad, and our "College Widows," to use the language of Mr. Nathan, "have been first injured to the Ade." "The Squaw-Man" managed to get along because its central character was an

Englishman. "Leah Kleshna," despite reports to the contrary, was not a great financial success abroad, while "Mrs. Wiggs" was regarded as a curiosity, not as a play. Our managers take it for granted that foreign successes will be successes in America, and they are seldom mistaken. But their frenzied dashes after Maugham, their rush after Molnar and Bernstein have no analogies in instances of foreign producers clamoring to get in touch with our Walters, our Ades, our Thomases or our Broadhursts. To quote again:

"While we are after the man who wrote the Merry Widow waltz, no foreign managers are reciprocally bothering the life out of the man who made the Red Mill grind. Ivan Caryll, Lionel Monckton and the other foreign music show-makers have not the competition to fear that have our George Hobarts, our Frank Pixleys and our Gustav Luderses. The truth must out: We are a theatrical suburb and Europe knows it well, even if we, its dog, do not.

"No one ever hears of a foreign producer trying to make an impression upon his audience by announcing that his play will be presented in America. Over here, tho, whenever a manager wants to impress the theater-goers he publishes the statement that 'Plans have now been completed for the presentation of — in London in May.'"

The increasingly insistent demand for the "imported" sign of theatrical productions, Mr. Nathan continues, must eventually compel the home dramatic author to battle against foreign authors with their own material. Before long we shall see our playwrights shift their scenes from Harlem flats to English manors. It is interesting to speculate on what would have been the chance of a foreign play like "Love Watches" with an American environment, and what we should have said of "Samson" if Brachard had been named Billings, Anne-Marie Mary Ann, and Le Govain Gibson; if that panic had been started on the Stock Exchange instead of the Bourse, and that scene laid in the Holland House instead of the more or less unknown Hotel de Ritz? As it were, the blue pencil took the red blood of dramatic life out of both plays. "But," asks the writer, "what cared we? They were foreign—sufficiency." He goes on to say:

"There is something coarse to us about 'police-man' but we like 'bobby.' The Derby is more to our ears' liking than the Brooklyn handicap. The dramatic food tastes better at Maxim's than at Rector's. We say 'Ah' when what she has on is by Worth, and 'um' when it's from the Osborne

shop. We vociferously applaud Stage-England and then go 'round the corner and get into a fight because a fellow in tweeds in the café says New York isn't nearly as good as London. We want American material; we say so, and we fight to prove we mean what we say. But we are liars."

It may be urged in reply to Mr. Nathan's contentions, that the fault probably lies with our playwrights more than with the public. Why, for instance, have we never produced a worthy drama embodying our struggle for independence? Our attempts at a national drama, as Mr. Eaton points out in his recently published book on "The American Stage Today" (Small, Maynard & Company) have been lamentable failures. "But," he adds hopefully, "the American drama is just now waking up to look about with a man's eyes, to put ideas, speculation and comment where silly sentiments did duty before. 'Great Divides' and 'Witching Hours' have succeeded the trivialities of the past." There is no reason why the public should accept bad plays because they are American. As a matter of fact, it seems to us, that even fairly well-made American plays have a better chance than the greatest European "hits." Two of the season's three great successes, "The Gentleman From Mississippi" and "The Easiest Way" are almost aggressively American in spirit. While numberless foreign plays have come and vanished, "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman," both by James Forbes, both typically American plays, triumphantly hold their own. "Co-Eds," a musical success, is distinctly domestic in brand. Mr. Fitch has never had cause to complain of wanting an audience here, and his "Truth" is even now featured on the billboards of Berlin. Percy Mackaye, in whose plays the human note is often conspicuously absent and the artistic note not always conspicuously present, has never been denied the chance of a hearing, and the prosperity of Messrs. Augustus Thomas and Charles Klein vouch for the gratitude of the American public. Mr. Nathan admits that exceptions are found to our worship at alien shrines; "but," he asks, "are they of sufficient strength to batter down the greater part of the wall that has been reared by ourselves against ourselves? And, furthermore, is it not true that these exceptions are gradually becoming less and less in number and are fading away as the European theatrical sun rises higher and higher in our American sky?"

THE PUZZLE OF GERHARDT HAUPTMANN

 AS Gerhardt Hauptmann, the erstwhile realist, forsaken symbolism, his second love, or has he mystified us more completely than ever before? Such questions were discussed in Berlin on the presentation of "Griselda," the new Hauptmann play, based, nominally at least, on the ancient tale of the faithful Grisel. Berlin was puzzled. Of course it has also been puzzled by "Pippa Dances" and "Charlemagne's Hostage," but there seems to be a primitive note in "Griselda" that eludes the analysis of the super-subtle. While "Pippa" and "Charlemagne's Hostage" were mystifying enough, one could always read a significance, vast and mysterious, between the lines. In "Griselda" the note of symbolism seems to be absent. Hauptmann has apparently contented himself with telling his elemental tale without attempting to secrete a cosmic philosophy in the folds of his theatrical garment. Therefore Berlin critics, whose tortuous minds are like twisted Japanese trees, are completely at sea. They can understand everything but simplicity; everything but the natural passes for nature in Berlin. At last a clever head hit upon a way out of the obvious open into the mystical jungle. "Griselda," he whispered at the top of his voice, is not a drama of human passion but a cunning political pamphlet! The melancholy poet merely smiled his cryptic smile at this revelation and, very wisely, said nothing.

Every Hauptmann *première* nowadays is a theatrical battle, and the theatre is divided into inimical cliques and clans. At the first presentation of "Griselda," there were misgivings in many minds as to the outcome, but as the play proceeded there was no doubt that the poet had scored a victory—for the first time in many years—altho, in the picturesque phrase of the New York *Times*, the opposition made itself felt at the end like a flock of angry swans. Hauptmann appeared before the curtain many times, but the Berlin reviewers chilled the ardor of the poet's admirers with luke-warm praise, and the comment of their colleagues in Vienna, where the piece was produced simultaneously, were likewise unfriendly. Hauptmann's hero, Count Ulrich, margrave of Lombardy, is more interesting in his development than the titular heroine of the play. He is a man of "instinctive vice" whose one delight it is to wield his medieval power over the women on his

estate. In Griselda, a buxom self-willed peasant girl, he meets with violent opposition. The scene in which the will of the girl is pitted again the tyrant is perhaps the finest scene in the play and raises hopes which, in the opinion of Mr. C. Tower, Berlin correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, to whom we are largely indebted for information, were not subsequently fulfilled. The result of the struggle, he tells us, is a foregone conclusion. The will of Griselda falls before the feudal power of Count Ulrich. To quote:

"Yet the victory of the Count is not so complete as might appear. Nothing is better calculated to excite the passion of the half-savage Ulrich than the sense that while his position gave him a victory over the body of his subject and serf, in a straight-forward contest of wills hers might prove the stronger. To the amazement of his court he announces that as his advisers have urged him to marry, so he will; but his wife shall be none other than the peasant-maid Griselda. He goes back with his retinue to the cottage and there he finds Griselda picking apples. He is determined to make his ultimate victory plain to all his court, so he sends his courtiers one by one, to endeavor to snatch a kiss from Griselda. One by one equally she sends them flying at the point of a large kitchen knife. The scene, save for its subtle meaning, would be almost broad farce. Then when his courtiers are discomfited the Count himself enters the contest, first disarms Griselda and then offers to right the wrong he has done her by making her his wife. The swift acceptance of Griselda is dramatically the weakest and least convincing part of the play.

"Thus far the poet follows tradition. What follows is all his own and somehow lacks persuasion. The presumption is that the Count having, as he says, secured the right of husband as well as of a feudal lord over a healthy country girl, 'who can stand a good spell of the cudgel,' will proceed to exercise upon her in her new and yet more helpless condition all the refinements of cruelty, mental and physical, that his humanized animalism can suggest. But Hauptmann paints the result otherwise. Count Ulrich becomes as passionately proud of his wife and her rustic intelligence and strong will as he expected to become proud of his conquest. In a curious scene on the lawn of his castle he puts Griselda, so to say, through her paces. We see the new-made countess in her bridal array wielding a scythe whilst the proud count explains to the sneering ladies of his court that such and such only are the qualities which it is worth while to tame. From pride of possession to a passion of love is, for Hauptmann, only a step, and from such love to jealousy is an even more

natural course. The count becomes madly, savagely jealous of anything that may come between himself and his wife. He kills even the cats because she has stroked them.

"At last Ulrich's jealousy falls upon the unborn child, and there is a terrible but absolutely persuasive scene in the ante-room of the birth-chamber. It is a scene which ought never to have been staged, and which was greeted even at the *Lessing Theater* with unmistakable signs of disapproval. In it the Count's jealousy goes so far that when the child is born he sends it away to be nursed at a distance, hoping that now his wife will have no thought save for himself. He is mistaken; for Griselda's first and only words when he goes to see her after a lapse of three weeks are 'Where is my child?' She herself explains that the words were forced from her by some power within her. She had intended to welcome her husband with all the warmth of her love for him, but when he came the cry for her child was the only speech that would rise to her lips. Without reply or explanation the Count strides from the room and leaves the castle to hide himself and his agony on an almost inaccessible mountain peak. To Griselda this desertion, this twofold loss of child and husband, bring back the angry and strong-willed spirit of former days. She is no longer the loving woman yielding herself gladly and without struggle to all that her husband wills, but once more the sturdy, almost shrewish, country girl. Donning her peasant-clothes, she goes back to her cottage home and vows that never again will she return to the castle except as a servant. In fact, Griselda does so return and we see her scrubbing the hall steps. 'I will wash clean both my body and my soul,' she repeats as she works. On the steps she meets the nurse who is bringing back her child. When it is her own again, her heart is once more changed, and a little later, on the same steps, comes the reconciliation of

wife and husband and the woman's explanation of all the man's trouble: 'Dear, you must love me just a little less.'"

The political interpretation of the play is based on a chance remark made by the provost of the Lombard court: "It is a thankless task to ponder the peculiarity of reigning princes." "Has not the Kaiser periodical fits of headstrong rashness?" the Berlin wiseacres ask. "Is not his court like that which Hauptmann pictures? Is not the real cure for him to go back to the people, to the old stern agricultural Prussians, and from them to learn the lesson that for his country's sake he must love his country with somewhat less violent emotions?" This interpretation is not widely accepted.

A likelier explanation is ventured by Mr. Tower, who regards the play of "Griselda" as one of Hauptmann's curious sermons on the evolution of the civilized man from the savage earth child. In "Pippa" Hauptmann gives us a half unintelligible picture of elemental human forces in their wildest, most absolutely unearthly, form. In the story of Griselda and Count Ulrich he seems to carry the story a step further and to try to show the earth-man whose elemental passions are first modified into cruelty and vice through all the stages of self-torture and refined into a spiritual fire.

"Griselda," it may safely be said, marks a new epoch in Hauptmann's artistic development. Either the poet has stepped out of his "misty mid-region of Weir" into the larger life, or he has steeped himself in symbolism to such an extent that the symbolism itself is no longer apparent.

"THE WITCHING HOUR"—A PLAY THAT HAS MADE DRAMATIC HISTORY



PROBLEMS of the mind are, it seems, at present of paramount interest to our playwrights. It was Mr. Augustus Thomas in "The Witching Hour" who instituted what future historians of the American drama may designate as its "psychic era." His excursion into the realm of telepathy and the subconscious self, opening as it were the trail for an increasing number of playwrights, may be said to have made dramatic history. But for Mr. Thomas's success, "The Road to Yesterday," "The Vampire," "The Third Degree" and "The Dawn of To-Mor-

row" might never have had a fighting chance on the American stage. Two more plays recently produced, "The Conflict," by M. V. Samuels, and "The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody, author of "The Great Divide," while presenting interesting studies in the vein of New Thought, seem to have fallen by the wayside, theatrically speaking. Mr. Samuels has based his play on Balzac's delightful and terrible tale of the "Magic Skin," adding a creative touch of his own, but failing to convince the critics. Mr. William Vaughn Moody, while convincing the critics, left his audiences in a haze. "The Witching Hour,"

however, the first and most successful of "psychic" plays, still enjoys the undiminished vigor of its prime and Mr. Thomas is reaping the reward of his bold invasion of a field hitherto restricted to science. The novelization of the play* has also met with considerable success. Our extracts are made, by permission, directly from the author's manuscript of the acting version.

Not a small share of the success of "The Witching Hour" is due to Mr. Thomas's judicious choice of local color and to his dexterity in interweaving with the psychic plot a stirring chapter of recent political history. We are introduced, in the first act, to the home of Jack Brookfield, in Louisville, Kentucky. Brookfield is a man of great emotional and intellectual power which has been sadly mis-spent in running a fashionable gambling house frequented by Frank Hardmuth among others, the assistant district attorney. Other characters at the opening of the play are Jack's sister, Mrs. Alice Campbell, and her daughter Viola; Mrs. Helen Whipple, his erst-while sweetheart, and her son Clay, in love with Viola; Tom Denning, a foolish young millionaire, one of Jack's patrons; and an old "sport," Lew Ellinger, a friend of Jack and an inveterate gambler. Hardmuth is also in love with Viola and presuming on his relations with Jack, he asks him to support his courtship. He meets with unexpected opposition which results in a veritable "show-down" between gambler and district attorney.

JACK. There's another man in the running and I think she likes *him*.

HARDMUTH. You mean young Whipple? Well, he took second money in the box party to-night and at the supper table too. I'll agree to take care of him if *you're* with me.

JACK. I think he's your biggest opposition.

HARDMUTH. But you? Can I count on you in the show down?

JACK. If Viola didn't care enough for you, Frank, to accept you in spite of everything I shouldn't try to influence her in your favor.

HARDMUTH. But you wouldn't try to influence her against me?

JACK. (*Pause.*) She's about the closest thing to me there *is*, that niece of mine.

HARDMUTH. (*Pause.*) Well?

JACK. I'd protect her happiness to the limit of my ability.

HARDMUTH. If she likes me or should come to like me enough, her happiness would be with me, wouldn't it?

JACK. She might think so.

HARDMUTH. Well?

JACK. But she'd be mistaken. It would be a mistake, old chap.

HARDMUTH. I know twenty men twelve to fifteen years older than their wives, all happy, wives happy too.

JACK. 'Tisn't just that.

HARDMUTH. What is it?

JACK. She's a fine girl that niece of mine, not a blemish.

HARDMUTH. Well—

JACK. I want to see her get the best, the very best, in family, position, character.

HARDMUTH. Anything against the Hardmuths? (*Jack shakes head.*) I'm assistant district attorney here and next trip I'll be *the* district attorney.

JACK. I said character.

HARDMUTH. Character?

JACK. Yes.

HARDMUTH. You mean there's anything against my reputation?

JACK. No, I mean character pure and simple. I mean the moral side of you.

HARDMUTH. Well, by God!

JACK. You see, I'm keeping the *girl* in mind all the time.

HARDMUTH. *My morals!*

JACK. Let's say your moral fibre.

HARDMUTH. Well, for richness this beats anything I've struck. Jack Brookfield talking to me about my moral fibre.

JACK. You asked for it.

HARDMUTH. Yes, I did, and now I'm going to ask for the show down. What do you mean by it?

JACK. I mean, as long as you've called attention to the "richness" of Jack Brookfield talking on the subject, that Jack Brookfield is a professional gambler. People get from Jack Brookfield just what he promises—a square game. Do you admit that?

HARDMUTH. I admit that. Go on.

JACK. You're the assistant prosecuting attorney of the city of Louisville. The people *don't* get from you just what you promised, not by a jugful.

HARDMUTH. I'm the *assistant* prosecuting attorney, remember. I promised to assist in prosecution not to institute it.

JACK. I expect technical defense, old man, but this was to be a show down.

HARDMUTH.. Let's have it. I ask for particulars.

JACK. Here's one. You *play* here in my house and you know it's against the law that you've sworn to support.

HARDMUTH. I'll support the law whenever it's invoked. Indict me and I'll plead guilty.

JACK. This evasion is what I mean by lack of moral fibre.

HARDMUTH. Perhaps we're a little shy somewhere on mental fibre.

JACK. You make me say it, do you, Frank? Your duty at least is to keep secret the information of your office. Contrary to that duty you've

*THE WITCHING HOUR. By Augustus Thomas. Copyright, 1908. Harper & Brothers, New York.



AN EXPLORER OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

Mr. Augustus Thomas, author of "The Witching Hour," has been called our leading playwright. Unlike Clyde Fitch and others, he is not content with laurels once achieved, but ever pushes on to new fields of dramatic endeavor.

betrayed the secrets of your office to warn me and other men of this city when their game was in danger from the police.

HARDMUTH. You *throw* that up to me?

JACK. Throw nothing, you asked for it.

HARDMUTH. I stand by my friends.

JACK. Exactly. And you've taken an oath to stand by the people.

HARDMUTH. Do you know any sure politician that doesn't stand by his friends.

JACK. Not one.

HARDMUTH. Well there!

JACK. But I don't know any sure politician that I'd tell my niece to marry.

HARDMUTH. That's a little too fine haired for me.

JACK. I think it is.

HARDMUTH. I'll bet you a thousand dollars I'm the next prosecuting attorney of this city.

JACK. I'll take half of that if you can place it. I'll bet even money you're anything in politics that you go after for the next ten years.

HARDMUTH. Then I don't understand your kick.

JACK. But I'll give odds that the time'll come when you're way up there, full of honor and reputation and pride, that somebody'll drop to you, Frank, and—flash! *You* for down and out.

HARDMUTH. Rot.

JACK. It's the same in every game in the world. The crook either gets too gay or gets too slow or both and the "come on" sees him make the pass. I've been pall bearer for three of the slickest men that ever shuffled a deck in Kentucky. Just a little *too* slick, that's all. And they've always got it when it was hardest for the family.

HARDMUTH. So that'll be my finish, will it?

JACK. Sure.

HARDMUTH. You like the moral fibre of this Whipple kid?

JACK. I don't know.

HARDMUTH. Weak as dishwater.

JACK. I don't think so.

HARDMUTH. I'll do him at any game you name.

JACK. He's only a boy. You should!

HARDMUTH. I'll do him at this game.

JACK. What game?

HARDMUTH. The girl. I thought I could count on *you* because—well for the very tips that you hold against me. But you're only her uncle, old man, after all.

JACK. That's all.

HARDMUTH. And if she says "yes"—

JACK. (*Pause.*) Frank! Some day the truth'll come out as to who murdered a governor-elect of this State.

HARDMUTH. Is there any doubt about that?

JACK. Isn't there?

HARDMUTH. The man that fired the shot's in jail.

JACK. I don't want my niece mixed up in it.

HARDMUTH. What do you mean by that?

The two men are interrupted by the entrance of Helen, who informs Jack that young Denning, more or less drunk, is annoying Clay. Hardmuth goes out and Helen subjects Jack to a severe scolding, having learned by accident that her son, Clay, has gambled at Brookfield's tables. "It's no gambling with your boy," remarks Jack, in defence of himself. "He has not won a dollar."

HELEN. I'm glad you're able to smile over it.

JACK. Perhaps it would be more humorous to you if he'd *won*.

HELEN. If he plays, I'd rather see him win, of course.

JACK. That's what put me in the *business*—winning. The thing that makes every gambler stick to it is winning *occasionally*. I've never let your boy get up from the table a dollar to the good, and because he *was* your boy.

HELEN. Why let him play at all?

JACK. He'll play somewhere till he gets sick of it—or marries.

HELEN. Will marriage cure it?

JACK. It would have cured me. But you don't see it that way.

HELEN. You made your choice.

JACK. I asked you to trust me. You wanted some ironclad pledge. Well, my dear Helen, that wasn't the best way to handle a fellow of spirit.

HELEN. So *you* chose the better way.

JACK. No choice. I stood pat. That's all.

HELEN. And wasted your life.

JACK. That depends on how you look at it. You married a doctor that wore himself out in the Philadelphia hospitals. I've had three meals a day, and this place, a pretty fat farm and a stable with some good blood in it.

HELEN. And every one of them, Jack, is a monument to the worst side of you.

JACK. Prejudice, my dear Helen. You might say that if I'd earned these things in some respectable business combination that starved out all its little competitors. But I've simply furnished a fairly expensive entertainment to eminent citizens looking for rest.

HELEN. I know all the arguments of your—profession, Jack, and I don't pretend to answer them any more than I answer the arguments of reckless women who claim that they are more commendable than their sisters who make loveless marriages.

JACK. I'm not flattered by the implied comparison, still—

HELEN. I only feel sure that anything which the majority of good people condemn is wrong.

JACK. I had hoped that twenty years of charitable deeds had made you also charitable in your judgment.

HELEN. I hope it has.

JACK. Don't seem to ease up on my specialty.

HELEN. You called your conduct wild oats twenty years ago.

JACK. It was. But I found such an excellent market for my wild oats that I had to stay in that branch of the grain business. Besides it has been partly your fault, you know.

HELEN. Mine?

JACK. You throwing me over for my wild oats put it up to me to prove that they were a better thing than you thought.

HELEN. Well, having demonstrated that—

JACK. Here we are—

HELEN. Yes—here we are.

JACK. Back in the old town. Don't you think it would be a rather pretty finish, Helen, if despite all my—my leopard's spots and despite that

(*pause*) that Philadelphia episode of yours—

HELEN. You call twenty years of marriage episodic?

JACK. I call any departure from the main story episodic.

HELEN. And the main story is—?

JACK. You and I.

HELEN. Oh—!

JACK. Wouldn't it be a pretty finish if you took my hand and I could walk right up to Camera and say "I told you so?" You know I always felt that you were coming back.

HELEN. Oh, did you?

JACK. (*Playfully*.) Had a candle burning in that window every night.

HELEN. You sure it wasn't a red light?

JACK. (*Remonstrating*.) Dear Helen, have some poetry in your composition. Literally "red light," of course, but the real flame was here. (*Hand on breast*.) A flickering hope that somewhere, somewhere, I should be at rest with the proud Helen that loved and—rode away.

HELEN. (*Almost accusingly*.) I believe you.

JACK. Of course you believe me.

HELEN. You had a way, Jack, when you were a boy at college of making me write to you.

JACK. Had I?

HELEN. You know you had. At nights about this hour I'd find it impossible to sleep until I'd got up and written to you—and two days later I'd get from you a letter that had crossed mine on the road. I don't believe the word "telepathy" had been coined then, but I guessed something of the force. And all these years I've felt it—nagging! nagging!

JACK. Nagging?

HELEN. Yes. I could keep you out of my waking hours, out of my thought. But when I surrender myself to sleep the call would come, and I think it was rather cowardly of you, really.

JACK. I plead guilty of having thought of you, Helen, lots, and it was generally when I was alone, late, my—my clients gone. In this room,

"Whose lights are fed,

Whose garlands dead,

And all save him departed."

HELEN. And, as you say, here we are.

JACK. Well, what of my offer? Shall we say to the world, We told you so? What of my picturesque finish?

HELEN. You know my ideas. You've known them twenty-two years.

Here an elderly man, Judge Prentice of the Supreme Court, is announced and ushered in. Helen exits, and the Judge explains that in passing through the city he has called to see a painting by Corot which he understood Jack had recently bought. "You don't object to my looking at it," the Judge asks. "Certainly not," Jack replies.

PRENTICE. That's it. (*Pause*.) I thought at one time that I would buy this picture.

JACK. You know it, then?

PRENTICE. Yes. (*Pause.*) Are you particularly attached to it, Mr. Brookfield?

JACK. I think not irrevocably.

PRENTICE. (*After close look at Jack.*) Oh! (*Pause, during which Judge looks at picture.*) Do I understand that is what you paid for it, or what you intend to ask me for it? (*Jack starts.*)

JACK. What?

PRENTICE. Sixty-five hundred.

JACK. (*Astonished.*) I didn't speak the price, did I?

PRENTICE. Didn't you? Oh! (*Pause.*) I couldn't pay that amount.

JACK. That's its price, however.

PRENTICE. I regret I didn't buy it from the dealer when I had my chance. (*Looks about.*) I couldn't have given it so beautiful a setting, Mr. Brookfield, nor such kindred. But it would not have been friendless. (*Points to picture over fireplace.*) That's a handsome marine.

JACK. Yes.

PRENTICE. Pretty idea I read recently in an essay of Dr. Van Dyke's. His pictures were for him windows, by which he looked out from his study into the world. Yes?

JACK. Quite so.

PRENTICE. (*Pause.*) M—Washington.

JACK. (*Again astonished.*) What?

PRENTICE. My home is Washington. I thought you asked me?

JACK. No, I didn't.

PRENTICE. I beg your pardon! (*Regards another picture.*)

JACK. (*Aside.*) But I'm damned if I wasn't going to ask him.

PRENTICE. I didn't know until I missed the picture how large a part of my world, my dream world, I had been looking at through that frame.

JACK. Well, if it's a sentimental matter, Judge, we might talk it over.

PRENTICE. I musn't submit the sentimental side of it, Mr. Brookfield, and where I have so—so intruded.

JACK. That's the big side of anything for me—the sentimental.

PRENTICE. I'm sure of it. And I musn't take advantage of that knowledge.

JACK. You're sure of it?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Is that my reputation?

PRENTICE. I don't know your reputation.

JACK. Then how are you sure of it?

PRENTICE. Oh, I see you, and—well, we have met.

JACK. Ah!

PRENTICE. Good night.

JACK. One moment. (*Pause.*) You said your address was Washington?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. You thought at the time I was about to ask you that question?

PRENTICE. I thought you had asked it.

JACK. And you thought a moment before that I had said sixty-five hundred for the picture?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Do you often—pick answers that way?

PRENTICE. Well, I think we all do at times.

JACK. We all do?

PRENTICE. Yes. But we speak the answers only as we get older and less attentive and mistake a person's thought for his spoken word.

JACK. A person's thought?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Do you mean that you know what I think?

PRENTICE. I hadn't meant to claim any monopoly of that power. It's my opinion that everyone reads the thoughts of others. That is some of the thoughts.

JACK. Every one?

PRENTICE. Oh yes.

JACK. That I do?

PRENTICE. (*Regarding him.*) I should say you more generally than the majority of men.

JACK. There was a woman said something like that to me not ten minutes ago.

PRENTICE. A woman would be very apt to be conscious of it.

JACK. You really believe that—that stuff?

PRENTICE. Oh yes. And I'm not a pioneer in the belief. The men who declare the stuff most stoutly are scientists who have given it most attention.

JACK. How do they prove it?

PRENTICE. They don't prove it. That is, not universally. Each man must do that for himself, Mr. Brookfield.

JACK. How?

PRENTICE. Well, I'll tell you all I know of it. Every thought is active—that is, born of a desire, and travels from us. Or it is born of the desire of some one else and comes to us. We send them out or we take them in. That is all.

JACK. How do we know which we are doing?

PRENTICE. If we are idle and empty-headed, our brains are the play-rooms for the thoughts of others—frequently rather bad. If we are active, whether benevolently or malevolently, our brains are work shops—power houses. I was passively regarding the picture; your active idea of the price registered, that's all. So did you wish to know where I was from.

During this startling interview tragedy stalks through the house. Tom Denning, in his drunkenness, irritates Clay Whipple beyond endurance and annoys him especially with a scarf pin, a cat's eye, which, for some unaccountable reason arouses a curious hereditary aversion, if not actual dread, in the boy. "Why," asks Hardmuth sneeringly, "should he criticize Tom's scarf-pin?"

CLAY. It's a cat's eye and I don't like them, that's all. I don't like to look at them.

LEW. (*To Tom.*) Let him alone, Tom.

TOM. Damn if he ain't scared of it, ha, ha! (*Pushing pin in front of Clay's face.*)

CLAY. (*Much excited.*) Don't do that.

HARDMUTH. (*Sneering.*) 'Twon't bite you, will it?

CLAY. (*More excitedly.*) Go away, I tell you.

TOM. 'Twill bite him—bow—wow—wow!

(*Runs after Clay.*)

CLAY. Don't, I tell you. Don't.

TOM. Bow—wow—wow.

LEW. Tom!

HARDMUTH. (*Laughing and restraining Lew.*) Let him alone.

CLAY. Go away.

TOM. Bow—wow! (*Enter Jack.*)

JACK. What's the matter here?

TOM. (*Pursuing Clay.*) Wow— (*Clay in frenzy swings a large ivory paper knife from table; it strikes Tom, who falls, hitting his head against iron guards at fire.*)

JACK. Clay!

CLAY. He pushed that horrible cat's eye right against my face.

JACK. What cat's eye?

HARDMUTH. Only playing with him—a scarf pin.

LEW. (*With Tom.*) He's out, Jack. (*Jack kneels by Tom. Enter Jo.*)

CLAY. I didn't mean to hurt him, really I didn't mean that.

HARDMUTH. (*Taking ivory from Clay.*) The hell you didn't. You could kill a bull with that ivory tusk.

VIOLA. (*Entering.*) What's the matter?

CLAY. Oh, mother, I've killed him.

HELEN. Killed him—whom?

HARDMUTH. Tom Denning.

CLAY. But I never meant it. Jack, I just struck—struck wild.

HARDMUTH. With this!

HELEN. With that! Oh, my boy!

Hardmuth sets heaven and earth in motion to bring about the speedy conviction of Clay Whipple. The jury, selected by him for their lack of imagination, find a verdict of guilty. The one chance left is an appeal to the Supreme Court on an extremely technical point. Jack remembers Judge Prentice and hastens to Washington with Helen and Viola to persuade the eminent jurist. Judge Prentice at first angrily resents the attempt to bias his judgment, until Helen discovers to him that Margaret Price, the sweetheart of his youth, was her mother. She tells him of the strange fear of cat's eyes that has been running in the family for several generations, and he remembers that Margaret Price had also suffered from this curious obsession. He tells her that medical jurisprudence is full of such cases. "Why," he says, "should we deny them? Is nature faithful only in physical matters? You are like the portrait of your mother, Margaret Price. Na-

ture's behest should have also embraced some of the less apparent possessions."

JACK. We urged all that at the trial, but they called it invention.

PRENTICE. Nothing seems more probable to me.

HELEN. Thank you. Well, as I was saying, Clay, my boy, had that dreadful and unreasonable fear of the jewel. I protected him as far as possible, but one night, a year ago, some men, companions, finding that the sight of this stone annoyed him, pressed it upon his attention. He did not know, Judge, he was not responsible. It was insanity, but he struck his tormentor and the blow resulted in the young man's death.

PRENTICE. Terrible! terrible!

HELEN. My poor boy is crushed with the awful deed. He is not a murderer. He was never that, but they have sentenced him, Judge Prentice; he is to die!

JACK. Now, now, compose yourself.

VIOLA. You promised.

HELEN. Yes, yes, I will.

PRENTICE. All this was ably presented to the trial court, you say?

JACK. By the best attorneys.

PRENTICE. And the verdict.

JACK. Still was guilty. But, Judge, the sentiment of the community has changed very much since then. We feel that a new trial would result differently.

HELEN. When our lawyer decided to go to the Supreme Court, I remembered some letters of yours in this old book. Can you imagine my joy when I found the letter was on the very point of this inherited trait on which we rested our defense?

JACK. We have ridden twenty-four hours to reach you. The train came in only at 10 o'clock.

HELEN. Oh, Judge. You are not powerless to help me. What is an official duty to a mother's love, to the life of her boy?

PRENTICE. My dear, dear Madam, that is not necessary. Believe me, this letter comes very properly under the head of new evidence. (*To Jack.*) The defendant is entitled to a rehearing on that.

HELEN. Judge! Judge!

VIOLA. There—there—

PRENTICE. Of course that isn't before us, but when we remand the case on this constitutional point—

HELEN. Then you will—you will remand it?

PRENTICE. Judge Henderson had convinced me on the point as you called. So I think there is no doubt of the decision.

HELEN. You can never know the light you let into my heart.

PRENTICE. What is that perfume? Have you one about you?

HELEN. Yes, on this handkerchief.

PRENTICE. What is it?

HELEN. Mignonette. A favorite perfume of

mother's. This handkerchief of hers was in the book with the letter.

PRENTICE. Indeed!

HELEN. Oh, Judge, do you think I can save my boy.

PRENTICE. (*To Jack.*) On the rehearing I will take pleasure in testifying as to this hereditary aversion and what I know of its existence in Margaret Price.

JACK. May I tell the lawyers so?

PRENTICE. No. They will learn it in the court to-morrow. They can stand the suspense. I am speaking comfort to the mother's heart.

HELEN. Comfort! It is life.

PRENTICE. Say nothing of this call.

JACK. We shall respect your instructions,

PRENTICE. And now, good night.

VIOLA. Good night.

HELEN. Good night, Judge Prentice. You must know my gratitude. Words cannot tell it.

PRENTICE. Would you do me a favor?

HELEN. Can you ask it?

PRENTICE. If that was the handkerchief of Margaret Price I'd like to have it.

HELEN. My blessing and her prayers in heaven with it. (*Jack, Helen and Viola go out. Judge goes to table, takes picture. Clock strikes two.*)

PRENTICE. Margaret Price! People will say that she has been in her grave thirty years, but I'll swear her spirit was in this room to-night and directed a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States! (*Goes to fire, notices handkerchief and smells it.*)

The delicate odor of Mignonette,

The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet—

Is all that tells of her presence—yet

Could she think of a sweeter way?

The second trial is in progress. Hardmuth is pressing the persecution with the utmost rigor. He is a candidate for the governorship and his influence with the jury is thereby enhanced. Brookfield now takes a momentous step. He publicly denounces Hardmuth as the murderer of the Governor-Elect. A terrible political uproar ensues. Lew enters the house in excitement. "I've been hedging," he says. "I told the fellows I'd bet Jack had not said it." "But I have said it," Jack replies. His object, he explains, has been to reach the jury. "Do you think," Judge Prentice asks, "that half a million good Kentuckians can be in a white heat over that knowledge and none of it reach the thought of those twelve men?" And, indeed, after a little while the jury hands in a verdict of acquittal and Clay is restored to his mother.

While all are rejoicing, Hardmuth suddenly enters. He rushes in and faces Jack. "You think you'll send me to the gallows," he cries, "but, damn you, you go first yourself." Suit-

ing the action to the words, he puts a deringer to Jack's belly. Jack suddenly turns a flash of light upon him. "You can't shoot that gun. You can't pull the trigger. You can't even hold that gun." Hypnotized by Jack's gaze and the flash, Hardmuth drops the gun. "Now, Frank, you can go," Jack calmly remarks. Hardmuth goes out weakly, mumbling, "*I'd like to know how in hell you did that to me!*" He escapes, but a warrant for his arrest is issued the following morning. Clay now expresses his hatred for his tormentor. "I'd like to see him suffer as he has made me suffer," he says.

JACK. You can carry your hatred of Hardmuth and let it embitter your whole life, or you can drop it, so! The power that any man or anything has to annoy us we give him or it by our interest. Some idiot told your great-grandmother that a jewel with different colored strata in it was "bad luck" or a "hoodoo." She believed it and she nursed her faith and passed the lunacy on to your grandmother.

HELEN. Jack, don't talk of that, please.

JACK. I'll skip one generation. But I'd like to talk of it.

ALICE. Why talk of it!

JACK. It was only a notion, and an effort of will can banish it.

CLAY. It was more than a notion.

JACK. Tom Denning's scarf pin which he dropped there (*indicates floor*) was an exhibit in your trial. Judge Bagley returned it to me to-day. (*Hands in pocket.*)

VIOLA. I wish you wouldn't, Uncle Jack.

JACK. (*To Clay.*) You don't mind, do you?

CLAY. I'd rather not look at it—to-night.

JACK. You needn't look at it. I'll hold it in my hand and you put your hand over mine.

ALICE. I really don't see the use in this experiment, Jack.

JACK. (*With Clay's hand over his.*) That doesn't annoy you, does it?

CLAY. I'm controlling myself, sir. But I feel the influence of the thing all through and through me.

HELEN. Jack! (*Viola turns away in disgust.*)

JACK. Down your back, isn't it, and in the roots of your hair—tingling—

CLAY. Yes.

HELEN. Why torture him?

JACK. Is it torture?

CLAY. (*With brave self-control.*) I shall be glad when it's over.

JACK. (*Severely.*) What rot! That's only my night key! Look at it; I haven't the scarf pin about me.

CLAY. Why make me think it was the scarf pin?

JACK. To prove to you that it's only thinking, that's all. Now, be a man. The cat's eye itself is in that table drawer. Get it and show Viola

that you're not a neuropathic idiot. You're a child of the everlasting God, and nothing on the earth or under it can harm you in the slightest degree. (*Clay opens drawer and takes the pin.*)

While this marvelous "cure" is being effected, Lew enters, and it appears that he knows where Hardmuth is hiding. Jack insists that Clay should go out and bring the fugitive to the house. Clay obeys, and returns with Hardmuth.

HARDMUTH. I know what a case they'd make against me, but I'm not guilty in any degree.

JACK. (*Rings.*) I want to do this thing for you, Frank. Don't make it too difficult by any lying. When I said I wasn't fully convinced of your guilt, my reservation was one you wouldn't understand.

JACK. My coat and goggles?

CLAY. Below in the reception room.

JACK. Thank you. I wish now you'd go to Viola and her mother and keep them wherever they are.

CLAY. All right. (*Goes out.*)

JACK. (*To Hardmuth.*) Hungry?

HARDMUTH. No, thank you.

JACK. Got money?

HARDMUTH. Yes. (*Enter Jo.*)

JACK. Jo, take Mr. Hardmuth below and lend him one of the fur coats. (*To Hardmuth.*) I'll join you immediately. (*Hardmuth and Jo go out.*)

HELEN. What does it all mean, Jack?

JACK. Lew, I called that ace of hearts a while ago, didn't I?

LEW. And the three queens.

JACK. Because the three queens and the ace were in your hand.

LEW. I don't see any other explanation.

JACK. Suppose instead of the card there'd been in your mind a well developed plan of assassination, the picture of a murder—

LEW. Did you drop to him that way?

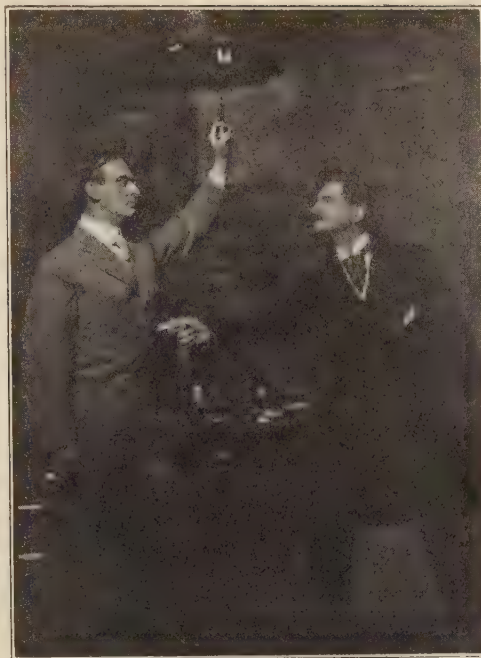
JACK. No, Raynor told me all I know of Hardmuth; but here's the very hell of it! Long before Scovill was killed I thought he deserved killing, and I thought it could be *done*, just as it was done.

HELEN. Jack!

JACK. I never breathed a word of it to a living soul; but Hardmuth planned it exactly as I dreamed it, and, by God, a guilty thought is almost as criminal as a guilty deed. I've always had a considerable influence over that poor devil that's running away to-night, and I'm not sure that before the Judge of both us that guilt isn't mostly mine.

HELEN. That's morbid, Jack, dear, perfectly morbid.

JACK. I hope it is. We'll none of us ever know in this life, but we can all of us—
(*Pause.*)



THE GREAT HYPNOTIC SCENE IN MR. THOMAS'S PLAY

JACK: (*turning the flash of light upon his assailant*): "You can't shoot that gun! You can't pull that trigger! You can't even hold that gun!"

LEW. What?

JACK. Live as if it were true. (*Changes manner.*) I'm going to help him over the line. The roads are watched, but the police won't suspect me, and they won't suspect Lew, and all the less if there's lady with us. Will you go? (*To Lew.*)

LEW. The limit.

JACK. Get a heavy coat from Jo.

LEW. Yes. (*Goes out.*)

JACK. You know you said I used to be able to make you write to me when I was a boy at college?

HELEN. Yes.

JACK. And you were a thousand miles away, while this fellow Hardmuth was just at my elbow half the time.

HELEN. It can't help you to brood over it.

JACK. It can help me to know it and make what amend I can. Will you go with me while I put this poor devil over the line?

HELEN. (*Taking Viola's coat.*) Yes, I'll go with you.

JACK. Helen, you stood by your boy in a fight for his life.

HELEN. Didn't you?

JACK. Will you stand by me while I make my fight?

HELEN. You've made your fight, Jack, and you've won.

CURTAIN.

Science and Discovery

THE GROWING ALARM OVER SLEEPING SICKNESS

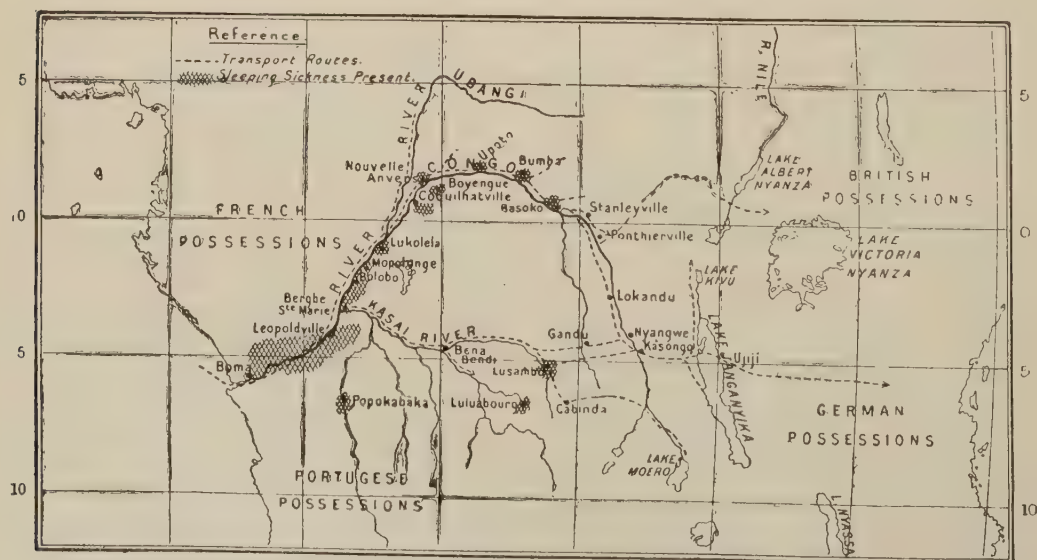
NOTHING connected with the hunting trip of Theodore Roosevelt through the wilds of the African big game region has occasioned more surprise in European scientific circles than is caused by his alleged amusement at the possibility of becoming infected with sleeping sickness. The peril is far more substantial than Mr. Roosevelt seems to suspect, according to the correspondents of European dailies writing from the Zambesi and Uganda. If Mr. Roosevelt will look at a map of the region he is to traverse and compare it with the chart of the distribution of sleeping sickness published four years ago he will see reason to feel less "amused" at what awaits him, according to the *Paris Temps*. During the years since the publication of this chart the scourge has widened the area it ravages.

No long time has passed, it is pointed out in *London Knowledge*, since Mr. Hesketh Bell, the governor of Uganda, called attention to the terrible ravages of sleeping sickness in that territory. "Sufferings which are calculated to excite the most lively compas-

sion in the minds of all who are able to realize either their character or their extent," we are assured, are in store for the mighty hunter so unfortunate as to fall a victim to the disease. Nevertheless, insists our authority, the sleeping sickness, in spite of the discoveries with reference to it made during the past ten years, remains a great mystery.

The place of origin of the disease, it appears from this study of the topic, is uncertain. All the literature about it is quite recent. It is believed by some experts to have been introduced into Uganda from East Africa. Other students of the spot contend that it arose in the Congo region, whence it gradually made its way along the western shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Several years ago eight cases of "a new malady" were noted among the natives of Uganda and six months later it was reported that this new malady had occasioned two hundred deaths on the island of Buvuma and that thousands of persons seemed to be infected.

Reports of its continued prevalence and of its universal fatality, continued to be received from all directions. Six years ago



SLEEPING SICKNESS IN AFRICA A DOZEN YEARS AGO

This map was made at the time of the first observations on any extended scale of the malady which has since attracted the attention of the world's scientists under the name of sleeping sickness. It was not then supposed that the disease could spread or that it had anything infectious about it.

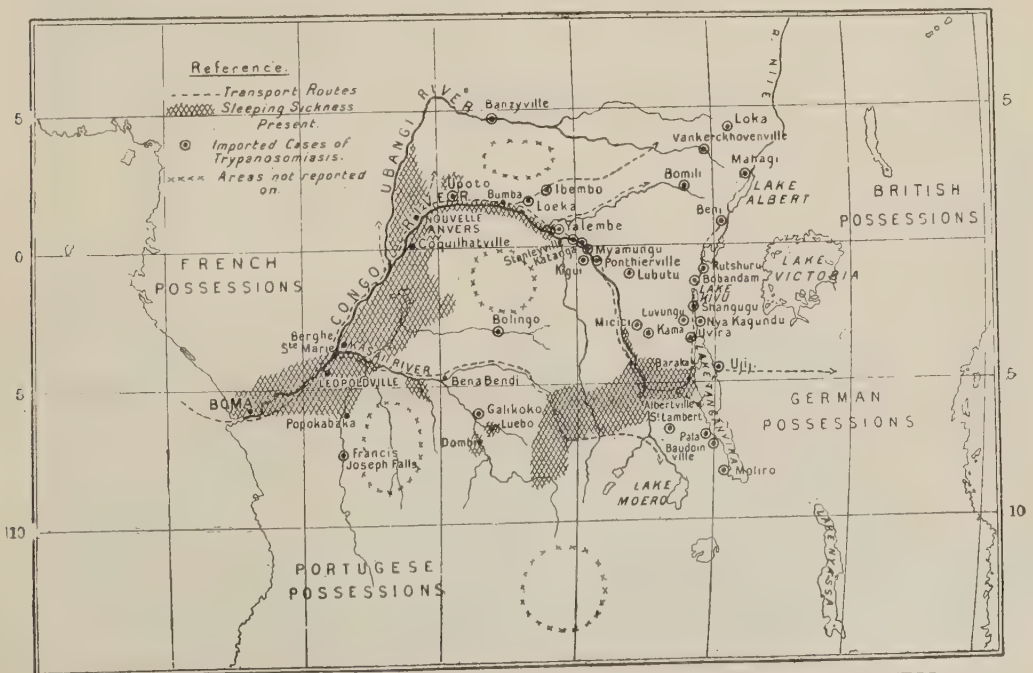
the records for the district of Usoga alone told of twenty thousand deaths from the period of first discovery, a year previously. The disease was then spreading so rapidly that thirty thousand deaths in one year in a district smaller than Kansas did not inspire special wonder. In six years two hundred thousand deaths from sleeping sickness are on record for Uganda. There have been, it is true, reductions in the number of deaths in certain districts, but these reductions, says *Knowledge*, are referable simply to the disappearance of population. Sleeping sickness is wiping out the human race in vast African regions. "The great lake shore and the islands of the lake have been almost completely depopulated and thousands of the sick have been abandoned by their terror-stricken relatives to starvation or wild beasts."

Extremely curious and interesting, according to the authority we quote, is the scientific history of sleeping sickness. The British Government at an early period of the prevalence of the previously unknown disorder took measures to institute inquiries as to its nature. Through the instrumentality of the Royal Society, the services of medical investigators were enlisted. One result has been the outbreak of a fierce controversy concern-

ing the credit for the series of discoveries that ensued.

Exactly six years ago, Colonel Bruce, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, announced his conviction that the sleeping sickness was due to the introduction of an animal parasite into the human system through the agency of the *Glossina palpalis*, a species of tsetse fly, closely allied to the *Glossina morsitans*, which had long been known to convey fatal disease to horses and cattle. This discovery—for which some give credit to Dr. Bruce and others to Dr. Aldo Castellani—was soon abundantly confirmed and the parasite was found without difficulty in the blood and tissues of affected persons. It belongs to the class of protozoa, that is to say, of minute animalcules, each consisting of a single cell and multiplying by fission with great rapidity. It is of elongated form, provided with a mobile terminal flagellum, by which it is presumably impelled in the blood current or through the interstices of tissues. It has received the generic name of "trypanosome," presumably to express its powers as a "boring" or penetrating body.

Nothing is yet definitely known of the original source of these trypanosomes. It seems to be certain that the flies, altho always abun-



THE LATEST OFFICIAL CHART OF THE RAVAGES OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

This map indicates in the shaded areas the increase in the virulence of the disease since the preceding map was plotted. The very latest accounts indicate that the scourge is spreading north and south at a rate as rapid as the increase of the recent past.

dant, were not carriers of them prior to the year 1901 and that they now constantly derive them from the blood of infected persons and convey them to the previously sound. The presence of even a single diseased person in a locality infested by the flies may entail the infection of the entire community. It is not quite certain that an infected female fly may not infect her larva and thus produce a new individual capable, without fresh infection from a human source, of communicating the disease. There is said to be no authenticated instance of the transmission of the disease from sick to healthy persons in districts where the flies are not found and they are found only in the near neighborhood of fresh water, where the vegetation is luxuriant and the shade abundant. They quickly abandon places from which these conditions have been removed and the belt of country in which they are fulfilled appears to be a narrow one. From some localities the flies appear to have been entirely banished by planting lemon grass, the fragrance of which is repugnant to them and which has the additional advantage of furnishing an essential oil of commercial value. It is believed that the disease would neces-

sarily die out if the flies could be destroyed or if all the infected persons could be removed from fly-infested areas so that the flies themselves could no longer obtain the parasite from human beings. The attainment of these two objects is now the aim of a great scientific crusade. The flies exist in such countless numbers that their destruction is not within the limits of near possibility; but the removal and segregation of the sick is being carried into effect as rapidly as circumstances will permit and with an increasing amount of co-operation on the part of the natives and their chiefs.

Meanwhile the attention of the scientists who are studying the scourge of sleeping sickness has been directed towards a search for some form of curative treatment. The direction in which this may be hoped for is clearly indicated by the somewhat analogous case of intermittent fever, a disease caused by the presence in the blood of a protozoon introduced through the agency of a mosquito bite and easily killed by quinine without injury to the patient. Search is being made in all likely directions for a drug which shall be fatal to the trypanosomes and equally free from

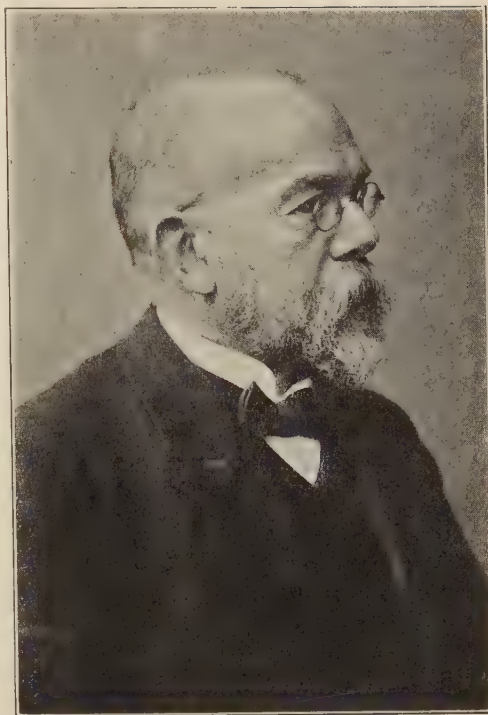


A SCENE IN THE STRUGGLE WITH SLEEPING SICKNESS

The eminent bacteriologist, Professor Koch, spent many months on an island in the great lake of Africa investigating the nature of the malady which renders so vast an area of the dark continent uninhabitable.

injurious action upon mankind. The substances thought most likely to be available for this purpose are first those derived from aniline compounds and secondly those derived from a group of metals of which arsenic and antimony are representative. Drs. Thomas and Breinl, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, after prolonged and very careful experiments upon rats and other animals, introduced to the notice of the medical profession a preparation called atoxyl, a combination of aniline with metarsenious acid, which has so far furnished better results than have been produced by anything else that has been tried. Professor Koch has used it extensively in the Sesse Islands and reports very favorably on the result. Yet it is certain that much has to be learned concerning the best methods of employing it as well as concerning the amount of reliance to be placed upon apparent improvement in those using it. Experience gained in England upon infected Europeans who have gone home for treatment has shown that atoxyl causes a rapid disappearance of trypanosomes from the blood yielded by superficial vessels, but there is reason to fear that the parasites are at first only driven to deeper organs, possibly to pass into another phase of existence, and it is certain that after a longer or shorter period of time they may reappear abundantly and may reproduce the original symptoms and the original dangers. It has been found that the blood of an apparently cured human subject, in which no trypanosomes could be discovered by careful and repeated examination, produced typical sleeping sickness when injected into a monkey. Such injections into monkeys or rats are now employed as tests of the reality and probably permanence of the result.

It has further been suggested that the supposed alternative phase of existence of the trypanosomes, after the administration of atoxyl, may be one in which they are susceptible to the action of other drugs, as, for instance, of mercury, and that alternations of two different kinds of treatment may afford the greatest promise of eventual cure. In the past few years much has been done to encourage hopefulness. Professor Koch, for instance, has discovered that there is a distinct connection between the crocodile and sleeping sickness. Wherever crocodiles are found the disease may be discovered, although only in places near the banks. Professor Koch has experimented with the crocodile by the use of poisoned meat, gaining some idea of



THE AUTHOR OF THE CROCODILE HYPOTHESIS
OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

This is Professor Koch, the German bacteriologist who suggests that the African fly transmits the scourge from the crocodile to man.

the mode in which the disease might be transmitted from the crocodile to man through the medium of the fly. We are warned, however, not to pay too much attention to the fantastic stories recently circulated to the effect that there is a demonstrated transfer of the disease from the crocodile to man. The whole matter is for the time being hypothetical. In order to gain his data Professor Koch had to live for eighteen months on a desolate island belonging to the Sesse group in the middle of Lake Victoria Nyanza with an army medical sergeant as his sole white companion. They dwelt in a straw hut similar to those occupied by the natives and saw only three Europeans throughout their stay. Their only means of communication with the outside world was a primeval native boat fashioned out of a tree trunk which conveyed them to the mainland. The sleeping sickness is particularly prevalent in the Sesse Islands, the inhabitants of which are dying off through the ravages of the disease. Professor Koch regards it as an enormous peril to the whole of East Africa unless extensive measures be taken to combat it.

RESULTS OF THE LATEST EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH POLE

HAVING penetrated to within a hundred and eleven miles of the South Pole, and, apparently, disproved the hypothesis that an area of atmospheric calm surrounds it, Lieutenant Shackleton, who left England on the *Nimrod* nearly two years ago, terminated the most brilliant of Antarctic expeditions last month. The ascent of the volcano of Mount Erebus—over thirteen thousand feet high—the attainment of the magnetic pole, the discovery of no less than eight mountain chains and the survey of some hundred unmapped mountains are among the collateral achievements of this British feat of exploration.

Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton himself, in telegrams to the *London Mail*, reproduced simultaneously in the *New York Sun*, tells the story of what the despatches call "this momentous expedition." It culminated in the planting of the British flag in latitude 88 degrees, 23 minutes, longitude 162 degrees east—that is to say, 111 miles from the South Pole. "This is the most southerly point ever reached, being an advance of 340 miles on Scott's record of December, 1902." Before giving, however, Lieutenant Shackleton's description of his final dash, it is necessary to say a word regarding his equipment, which constituted a unique feature in this branch of scientific work. His vessel, the *Nimrod*, presented nothing remarkable to record, for she is but a Newfoundland sailing schooner, of

250 net tonnage, capable of carrying three hundred tons of coal in addition to all supplies. What imparted its touch of originality to this Shackleton expedition was the fifteen horsepower, vertical, four cylinder air-cooled motor car built specially for service throughout the Lieutenant's dash for the Pole. In appearance this car is surprisingly like ordinary vehicles. The four cylinders are set vertically beneath the usual "bonnet," but have gills or flanges cast around them, because they are air-cooled instead of water-cooled. The chassis is exceptionally strong, the steel used having been specially made by a famous Scottish engineering firm. Magneto ignition and high tension coil and battery are fitted in, and the expedition seems to have been able to recharge its accumulators from its base at winter quarters. A long, large pipe carries the hot exhaust gases from the engine to the carbureter, nor is their use then ended, for they pass next to a foot-warmer which forms the ordinary footboard of the car, and, yet again, through a metal trough placed at the side of the chassis and fed with snow, which is thus melted. The expedition was thus never without water—one of the sources of difficulty in previous Antarctic expeditions. The wheels are somewhat like those of the ordinary motor stage in design.

When the running could not be done on pneumatics, the wheels were wood-shod. The front ones rested on a pair of slides or giant "ski," having a six inch tread, exactly as have



LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

The famous British explorer, who is easily distinguishable as the central figure in the white cap, was accompanied on his great run to the South Pole by many distinguished men of science, by a crew of trained sailors and a pack of Siberian hounds.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE MOST SOUTHERLY POINT REACHED BY THE SHACKLETON EXPEDITION

It is known as Mount Gauss or Gauss Mountain and seems to be one of the natural wonders of the world so far as its effect upon terrestrial magnetism and local atmospheric conditions is concerned.

the wheels themselves. These wooden runners did not wear out. It was found that the much narrower ones used by the men, who are heavy on them in these marches because they have to pull laden sledges behind them, showed little appreciable wear after seven hundred miles of journeying. It seems that these slides for the wheels were used only when soft snow had to be negotiated. Their means of attachment are simple, being effected by a couple of screw bolts to near the centre of the wheels. They served the purpose of making a track for the rear wheels to bite into. These driving wheels were equipped with diagonally set iron ribs having two holes apiece, into which four inch spikes were always fixed when what are called the blown spaces of smooth ice had to be traversed. Narrow sledges were drawn in the tracks of the car, the arrangement having been in series and pairs, so that each sledge slid only over the surface smoothed out by the passage of the car, and did not upset when slight inequalities were encountered because each was balanced or kept stable by its companions.

By traveling at the rate of some twenty miles daily, on an average, it was possible to go with a train of sledges and a reserve of fifteen Siberian ponies—an appreciable convenience in the matter of establishing depots between the winter quarters, whence the expedition set forth, and the farthest point south reached. The vehicle served also as a track

maker for the return journey, enabling the way to be retraced on foot when necessary because of fog. It hauled sledges for miles. With three men aboard—one driving, one seated beside him and awake, and the third in his sleeping sack at the back—it made dashes of a hundred and fifty miles a day upon occasion. Only the official report, however, when it is compiled, can be conclusive as to the value of this feature of the expedition.

All levers, or other metal handles, were covered in chamois leather to prevent those who had to use them from "burning" their hands. Moreover, whenever camping, the entire car, from the runners on the front wheels to the hindmost part, were covered in a sort of giant sheet made of gabardine and weighing only four pounds altogether. The blizzards that rage in this southern region were the reason for this device, for without such protection the snow could get into the machinery like the sand in a desert. Lieutenant Shackleton is authority for the statement that his journey is not comparable in severity with Prince Borghese's drive from Peking to Paris, because the Antarctic surfaces are incomparably better. His car was fitted with a celluloid wind screen, as a glass one might have proved brittle in the frigid air. The use of this car, as well as the use of the Siberian ponies, constituted a distinctly novel experiment, full data regarding which will not be available until this summer.

The expedition, in its various stages, included, besides Lieutenant Shackleton, who commanded, Dr. Eric Marshall, the senior surgeon of the shore party and the cartographer of the trip, Lieutenant Adams, R.N.R., who was in charge of the meteorological work, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, who has had great experience in survey work and field geology, and Ernest Joyce, lately first-class petty officer in the British navy, who did excellent work on the *Discovery* expedition, and who was in charge of the dogs and sledges. Dr. Edworth David, professor of geology at Sydney University, supervised the preparation of data and the collection of the observations. All told, the officers and staff and the crew of the *Nimrod* in the course of her long voyage numbered thirty-four persons. In Lieutenant Shackleton's own words, telegraphed after his return last month:

"The most southerly point reached in our antarctic expedition was latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes, longitude east 162 degrees, a distance of 111 miles from the pole itself.

"The journey was very difficult. After crossing several mountains, we reached a plateau 10,000 feet high. Several new mountain ranges were discovered.

"The distance traveled was 1,708 statute miles, and the time occupied 126 days. In all more than 100 new mountain peaks were discovered.

"Both equipment and food supplies proved very satisfactory. The Manchurian ponies did as well as was expected. We all felt the hardships of the

journey very severely. Good zoological discoveries were made, and important sledge journeys were undertaken west and north.

"The south magnetic pole was reached in latitude 72 degrees 25 minutes; longitude 154 degrees. J. K. Davis, first mate; Forbes Mackay, assistant surgeon, and Marson made northwesterly sledge journeys lasting twenty-two days and covering a distance of 124 statute miles.

"The winter was mild, and the lowest temperature they encountered was 40 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The geological results of the expedition are as important as the zoological. Mount Erebus, the southernmost volcano in the world, 13,200 feet high, was ascended for the first time.

"The geographical south pole is doubtless situated on a plateau 10,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level. Violent blizzards in latitude 88 degrees show that if the polar calm exists, it must be small in area or not coincident with the geographic pole."

Professor Edworth David gave the following account of a trip from the *Nimrod*:

"The party reached the magnetic pole 260 statute miles northwest of the Drygalski depot on January 16, and hoisted the Union Jack. The position of the pole was determined by Marson with a Lloydreack dip circle as in the vicinity of latitude 72 degrees 25 minutes, longitude 154 degrees east. The party, returning, travelled from sixteen to twenty miles daily."

About a hundred and twenty-two days were taken up in the journey. Including relays, however, the party traveled 1,260 statute miles.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

ONE OF THE SHACKLETON OBSERVATION STATIONS

This locality was given the name of Kinguelin and was used as a base of supplies as well as a post for the important studies made by the scientists in the expedition to the Antarctic.

THE CHEMISTRY OF HELL



IT HAS been pointed out in more than one scientific organ during the comparatively few years that have elapsed since the discovery of the radio-active elements how readily the new knowledge lends itself to the belief in an eternal hell of fire and brimstone. To the lay mind, as a Paris paper points out, hell is supposed to be a scientific impossibility, whereas it has been made, on the contrary, a physical and chemical fact. The physics and the chemistry of hell must not be taken to demonstrate the habitability of hell by the souls of the damned. The souls of the damned may not be there, but the place exists precisely where the scholastic theology places it—namely, in the center of the earth. In considering a proposition, or rather a hypothesis, that hell exists, the scientist will differentiate between the place, the ruler of the place, and the subjects under his sway. In this order of ideas science has to do only with the place, leaving the devil and the damned out of account altogether.

The internal heat of the earth has been much discussed of late, not only by that brilliant scientist, Sir Ray Lankester, but by all chemists and physicists. The discoveries growing out of the influence of radium have given the theme a new importance. The interior of the earth is hot. Science indicates that it is destined to remain hot indefinitely, and here and there is heard a declaration that the earth's interior is growing hotter. In *Harper's Magazine*, for example, we have Dr. John Joly, professor of geology at the University of Dublin, saying that while the earth is very certainly cooling at the surface and to some depth inwards, "there may be, there probably is, a rise of temperature slowly progressing in the deep interior." To understand the basis upon which this statement rests, we must remember what Kelvin has formulated regarding the secular cooling of the globe.

"Our earth, if ever at the temperature of molten rock throughout, would even after the lapse of one thousand million years have only cooled to a shallow depth. The great nucleus within, for a radial dimension of about 3,500 miles, would have parted with practically none of its heat. Kelvin assumed the internal materials to possess sensibly the same conductivity and capacity for heat as those external rocks which are available for our investigation. In short, the mass of hot materials surrounding this nucleus is great enough to sup-

ply all the surface loss taking place throughout this great lapse of time and so to protect the inner parts from cooling.

"Now the probable period which has elapsed since the formation of a stable crust began is measured in tens or at most in hundreds of millions of years. A duration of one thousand million years is, in fact, probably ten times the geological age of the earth. It follows that there has from the first been complete thermal insulation of the outer from the interior parts of the earth; an insulation due entirely to the slowness of the flux of heat in the terrestrial materials. True, this rate may be greater than Kelvin assumed. That is, the inner materials may conduct better than those at the surface. Even making allowance for this, the thermal isolation of the exterior parts probably remains a fact, altho the surface loss of heat may have affected depths greater than Kelvin's investigation shows.

"Unless now, we are prepared to deny that radio-active substances enter into the composition of about half the bulk of the terrestrial materials, we must conclude that there is a rising temperature within in the central parts, the measured accumulation of radio-active energy which would not have reached the surface by the slow process of conductivity. Uranium is the heaviest substance known, and, even were it not so, the entire absence (or for that matter the entire absence of any one) of the elements in the interior ingredients is unlikely in the extreme. Moreover, it enters very probably into the composition of the sun, contributing to its thermal supplies and presumably from the sun ultimately all terrestrial stuff is to be traced. Again, radium has been found in meteorites. The denial of uranium and its chain of radio-active descendants to central parts of the earth is an entirely arbitrary assumption with no probability in its favor. Thus, altho the rise of temperature is probably small or its effects in some manner kept under control, that the temperature is rising instead of falling seems the only logical view open to us on our present knowledge."

The complete destruction of the earth by fire on the last day to which theology refers would mean in scientific language that conditions are such as to involve the accumulation of great stores of the atomic energy. The destruction of the earth in this manner is scientifically possible. "Who knows but that the sudden flaming up of a star remote in the heavens may not mark the inevitable catastrophe, and define in some distant planet the end of a great cycle of organic evolution?"

It is not sufficient to establish the physical and chemical existence of hell. There is the question of its habitability. Now, as the

London *Lancet* has pointed out, and as has been affirmed by some experts before the British Association, life may be a chemical process. The perduration of a vitality for indefinite eons in an environment such as that provided by the earth's heated interior would become a matter of chemical combination only. That is, the eternal torment of the damned in

a hell of fire and brimstone would be expressible in terms of chemical formulæ—a workable hypothesis. "The revolution of scientific opinion, or, rather, perhaps," to quote the London *Lancet*, "it should be said, the alteration of view in regard to the nature of life that results from larger knowledge is not destitute of its humorous aspect."

THE SOUL AS AN ATOM



IN BRINGING forward his idea that the soul is an atom, Dr. John Butler Burke, the physicist, warns us against identifying this conception with "the crude materialism of Haeckel." It is a theory which Dr. Burke says is not so "far-fetched" as the spiritualism of Lodge. It is only the monad of Leibnitz, he avers, in a modern dress. "It emphasizes the insignificance of magnitude in space." It is possible, suspects Doctor Burke, who writes in the London *Quarterly Review*, that human souls, "like vortex rings in the ether fluid," may move through space, approach and react on one another, as when incarnate they can become conscious of each other by ethereal disturbances, such as those of light and heat, and so forth. When dissembled, might they not likewise and perhaps more freely become conscious of a still greater variety of sensations from the vast complex of ether disturbances, in their perfect freedom, a consciousness produced by the harmonic vibrations of the most perfect kinds.

As the electric charge is concentrated in the electron, but spreads its energy throughout all space, so may the soul or vital unit be concentrated in the nucleus of the cell and yet extend its sphere of action throughout the universe. The analogy of a magnetic field is perhaps, says Doctor Burke, even more appropriate. For example, the properties of electrified and of unelectrified matter are different. So also are those of living and dead matter. We should look for such differences in the physical properties of the nucleus which is supposed to consist in its ultimate form of biogen, a substance which we may assume to have been evolved from inorganic matter by natural selection. This is plausible on the supposition that the atoms of all matter are to some extent vital units and units of consciousness, but that by the fortuitous formation of suitable aggregations of electrons out of countless millions of failures, the types adapted to reproduction and all its necessary

relations have been sifted out in the course of events as fitted to survive. It is indeed natural selection in the evolution of the organic from the inorganic, of the building up of the complex from the simple elements. But then these unstable aggregations are once more disintegrated into simpler and more stable ones till they are again resolved into the inactive elements of inorganic matter.

This integration and disintegration, building up and breaking down of molecules, is metabolism on a large scale, the units of time being eons instead of seconds.

Life, in the other hand, may be something that unites itself for a while with matter and then vanishes into another kind of existence, like dew that condenses on a polished surface and afterwards disappears by evaporation. The view has been put forward by Sir Oliver Lodge. Dr. John Butler Burke says his idea is not exactly that, but it has some resemblance to it. There is something in the nucleus which regulates the protoplasm, causes it to move, to grow, to nourish itself from its surroundings, to reproduce itself, and finally to die. This ultimate nuclear substance is, Dr. Burke believes, matter, too.

Like Liebnitz's monads, the atoms of all matter may be conceived as possessing to some extent the qualities of mind, to however small an extent that may be. They only differ in degree. They are all arranged "higgledy-piggledy" at first, and gradually find their level, so to speak, till this fortuitous formation of the most appropriate aggregates, and their survival becomes equivalent to natural selection. Then, as if against all opposition, the types best suited to the particular work which life necessitated arrived. They are all "higgledy-piggledy," as has been said, like the stars, "all fire and every one doth shine." But in all those millions there is one—but one perhaps—that, unassailable, holds its own unchecked motion, and that one forms a nucleus of living matter, to evolve into a Shakespeare or a Bismarck.

MARRIAGE AS THE YOUNGEST OF THE SCIENCES



TWO misconceptions on the subject of marriage seem well nigh ineradicable in the general mind, according to that student of feminine psychology, Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago. The two misconceptions he has reference to are stated by himself in *The American Magazine* to be, first, that monogamy is itself "something which, if consistently practiced, will settle all the troubles attaching to the state of matrimony," and, second, that "the participation of woman in activities or interests outside the home will lead to the destruction of the family." For the first of these ideas "the historical church," affirms this authority, "has stood conspicuously." The historical church, "recognizing the importance of permanence in family life," elaborated the conception that marriage is not merely a human arrangement but a divine institution, a sacrament, "a sanctity which when entered upon was indissoluble under all circumstances." To inventive minds was thus opened up what Professor Thomas terms "a rich field for graft." The young and inexperienced heiress could be sold to the old rogue and the foolish youth could be exploited by the adventuress. A long line of evils led at last to the practical enforcement of the legal theory that marriage is a contract and to be dealt with accordingly.

Combined with the idea that marriage is a sacrament, the church, Professor Thomas says, has held another view. This other view, he thinks, has been equally prejudicial to society. It is the view that marriage is something "vile," a concession to the carnality of man, a concession not to be made by any man if he had the character and the virtue to refrain from it. Professor Thomas writes:

"This classing of marriage at once with the obscenities and the sacraments has much, tho not everything, to do with the fact that marriage and sex remain among the questions which it is not safe or polite to handle. The whole question of sex is of profound interest to society, but by its historical contiguity with the disreputable on the one hand and the sacred on the other it has been placed to a large extent outside the region of frank examination and scientific control.

"Properly speaking monogamy claims our respect because it is more valuable to society than any other form of sexual relation. But it is not even a distinctively human institution. In some animal societies indeed it is more consistently practiced than by ourselves. In the lowest forms

of life reproduction takes place by division of the parent form or by budding, without resort to the fact of sex at all. In the first stage of sexual reproduction the mother expends a prodigal amount of physiological energy, on the chance that one in a million or even one in a hundred million eggs will by hook or crook reach maturity, but otherwise she gives relatively little attention to the matter. And, finally, in the mammalian forms the development of the young takes place within the mother, and after birth the father assists in caring for them. This is the form of reproduction of which the lioness boasted, in the fable of Æsop, that it produced only one at a birth, 'but—a lion.'

"The admirable point about monogamy, as practiced both by animals and by mankind, is that it assures the offspring unremitting attention from both parents until the period of puberty, when the new generation is prepared to take up life on its own account. And the longer the period of immaturity in the offspring the more important is monogamy. But it is only an admirable form within which, as we have seen, the more serious abuses may exist, and marriage is in its present shaky condition precisely because we have failed to fill the form with more intelligence and with more good will."

Of the other "misconception," that if the woman extends her interests beyond the home she will break up the home, that the sphere of woman is comprehended by what the Germans call the four K's—Kinder, Kirche, Kleider, Küche (children, church, clothing, cooking)—modern ethical theory, Professor Thomas asserts, regards it as irrational, anti-social and immoral.

The family, as historically constituted, represents the power and ownership of man. Originally man had the power of life and death over his wife and children, and until the last century woman was not a person in the eyes of the law. But in the meantime the idea of personality has successfully invaded every part of society except marriage and the home. The home, in so far as it represents the superiority of man, is the survival of a system which is outworn and abandoned. If the family is to continue, woman must be recognized fully as a personality and the home must become a part of society, while preserving its integrity. It must work out on society and be worked back upon by society and the two must permeate each other. The home is the point where society begins and where youth gets its first training in mind and character, and the home can certainly not

afford to be less intelligent than society at large. Otherwise society will eventually take charge of the child. The preservation of the home depends on woman's possession of an intelligence worthy of her influence and responsibility. This she can secure only by being of the outer world as well as of the home. To quote again:

"I am aware that any view of marriage which would make the home a part of public life and the woman a separate personality is distasteful to many persons. It is especially urged that such a change would destroy the romantic element in marriage and make women unattractive to men. Now the romantic affection which springs up between young people is very sincere and very beautiful, and the proper beginning of a life in common. But it is an infatuation in its nature, dependent on appetite and to some extent on inaccessibility, and consequently tends to be impermanent and discontinuous. The two types of relation which tend to become settled and permanent are the one of friendship and mutual activity and interest; based on like-mindedness, and the one of superiority and subordination, as in the relation of master and slave or man and dog. Docility and submission are very sweet to the disposition of man. He is a dominant and pugnacious creature and loves the feeling of his own power. This accounts for the fact that even in the time of the cave men he had made one of his happiest relations with the dog. The dog may be regarded as a 'candidate for humanity,' who failed to enter but who still implores the society of man. He possesses a grade of intelligence approaching that of man, but not dangerously near it. He is the most comfortable of friends, never attempting to manage, asking no questions and passing no criticisms, always interested in his master's movements but never meddling, sensitive to neglect but never sulking. Now this is also essentially the type of relation with woman which man has historically preferred, rather than a relation of friendship and like-mindedness. Especially as he has accumulated property and through this the means of controlling woman more completely he has shown a preference for the docile and even the frail type rather than the sturdy, child-bearing and functionally admirable types of womanhood designed by nature to feed a new generation and bear the strain of life. Female beauty is a worthy object, but it is a bad outlook for society when we confuse beauty with the signs of ill health.

On the sentimental side much can be said for the dominance of man and the docility of woman, just as much can be said for the relation of master and slave and for the old political doctrine that the best form of government is a benevolent despotism. But if we admire this type of marriage we must at the same

time recognize that it is even more consistently worked out in the Orient than among ourselves. What the romantic view has done for woman and for society is very well represented in art. Our literature of the imagination, which is so important in forming the images of life in the mind of the young is very largely a literature of sexual infatuation. The persistence in man of the animal instincts and the romantic attitude has had a demoralizing effect on the mind and character of woman. Now no injury to woman can fail to work an injury to society. At present, women as a class have not only not an intelligence equal to the proper rearing of children but they have so completely accepted marriage as a means of luxury, or at least as a means of livelihood, that they are apt to end with being contented to have nothing to do with children at all. The substitution of artificial interests has so enfeebled the interest in children that the irresponsible classes—the insane, the idiotic and mentally defective, the diseased from birth and from excess and the habitual criminal—are in some sections increasing at a more rapid rate than the normal population. In parts of England the increase in the insane and idiotic is 150 per cent. where the increase in the population as a whole has been only fifty per cent.

"Among the rich especially, the woman who marries does so with the expectation of luxury and finery, and the husband expects to provide them. They are a part of the system and the system breaks down without them. And after marriage the department stores, the milliner's, the massage parlor, the silent sacrament of bridge whist, and the struggle for social preeminence almost drive the family and family life from her mind. Unfortunately these standards not only prevail among the rich but they are penetrating all classes, until the young man in moderate circumstances can hardly undertake marriage at all. I recently heard a lady reproaching two well-to-do bachelors and asking them what stood in the way of their marrying. They replied that silk petticoats stood in the way; and when pressed for a more general formulation of the obstacles to marriage, they said they were not able to offer any girl in their set the standard of living to which she was accustomed.

"To the extent, indeed, that women make finery and luxury dominant ideals and provide themselves with no charms of mind and character they are putting themselves, and marriage as well, in competition with the prostitute class, in which these are the dominant and sole ideals. Irreproachable conduct is the grand stock in trade of the respectable woman, and marriage is often an arrangement by which she trades her irreproach-

able conduct in perpetuity for irreproachable gowns."

Up to the present time, man has shown a very lively interest and ingenuity in improving his breeds of stock and dogs but has shown no systematic interest in the improvement of the quality of his own offspring. Indeed the degree of intelligence he has shown in this connection has been in the way of checking the production of children rather than improving their quality. But there has recently been founded in England a society and a science of eugenics, or conscious race culture, the object of which is the study of those social agencies that influence, mentally or physically, the racial qualities of future generations. The advocates of this science entertain the hope that to produce a nation healthy alike in mind and body may become a fixed idea—one of almost religious intensity. Without discounting the importance of hygiene, education and general environment, they hold that the only fundamental method of race purification and race improvement is selection of the germ. In this connection Professor Karl Pearson said recently in an address at Oxford: "I have often heard false pride of ancestry condemned, but I have not seen the true pride of ancestry explained and commended. Surely the man who is conscious that he comes of a stock sound in body, able in mind, tested in achievement, and who knows that, mating with like stock and maintaining himself in health, he will hand down that heritage to his children, surely such a man may have legitimate pride in ancestry. . . . It seems to me that those who have the welfare of the nation and our racial fitness for the world struggle at heart, must recognize that this is the ideal which the racial conscience demands of its saner members." Commenting on this, Professor Thomas says:

"In tribal society there was, indeed, a very definite interest in having a large number of children, because the preservation of the group depended on numbers. And among the Greeks the idea of eugenics in the modern sense—the interest in the quality and the breeding of children as distinguished from the number of them—had a very definite development. But like our other legacies from the Greeks, this one was lost during our chaotic feudal welter, and marriage degenerated into something very near a play interest.

"A science for the production of human thorobreds seems at first a startling proposition, but the idea is so important that its late appearance is to be accounted for only by the action of the church and society in placing a taboo on questions

of marriage and sex. And it is fortunate that, in spite of the prejudice and conservatism of the social mind, society is capable of being revolutionized by the operation of ideas. The state is of no effect in this connection, except as an executive. We are distinguished from the Orientals, for instance, by less profound differences than we are in the habit of thinking, and our distinction lies in the possession and operation of such ideas as political and religious liberty, free thought and free speech, scientific research, free schools, civic integrity and responsibility, and the like. An idea is also capable of becoming so saturated with feeling that it spreads through the population like a contagion. And certainly the idea of children well born and well nurtured, and marriage as a means of adding health and sanity and beauty and meaning and perpetuity to the racial life, is one capable of carrying the maximum amount of sentiment."

Thus do we see the race working its way slowly and painfully to the truth that marriage is, essentially, a science. The old romantic notion of love dies hard, but the progress of our species, humanly speaking, has ever been from the poetical to the demonstrable. The traces of the love theory of marriage still linger, will, doubtless, continue to linger for generations; but when the idea of producing a newer, because physically better, variety of human being has become religious through its force as a fixed idea, an ideal, marriage, as the youngest of the sciences, will have evolved.

At first sight it might seem incongruous to posit in theory a world in which that influence known to the poets as romantic love—sentiment—would have no place. On the contrary, it is highly scientific. Such a love as that which Petrarch felt for Laura had no doubt its function to perform in a state of society now passing away. In our more rational age, love, in this sense, tends to grow obsolete. It is for this reason that the old poetry thrills us no more, or to speak biologically, stimulates less and less an organism that can not react in the modern environment. Granted this, it necessarily follows that marriage, no longer approachable through the medium of sentiment, becomes a department of the new science of eugenics. Nor could anything reveal profounder insight into the springs of human action than the endeavor of those who would make eugenics a science to impart to its sanctions the intensity of a religious idea. This is perhaps the most difficult part of the task before those who would convert marriage into a science but it can not be positively affirmed that failure is inevitable.

Recent Poetry



WE wonder how often the phrase, "this is an age of transition," has been indited in the centuries past. For every age is transitional and every generation has to fumble around before it can find itself. In the many currents and cross currents and back-eddies of life, it is sometimes difficult for the swimmer to tell which way the river is flowing; but that it continues to flow there can be no doubt. Even in China, if we could see affairs there with the eyes of a Chinaman, life would doubtless seem to be far from frozen. What strikes us as a well-considered description of the tendency of the Occidental world at present is given in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. In the course of her review of a volume of poetry (Mrs. Moulton's) we find the following paragraph:

"We have entered upon a period when all literature, all teaching, all the cults of modern thought, tend inexorably to the affirmative; a period when Browning and Whitman are read for the spiritual elation they contain, and Arnold and other introspective poets neglected because they depress; a period, indeed, whose affirmation is a part of the great passionate wave of egoism sweeping over modern thought. In the intense realization of self, the invincible joy of self, that came from Nietzsche, from Ibsen, from Stirner, tho themselves grim prophets, there is no room for the negative, and hence the art that looks inward with sadness looks out again upon an alien world."

That is well said and truly said. Looking back over the recent five or six decades, the soul of man seems to us to have been somewhat cowed and daunted by the vastness of the material universe he has been discovering. Now he appears to be making an effort to reassert himself, to re-establish his sense of domination. The rush of new knowledge has swept the muse of Philosophy off her feet and choked her into a semi-silence for a while. She is regaining her voice, if not her feet, and if her articulation is not over clear and her shout is something of a splutter, yet it has in it again the spirit of assertive defiance. The note of affirmation is sounding in many directions, and the poets are doing their share to pass it on. The popular theme of the day is Man Dominant.

Kipling's songs on that theme have been the clearest and have carried the farthest, but Roosevelt has furnished the world the most striking exemplification of the theme. He has appealed to the popular imagination, and the poets have found him a welcome stimulus. His recent departure for Africa has evoked almost as much verse as has been contributed to the Lincoln centenary.

Far and away the best of it is Bliss Carman's poem in *Colliers*:

THE ROUGH RIDER

By BLISS CARMAN

Where lift the peaks of purple,
Where dip the dusty trails,
Where gleaming, teeming cities
Lie linked by shining rails,
By shadow-haunted camp-fire,
Beneath the great white dome,
In saddle and in council
Intrepid and at home,

Who is the hardy figure
Of virile fighting strain,
With valor and conviction
In heart, and hand, and brain?
Sprung from our old ideals
To serve our later needs,
He is the modern Roundhead,
The man who rides and reads.

No pomp of braid and feathers,
No flash of burnished gear,
He wears the plainsman's outfit
Sufficient and severe.
With no imperial chevron
Upon his khaki sleeve,
He thinks by no made doctrine,
He speaks by no man's leave.

The breed, and creed, and schooling
Of Harvard and the plains,
Six hundred years of fighting
For freedom in his veins,
Let no one think to wheedle,
To buy, coerce, or cheat,
The man who loves the open,
The man who knows the street.

He rides not for vain glory,
He fights not for low gain,
But that the range of freedom
Unravaged shall remain.
As plain as Bible language
And open as the day,
He challenges injustice,
And bids corruption stay.

Take up, who will, the challenge;
Stand pat on graft and greed;
Grow sleek on others' labor,
Surfeit on others' need;
Let paid and bloodless tricksters
Devise a legal way
Our common right and justice
"To sell, deny, delay."

Not yesterday nor lightly
We came to know that breed;
Our quarrel with that cunning
Is old as Runnymede.
We saw enfranchised insult
Deploy in kingly line,
When broke our sullen fury
On Rupert of the Rhine.

At Newbury and Worcester,
Edgehill and Marston Moor,
We got the stubborn courage
To dare and to endure.
From Ireton and Cromwell
We learned the sword and rein;
Free speech by truth made fearless,
From Hampden, Pym, and Vane.

A thousand years in peril,
By privilege oppressed,
With loss beyond requital,
Unflinching in our quest,
We sought and bought our freedom
And bore it oversea;
To keep it still unblighted,
We rode with Grant and Lee.

Now, masking raid and rapine
In debonair disguise,
The foe we thought defeated
Deludes our careless eyes,
Entrenched in law and largess
And the vested wrong of things,
Cloaking a fouler treason
Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,
He holds our land for rent,
He sweats our little children
To swell his cent per cent;
With secret grip and levy
On every crumb we eat,
He drives our sons to thieving,
Our daughters to the street.

He lightly sells his honor,
He boldly shames our pride,
And makes our cause a failure
For the nations to deride.
So crafty, yet so craven!
One whisper through the mart
Can send him to his coffers
With panic in his heart.

With no such feeble rancor
As envy moves to hate,
No ignorant detraction
Of goodly things and great,
But with the wrath unbridled
Of patriots betrayed,—
Of workers duped by brokers,
Of brothers unafraid,—

Against the grim defenses
Where might and murrain hide,
Unswerving to the issue
Loose-reined and rough we ride
Full tardily, to rescue
Our heritage from wrong,
And stablish it on manhood,
A thousand times more strong.

Comes now the fearless *Message*,
The leader, and the time
For every man to muster
For honor or for crime.
Who would not ride beside him
Into the toughest fight—
For freedom, the republic,
And everlasting right!

Mr. Gilder is another who has been moved to song by the departure from our shores of our only living ex-President. This is what he gives us in *The Outlook*:

"LIVE THOU IN NATURE"

INSCRIBED TO T. R.—MARCH 23, 1909

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Live thou in nature! Live
With the stars and the winds;
Take all the wild world can give,
All thy free spirit finds,—

Finds while the seasons pour
Their braveries at thy feet;
When the ice-rimmed rivers roar,
Or summer waves their rote repeat.

Let thy hushed heart take its fill
Of the manifold voice of the trees,
When leafless winter crowns the hill
And shallow waters freeze.

Let budding Spring be thine,
And autumn brown and debonair,—
Days that darken and nights that shine,—
Let all the round years be thy fare.

Let not one full hour pass
Fruitless for thee, in all its varied length;
Take sweetness from the grass,
Take from the storm its strength.

Take beauty from the dawn,
Patience from the sure seed's delay;
Take gentleness from the light withdrawn,
And every virtue from the wholesome day.

Two months ago, in our account of the wreck of the *Republic*, we quoted lines from a "Song of the Wireless," which we attributed to the wrong writer. The author was Harry H. Kemp, and his poem appeared, many months before that

event, in *The American Magazine*. Since the wreck of the *Republic*, he has given us, in *The Independent*, a poem on that stirring incident.

THE COLLISION

By HARRY H. KEMP

Now, God be thanked for the fuller Wit of a
Modern Time;
For the Muse of a Former Day had written with
tears for rime.

From the blank white wall of the fog each great
ship gathered shape
Like the sudden jutting forth of an earthquake-
lifted cape;
Like leviathans at charge with a welter of waves
and a roar

They rush and crash in the dark, long leagues
from the friendly shore.

The "Republic" reeled and lurched (so the "Mer-
rimac" reeled mid foam,

In the days of our brother strife, when the "Mon-
itor's" ram drove home).

There were cries forlorn in the dark and a wail
of women and men

As the liners drifted apart, in the white fog
buried again;

Then the vibrant, hysterical voice of the "Flori-
da," out of the night,

Groped around and around. . . . And ever
the fog loomed white,

The vast four walls of the fog—and silence, alone,
was heard,

The sickening silence that speaks to the soul
when there is no word,

Till at last, as Chance would have it, or the gods
of the heaving tide,

The "Florida" found the "Republic," and stood
with help at her side.

But, or ever the impact was over, the wireless be-
gan to cry,

Leaping, and running, and roaring, with the voice
of the code, on high;

"Help, send help," it echoed. "We are sinking,
sinking at sea."

And the Siasconsett wireless republished the
flaming plea

East and north and south—wherever a ship might
be!

First the wireless that dwelt on the "Baltic"
heard, with its sensitive ear,

And answered its frenzied sister with hastening
words of cheer—

And the shore-built station scattered the long blue
flashes again

As the code sang in from seaward from the good
French ship "Lorraine,"

The "Lucania" cried in answer. . . . And then
the race began

Between the Death of the Sea and the Newborn
Wisdom of Man!

Like voices that cry in the night the signals wan-
dered wide—

Like the moan of a wounded comrade the stricken
"Republic" replied,

While the "Florida," looming mute, waited for
help, at her side—

And the tethering string of the code drew the
groping liners in,

While the huge propellers roared and the sirens'
screech made din.

Then, a mammoth apparition, the "Baltic" broke
from the mist

To where the two ships floundered, and a mighty
cheer uprist!

And well did they cheer, the rescued, for a happy
folk were they,

Saved from a sleep in the sea and the Death that
rode on the spray!

Yea, well did the rescued cheer, for ever since
Time began

Science had never given a greater triumph to
Man!

And God be thanked for the fuller Wit of a Mod-
ern Time,

For the Muse of a Former Day had written with
tears for rime.

While we are on the subject of wrecks, it may
be remarked that there seems to be a poetical
fascination in the old superannuated ship that
can no longer cleave the seas and wrestle with
the gales. In a new volume, "The Port O'Dreams
and Other Poems," by Edith Pratt Dickins (Put-
nam's Sons), we find stanzas that bring out anew
the human interest in such an object:

STRANDED

By EDITH PRATT DICKINS

I'm straining at my moorings in the choking,
shifting sands,

The sport of every roller's boisterous play,
Where the sea weeds draw me inland with their
brown and clinging hands,

Toward the wet and shallow beaches, shining
grey.

O winds that never failed me, blow out and set
me free;

The creeping flats steal nearer with the tide,
All wide and grey and desolate they stretch out
to the sea

And mock me with the memories of my pride.

The pilgrim birds fly southward in the misty sun-
set pale,

O'er shallow pools of gold and purple hue,
Oh, to follow, follow, follow, through the wild
autumnal gale,

To palm trees set against the burning blue!

Oh, give me back the sea wastes, the lonely light-
ning's gleam,
The wilderness below me and above,
The solitary visions and the battle and the dream,
The endless trails and changes of my love!

Give back the scenes of conflict, the courage and
the fear,
The eagerness and weariness and ruth,
The eyes that through the battle saw the vision
shining clear,
The taut and flashing canvas of my youth.

O take me, sea, unto you, spent timbers rent and
torn,
And life and dreams and torment all shall
cease;
Come leaping in in fury from the bastions of the
morn,
And fling me to the gulf of my release!

Edwin Markham's muse has been giving us too
little of late, but when we do hear from her it
is always in the major key. This from *The Nauti-*
lus may not be a new poem—of that we are not
sure—but we pass it on nevertheless:

MAN ASCENDING

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

The rise of man is endless: be in hope:
All stars are gathered in his horoscope.
The brute-man of the planet, he will pass.
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise
The Superman, child of the higher skies—
Immortal, he will break the ancient bars,
Laugh, and reach out his hands among the stars.

Even Thomas Hardy's poem below, from *Put-*
nam's, tho it is described by the author as a song
in the minor key, is in fact a song in the major
key. There is the note of triumph in it, triumph
over fate and circumstance.

LET ME ENJOY

SONG: MINOR KEY

BY THOMAS HARDY

Let me enjoy the Earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I will find charm in her loth air,
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of tender song
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,

I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, toward Paradise
And all its blest—if such should be—
I will cast glad, afar-off eyes,
Tho it contain no place for me.

If the note of buoyant affirmation is unusually
clear just now in the poetry of the men, that of
pathos still seems to be unduly heard in the
poetry of the women. It is present in this beau-
tiful and touching poem in *Cosmopolitan*, from
a pen that grows more skilful as the years race
by and which seldom fails to convey to the heart
a message of real beauty and feeling. Mrs. Wil-
cox is usually one of the most buoyant of our
writers, and her buoyancy does not fail her in
the following stanzas, despite their pathos:

COMPLETION

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

When I shall meet God's generous dispensers
Of all the riches in the heavenly store,
Those lesser gods who act as recompensers
For loneliness and loss upon this shore,
Methinks abashed, and somewhat hesitating,
My soul its wish and longing will declare,
Lest they reply, "There are no bounties waiting;
We gave on earth your portion and your share."

Then shall I answer: "Yea, I do remember
The many blessings to my life allowed.
My June was always longer than December;
My sun was always mightier than my cloud.
My joy was ever deeper than my sorrow,
My gain was ever greater than my loss;
My yesterday seemed less than my to-morrow,
The crown looked always larger than the cross.

"I have known love in all its radiant splendor;
It shone upon my pathway to the end.
I trod no road that did not bloom with tender
And fragrant blossoms planted by some friend.
And those material things we call successes,
In modest measure crowned my earthly lot.
Yet was there one sweet happiness that blesses
The life of woman, which to me came not.

"I knew the hope of motherhood. A season
I felt a fluttering heart beat 'neath my own.
A little cry—then silence. For this reason
I dare to you my only wish make known.
The babe who grew to angelhood in heaven
I never watched unfold from child to man,
And so I ask that unto me be given
That motherhood which was God's primal plan.

"All womankind he meant to share its glories:
He meant us all to nurse our babes to rest,
To croon them songs, and tell them sleepy stories,
Else why the wonder of a woman's breast?

He must provide for all earth's cheated mothers
 In his vast heavens of shining sphere on sphere.
 And with my son there must be many others,
 My spirit children, who will claim me here.

"Fair creatures by my loving thoughts created,
 Too finely fashioned for a mortal birth,
 Between the borders of two worlds they waited
 Until they saw my spirit leave the earth.
 In God's great nursery they must be thronging
 To welcome me with many an infant wile.
 Now let me go and satisfy this longing
 To mother children for a little while."

Last month we expressed curiosity to know when a volume of Theodosia Garrison's poems is to be published. A letter from Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher, now informs us that he has just arranged to bring out a volume of her poems. One of her sweetest tho not one of her strongest lyrics appears in last month's *Harper's Bazar*:

THE WIFE

BY THEodosia GARRISON

The little Dreams of Maidenhood—
 I put them all away
 As tenderly as mothers would
 The toys of yesterday,
 When little children grow to men
 Too overwise for play.

The little dreams I put aside—
 I loved them, every one,
 And yet, since moonblown buds must hide
 Before the noonday sun,
 I close them wistfully away,
 And give the key to none.

O little Dreams of Maidenhood—
 Lie quietly, nor care
 If some day in an idle mood
 I, searching unaware
 Through some closed corner of my heart,
 Should laugh to find you there.

Lloyd Mifflin has contracted the sonnet habit, and nearly all his poetic product is cast in the rigid elegance of the sonnet-mould. It is a deadening habit, and tho Mr. Mifflin has mastered the form and uses it deftly and without apparent effort, there is a lack of poetic inspiration in his work, and the more beautiful his phrasing and melodious his lines, the more regrettable appears this lack. He has published over five hundred sonnets, and in his latest work ("Toward the Uplands": Henry Frowde) he confesses that "still the rising mirage lures and makes the Dreamer hope, ever against hope, yet to accomplish the writing of at least one sonnet that shall have no defect." For our part, we would rather write a

poem with fifty blemishes and one thrill than a poem with no blemish and no thrill. We quote one of the best of the sonnets in the book:

ON THE PORCH BEFORE DAYBREAK

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

No glimmer of reluctant light appears
 And yet the dusk is going, and the blue
 Pales where the East will bloom. Besprent
 with dew,
 The slim young rabbit, rising, lifts her ears,
 Then nestles down in sleep too deep for fears;
 There is no faintest wind to wander through
 Drowsed orchards, and the seeded grasses woo;
 No clarion of defiant chanticleers.
 The shuttered rooms are hushed. The sleeping
 hen
 Folds her soft flock beneath her bulging wings;
 The brooding dove is dreaming in the glen;
 Silent the hives upon the slumberous lawn,
 And darkly clustered, where the fountain
 springs,
 The impassioned roses wait the kiss of Dawn.

In the London *Academy* we find a new poem by Olive Douglas that is very effective, the kind that you feel somebody ought to have written long ago:

CANDLE-LIGHT

BY OLIVE DOUGLAS

Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,
 Flickering points of honey-colored flame,
 From sunset gardens of the moon you came,
 Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers of
 death. . . .

Blossoms of opal fire that raised on high
 Upon a hundred silver stems are seen
 Above the brilliant dance, or set between
 The brimming wine-cups . . . flowers of
 revelry!

Roses with amber petals that arise
 Out of the purple darkness of the night
 To deck the darkened house of Love, to light
 The laughing lips, the beautiful glad eyes.

Lilies with violet-colored hearts that break
 In shining clusters round the silent dead,
 A diadem of stars at feet and head,
 The glory dazzles . . . but they do not wake. . .

O golden flowers the moon goes gathering
 In magic gardens of her fairy-land,
 While splendid angels of the sunset stand
 Watching in flaming circles wing to wing. . . .

Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,
 That wither in the hands of light, and die
 When bright dawn wakens in a silver sky,
 Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers
 of death.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



SOCIALISM is becoming a favorite problem for publicists to tackle. In his latest novel* the intrepid author of "The Leopard's Spots" has again attacked the problem with satire and melodramatics. "You can't lose Mr. Dixon," remarks S. Mays Ball, one of Mr. Dixon's reviewers. "Any-

COMRADES. thing coming up which hasn't yet been settled by the thinkers of the United States—why, there is no trouble about that! Mr. Dixon will write a novel about it." If people who read his books decline to take Mr. Dixon seriously, it is not his fault but the fault of the reader, Mr. Ball facetiously affirms. "The error of Mr. Dixon's books," he goes on to say, "is the pseudo-plausibility of them all. Like news and facts handled by the yellow press, there is always sufficient truth upon which to base a false argument."

Mr. Dixon attempts in this book to show the absurdity of Socialism as a working system. His hero, Norman Worth, son of a California millionaire, is attracted through Barbara Bozenta, a Joan of Arc in the cause of Socialism, to the radical movement. The girl is used as a bait by the "blonde beast" Wolf, the Socialist leader, and his "affinity" wife, Catherine, who interest him in a utopian colonization scheme upon the Island Ventura, in the Pacific. At a Socialist garden party the Stars and Stripes are dragged down by young Worth and the blood-red banner of "brotherhood" raised in its stead. He refuses to obey his father's command to sever his radical affiliations, and after an open break between the two, the father deftly manages to turn a million dollars into the hands of his son for the establishment of the preposterous *Zukunftsstaat* planned by the "Comrades," in the fond hope that actual experience will cure him of his economic delusions.

Young Worth becomes leader of the colonization scheme, two thousand members being selected from twenty thousand applicants. His faith in man receives its first rude shock when he meets the host of cranks who have arrived to join the enterprise. Every creed and fad, every folly, past and present, is there represented. Heated arguments resound through the Socialist headquarters and sometimes blows emphasize the discussion. When at last he sets out with his army for Ventura, situated sixty miles from the coast of Santa Barbara, with no regular means of communication with the outside world, life is bathed in a roseate glow. All hands are at work unloading the ship, eager service for the general

good is written on every face. But the keen edge of novelty is soon dulled, drudgery loses its magic and a process of selection sets in. It is decided to choose permanent work by ballot and young Worth issues the following momentous announcement:

"In the department of Production we need hod-carriers, bricklayers, carpenters, architects, teamsters, and skilled mechanics for the foundry and machine-shops, saw-mill, and flour mills. On the farm and orchard we need plowmen and harvesters for grain and hay, gardeners, stablemen, and ditchers.

"In our department of Domestic Service we need cooks, seamstresses, washerwomen, scrubbers and cleaners, waiters, porters, bell-boys, telephone girls, steamfitters, plumbers, chimney-sweeps, and sewer cleaners.

"In the department of Education we need artists and artisans, teachers, nurses, printers and binders, pressmen and compositors, one editor, scientists and lecturers, missionaries, actors, singers and authors.

"Now each of you know what you can do best. Choose the work in which you can render your comrades the highest service of which you are capable and best advance the cause of humanity. Write your name and your choice of work on the blanks which have been furnished you."

The orchestra plays while the ballots are being cast and counted; but the result is far from satisfactory. The young chairman raises the record before his eyes, pauses and thus addresses himself to the "comrades":

"In the first place, comrades, more than six hundred ballots out of the two thousand cast are invalid. They have been cast for work not asked for. They must be thrown out at once.

"Three hundred and sixty-five able-bodied men choose hunting as their occupation. I grant you that game is plentiful on the island, but we can't spare you, gentlemen!

"Two hundred and thirty-five men want to fish! The waters abound in fish, but we have a pound net which supplies us with all we can eat.

"Thirty-two men and forty-six women want to preach.

"We do not at present need hunters, fishermen, or preachers, and have not called for volunteers in these departments of labor.

"Three hundred and fifty-six women wish to go on the stage, and one hundred and ninety-five of them choose musical comedy and light opera. I think this includes most of our female population between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five!"

So it finally becomes necessary to elect an executive board to regulate the distribution of work.

* COMRADES. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Soon other problems, drunkenness and disorderly conduct and crime raise their hydra heads, and, by a decree of Council, prisons and whipping posts are established. Still the colony makes money and conditions are fairly tolerable until Wolf wrests the deed of property and the government from the hands of the young millionaire, and initiates a reign of terror reminiscent of Robespierre. He puts his wife away, establishes "free love," increases the working day from eight hours to ten, imprisons Worth and establishes a chain of watchers along the coast. Barbara succeeds in conveying a telegraph message to the father of Norman Worth, who, accompanied by the governor of California and his infantry, comes to the rescue of his son. The red ensign of Socialism is hauled down and in its place the star-spangled banner is raised.

Mr. Dixon's travesty is too crude to be convincing. The *Boston Herald*, it is true, affirms that, under the cover of a capital story, the writer deals effective blows against those so-called Socialists whose cure for social ills is the destruction of existing institutions and all property rights; but the majority of reviewers refuse to regard the book as a contribution to serious economic discussion. A writer in the *New York American*, Mr. Hearst's socialistically inclined paper, complains that Mr. Dixon sets up a Socialist situation as unreal as any mushroom dream that ever sprouted from the brain of the most chimerical Socialist. Many earlier Socialists, the reviewer admits, made the blunder of trying to

picture a cut-and-dried social order—all the shelves and all the pegs in their places, all the buttons ready. "This was folly rampant, for no one can forecast the future; today cannot bind tomorrow. All we can do in social effort is to get firm hold on some principle of action and work in the light of it." To quote:

"The Socialists of our day claim that they have such a principle in the idea of co-operative industry. And they would say that Mr. Dixon goes 'wild' in his picture of a future Socialist society—that he only sets up a house of cards, all nicely prepared for his long-premeditated kick.

"Indeed, we all go astray when we burden the future with our pet notions, loading it down with our well curried hobbies. Society will change, and must change; for nothing can crystallize and still keep life in it. But to no man is it given to plow a fixed furrow for evolution. Indeed, reforms seldom come about as reformers plan for them. Luther did not start out to found a new church; Lincoln did not start out to free the slaves.

"Moreover, reforms frequently come about through their worst enemies. Mazzini's plan for the unification of Italy was finally pushed to success by the hostile Louis Napoleon and the House of Savoy. Mazzini died an exile. Kossuth's plan for the independence of Hungary came to a head under the action of the House of Hapsburg. Kossuth died in exile. And we all know that the German revolutionists of 1848 failed, and that German unity and free government were made facts under the iron hand of Bismarck—Bismarck, the old-time enemy of the revolutionists."



BOOK* from the pen of a Norwegian author comes to us with high credentials, crowned by the French Academy and with the endorsement of a famous brother novelist, Mr. Hall Caine, who unequivocally pronounces the work to be great. "Rarely," he affirms, "in reading a modern novel have I felt as strong a sense of reality and so deep an impression of motive. It would be difficult to

praise too highly the power and reticence of this story. When I compare it with other Norwegian novels, even the best and by the best known writers, I feel that it transcends them in its high seriousness and in the almost relentless strength with which its dominant idea is carried through. Its atmosphere is often wonderful, sometimes startling, and its structure is without any fault that betrays itself to me." There are, Mr. Hall Caine goes on to say, not a few isolated gems of beauty and pathos in this story and its closeness to nature fills its pages with surprises and all its characters bear the stamp of truth. The theme he regards as a noble one, but he strongly

disavows his belief in its ultimate teaching.

"The Power of a Lie" is the story of Knut Norby, a wealthy farmer, who signs his name as a bond for his friend, a merchant named Wangen. When the latter becomes bankrupt, Norby denies that he has signed the bond and accuses the friend of forgery. Yet Knut Norby is not wicked, but a kindly and weak-hearted man who is induced by an unfortunate combination of circumstances to tell a lie, and who then lacks the moral strength to overcome its gathering momentum. When we are first introduced to him, he is driving home on his sledge across the snow much disturbed by Wangen's failure, not because of the financial loss to himself, but because he fears the sharp tongue of his wife, who, after many such experiences, had exacted from him the promise never to lend his name as security again. Wangen, however, had succeeded in persuading him to endorse the note at a dinner at the hotel Carl Johann, and the merchant now appears to Norby as a thoroughly wicked and despicable man who had used him badly. Yet the idea to deny his signature never enters his calculations; the lie is thrust upon him by his wife, who has heard of the failure and assumes that the signature of her husband is forged. He makes no answer and after his tacit admission the lie

* THE POWER OF A LIE. By Johann Bojer. Mitchell Kennerley.

suddenly seems to be winged. When he comes downstairs the next morning, the servants reiterate it in whispers, and he would still, perhaps, have denied it had not a visitor from the village, on hearing the news, departed on swift snowshoes to tell the tale. Wangen, Norby now says to himself, will, of course, take the opportunity to begin an action for libel against him and he will be condemned to pay heavy damages and to retract his slanderous statement besides being humiliated in the eyes of the village. Slowly the idea matures in him that he cannot now retrace his steps, and when he hears that Wangen, through a lapse of memory, has said that the paper was signed at the Crown Hotel, he openly denounces him as a liar. The only witness of the transaction is dead, and nobody can prove that he ever signed anything at the Grand. Wangen, a man of noble impulses, tho at times bibulous and a weakling, comes to look upon himself before his wife and the village as a martyr. Thus his sense of innocence in a way corrupts and debases him; and at last he commits a forgery to prove himself guiltless. When the matter is brought up in court, his witnesses break down, his forgery is discovered, and he suffers the penalty of the crime, while Norby is given a banquet by his fellow townsmen. "There must have been some purpose in it all," he says to himself, on his return from the banquet. "I may often have acted with great severity, but now I think it will be better for every one in this district. I shall do my part at any rate." When at last Norby goes to bed, he folds his hands and says a couple of verses of a hymn. "He felt near to God, and the respect and sympathy of the whole district now shone into his conscience, and he would thank God for it all. 'But there is one thing I can't understand,' he thought after a while, 'and that is how people can stand like Wangen with a calm face and lie in court. God help those who have no more conscience than to do it.'"

The book, with its strange conclusion, Mr. Hall Caine states, teaches us that a life of deception does not always wither up and harden the human heart, but some times expands and softens it; that a man may pass from lie to lie until he feels

in his conscience that he is as white as an Angel, and, having betrayed himself into a belief in his innocence, may become generous, unselfish and noble. This theory is not at variance with the doctrine of the New Thought and it is not impossible that the psychology of many of our millionaire philanthropists may be akin to Knut Norby's. The world-will may choose strange ways to accomplish the ultimate good, and it seems not incredible that even evil may be an instrument of salvation. Mr. Hall Caine, however, is not of this opinion. "I confess," he says, "tho I am here to introduce the book to English readers, and do so with gladness and pride, that this is teaching of which I utterly disapprove. It conflicts with all my experience of life to think that a man may commit forgery, as Wangen does, to prove himself innocent of forgery, and that a man may become unselfish by practicing the most selfish duplicity." To quote further:

"If I had to believe this, I should also have to believe that there is no knowledge of right and wrong in the heart of man, no sense of sin, that conscience is a juggling fiend, and that the presiding power in the world is only not God but the devil.

"I hold it to be entirely within the right of the artist to show by what machinations of the demon of circumstances the bad man may be raised up to honor and the good man brought down to shame, and I also hold it to be the first and highest duty of the artist to show that victory may be worse than defeat, success more to be feared than failure, and that it is better to lie with the just man on his dunghill than to sit with the evil one on his throne."

The Boston *Transcript* dissents from the opinion of Mr. Hall Caine. Many, it says, will read the story differently from Hall Caine. "The author does not appear before us in any other guise than as the recorder of events and as the narrator of a story. We are left to our own resources to determine his moral purpose, if, indeed, he wrote his story with any other object than the exposition of character under the influence of a certain fatality that placed his hero on the wrong path and forcibly kept him there."



IT IS not often that a successful writer, in the zenith of a brilliant literary career, rings down the curtain upon himself. Yet such seems to be Mr. Stanley Weyman's firm determination. Allowing himself to be interviewed for the first time in thirteen years, he frankly announces through the *London Bookman*, simultaneously with the publication of his latest book*: "I think I have told all the tales I have to tell. I should not care to go on

writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself and the public was beginning to feel it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been very fortunate; critics, publishers, the public, have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run, and would far sooner quite the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches."

Mr. Weyman, through his announcement, has the unusual opportunity afforded him of reading his own obituaries, so to speak. "No doubt,"

* WILD GEESE. By Stanley Weyman. Doubleday, Page and Company.

says the *Springfield Republican*, in one of its editorials, "he could continue indefinitely, as he is but fifty-four years old and not an invalid, to manufacture books, and his name as a trademark would still be a valuable asset. But he feels that the creative impulse is exhausted, and that further book-making would be simply a 'thrifty using up of the scraps.' If Mr. Weyman is right in his estimate of resources," the editorial writer continues, "he is right, of course, in standing aside and to give younger men a chance. But it is quite possible that he may have underestimated the recuperative forces of the mind, and that a few years of idleness or change of employment will gradually accumulate material which will once more inspire a desire to write. In that event, however, no one would manifest the slightest disposition to hold him to his great renunciation." Even supposing Mr. Weyman's career to close with his marvelous new romance, his achieved work, we are told, is perhaps as much as should be expected from one man. Like many Englishmen of letters, Mr. Weyman began with the law. He was thirty when his historical novel, "The House of the Wolf," drew prompt attention to him, and he was nearly forty when, in the words of the same writer, "A Gentleman of France" not only became a "best seller" but made him the foremost historical novelist of the day. After discovering his bent, he worked steadily but without haste. The list of his books in the nineteen years he has been publishing amounts to seventeen titles, and among them are such well-known novels as "Under the Red Robe," "My Lady Rotha," "The Red Cockade," "Shrewsbury," "The Castle Inn," "Sophia," "Count Hannibal," "The Long Night," and "The Abbess Vlaye." His new book, the writer affirms, is a worthy addition to this list. "In recent years he has more and more turned to English subjects and more recent times, tho never deserting the field of historical fiction, in which he had won so prompt and conspicuous a success." To quote further:

"He gave, in fact, new life to a kind of fiction

which had been languishing, and while isolated historical novels far beyond his powers had been written by Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Reade and others, he was the natural successor, in a small way, of Sir Walter Scott, and really created a little school of historical fiction, tho his imitators caught chiefly his mannerisms. He is more responsible than any other one person for the flood of historical novels in the '90s, which in this country took the form mainly of gentlemen of France strayed into the colonies.

"It is likely that his creative impulse would not have spent itself even with twenty years of hard work if his themes had been of a more varied sort and his methods more elastic. In romances of adventure a certain sameness is inevitable."

This family resemblance is noticeable in "Wild Geese," as in all the novels from Mr. Weyman's pen. It differs from them in that for the first time in the author's novelistic career, the scene is laid in Ireland, a country beset with pitfalls for the English writer, which, in the opinion of the *London Spectator*, Mr. Weyman has evaded with conspicuous skill.

His hero, to quote *The Athenaeum*, tho belonging unquestionably to the salt of the earth, is something of a prig. That stately periodical adds in a vein characteristically English, "perhaps it is by reason of this human alloy that we not only believe in him but also love him." A soldier of experience, yet opposed to dueling, this picturesque character, more Puritan than Irish, returns to his native Kerby just at the time, 1718, when a rising in favor of the Pretender is on the point of occurring. He succeeds in quieting this suicidal enterprise, thereby earning the hatred of his kindred and of his ward, Flavia, a young woman of the high-souled, rather intolerable style with which Mr. Weyman has made us familiar. Aversion paves the way for love, and, after a long string of hair-breadth escapes, all ends well. The heroine's character, as one reviewer remarks, is, perhaps, the most serious blemish in the spirited story. We are told of her charms, but we only realize her shrewishness.

FOR RUSSIA—A STORY. BY EVA MADDEN

When two great passions come into conflict in the same soul, there is a great drama and perhaps a great tragedy. In this story of less than 3,500 words, which we reprint from *The Craftsman* (by permission), there is such a conflict, and it terminates in a tragedy. The author's name is a new one to us; she is young, and has published very little; but her work displays the technical skill of an experienced writer.



WHEN Véra Pavlovna read that last letter of the pile Signora Lombardi told her was hers she went as white as if the hand of Death in that moment had clutched her being. The mainspring of the machinery of her

life seemed to snap in one moment. White, stricken, she sat motionless, the sheet in her hand, her eyes on its envelope. For years now her emotions had blazed at white heat; she was only a girl when the fire should be gently kindling—and now, in one moment, the light went out.

Something, however, came to pass, afterward. Have you ever noticed, after a paper has burned to blackness, a spark suddenly appearing and firing up the ruins? Have you ever heard a clock give a gasp of ticking or a discordant last sound after the break? So the machinery of Véra's being gave its last ungoverned cry, the fire of her emotions sent up their final spark and supplied the newspapers with a column.

And yet the day had begun so normally. Nikolenka had risen early, had brought her coffee, and then, sketch-book in hand, had gone out to work. Later she, too, had forsaken her bed, and, being happy for the first time in six long suffering years, her old spirits had revived, and as she dressed she felt more and more like the old Véra who had come years before, a rich petted girl, to this same loved Florence.

But then—she laughed at the memory—she had stayed at the *Hôtel de la Ville*, not in a single room of *Signora Lombardi*. She shrugged her shoulders over her clothes, also; they seemed a collection from the rag-bags of Russia. But what mattered it how one lived or how one dressed in these days of revolutions?

Singing a little French song, she lifted her slender white hands to arrange her hair before the small round mirror which stood on the chest of drawers in the one room which served as living room, dressing room and studio for her husband.

"Now I have Nikolenka," she thought, "so what matter, since he loves me?" and she pulled her hair about. It was very dusky, and as she arranged it over the brow in the way Nikolenka best liked, it added its note of mystery to the strange, almost prophetic looking little countenance. The wild dark eyes, with their expression of seeing far out and beyond the horizon of everyday vision, the pathetic curve of the large, sensitive mouth, the thoughtful brow, seemed to announce from their dusky frame that here was one whom the stage manager of life's comedy had assigned to the rôle of tears, and her movements, too, as she arranged her hair, were entirely without those impulses of coquetry which seem to animate every daughter of Eve when she touches hair or hairpins.

Véra Pavlovna's dressing was rather the necessary act of a woman whose thoughts are on other things, and not light things, either. And yet she was almost beautiful—a little intense thing whose whole being seemed vibrant, an instrument to be played upon by any masterful emotion.

Suddenly, however, she laughed like a child, and its echo seemed to cry, "I might have been such a merry girl, a merry girl, happy, oh, so happy!"

"Nikolenka!" she cried, "Nikolenka!" for, the

door behind her opening, a face had suddenly reflected itself side by side with her own in the glass.

"Nikolenka! Nikolenka! stand still!" she cried, and, laughing, moved about until her cheek seemed to press close against that of her husband.

"I embrace you, Nikolenka! I embrace you!"

The second face was a strange one, so entirely puzzling and enigmatical in expression that words retreat before an attempt to describe with any portraying adequacy its clear-cut, handsome features framed by a shock of light hair in artistic disorder, and which, either because of repression of nature or acquired caution, possessed the appearance of being trained to conceal all inner feeling.

The effect of the two faces, so momentarily in reflected proximity, was a strange one, mystery seeming to covet the poetic features of the woman, lodging in the great dark eyes, vibrating the wonderful hair, wandering about the curves of the mouth of strength and pathos, drooping the eyelids and then lifting them, enigma writing itself in those of the man, so definite in outline, so firm, so absolutely emotionless and controlled in expression.

As the sun pales the moon at daybreak, the masculine one of definite cutting forced its indefinite companion into the position of almost a shadow, and its personality suddenly faded.

Nikolenka laughed, too, but there was nothing merry about it.

"What a child you can be," he said. His voice was controlled, and a little deliberate.

"Véra," he said, and drew near; "Véra!"

She ran from the glass man to the real one, and, throwing herself into his arms, clung to him like a child, lifting her face for kisses. With one hand—it was a handsome, well shaped member—he caressed her gently, with the other he lifted her chin and rested his fingers lightly across her laughing lips.

"Nikolenka," she whispered, her eyes full of a never to be entirely answered questioning: "You love me? You love me?"

A caress was his answer, but in his cold blue-gray eyes there was a look which was almost impersonal, a critical contemplation of the crimsoning of her cheeks, the glowing of her countenance, the rising and falling of her throbbing breast, which was singular.

He held her close, he kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and then, loosening his hold, but in the reluctant, almost self-denying manner of a man who would linger, his arm still about her waist, he led her to the table arranged at one end of the huge studio, and which served for writing as well as for eating purposes.

"I have an hour, Véra Pavlovna," he explained, and opened his watch case. "It is nine." He turned the face toward her. "At ten I go to the Academy. We can examine the papers now," and he drew a packet from an inner pocket. "Are you willing?" He raised his eyebrows.

In a moment Véra was a new woman. Her slight figure lost its vibrancy, and capacity mastered emotion. She drew forward pen and ink, and like two confidential comrades they read, discussed, and annotated letters and papers, the man's attitude flatteringly deferential, and encouraging confidence.

They were Russians, and their talk, straying now and then to the personal, revealed them to be refugees, in exile in Florence, members of the same secret revolutionary organization, who, meeting in Switzerland, at Zurich, after a short impassioned courtship had married and later come to Florence.

Véra was one in whom thought ever struggled for expression, and it followed that her speech was fluid. Nikolenka, on the contrary, was of rarer breed, a listener. Playing his own part, he encouraged her confidence to full growth, checking now and then a thought, clipping extravagance of expression as the gardener trains the wayward branches of a shrub or luxuriant output. Like the gardener, also, Nikolenka induced the growth of this confidence by a look, an interrogation, and, rarely but subtly, by a caress or compliment.

Then her eyes would glow, her mouth tremble, and her whole slight figure reciprocate with a quiver of passion. She had much to say, and her enthusiasm, her ardor, her outcry against wrong made for her such visions against the horizon that reality too often stood there overshadowed.

The things they discussed in that high-ceiled, great windowed old room of Florence were not light ones. They had for subject matter affairs of life and death of international importance, principles of social well being and the ruler and existence of a nation in revolution. Véra's ardor warmed to a heat which fired her to confidence after confidence.

Once, when she spoke of Russia as a world power, her husband warmed also, a light suddenly flaming in his cold, strange face. Then catching herself, Véra blushed and ceased to speak.

"Véra Pavlovna," her husband cried out, "why do you stop? Am I to be told so much and not all—I, Nikolenka? What more did Ivan Posenak confide in you? Tell me."

Véra drooped over her letters.

"Tell me," said Nikolenka. She looked up quickly at his tone and hesitated.

Ivan Posenak had not sworn her to secrecy;

no. He had not forbidden her to tell her husband. He held Nikolenka as a friend. Others, however, had made protest.

"What do we know of him?" they asked. "What do you know of him, Véra Pavlovna? He belongs with us, yes, but in matters of life and death—"

Véra was silent then, as now with her husband. Nikolenka was Nikolenka. That was all. She knew nothing of him, but he was Nikolenka, and she loved him, her husband. As she had given her one self wholly to Russia, she had given her other to Nikolenka. He held her body and soul. A cold glance from him—and he could give it—was more freezing than the ice, more cutting than the blows she had endured in a Russian prison.

"Véra Pavlovna," he repeated. The coldness of the tone struck her heart and chilled it. He drew away his hand from her own, not roughly, gently but entirely. Certain natures can thus withdraw affection even more effectively than others can strike a blow.

She caught it again with passion, but he withdrew it without response.

"Véra Pavlovna," his voice was charged with hurt and reproach, "did I not warn you that I can love well, but"—she nodded, her head drooped—"love only where I am warmed by a trust which is absolute?" Then he narrowed his eyes, he surveyed her sternly, as we do a child we have threatened. "Why should Ivan Posenak not trust me also?" he asked in a cold fury, "and why do not you, Véra Pavlovna—tell me, tell me!"

"No, no, Nikolenka, it is not that." She flung out her hands in protest. "No one doubts you, and surely never I, dear—never Véra Pavlovna," and she laughed. "Are not my deeds known all over Europe? Would I marry where harm could come to Russia?"

But unmoved he stood silent, cold and offended. She struggled to appease.

"Only, dear Nikolenka," she cried, her voice a supreme caress of loving apology, "as yet you are but known for opinions, not deeds. Your chance is to come; mine came first, that is all."

She held out her hand, but there he stood, sulky, his head sunk in his shoulders, his lips protruding in scorn. Her eyes sought his and gazed eagerly.

"I must be trusted," he said, and half turned. "Ivan Posenak does not trust me, nor you, Véra Pavlovna, you."

She felt for his hand, but he would not suffer her to find it. Then she clutched at it and held fast. He almost pushed her away. It was his first roughness, and she quivered.

"Why does Ivan confide in you, not me?" he asked. "Why are you more to the Committee?"

Was he jealous? Her eyes dilated with that new-born fear.

"Listen, Nikolenka," she cried. "Listen," and a wild look flashed in her face. "It is cruel, cruel that you ask that of me, Véra Pavlovna. Was I not two years in the prison at Kiel? Do you think," she leaned forward, "that a girl, a rich girl, too, a petted girl, one who had all life offers, who has lain in a Russian prison two years for her country, who has," she gasped, "borne what I have borne, can ever be false to her cause? Look—look," she tore back her blouse. "See, Nikolenka, see, the stripes, the blows! I bore them all, all for Russia, and what had I done?" Her tone became quiet. "I went one day to the home of my old governess, that was all, with my parents' permission, only to see her. There were papers found there, and they took me, too. Poor old Anna, she died there in Kief, in that prison. I could not help her, poor Anna. I was a revolutionist, yes; one visit to my father's factories made me, but I had nothing to do with that printing press, those papers, nothing. Oh, my husband"—her eyes dilated, and she ran and clung to his arm—"there are those who say they are glad when they come to the prisons, for there they may at last sit still and not fear danger. But I? I had never feared, and in prison all is gray, gray, gray." She clutched at her heart and shivered. "There were flowers then in the fields, Nikolenka. I love flowers," she said, very simply. "There were the dogs barking, Nikolenka. I had six, and we roamed together in our old forests. There were the birds, Nikolenka. I love the birds, too," and her voice caught in a sob. "There were my parents. They were always good to me, always. I saw things, Nikolenka, I suffered things which robbed me of my girlhood. I saw men, women, children shot down in the name of the Czar and of Christ. Christ!" She rolled the word on her lips with scorn. "I saw blood and filth and shame and cruelty and," she flung out her hands in repudiation, "I saw Russian law! The Committee knows this, Nikolenka."

Her face flushed and she hung on his arm, clung with sobbing desperation.

"I think," she said, in a voice so sweet and low that it might have brought tears to eyes other than those of Nikolenka—"I think if there were a God in Russia even He might trust me, Véra Pavlovna."

Her husband, standing there, enduring her caress, listening, unrelenting, maddened her.

"And you." She caught his hand. "Every day I love you more, more, Nikolenka. When my parents sent me forth I had nothing, but now I have you, you, you. Oh, Nikolenka, of you our Russia even may be jealous."

His sulkiness lessened, and her face relaxed in response.

"I must go now," he said, and loosened her arm; then he turned.

He had not kissed her, he had not kissed her! She swayed between the forces of conflict, and he moved away.

"I will prove by my trust how I love you," she cried. "Nikolenka! Nikolenka!"

There was surrender in her voice, and he turned. The look of the man was like heaven after the opposite to her, and drawing close she told him all.

We all now know the plot. It was well planned, safe at every point. A Cossack had been suborned. The Czar was to die in May. She gave him even the date.

Then Nikolenka opened his arms and drew her to him entirely. He gave her caresses such as she never before had received from him. It seemed to her as if he would reward her trust with the whole warmth of his being.

"It was only a test, dear one," he whispered, his lips against her cheek, "only a test to try you. Now I know that you trust me entirely and utterly, and my love, all my love, such as it is, is yours."

In that moment it seemed to Véra that she should die of the joy. She was to meet him at twelve in the Piazza Signoria, and they would dine at a little past noon. As he left, her voice took up the little French song and she ran back to the mirror to rearrange her toilet.

The song again stopped short, for again Nikolenka's face was reflected in the mirror, this time as he passed in the street. Was that her husband? Véra started. She had never seen that expression. Was it exultant? Why not? Did he not love her also? Had he not proved her? And yet—

"*Avanti*," she cried when a knock a little later came at the door.

The *portiere*, a tall, thin woman with sallow face and dark eyes, entered and placed the morning letters on the table. They had come before the Signor had departed; she had just run out for a moment, but what matter? He could read them quite as well later. Véra had another opinion, and the *padrona* departed furious.

"These Italians will never stand a criticism," she thought, and approached the table.

Her husband always secured his own letters, but to-day two for him lay in one pile, six for her in the other. Without glancing at the addresses she opened the envelopes of her own with a hairpin and read, laying aside one, and picking up the succeeding.

Just as she opened the last the *partiere* came

again on an errand, and when she returned from the door she took out the sheet without noting the address on the envelope, and that was the one. It was an hour before she moved. One watching would have said that her death blow in that moment had struck her.

The studio boasted one picture, a portrait of Véra herself, well done by her husband. Going to a drawer, she brought out a red scarf of silk. Then she went to the table and with almost firm hand wrote a few words on the reverse of the letter. Then she pinned it to the scarf and threw it across the easel.

In a black dress, a black hat, she then went out. At the corner sat a withered old woman selling flowers; at sight of Véra she set up her cry.

"One red rose, nothing else." Leaving a lira in the astonished fingers, Véra pinned the flower on her breast, where it glowed red, like the blood which had flowed in Russia. Then she entered a little shop nearby, one where her husband bought what he needed for his studio and for his models. The old man kept everything and she paid exactly what the keen-eyed old Egisto demanded and came out with her purchase.

The whole world knows how busy is the Piazza Signoria at noon. There are people of every nation crossing, recrossing, wandering around. The English lady in her trailing skirts, the American with her do-or-die face, the German on the arm of her lord, the stragglers, the wagons, the cabs, the diners on the pavements.

Nikolenka looked right and left. The gun had sounded noon long before, and the sun was traveling away from the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi.

Why did Véra not come?

He sat down on the steps of the Loggia. A Russian passing stopped and chatted. It was Ivan Posenak. Nikolenka listened, listened, listened, in that strange impersonal way of his, but his eyes wandered in search of Véra, for he had risen early and wanted his food. In a flash he was on his feet, his hand waving in greeting.

"There she is," he cried, and he pointed to the slight black figure advancing across the square toward the Loggia and her husband.

She fired the moment his eyes were upon her and fell, the rose crimson on her heart, amid the havoc of men, women, motor cars, cabs and buses.

"There was no cause whatever," Nikolenka with

white face assured the police. "We never quarreled. I left her happy, quite happy."

Ivan Posenak pressed forward to confirm this.

"We parted as ever." Nikolenka spoke with convincing sincerity, and Ivan nodded. He turned to the crowd. "She was two years in prison in Kief; the amnesty of October released her. It crazed her brain," and Nikolenka bent over her, like a man almost paralyzed. *Ah, si si*, they could all believe that, believe it easily, and the Misericordia bore her away through the talk.

When Nikolenka found himself again in the studio the red scarf on the easel called him at once to the letter.

"I read this by mistake," wrote Véra; "the Signora gave it to me for mine. I did not look at the address before reading, believe me, Nikolenka."

That was all.

In the waning light of the sun which, departing, flared color high about old Florence with a new tragedy added to her many, Nikolenka read the letter, sitting in the chair before the portrait of Véra.

Here it is, word for word:

"Your last information received. Acting on it we have arrested many revolutionists. It is too soon to arrest your woman. It is advisable to obtain further information as to her intentions first."

The signature was that of the secret police of Russia, and it was addressed to their own political spy, the husband of Véra Pavlovna.

Nikolenka rose.

He removed the red scarf, and turned the portrait from him. Then, the mask tight over the face of all emotion, he wrote—this time in cipher—an account of the plot against the Czar; he gave names, dates and mention of the Cossack, and cited his wife as authority. Without a pause he added: "As my woman shot herself at noon and died an hour ago in the hospital my usefulness here is ended."

He folded the sheet, placed it in the envelope which he addressed and stamped. Then firmly he went to the easel and placed the picture in its normal position. The eyes from out the mystery of that face and hair seemed to challenge him. He looked at her long, narrowing his eyes as if he were but an artist studying his own handiwork.

"For Russia," he said, and for that one moment his voice quivered.



THEY HAVE FLOWN OVER THREE THOUSAND MILES

Even King Solomon would have had to admit that a school for aviators is something new under the sun. The Wright brothers not only fly but they teach others to fly. In recognition of their conquest of the air, a medal (of which the above is a photograph) is to be presented to them by President Taft on behalf of the Aero Club of America.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

VOL. XLVI., No. 6 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
George S. Viereck

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A Review of the World



IGNS are multiplying that President Taft's term of immunity from hostile criticism is at an end. Already he is being "viewed with alarm" by one class and denounced as a traitor to the Roosevelt policies. At the same time, by an entirely different class, he is being "pointed to with pride" as a conservative and hailed as our savior from the Roosevelt policies. Two directly antagonistic classes, therefore, as wide apart in their sympathies as the *New York Sun* and the *New York American*, are painting the new President as a foe to radicalism and a friend to the corporate interests. They claim to find evidence of this both in what he has done and in what he has failed to do. His cabinet appointments were the first evidence of this kind they professed to find. Mr. Taft's refusal to aid the insurgents in their revolt against Speaker Cannon was the second piece of evidence. His apparent attempt to work harmoniously with Senator Aldrich in behalf of a tariff revision is accepted as a third indication that he is pursuing a course at variance with the Roosevelt policy. On one side there are mutterings of dissatisfaction, on the other side chortles of joy; and one interesting feature of the case is that, for the most part, neither those who mutter nor those who chortle have been among the recognized followers of Mr. Roosevelt himself.

ONE of the first notes of dissatisfaction with the present administration proceeded from the Washington newspaper correspondents. "After seven years of wide-open publicity in matters of government," writes the special correspondent of a New York trade paper, *The Editor and Publisher*, "the newspaper correspondents in Washington now find themselves in a totally different atmosphere. The new administration put on the clothes of conservatism right at the start,

and the difference, to the newspaper men, between the Roosevelt regime and the present personnel and methods of the White House and departments, is so great that many well-known correspondents have been figuratively stunned to paralysis." This may seem to be of journalistic rather than of political importance; but it is of both. No one understood better than Mr. Roosevelt the importance of constant publicity for the purpose he had in view. The present failure at this point is interpreted by the correspondents themselves as an indication that the purposes of the Taft administration are different since the method being pursued is so different. Here is the way one of the scribes (in the *Saturday Evening Post*) construes what has happened, to the million or more readers of that paper:

"Without questioning the loyalty of Mr. Taft to Mr. Roosevelt, it is apparent that he has started out to have an Administration as different as possible from his predecessor's. The lid is on. The Soft Pedal Triplets have got in their deadly work. We are safe and sane to an astonishing degree. There are no loud noises, no explosions, no disturbances of the atmosphere. Just tranquillity, tranquillity, joy and happiness, peace and rest. As expeditiously as possible, various prosecutions are being dropped casually out of the window and forgotten, numerous indictments are being shoved carelessly into the waste-baskets, multitudes of commissions are being recalled and set to work, large numbers of plans and projects of statesmanship are being labeled and put in the specimen cases as interesting relics of an Administration that is gone."

This interpretation is obviously not the result of political animus, but simply of professional disappointment. It illustrates one way in which an atmosphere of distrust is being created.

THEN, of course, there are the inevitable political disappointments that begin to appear as soon as an administration commences to nominate men for the offices and



SWATTED!

—C. R. Macaulay in *New York World*.

to choose personal advisers. This is the ground for the criticism of the correspondent of the *Minneapolis News*, who has been the most outspoken of any in his charge that Taft has capitulated to the reactionaries. He writes as follows: "The Taft administration is 'reactionary.' To prevent the substitution of 'reactionary' for 'progressive' policies was the one chief aim of Roosevelt. The Taft administration is dominated by the big business interests. It was to keep the national government true to the best interests of the people as distinguished from the privileged class that Roosevelt used his influence in naming his successor. From the very beginning the Taft administration has given constant comfort to the enemies of Roosevelt; that comfort may be seen in tangible form each day. Harriman has won. Rockefeller has won. Morgan has won." The appointment of Mr. Wickersham to the cabinet is construed by this observer as a personal triumph of Mr. Morgan; that of Charles Nagel, as a favor to Mr. Rockefeller. Wall street influence is once more in control, we are told, of the attorney-general's office. Moreover, the personal enemies of Mr. Roosevelt—Harriman, Aldrich, Tillman, Bellamy Storer, Penrose and Bailey—are once more in personal favor at the White House. Vice-President Sherman, says another correspondent, has become "the congressional adviser of Mr. Taft," and Mr. Sherman is hand-in-glove with the managers of the Cannon machine.

IN addition, Mr. Taft is receiving criticism from the same persons that were wont to criticize the Roosevelt administration for not being radical enough. Mr. Bryan, for instance, in *The Commoner*, refers to the present administration as one "that begins with the selection as cabinet officers of a number of gentlemen whose activities in recent years have been closely identified with great corporations." Mr. Hearst's paper, the *New York American*, insists that President Taft take a more active part in the fight for lower tariff rates. "Mr. Taft," it says, "is not proving a courageous captain. His course was clearly charted and the prospect at the outset was for a quick and fair voyage. But he has surrendered the command to Senator Aldrich, and the latter, as was to be expected, is steering the vessel into pirate-infested seas." The *Cleveland Plaindealer* admits that the President seems to lack somewhat in firmness in dealing with the Senate tariff-makers. "The big stick rather than the broad smile," it remarks, would have been more effective in the present situation; but "it is too early to form definite conclusions until results begin to show," for "some of the Taft mildness may cloak a determination as unrelenting as Mr. Roosevelt's own." On the heels of this criticism of Mr. Taft for being too suave and easy, comes Senator Bailey's criticism of him for a tendency to be too tyrannical! Says the Senator: "I do not hesitate to say that no man ever had a less desirable preparation for the Presidency than the present occupant of that high office. He went from the bench, where the tendency is toward a certain kind of tyranny. There is scarcely a Federal Judge in the United States of twenty years' service who has not become arbitrary, irritable, and sometimes tyrannical."

IF THE more radical papers seem to be drawing their conclusions from their fears, the more conservative papers seem to be drawing their conclusions from their hopes. Thus we find the *New York Sun* one of the first to rush in to the defense of the President against "the magazine writers and periodical purifiers left over from the last administration." Evidently, it says, Mr. Taft must move with velvet caution, and "every step so far has made for improvement." "President Taft," says another bitter opponent of Mr. Roosevelt, the *Boston Traveler*, "in his quiet way is busy reversing the mistakes of Mr. Roosevelt and getting the government back to a basis of Democratic or-

ganization." Still another of the anti-Roosevelt journals, the *Rochester Post-Express*, remarks joyfully: "The business interests, instead of being frightened every time they open a newspaper, are now sure they will be treated with absolute justice by this administration. Now everybody knows that just as soon as congress revises the tariff a business boom will begin in this country, the like of which we have never known before." To the *New York Times* nothing seems more conspicuous in the Taft administration than "its preference to get results quietly rather than to create contentions that obscure business of more importance."

SO FAR as the press that has been most loyal in its support of Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, we fail to find therein any noteworthy criticism of President Taft. Neither Mr. Roosevelt's judgment in favoring Mr. Taft for a successor nor Mr. Taft's loyalty to the Roosevelt policies has been as yet called in question by the real Roosevelt papers. On the contrary, what they have to say on the subject is in the nature of a renewed expression of confidence and of desire to let the President develop his own methods before criticizing him for results. Secretary Pinchot, for instance, who was very close to Mr. Roosevelt, comes out in vigorous denial of the report that Mr. Taft is indifferent on the subject of

conservation of natural resources. Mr. Taft is not indifferent on that question, we are assured, but he is not willing, on that or any other subject, to proceed without due authorization of law. Says the *Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune*: "President Taft is wholly unwilling that the law shall be strained or that the members of his administration shall exceed their constitutional and statutory powers, in the effort to prevent the monopolization of water-power sites. He has expressed himself energetically in opposition to the proposition that 'the end justifies the means,' and in the process of making certain that no executive act shall be open to the charge of being without legal warrant, a number of these sites will inevitably be thrown open to settlement under the existing land laws. It is this consistent determination to act solely within the law which has given rise to the impression that the administration is hostile to the conservation policy."

ANOTHER important member of President Roosevelt's administration, Oscar S. Straus, former secretary of Commerce and Labor, in a recent speech utters reassuring words to "those who fear that the Roosevelt policies are not safe in President Taft's keeping." Says Mr. Straus: "The few who believe that beneath the beaming smile and imperturbable temperament of the President there



TAFT—"HE DOESN'T SEEM TO NOTICE ME"

—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, 27

lies concealed a reactionary against the Roosevelt policies and principles will doubtless find that, on the contrary, he will write into the statutes the great moral principles his predecessor has written in the hearts of the people, and that so far as the laws can contribute to curbing the evils of power and the wrongs of our economic development, they will be pressed forward with judicial determination by President Taft." The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* makes a similar observation anent the tariff struggle: "He [President Taft] has tried the methods of peace and harmony where Mr. Roosevelt would have tried the methods of war. If the new method proves a failure, Mr. Taft's close friends say that he knows how to adapt himself to the conditions of conflict." Answering Mr. Bryan's fling at Mr. Taft's cabinet selections, the Chicago *Tribune* says that "the common sense of the average American teaches him that the most competent and effective men to fight the wrongful activities of corporations are the men who are most thoroly acquainted with corporation law and corporate activities." Finally, to illustrate President Taft's continued personal loyalty to his predecessor, the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* tells this incident:

"Taft was talking to a visitor and said: 'The President said to me—'

"'You mean the ex-President, do you not, Mr. President?' inquired the visitor, anxious to butt into the conversation.

"'Well,' said Taft, banging his big fist on the desk, 'he's my President.'"

* * *



AS THE tariff bill drags its slow length along in the Senate, the pleasant game of "putting it up to the President" grows in popularity. Nearly every attack upon the bill reaches its climax with a reference to the Republican platform and Mr. Taft's interpretation of it and an appeal to him to thwart the assumed purposes of Senator Aldrich and his lieutenants. "It will very soon be his duty," says the New York *Evening Post*, referring to the President, "to speak out and let the country know what he thinks of the Aldrich dishonesties." "All hope," says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "rests with the Executive. The President is the solitary bulwark between the cynical faithlessness of his own party on the one hand, and on the other the fair expectations of a vast army of Ameri-

can citizens who have been definitely promised relief." In a similar vein speaks the New York *World*. "The quibbling agents of plutocracy and privilege," it says, "now have the floor. The man who was elected President on assurances in which the people trusted is yet to be heard from." Of these journals *The World* and *The Times-Dispatch* are Democratic papers. *The Evening Post* is an avowed free trade paper—about the only conspicuous one left in the country. The foes of protection, in fact, are the ones who are the most strenuous in thus appealing to the President. The Springfield *Republican* puts the case up to him as follows: "The Aldrich revisers must be mad to suppose the country is going to be satisfied with the kind of revision they offer. They are failing even to satisfy the revenue situation, and otherwise they will only succeed in outraging the general sense of what the country needs. But President Taft? He least of all can afford to have such a tariff 'settlement' as this pass into law without protest and without veto."

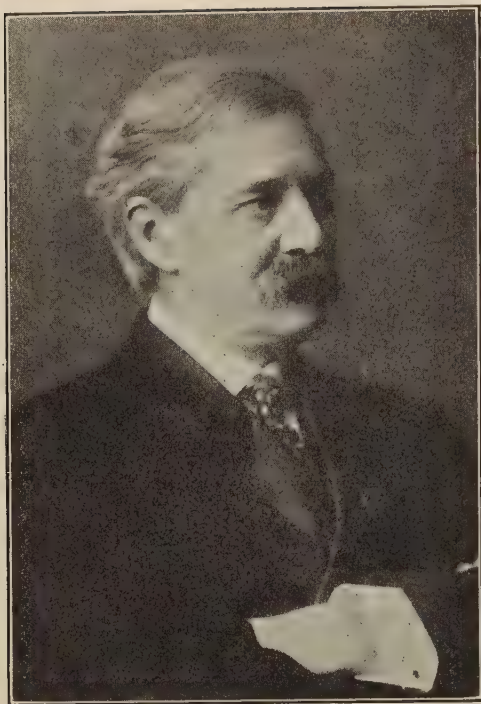
JUST what President Taft's view of the Aldrich revision is and what his position will be in the event of its enactment in about the form in which it was introduced is a subject of much speculation and little definite information. What seems to come as near being an authoritative statement as anything that has been published is from the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who says: "The President believes that the Republican party stands pledged to a genuine tariff revision; that a genuine tariff revision consists of a revision downward, save, possibly, in a very few instances where gross inequalities have prevailed; and, finally, that, having been elected on a platform pledging the party to tariff revision, it will become his unavoidable duty to disapprove a tariff bill which is not a fulfillment of the party promise." But what is the party promise? When Senator Bailey asserted that the Republican party had promised "to revise the tariff in the interest of the consumer, or downward," Senator Aldrich promptly replied: "Where did we ever make a statement that we would revise the tariff downward?" Senator Bailey rather evaded this question and Senator Aldrich proceeded with his interpretation of the Republican party's promise:

MR. ALDRICH. The people of the United States, if the Senator will permit me, understood very well when the recent election took place that the



THE MAN HIGHER UP

—Grant E. Hamilton in *Judge*.



CALLS FOR AN INCOME TAX

"If I could change the situation," says Senator Cummings of Iowa, "I would so rearrange and readjust these schedules as to decrease the revenue derived from the custom-houses and place it where it should belong—upon those fortunate people who enjoy large incomes."

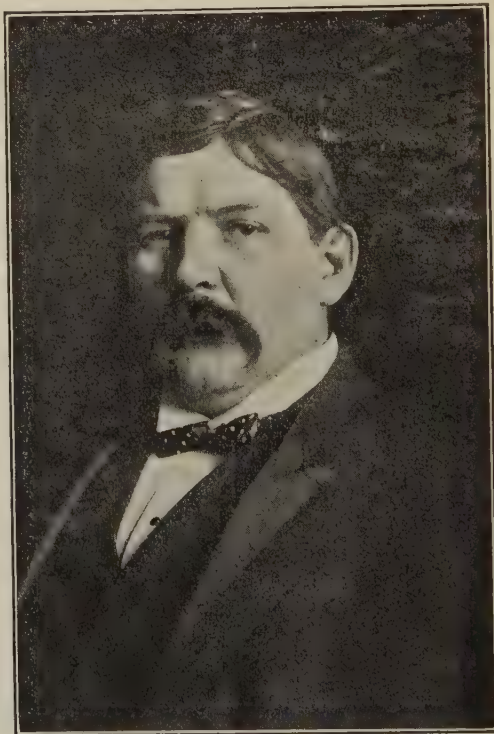
Republican party was a party of protection—

MR. BAILEY. That is true.

MR. ALDRICH (continuing). That it was bound to revise the tariff from a protective standpoint, and to make rates in every case to equalize the difference in the cost of production in this country and in competing countries abroad, plus a reasonable profit. If there is any item in this bill as reported by the Finance Committee that exceeds that rule or does not come up to it, it ought to be made to conform to the rule. The Republican party holds the commission of the people of the United States to revise the tariff upon those lines, and upon no other; and I should consider myself recreant to my trust if I did not follow implicitly those lines, let them strike wherever they may.

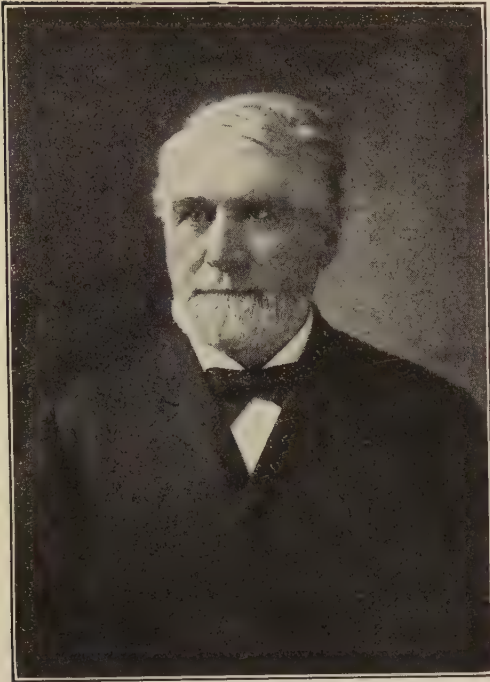
A FEW days later Senator Aldrich declared that while Washington was full of people anxious to secure change in the schedules of the bill, 999 out of every 1000 were clamoring for an increase in the rates. He said, referring to a preceding speech by Senator Burkett: "The Senator speaks of the consumer, and I ask who are the consumers? Is there any class except a very limited one which consumes and does not produce? And

why are they entitled to any greater consideration?" Senator Lodge sustains Senator Aldrich's interpretation of the party's promise. He says: "Nobody ever pledged me to revision downward any more than to a revision upward; but what the Republican party pledged itself to, and so far pledged me, was to a tariff revision. I supposed that we would come here in this body and in the other House and revise the tariff for the best interests of the whole country, agricultural and industrial, and every other interest. If it were wise to reduce a duty, reduce it; if it were wise to keep the duty the same, keep it the same; if an industry needed, and the facts showed that further protection was needed, give it that further protection—that has been the attitude of the Finance Committee." Both Senators, however, insist that the Aldrich bill is "full of reductions," and that it fulfills not only the platform pledge but the pledge given by President Taft in his inaugural address when he said: "It is thought that there has been such a change in conditions since the enactment of the Dingley Act, drafted on a similarly protective principle, that the measure of the tariff



INSISTS ON A TARIFF COMMISSION

"I want," says Senator Doliver, "to see an end to the scandal that has accompanied the framing of every tariff bill. It has corrupted American industries and made great enterprises mere adjuncts to political agitation."



A CHAMPION OF FREE LUMBER

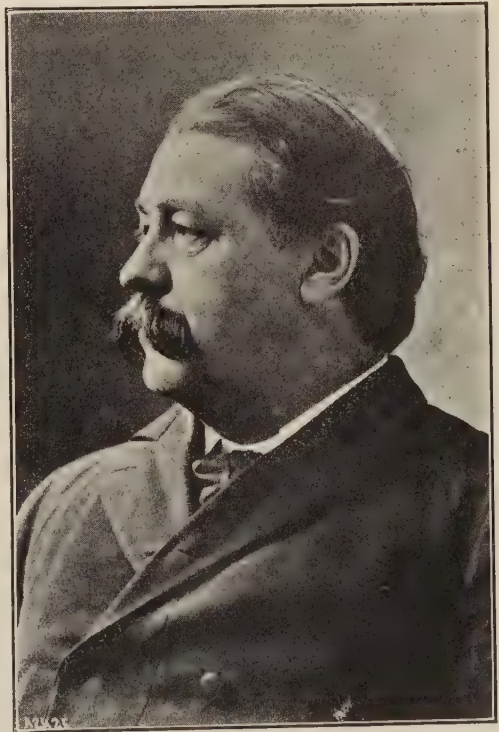
Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, is one of the Republicans who is "knocking" the Aldrich bill and calling for lower rates. He says he is "sick and tired of being told that this is all for the poor working man."

above stated will permit the reduction of rates in certain schedules and will require the advancement of few, if any." "I agree fully with that interpretation," said Senator Aldrich; "the number of advances in the bill before the Senate above the rates now in force are very few." The reductions, he asserts, number 379.

ON THIS point, whether the Aldrich bill is really a revision downward or a revision upward, there is a division of opinion that leaves even a diligent student of the subject in confusion. One reason for that confusion is the fragmentary way in which the Senate bill has been introduced. In presenting the bill, Senator Aldrich made the assertion that "in the main" the rates of his bill are lower than those in the Payne bill, the actual number of reductions, as compared with the Payne bill, being about three times the number of increases. As compared with the Dingley bill, he asserted that "the great mass of rates reported [in the Aldrich bill] are below those of existing law." But the bill at that time was incomplete, not including the maximum and minimum clause and not including the rates on some of the most impor-

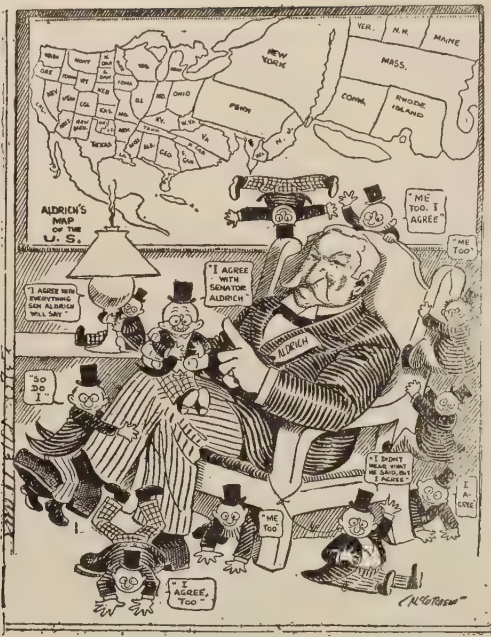
tant raw materials, such as hides and coal. Later on, the Senator furnished a tabulated statement, covering six pages of the *Congressional Record*, giving 379 items on which the rates are reduced from those of the present (Dingley) law. But the table did not indicate those items—"very few," as the Senator claims—on which the rates are increased. Senator Culberson thereupon presented a table made for him by "a man from the treasury department" whose name he refused to divulge, which indicates (but not in detail) 356 reductions in rates, 316 increases (more than one-third of them on the liquors and wines schedule) and 1271 rates unchanged. Senator Aldrich, defeated in his effort to ascertain the name of Senator Culberson's informant, remarked derisively: "I would be glad to have his name for he must be a wonderful man."

TO THIS general confusion of mind as to whether the tariff revision is upward or downward, the maximum and minimum clause



WANTS A REAL REVISION DOWNWARD

"The greatest enemy of protection," says Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, "is the man who would abuse the policy because he has the power to do so. The best friends of the policy are those who want a revision downward. The American people demand this kind of a revision, and, if they do not get it now, they will demand that it be given them within two years."



SENATOR ALDRICH'S WONDERFUL TROUPE OF PERFORMING SENATORS

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

in the Aldrich bill has added. This is the one new feature of the present effort at tariff revision. In the Payne bill, the maximum rates are to be 20 per cent. higher than the minimum. In the Aldrich bill they are to be increased by 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, making them practically prohibitive in many cases. Thus on an imported article appraised at a value of \$1.00 and which has a duty of 40 per cent., the maximum rate under the Payne bill would call for 20 per cent. increase of the existing rate, making the rate 48 per cent. Under the Aldrich bill, the maximum rate would be 40 per cent. plus 25 per cent. or 65 per cent. in all. Assuming that the Aldrich minimum rates are, in the main, considerably lower than the present rates, it still remains true that the maximum rates would be, in the main, considerably higher than the present rates. Whether the Aldrich bill, therefore, is to be a revision upward or downward depends chiefly upon the extent to which these maximum rates would actually go into effect; and that is not only uncertain now but is pretty sure to remain uncertain for many months after the bill becomes a law. This for the simple reason that it is left to the President to decide whether, after nine months or so, a foreign nation is discriminating unfairly against American products, in which case the maximum rates

will go into effect as against that nation. It is a safe assumption that President Taft would not be apt to abuse such power in favor of higher rates; but obviously no one, neither President Taft nor Senator Aldrich nor even an omniscient newspaper editor, can tell just what nations will persist in discriminating against American products. One clue to the probable result is furnished by Congressman Payne, who called attention, in connection with his bill, to the fact that our minimum rates are certain to prevail against Great Britain, because that nation has no protective duties against our products or those of any other nation. That being the case, it is very improbable that Germany and France and other rivals of Great Britain are likely to yield the best market the world affords—the American—to the British manufacturers, as they would necessarily do if they forced the President to declare the maximum rates in effect against them. The reasoning seems cogent; but it remains true, nevertheless, that the question whether the Aldrich bill is a revision upward or downward must remain for some time one of deduction and prediction rather than of settled and incontrovertible fact.

THE situation of the Democrats in Congress, in reference to tariff revision, is the subject of derision on the part of Republicans and of confession on the part of some Democrats. One of the most engagingly frank speeches made in the Senate was by Senator Rayner, of Maryland, a Democrat. He began:

"I have risen mainly for one purpose, and that is to try and find out where I am in this bewildering confusion upon the subject before us. I want to locate myself, if possible, in this wild night of tumult and commotion, and see if there is any light upon the horizon that will lead me to an anchorage out of the gloom.

"Where am I and what am I? These are the momentous problems that are surging in upon me. I have never had the slightest difficulty before in solving them. What is there in this perplexing hour to entangle me in uncertainty and doubt? The Senator from Rhode Island proclaimed the other day that our party had practically abandoned the principles for which it contended so hard not many years ago, and that it was no longer in favor of a tariff simply for revenue, but it had become a convert to the doctrine of a tariff for protection. I respectfully deny that statement, but even if it were so, simply speaking for myself, now, where do I stand? Am I in favor of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection or of a tariff for protection with incidental revenue? Am I a Democrat, for instance,

on free hides and a Republican on groundnuts? Am I a protectionist on zinc ore and pig iron and a revenue reformer on citrons and pineapples?

"And where do I stand when the faith of my fathers strikes the subject of raw materials? What has become of the epic poem that we chanted during the Cleveland administration of free wool and other kindred products?"

The Senator proceeded rather uncertainly to seek an answer to his own questions. He thinks his party would today, if in power, remain loyal to a tariff for revenue; but he adds: "If we abandon that issue now, I can not see what other issue there is between the parties. Of course, Mr. President, if we are wrong, let us abandon it; if with industrial development we have concluded that it is best now to change the traditions of our faith and levy a tariff for protection, let us say so. I shall find no fault with those who reach this conclusion."

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to blame Mr. Bryan for the condition in which the Democrats are alleged to find themselves. "Where is Mr. Bryan?" asks the *New York World*. Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, it says, is eloquently pleading for the maintenance of the Dingley duty on lumber; Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and Senator Daniel, of Virginia, are doing the same, on the plea that such duties should be regarded as revenue duties. "In both houses of Congress," it asserts, "Democrats cynically repudiate their party obligations in order to get a full measure of Aldrich protection for their own constituents. . . . But we do not hear Mr. Bryan's voice raised in passionate protest against Democratic treachery to fundamental party principles. We do not see him among the aggressive leaders in this struggle against Privilege and Plutocracy. In the current issue of *The Commoner* we find only the most perfunctory references to the tariff debate. The leading editorial articles are devoted to direct legislation—to the initiative, the referendum and the recall. For all practical purposes Mr. Bryan might as well be talking about the Arian heresy or discussing the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle." To the same conclusion reasons *Harper's Weekly*. "The responsibility for the change rests," it thinks, "mainly on the shoulders of William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. It is his fault if his party has forgotten how to defend its faith."

ONE Democratic journal, at least—the *Buffalo Times*, edited by Norman Mack, Democratic chairman—finds this talk about



"ALAS! POOR YORICK—I KNEW HIM WELL."

—Phil Porter in *Boston Traveller*.

Democratic disruption on the tariff "cheap Republican cant," which it regards as "altogether nervy, in view of the haggling wrangle which has marked every stage of Republican dealing with the tariff." "Out of the confusion of the tariff struggle," it cheerfully remarks, "it is safe to predict that the Democracy in Congress will emerge with a creditable record of definite and indisputable work accomplished for the consumers and against the devouring interests which have grown fat at the tariff crib." But the *New York Evening Post*, on May 5, noted as a curious fact worthy of attention that "of the set speeches made in the Senate thus far the high tariff pleas have been made by Democrats, and the demands for downward revision have been made by Republicans." "Is it not a bit strange," comments the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.), "that the Democrats in Congress should find it difficult to agree upon a policy in reference to an issue that has been at least a nominal bone of contention between the parties for generations?" One explanation is offered by the *New York Sun*. The "so-called Democratic and really Bryaniac party" has no policy because it has become merely "Mr. Bryan's milch cow." Another explanation comes from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (Dem.). "It has become very plain," it admits, "that the South demands protection because it wants it regardless of platforms or election results. . . . The simple fact is that the South, newly awake to its opportunities, is panting to get its hands in the treasury at last, and if its Representatives now in Congress can-

not assist them to do it, it will find others who will." The same paper is anxious about the next national Democratic convention, which "will have to determine definitely whether it is going to assist in this new raid on the defenseless consumers, or whether it will stand firmly by its guns and direct the apostates to go where they belong."

A NOTE of impatience is heard in various directions over what is regarded as a fruitless discussion in Congress. It is all a bogus conflict, in the judgment of the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. "The Senate knows what kind of a tariff bill it will make. The House knows what kind of a tariff bill it will have to take. The President knows what kind of a tariff bill he has to sign; but the noise will continue for some time after this is written, and then we will all go on our vacations and all will be well." The always cynical New York *Sun* doesn't see why there should be any tariff debate at all, "since nobody says anything new in it and nobody pays any attention to what is said." The New York *Press* is equally tired. "This delay," it thinks, "has cost the people of the United States enough to pay Payne or Aldrich bill deficits for a generation or more. Give us the new tariff, the House makeshift, or the Senate makeshift—it will make mighty little difference which. Let the country get back to its work and business!" The Denver *Republican* is sorry we ever entered upon tariff revision. "Probably the best thing to do," it thinks now, "would be to kill the Payne bill and let well enough alone for another decade." The Springfield *Republican* thinks we are going to get some trifling measure of tariff reform and get it without undue delay; "but real tariff reform of the sort needed by the United States is obviously not to come this year, and probably never—from the so-called 'friends of protection.'" The *Outlook* makes a proposition to Congress, to adopt all the reductions suggested by either house of congress and none of the increases and then adjourn and go home. Next fall, when congress reassembles, it will know how much of a deficit it will have to provide for and can proceed to provide for it.

OUT of all this confusion and discouragement one thing seems to be coming appreciably nearer, and that is a permanent tariff commission. In the Aldrich bill is incorporated a provision for a permanent bureau of experts to be appointed by the President for the limited

purpose of considering the tariff schedules of other nations in order to enable the President to determine when they are discriminating against our products. Senator Beveridge, one of the most active champions of a tariff commission, has accepted this provision as sufficient for all practicable purposes. James W. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Henry R. Towne, president of the Merchants' Association of New York City, speaking not only in behalf of their organizations but also in behalf of the executive committee appointed by the recent tariff commission convention held in Indianapolis, accept this provision in the Aldrich bill as "a practical fulfillment of their demands." The New York Chamber of Commerce and 225 other business organizations have begun active work in favor of a tariff commission, and many influential journals, Republican, Democratic and independent, are adding their voices in favor of the plan. The New York *Tribune* speaks of the provision in the Aldrich bill as of the greatest importance, being "a positive step toward more intelligent tariff legislation and a rational development of the protective system." The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* thinks such a commission "would in some measure compensate for the loss of a real improvement of the obnoxious Dingley law." The New York *Evening Post* would be glad to see the experiment tried, for such a commission might at least act as "a kind of perpetual blister upon high-tariff backs."

* * *

THE center of the fight against corporate abuses is now in the courts of the land. There are always three stages more or less distinct in the progress of reform: (1) Agitation; (2) Legislation; (3) Adjudication. Our period of agitation over the questions now being adjudicated has run back before the active entry upon the political stage of either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Bryan. The days of legislation are likely to be known as the Roosevelt era. The days of adjudication are now here. All over the land the federal courts and state courts are busy threshing out the questions created by recent legislation, and it will be years before we know just how much of it will stand and how much of it will have to go to the scrapyard. During the last few weeks, interesting developments have been reached in the cases of three great industrial combinations—the



COMPETITORS OF THE STANDARD OIL

This is a group of independent oil producers and refiners who have formed an association and are trying to impress on Congressmen that a tariff on crude petroleum is not a favor to the Standard Oil Company, but to its business foes, since the company produces but 11 per cent. and the independents 89 per cent. of the petroleum of this country. They were told to go home and start a campaign of education.

"oil trust," the "coal trust" and the "sugar trust." All three have been in court.

success or failure of the attack is one of wide-reaching importance to the country.

IN the case of the oil trust, the development consists merely in the closing of the trial before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The four judges of that court now have the records before them for a verdict. Those records consist of about eleven million words, enough to make 110 printed volumes the size of an ordinary novel. A score of eminent corporation attorneys have been employed on the case for two years, and by the time the United States Supreme Court has passed on the matter, it will have cost about five million dollars. This trial has nothing to do with that other trial that resulted in the twenty-nine million dollar fine. That was a case against one of the Standard Oil's subsidiary companies for taking rebates. This case strikes at the very center of the Standard Oil system. Its aim is to divorce the holding company—the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—from the many operating companies, leaving them without a central form of administration. It is a frontal attack upon the first and greatest of all the "trusts." The

HARDLY less important is the decision just reached by the Supreme Court in regard to the "commodities clause" of the railway rate law. That clause was drafted by Senator Elkins in 1906, and it forbids a railroad from engaging in interstate transportation of "any article or commodity other than timber and the manufactured products thereof, manufactured, mined or produced by it, or under its authority, or which it may own in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest, direct or indirect, except such articles or commodities as may be necessary and intended for its use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier." This clause was aimed more particularly at those railways which control many of the coal mines in the eastern states. In 1906, Senator Elkins received from the governor of his state—West Virginia—a letter which ran as follows:

"Our railroads, upon which we are dependent, are controlled by an alien corporation practically in direct competition with us. . . . It makes

little difference as to the effect upon our people whether the corporation itself is directly interested in the production of coal in competition with other producers of coal, or whether officers or directors or controlling stockholders are so interested. The result is the same. I have heard of cases where this company [naming a well-known railway] has attempted to say who shall ship coal and who shall not, and when they should ship, and where they should ship and where they should not."

The assertions here made by the governor were endorsed by Senator Elkins, who is certainly not regarded as a violent enemy of corporations. The "commodities clause" in the rate bill was the result.

BUT there were other disclosures about this time that fired public sentiment. The interstate commerce commission had made an investigation of the coal business in the territory served by the "best managed railroad of the world," the Pennsylvania, and here were some of the facts developed in regard to the connection of the railroad officials and the coal properties. We use The New York *Evening Post's* summary:

"It was proved that the chief assistant to President Cassatt had acquired without cost to himself stock in coal companies valued at \$307,000; that the trainmaster on the Pittsburg division had paid \$500 for stock of a coal company closely identified with the railroad, which investment paid him \$30,000 annually in dividends; that a road foreman in the same division owned 300 shares of the same stock, for which nothing had been paid; that another coal company in which Pennsylvania officials were interested paid the Pennsylvania \$1,800 a year rental for a pier on which \$40,000 had just been spent for improvements. Another employee of the railroad, on a salary of \$2,700, admitted that within three years he had received \$46,000 in cash from various coal companies; and yet another, with a salary of \$126 a month, admitted owning \$75,000 stock of coal companies. From one witness after another it was learned that favored coal companies were able to secure all of the empty cars needed, while coal companies not in these intimate relations with the railroad were refused cars on the ground of 'inadequate supply.'"

NOW comes the decision of the Supreme Court and whether it is more of a victory or a defeat for the railroads is a matter of controversy. The railroads contended that the "commodities clause" is unconstitutional. The Circuit Court sustained that contention. The Supreme Court decides that the clause is

constitutional, but says that the effect of it is comparatively limited. The roads can still own stock in the coal mines and continue to carry their coal, inasmuch as, in the words of Justice White, "it has been decided in this court that ownership of stock in a corporation does not make the owner of the stock the legal owner of the property of the corporation. It does not give him a legal standing as respects interest in the property of the corporation in which he holds the stock." According to Attorney General Wickersham, the way is left open by this decision for Congress to proceed to extend the provisions of the law so as to forbid "the carriage of commodities owned at the time of shipment by a corporation in which the carrier has a stock interest." Whether Congress will do this depends largely, in the opinion of the New York *Tribune*, upon "the manner in which the coal railroads conform to the spirit as well as to the letter of the law." The New York *Sun* has a two-column editorial on the subject entitled "Another Enterprise of Rooseveltism Halted by the Supreme Court." The Springfield *Republican* goes into the decision carefully and concludes that the government has probably "met with a check" but "not at all necessarily with a defeat or prohibition," for "the great contested point, that the congressional power to regulate interstate commerce includes the power to prohibit, has now, if not before, been definitely conceded, and by a unanimous court at that." The New York *American* calls attention to the fact that this case was, as it claims, a mere side issue of the main issue, which is whether, under the Sherman anti-trust law, the maintenance of a "coal trust" such as the roads are supposed to have formed is lawful. That "main issue" is directly involved in a case brought against the roads by Mr. Hearst, which case is still pending.

OF LESS general importance than these cases against the Standard Oil Company and the coal-carrying railroads but of more dramatic interest is the case that the government has been pressing against the American Sugar Refining Company—"The Case of the Seventeen Holes," as Harold J. Howland calls it in *The Outlook*. It is termed by the New York *Evening Post* "one of the most remarkable suits and probably the most successful suit instituted against a great corporation under the Roosevelt administration." To the piers of the refining company on the Brooklyn side of the East River come ships from



THE WHEAT PIT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

—Hy Mayer in *New York Times*.

the ends of the earth—Cuba, Brazil, Egypt, Java—with cargoes of coarse sugar usually packed in stout bags. This is unloaded, placed on trucks, and carried directly to the scales, where it is weighed on the truck, under the inspection of a customs house official. Duty on the sugar is charged according to weight. Seven years ago, the surveyor of New York J. S. Clarkson, became convinced that something was wrong and he made a tour of inspection to the piers. He discovered that after the trucks on which the sugar was to be carried had been weighed, before being loaded, lighter trucks were substituted, and in this way the government was being defrauded of the duty on six tons of sugar a day. He stopped that, tho nobody was prosecuted. But the secret of the six corset springs was not then discovered.

EENTER one Richard Whalley upon the scene. In the summer of 1907 he appeared at the treasury department in Washington with a story. He had been from 1892 to 1902 a checker for the sugar company, and he told of frauds he had been wont to practice upon the government. He was not a prepossessing individual, but his story was straight, and two special agents were detailed to investigate—Parr and Bryezinski. They went with Whalley to the docks and by a neat little piece of detective work the secret of the six corset springs and the seventeen holes was discovered. The seventeen holes were drilled, one each, in the upright pieces of the seventeen scales used for weighing the sugar. Six of the company's checkers were supplied with

thin steel corset springs. As the checker sat at one side of the scale, in the little scale-house with a glass front, marking off the weight of the sugar as called out by the customs official, his left hand was lowered and the corset spring inserted in the hole. The end of the spring was by this means thrust into the mechanism of the scales, pressing against one end of the walking beam, and retarding its motion. One ounce pressure on the mechanism at this point was equivalent to forty-eight ounces weight on the platform of the scales. Mr. Howland tested the matter for himself. The scales registered his weight at 170 pounds. Then the corset spring was inserted and his weight was registered as 162 pounds. On each truckload of sugar there was a loss of about 14 pounds.

EVIDENCE of fraud was overwhelming. The holes in the stanchions showed signs of long wear, evidently having been used for many years. The records of the company showed that duty had been paid on one weight and the planters had been paid for their sugar at another and higher weight. It was also shown that the six checkers who had the steel springs received envelopes each pay day marked with the same sum as that received by the other checkers, but containing more money. When the little device was discovered, the company's dock superintendent came up excitedly, asserting: "We've got to fix this thing up. If we don't it'll get a lot of people into trouble." He was right. He himself is now in trouble. So are the six checkers. All are under indictment. The sugar company has

dismissed them from its service and has paid over to the government about two million dollars of back dues and fines. Neither the payment of this sum nor the dismissal of the employes has improved public feeling toward the company. "Already," remarks the usually staid and conservative *Evening Post*, "the sugar trust stood before the country as about the most despicable thief that ever sneaked and pilfered and lied, but its action in sanctimoniously discharging its seven employees who have been indicted for complicity in its frauds upon the government sounds an even lower depth of meanness." It adds:

"These subordinates must have acted under orders. It was not into their pockets that the stealings from the public revenues went, but into the pockets of the rich officers and owners of the Sugar Trust. This was the irrefragable conclusion arrived at by both judge and jury, when the test case was tried. Hence for the Trust now virtuously to dismiss from its service mere tools, with the protest that it is 'anxious to punish the guilty,' while not a word is said or a step taken by the chief beneficiaries of the larceny, is to stamp it as not only without a soul, but without ordinary perceptive faculties or common decency."

One other point of interest is brought out by H. L. Stimson, the United States attorney. He has been greatly hampered, he says, in his efforts to unearth the frauds, by the action

of Congress in the recent session in preventing the detail of Secret Service men from one department to another. That, it will be remembered, was the occasion for the last of the "scraps" between President Roosevelt and Congress.

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HE sun had not yet risen over the Bosphorus when the Young Turk envoys broke through the heavy gates of the Dolma-Bagtche palace and hailed the elderly man imprisoned for over a generation within its walls as Mohammed V, commander of the faithful. "I am most happy," observed the new sovereign of Turkey, according to the *Figaro*, whose correspondent witnessed the scene, "to be the first Sultan of an era of freedom for Islam." His next words were lost in the detonation of the guns in the battery at Pera, apprizing all Constantinople of the inauguration of the new reign. In a moment more a hodja, one of those wise men or teachers for whom the pious feel such respect, proceeded to read passages from the Koran. In the gardens of Dolma-Bagtche, by far the most vast as well as the most splendid of all the imperial palaces round about the capital, companies of infantry were marching under arms. A carriage, drawn by four horses, was in readiness to convey Mohammed V to the gate of the Sublime Porte, when Ali



THE MOTOR MAXIM GUN IN THE ARTILLERY OF THE YOUNG TURKS

The fact that Chefket Pasha, Enver Bey and so many others of the leading men in the revolutionary ranks received a German military education, explains the efficiency of the discipline and the fighting. The Turks served their guns with great accuracy.

Effendi, one of the three grown sons of the new Sultan, rushed in with a protest. He implored his father to snatch a few hours' repose before the ordeal of a public progress through the thronged streets of Constantinople. The suggestion commended itself at once to the judgment of all who saw the thirty-fifth sovereign, in male descent, of the house of Othman and twenty-ninth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople during the first hour of his reign. His eyes were half-closed, drooping with fatigue. He spoke in a whisper. His son fairly carried him to a sofa in a little room off the hall of audience upon which the aged ruler collapsed.

NO SOONER did Abdul Hamid learn from the lips of the eunuchs in his own sanctuary of Yildiz Kiosk that the Young Turks were clamoring for him at the gates than he sought refuge in the harem. The soldiers, as they poured into this palace, had made prisoners of every sentinel, eunuch and servant they met. Abdul Hamid was nowhere to be found. At last the troops halted outside the locked portal affording access to the harem, the precincts of which, in accordance with immemorial tradition, were sacred. Untying the ropes which bound the limbs of the chief of the eunuchs, the officer in command bade him summon his master to the door. The slave pleaded the sacred law that forbade

such a violation of the privacy of the Khalifa. He was instantly told of the fetva issued by the Sheik-ul-Islam, in virtue of which Abdul Hamid had a few hours before ceased to exercise any function connected with the true faith. The eunuch passed into the harem, but did not emerge. Another palace slave was sent inside on the same mission. A third failing, after another impatient pause, to reappear, the soldiers burst into the harem.

AS HE hurried from one apartment of the harem to another, Niazi Bey, hero of the revolution of July, never lost control of the large force under his orders. Yildiz Kiosk at this moment, according to the Paris *Gaulois*, was an emporium of treasure. As the soldiers sought the secluded lord of this palace, they trod under foot the richest satins and many a golden goblet. In every corner cowered a bejeweled wife or concubine. Nothing was stolen. No female suffered the slightest violence. In the last chamber of all, after bursting open the barred door, Niazi Bey and his followers found Abdul Hamid unconscious on the floor. Near by, if we may accept one account—the actual fact is still in dispute—lay a beautiful Circassian girl, a bullet wound in her temple. Abdul Hamid is accused of having taken her life in the frenzy of these excitements. The deposed Sultan was lifted by the hands and feet as if, to



A SQUADRON OF THE YOUNG TURK CAVALRY ENTERING CONSTANTINOPLE

The total force under command of Chefket Pasha when he made the Sultan's capital for the time being his own is given by himself at sixty thousand, of which fully eleven thousand were mounted. At no time was there the least infraction of discipline, and when the troops were deployed with the cavalry in the advance perfect order reigned.



ABDUL HAMID'S NEW POST

"Ha! The German Emperor telegraphs me that I am to be his Minister of Public Worship."

—Munich *Jugend*.

quote the words of our French contemporary, "he were a dead sailor about to be thrown overboard." When he came to himself, Abdul Hamid was in his throne room, confronted by two army officers, two senators and two deputies.

IN THE abjectness of the terror with which he faced his captors, Abdul Hamid, in this hour of his ruin, reduced them to the muteness of compassion. "He was wild-eyed and unkempt," to quote the words of the *Figaro*, on the authority of Niazi Bey himself. "The dye in his beard had not been renewed, long white streaks running through it and through his hair. He was a pitiful thing to see, ridiculous even; but none could look upon him then and smile." The six Turks gazed in total silence upon the man who until that morning was their sovereign and the successor of the prophet. "Why do you seek my life?" cried Abdul Hamid, gazing from one to the other of the six, who stared upon him without saying one word. It was the silence not of contempt, as Niazi Bey has explained, but of wonder. "I have reigned thirty-three years," proceeded the captive, now trembling in every limb, "but I have wrought harm to none. Why do you seek my life?" His voice had become a scream in the panic of their unbroken silence. "I made war with Greece," he shrieked, "why do you want my life?"

A THOUGHT of his brother, at that very moment assuming the sovereignty of which he saw himself despoiled, now crossed the mind of Abdul Hamid. "For thirty years I treated my brother with love," he cried. "Any other Sultan would have had him slain. So why do you seek my life?" Another pause, as silent as any that had preceded, wrought Abdul Hamid into another frenzy. Then he shed tears, his next utterance being a mere whine. "Only let me live," he begged. "I will do whatever you wish." The Sultan, white as a ghost, sank upon a sofa, from which he leaped again quickly, evidently fearing the sword of some executioner. "Take me to the palace of Cheragan, with my family," he begged. "There I was born. There let me die." Few spectators witnessed the departure of the fallen ruler as the carriage—a simple hack—bore him from Yildiz Kiosk to Cheragan, or palace of the tulip, lying along the shore north of the splendid pile within which Mohammed V had so long been held in captivity. Not even the favorite son of Abdul Hamid witnessed the departure that brought this ignominious reign to its ignominious anti-climax.

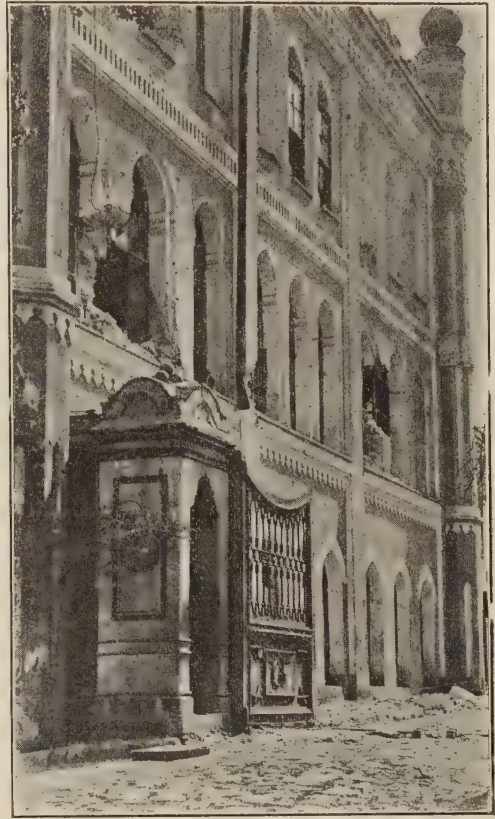
HIS strength restored by some hours of slumber, Mohammed V was hurried into his military uniform, bundled into a closed carriage at the palace gate and conveyed by sea around to the quays at the extremity of Constantinople. The streets of his capital were thronged with the faithful, who, in some manner, had become aware of the approach of their sovereign. "He is extremely pale, stout, with white mustache and a stupefied face," says the correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, who was in the crowd and saw the sight. "His tired, swollen eyes seem to lack all expression. He looks like a man who has just been roused out of sleep. He has never seen his people and his people have never seen him before. This prince who to-day mounts the throne of the Caliphs has always lived shut up in the great palace on the shore of the Bosphorus." Suddenly a rumor, circulating through the crowd, diverted attention from the central figure in these scenes. Sebah-ed-din, nephew of the new Sultan, had been arrested. "Thus, carried to his throne in a tumult of arms, an old and wonderstruck man begins his reign."

THAT victorious march from Salonica to the capital which the Young Turks had been compelled to make because of the at-

tempt of Abdul Hamid to wreck the constitutional edifice forced upon him last July made possible, but not inevitable, the change of rulers at Constantinople. When Ahmed Mahmud Chefket Pasha assumed supreme command of the constitutional army at San Stefano some weeks since it was furthest from his intention to countenance the deposition of the commander of the faithful. Chefket Pasha, whose name has been so variously spelt in the month's despatches, is a conservative as well as a brilliant soldier whose career as inspector-general of the three Rumelian vilayets had brought him into contact with the Yildiz Kiosk clique. When, some six weeks ago, a catastrophe as irreparable as it was sudden, seemed to have overwhelmed the constitutional system in Constantinople, when the parliamentary ministry had fallen, when the reactionary League of Mahomet was supported by the rank and file of the local army corps, the Young Turks at once suspected Abdul Hamid of having organized the counter-revolution. Chefket alone doubted.

ALL doubts of the treachery of Abdul Hamid, in the light of despatches from Constantinople to every European capital, disappeared from the mind of even Chefket Pasha the moment Enver Bey, one of the heroes of the July revolution, had reached Salonica. "There is no doubt at all," to quote an interview with Enver Bey sent out when the Yildiz Kiosk clique seemed to have won its game, "that every Young Turk regards this last outbreak as a deliberate attempt to bring about the downfall of the constitution." The attempt to destroy the plants of Young Turk newspapers in Constantinople, the attack upon the parliamentary officials, the uprising of the capital garrison at the instigation of religious agitators preaching against the Young Turks as enemies of the true faith—all these were to Enver Bey proofs that Abdul Hamid was at the bottom of the mischief. His arguments proved so conclusive that Chefket Pasha seems to have had difficulty in preventing a premature declaration of Mahomet V as commander of the faithful before his troops had begun to march against the sovereign who has now fallen.

WHILE the Young Turks in Salonica were insisting that the revolt at Constantinople was merely an attempt to restore the old despotism of Abdul Hamid under the guise of religion, the Sultan himself, secluded



"STORMED AT WITH SHOT AND SHELL"

The Taxim Barracks, where the troops of the crack regiments in the Sultan's service have been quartered, suffered severely from the bombardment to which they were subjected by the artillery of the Young Turks. After holding out to the very last, the army corps which had remained faithful to the Padishah in Yildiz Kiosk finally surrendered.

still in Yildiz Kiosk, insisted, through his clique, that the new constitution was to be respected. For three whole days at this stage of the crisis the severest censorship upon despatches from Constantinople kept the world out of touch with the progress of events. One story in the Paris *Temps* credited Emperor William with active efforts to keep his good friend Abdul Hamid in power; but the official *Kreuz Zeitung* repeatedly and vehemently denies that the German Emperor interested himself in the dynastic aspect of the situation at any stage. Yet there is little doubt, if we are to be guided by the well-informed Rome *Tribuna*, that the whole diplomatic corps at Constantinople was dragged into the question. Abdul Hamid was given to understand, according to the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, that his rehabilitation in the character of despot would not be tolerated by London.



PLAYING THE PATRIOTIC AIR TO WHICH THE YOUNG TURKS MARCHED

This band marched in front of the forces under the command of Chefket Pasha when he entered Constantinople. The march was composed last July on the occasion of the constitutional revolution and is a variation of the French Marseillaise.

BEFORE many days, Abdul Hamid seems to have perceived that the audacity he had displayed in the hope of regaining his former absolutism was likely to prove too costly. In intimating this much on the eve of the march of the Young Turk army to Constantinople, the correspondent in that city of the *Paris Temps* conveys dramatic impressions of the head of the Ottoman dynasty appealing to the German Emperor by telegraph for aid. Two or three hundred deputies and senators in the scattered parliament had got together at San Stefano, now the Young Turk headquarters, and by an overwhelming majority voted the deposition of their sovereign, the only point at issue being the time when it should take place. The dramatic rapidity with which Abdul Hamid now receded from his original uncompromising attitude toward the Young Turks is to the *London Times* conclusive evidence of the imminent peril in which he believed himself to be. The avowed primary object of the Young Turk movement, which accomplished the swift and almost bloodless revolution of last July, was to secure his abdication. Chefket Pasha was reminded of that when he gave the word at Salonica for the march on Constantinople.

ABDUL HAMID acted shrewdly in seeking to make terms with the Young Turks at this stage, as our London contemporary thinks; but Enver Bey and the men about him felt that their sovereign was repeating

the tactics by which he had befooled them already. "With the army at his back, he was able to trifle with the liberties of his subjects, to oppress the various helpless adherents of other creeds residing within his empire, and to direct an administration steeped in corruption and notorious for inefficiency." When the army, gathered at Salonica, practically foreswore its allegiance, Abdul Hamid was at once paralyzed and helpless. Seeing that himself, he lost no time in transferring his captive brother from the place of his long captivity in the Dolma Bagtche palace to Yildiz Kiosk. Here Rechad Effendi, who had not yet, of course, become Mahomet V, was held for forty-eight hours as a hostage. This act infuriated the Young Turk leaders, who, according to a story in the *Paris Gaulois*, sent word through the Sheik-ul-Islam that if a hair of the head of the heir to the throne were harmed Abdul Hamid would be decapitated.

THE personality and the functions of the white-whiskered Sheik-ul-Islam at once became of crucial importance. Now, of all the Sheiks-ul-Islam whose fetvas have been sought in approval of the great decisions of state in Constantinople, Zia-ed-din Effendi has shown the most felicitous capacity to accommodate himself to all factions in the constitutional crises succeeding one another so rapidly of late. Unlike his immediate predecessor, Djelal-ed-din Effendi, who was a good



THE REGIMENTAL TRUMPETERS OF THE YOUNG TURKS ON THE WAY TO YILDIZ KIOSK

This column is headed for the Mosque of Saint Sophia, where Abdul Hamid held the last Selamlık of his reign forty-eight hours before his abdication. Rumors of an immense treasure concealed beneath the fountain in this Mosque proved unfounded unless, as is hinted, some of the soldiers found gems and gold and concealed them.

deal of a stickler for the integrity of the deposit of faith, Zia-ed-din Effendi does not adhere rigidly to the commentators on the Koran. His spirituality, observes the *Paris Gaulois*, is not to be impugned; but he has imbibed respect for western civilization and is graciousness itself to infidels, "whom he pities without despising." Unlike his old-fashioned predecessors, he does not immure himself within the hallowed precincts of his official abode, but makes frequent trips not only to Yildiz Kiosk but to the Sublime Porte. The laws of faith make it imperative that whenever a Grand Vizier dies or is deposed, the Sheik-ul-Islam retires too; but Zia-ed-din Effendi, in his indifference to formal preciseness, has managed to survive the ruin of the old Hamidian world and was conspicuous in the procession that escorted Mahomet V last month from the court of the Janissaries to the Mosque of St. Sophia. Decked in his superb silk robe, his long white beard streaming over his bosom while the sun shone athwart his gilded turban, Zia-ed-din Effendi outshone the new Sultan himself. Custom prescribes golden spurs for the Sheik-ul-Islam when he rides in the saddle through Constantinople, and the trappings of his steed are of the same metal.

CONFRONTED by the problem of the Sultan's deposition, Zia-ed-din Effendi temporized for days. He does not appear to have power to change the law of succession

among Moslem sovereigns, according to which the throne passes—with the exception of Egypt—to the eldest male member of the reigning family. Nevertheless, the dream of Abdul Hamid's reign, as more than one newspaper in Europe has asserted again and again, was to modify the law of succession in the interest of his favorite but dissolute son, Burhan-ed-din. Indeed, following the sensational versions of the month's crisis finding their way into the *Paris Aurore* and *Matin*, the reactionary movement against the constitutional work of the Young Turks was the work of Burhan-ed-din. This high-strung youth, now in his twenty-fifth year, is fourth in order among the sons of the deposed Abdul Hamid. Born at Yildiz Kiosk of one of the most beautiful of all the wives in the harem, he received a military training along German lines. He is tall, dark-skinned, dashing handsome and endowed with his father's exquisite manner and irresistible personal magnetism. His temper hot, but his generosity of nature, his sweetness of disposition and the prodigality of the promises he makes to everyone gained innumerable adherents to the faction seeking his enthronement.

IN FURTHERANCE of his plan to set Burhan-ed-din upon the throne, Abdul Hamid, according to the *Figaro*, resorted to the colossal bribery by means of which the throne of Egypt was diverted from its normal course. Ismail, the late Khedive, by over-



OVATION TO THE HERO OF TURKEY'S COUNTER-REVOLUTION

Chefket Pasha, commander-in-chief of the constitutional army that overthrew the system of Abdul Hamid, was the man of the hour in Constantinople when Mahomet V began to reign. Chefket is of Arab origin and received a military education in Germany.

whelming the former Turkish Sultan Abd-el-Aziz with bribes exceeding a total of fifteen million dollars, obtained a firman changing the order of succession at Cairo to the European mode—females were excluded, naturally—and thus shut Halim Pasha out of the sovereignty. The Khedive Ismail, notwithstanding the bribes he had bestowed, very nearly lost the prize he coveted. Just thirty years ago he was ordered by Paris and London to abdicate. Ismail refused. As the powers most concerned, France and Great Britain thereupon told Ismail that the firman regulating the succession would be disregarded. This threat was effective and the cowed Ismail gave up his throne. It was because Abd-ul-Aziz desired to change the order of succession to his own throne that he let himself be bribed by Ismail. It is characteristic of Turkish Sultans to prefer their sons to their brothers as direct heirs.

THERE seems little doubt that Mahomet V, during the long imprisonment that preceded his recent elevation to the sovereign power at Constantinople, was perfectly willing to resign his claim as heir to the throne. Every Sheik-ul-Islam in recent years has been approached on the subject, if the gossip of Yildiz Kiosk be trustworthy, and just as Prince Iz-ed-din, the son of Abd-ul-Aziz, was once generally regarded as likely to succeed his father as commander of the faithful, Prince Burhan-ed-din has been deemed by those in touch with Yildiz Kiosk intrigue a possible successor to Abdul Hamid

when that devious despot vacated the throne of the Othman. The deposed Sultan's treatment of his brother is not by any means exceptional in the annals of the Osmanli. Mahomet the Conqueror made fratricide legal, nor was that renowned Sultan the last, on girding the scimitar, to despatch his brethren with it. The practice has much to commend it in the light of an opinion quoted by the London *Spectator* and put into the mouth of a member of the diplomatic corps in Constantinople. "It is difficult to devise a worse scheme," as this authority puts the matter, "than that adopted in Turkey for the training of an heir to the throne." The reigning Sultan regards the brother who is heir apparent with a suspicion quite natural in the peculiar circumstances. No Sultan ever permits the brother who is to succeed him to participate in public life, to bear a share in the burden of government, to mingle with any sort of friendliness among Turkish functionaries. The members of the diplomatic corps are carefully excluded from intercourse with the heir to the throne.

OF ALL the words wrung from him in the depths of his humiliation and despair, those which impressed his hearers most, in the opinion of the Paris *Temps*, was Abdul Hamid's assertion that any other Sultan would long since have put the heir to the Turkish throne to death. Ottoman history, we are assured, confirms that statement. Yet Abdul Hamid doubtless reflected that the assassination of his brother would not promote the plot



FINAL ACT IN THE DRAMA AT CONSTANTINOPLE

The execution of objectionable Yildiz Kiosk reactionaries sealed the victories of the Young Turks over the old. One of the most detested of the palace eunuchs, Nadir Bey, was among the survivors of the old system who did not survive it long.

to seat Burhan-ed-din upon the throne. That high-spirited young prince is suspected of having got out of hand as the end of his father's inglorious reign brought with it no prospect of his own accession. He is accused of having brought about the disgrace of a former Sheik-ul-Islam whose character was not pliable enough for the schemers at Yildiz Kiosk. As a branch of the government quite independent of the Sublime Porte, the Sheik-ul-Islamat is majestically installed upon those heights of Stamboul which command the Golden Horn. Access to it is free and unimpeded by formality and every functionary wears some sort of religious habit. Altho supposed to be concerned primarily with the integrity of the deposit of the true faith as divinely revealed to Mahomet and by him handed down in uninterrupted succession to the commanders of the faithful, the Sheik-ul-Islamat had concerned itself, of late years, with a multitude of questions unconnected with the mission on earth of the prophet of God.

IT WAS a most embarrassing moment for Zia-ed-din Effendi when, in his capacity as Sheik-ul-Islam, he was called upon to decide whether or not Abdul Hamid had incurred the penalties prescribed by the divine law. Without entering into the vexed question of the limits of the authority of the Khalifa, whether as commander of the faithful or as Sultan, it seems clear from what is said by authorities on the subject in the London *Times* that no political act of the Sultan

has any validity without the fetva of the Sheik-ul-Islam, representing the spiritual power. This, according to the late Canon Malcolm MacColl, who studied the subject with care, is a fundamental law of the Turkish empire. Any Sultan who openly dared to put any Hatt, firman or Irade in force without this spiritual sanction would incur the penalty of deposition. To this circumstance must we ascribe, it seems, the impotence of the treaties of Paris and Berlin. Never having received the formal sanction of the Sheik-ul-Islam, they are so much infidel blasphemy in the eyes of the orthodox Muslims. Islam is first of all a religion. Everything rests on the sacred law.

THE deposition of the two predecessors of Abdul Hamid could not have been accomplished without the fetva of the Sheik-ul-Islam. The Arabic word fetva existed long before the time of Mahomet, to be sure, and was originally only a legal term signifying the answer to a question on a point of law, given by a legal authority. To-day the fetva has become in a sense the doctrinal advice given by the jurisconsults of the faith through the Sheik-ul-Islam. In the case of Abdul Hamid, the usual procedure, says the *Paris Temps*, was followed to the letter. The deputies at San Stefano having voted for deposition, the case was stated in general terms by emissaries sent to Constantinople for the purpose. Having consulted the commentators on the Koran, the Sheik-ul-Islam ordered the Fetva-Emini to draft a judgment—that

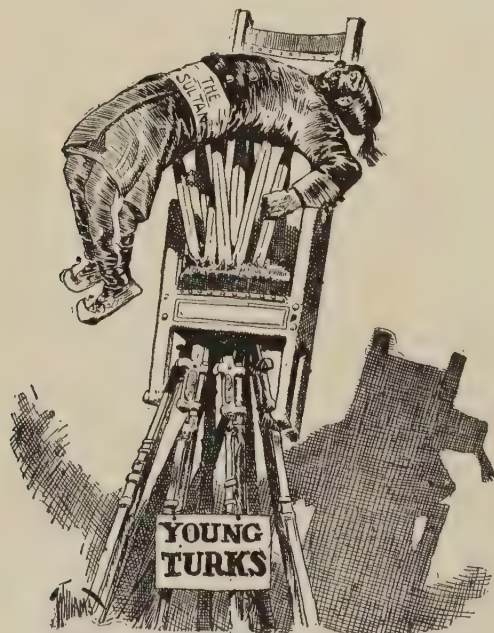
is, the fetva. "This fetva, being a decision in accordance with the sacred law by the highest tribunal, was binding upon all the faithful." It was unfavorable to Abdul Hamid. He at once forfeited authority both as Sultan and as Khalif. The faithful could no longer obey him without transgressing the law.

AS THE events of one day of crisis succeeded those of another, bringing to the panic-stricken soul of Abdul Hamid fresh agonies of fear, he relieved himself with the appointment of a variety of Grand Viziers. The suave Hilmi Pasha, who had been put in charge at the Sublime Porte when the Young Turks had forced a constitution upon the wily Padishah, gave way, first of all, to that miracle of subtlety, Tewfik Pasha. He has been styled the incarnation of Ottoman duplicity and he actually impressed Europe, in the first days of the counter-revolution, with his theory that nothing of much consequence could be the matter. It has been said of Tewfik Pasha that all his days have been spent in receiving reproaches, threatening despatches and words of warning from the foreign offices of Europe. This he did in the capacity of minister of foreign affairs, his rise to greatness being ascribable to the ingratiating smile with which he foiled the petulant foreigners stationed about Yildiz Kiosk in the capacity of ambas-

sadors. Tewfik Pasha got his education in France at the military school of St. Cyr and is pronounced a competent soldier.

WHEN it became certain that the Young Turks gathering at Salonica would strain every nerve to reverse the situation in the capital, Abdul Hamid at once cast about for another Grand Vizier. The aged Kiamil Pasha, who has been by turns Grand Vizier and captive of his master, was taken from his residence late at night to Yildiz as chief of an improvised ministry; but he begged so hard to be let off that Abdul Hamid decided to try Ferid Pasha. This well educated man, now approaching sixty, has survived the crisis and, in the light of the latest despatches, may possibly become Grand Vizier to Mahomet V. He flatly refused to become Grand Vizier to Abdul Hamid when the forces of Chefket Pasha were closing in upon Constantinople. Ferid Pasha belongs to one of the most influential Albanian families in the empire and at one time he held the post to which he has so recently refused to return. While Grand Vizier, Ferid asked his sovereign's leave to marry his daughter to a wealthy young man. Abdul Hamid took three days to consider and in the interval married his own daughter to the youth in question. Ferid remembered that trick.

FOR quite so ignominious a collapse of Abdul Hamid's power as was witnessed when the forces commanded by Chefket Pasha entered Constantinople, Europe seems to have been wholly unprepared. The pitched battles in the streets did not occur. The general massacre of Europeans so confidently predicted remained unperpetrated. Chefket Pasha, deploying his battalions about Yildiz Kiosk, became the man of the hour. This middle-aged Arab is a native of Bagdad, in which historic city his father attained local renown as a *cadi*. Chefket seems to have inherited the paternal judicial temperament; but, being destined for the army, according to the *Figaro*, he completed his military studies in Germany and traveled for several years through Europe. He has some smattering of French and English, but, notwithstanding his stain of western civilization, remains a pious follower of the prophet. He passed a few active years with the guard at Yildiz Kiosk, but the Sultan distrusted his Young Turk proclivities and sent him in disgrace to Asia Minor. When urged to assume the post of Grand Vizier last month, Chefket Pasha declared that the be-



KISMET!

—Williams in Boston Herald.

stowal of such an honor upon a military chieftain would not harmonize with liberal theories of the subordination of the soldiery to the civil power. The rapidity of his rise to worldwide prominence was not more striking than the completeness of his self-effacement when the crisis had passed away.

ASIATIC Turkey, during the fortnight that elapsed between the counter-revolution at Yildiz Kiosk and the proclamation of Mohamet V, was a scene of carnage. The fanaticism of the Moslems had been wrought to the pitch of frenzy by the reactionary agitation ramifying from Constantinople. Dead bodies strewed the fields for miles about Adana. The rivers bore the corpses of men, women and children to the sea. The whole Armenian race seemed for days on the eve of extinction. Local Turkish officials, inspired, it is said, from Yildiz Kiosk, displayed complete indifference to appeals from American missionaries for protection. President Taft is understood to have addressed a personal appeal to the British government to co-operate with the American warships despatched posthaste to the shores of the troubled region. Unfortunately, the military aid available could not penetrate the area of slaughter. The first step of the Young Turks, when they had resumed their power at Constantinople, was the despatch of forces to Adana and Mersina, where the carnage seems at this writing to have subsided. The whole sanguinary interlude, in the judgment of French dailies, was part of the counter-revolution. It was intended as a guarantee to the fanatics of the devotion of Abdul Hamid to the true faith. The task of providing food and shelter for the great horde of refugees which have come to the coast is taxing the resources of the local authorities. Most of the refugees have brought nothing with them save their clothes. When all the details are submitted to the judgment of mankind, in the opinion of the *Temps*, this last general massacre of the long reign of Abdul Hamid must prove the most sanguinary of them all. "He made his way through slaughter to the throne and he departed from it in a sea of blood."

* *



ANY thousand pilgrims from France were massed in front of the high altar in St. Peter's at the Vatican when a veil hanging in the centre of the Gloria fell away, disclosing the figure of the beauti-

ful Maid of Orleans, who thus took her place in the Roman calendar as Saint Joan of Arc. The entire diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican, all the members of the sacred college in Rome, and the whole papal court filled the long lines of seats, draped in many hues, which were ranged along the walls of the vast basilica. "At the end of the apse," to quote the Vatican correspondent of the *London Times*, "in the centre of the Gloria, had been placed the figure of the new Beata, surrounded by hundreds of small electric lamps, which spread out to illuminate also the rays of the Gloria itself, above which was the motto *Pax Christi*, surmounted by a crown formed too of electric lights." Great windows flanking the Gloria held electrically illuminated pictures visualizing the miracles upon which the authenticity of the Maid's claim to beatification rests. Conspicuous among the rest were the huge bannerets depicting the memorable crises in the career of Joan of Arc—the entry into Reims and the coronation of Charles in the cathedral of that town. "More clusters of electric lamps hung from the roof and projected from the walls, converting the apse into a blaze of light which entirely dimmed the candles on the altars." The different stages of the ceremonial beatification entailed the presence and participation of fifteen cardinals, seventy French archbishops and bishops and as many other prelates as were in Rome.

PIUS X did not attend the beatification proper, his descent to the Basilica to venerate the newly canonized saint being the grand



MONARCH TO-DAY AND FEATHER DUSTER TO-MORROW!

—Calvert Smith in *Florida Times-Union*,



THE DRAMATIC MOMENT AT THE BEATIFICATION OF JOAN OF ARC

Never before has the great nave of St. Peter's in Rome presented a scene of such splendor as was witnessed when the glorification of the Maid of Orleans entitled her to a place in the calendar of saints.

feature of the afternoon. His Holiness is said by the Roman correspondents of the European dailies to have been unfavorably impressed by the obvious plan of the French royalists and extreme clericals to convert the beatification into a political demonstration against the third republic. At one of the stages of his progress he halted the pontifical chair where the French tricolor had been hung near the statue of Saint Peter, and, after blessing the flag, took a fold of it in his hand and pressed it to his lips. "The enthusiasm of the pilgrims upon this could no longer be restrained and they broke into loud applause." The episode was anything but soothing to those royalists and champions of clericalism who, with the Duc d'Alençon, had come to glorify, according to the Paris *Aurore*, not only the Maid of Orleans but the house of Orleans as well. The Pope's act was pronounced by the *Débats* and its moderate contemporaries very graceful and very gracious.

BY TAKING a prominent part in the ceremonies of beatification, Cardinal Rampolla, arch-priest of St. Peter's, who seemed

on the eve of election to the papal throne when Austria interposed a vote against him, has mollified French republican organs. It is to the partiality of the French republicans for Rampolla, says the Berlin *Post*, that we may attribute the equanimity of French journalistic comment upon the beatification of a saint whose career has been deemed hitherto a royalist asset. On the eve of the beatification, Cardinal Rampolla, according to gossip in the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, laid before his Holiness convincing evidence that if the Vatican did not take precautions the ceremonies might be exploited by political reactionaries in France. Clerical journals in Paris and Rome were thereupon instructed to avoid all comment calculated to inflame republican susceptibilities. Pius X himself tried, the *Temps* thinks, when he addressed the French pilgrims gathered in Rome in honor of the maid, to avoid provocative language. His theme was the duty of French Roman Catholics to both faith and fatherland.

EVERY tradition animating the French, the Pope told the vast concourse of pilgrims whom he faced the day following the beatification, is Catholic. Every attack upon the Roman Catholic Church in France is an attack upon the fatherland of the French. The Holy See, the Pope added, wishes the Catholics of France to be united on a common ground that is above every political party. That ground is active love for their church and their country. The beatification of Joan of Arc, upon whose banner appeared the words Faith and Country, is significant in this sense only. His Holiness, as his words are reproduced in the European press, inveighed against the adversaries of the church in France. It seems noteworthy to the London *Telegraph* that he abstained from the customary recommendation of loyalty to republican institutions. "This means that the Vatican did not think it a convenient moment, when the republic is passing through a dangerous political crisis, to make any profession of republican ideas." The Pope highly commended the faithful before him for their example of obedience to their pastors. He denounced as a "cowardly calumny" the insinuation that by remaining faithful to their religion the Catholic proves himself less devoted to his native land. On the contrary, according to the Pope, love of country is stronger when united to love of the Roman Catholic religion, which dominates the world. The church of Rome, his Holiness said, is the spouse of Christ and



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE ADDRESS OF POPE PIUS ON THE SUBJECT OF JOAN OF ARC

His Holiness took occasion to say to the thousands of pilgrims from France that the beatification of the Maid of Orleans was a purely religious event, destitute of political significance. Later the Pope took the tricolor of republican France in his hand, blessed the flag and pressed it to his lips.

the depository of truth. That is why all rebelling against its authority fight the truth. These words have occasioned infinite sarcasm of comment in the press of anti-clerical France; but clerical and moderate France received them temperately.

* *

THE panic in France which the outside world supposed to have been allayed through the settlement of the outbreak of post-office employes seemed prolific in new sensations when President Fallières summoned Prime Minister Clemenceau to the Tuileries recently. The nature and extent of these combinations of state employes which, by their insistence upon dictating terms to their official superiors, are in reality "taking the government of the republic out of the hands of parliament and the responsible ministry," as the *Temps* fears, formed the subject of an anxious conference between the two statesmen. The significance of recent events, Clemenceau is reported to have assured Fallières, "might easily be exaggerated." France, the Premier said, is confronted with "a revolutionary agitation of an oligarchy of labor leaders comprised of leaders of an oligarchical general confederation of trade unionists." These leaders have brought various combinations of letter carriers, street

cleaners and other civil servants within the scope of their movement. France has to face, in consequence, something very like a revolt of the national employes against the state. It is a revolt of which the revolutionary Socialists make much. What the revolt is based upon has just been stated by its organizers; "The public service is undermined by ministerial and parliamentary intervention on behalf of favored individuals, by nepotism and by rewards to partisans for political service." These grievances, Clemenceau says, are to be redressed. Meanwhile, insubordination is to be suppressed. Syndicates of civil servants will be dissolved.

THE previous great strike of the postal employes of the French Republic terminated in the practical victory of the men and in the retreat of Premier Clemenceau from an untenable position. The episode is entailing consequences which to the *Paris Débats*, at any rate, imply a coming political crisis. Bureaucratic despotism of Russian temper, the refusal of any holidays, even Sundays, favoritism in making promotions in the service, starvation pay, capricious displays of personal authority over subordinates by official chiefs—these were among the grievances of the thousands of men who by throwing up their positions severed for a time epistolary communication between Paris and the outside world.



THE NEW "TERROR"

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. "Well, comrade, is it the old cry again—'A Bas La Noblesse'?"

MEMBER OF THE PARIS GENERAL STRIKE COMMITTEE. "No, we've got beyond that now; it's 'A Bas La Patrie'!"

—London Punch.

An unpopular chief of the department—which is not independent like our post office, but a branch of one of the ministries—has not, indeed, been superseded, as the men asked, but relegated to official obscurity. The lesson of the affair, as newspapers try to teach it in Europe, is that combinations of government employes are exerting an increasingly dangerous influence upon the administration and the policy of democratic government. Even in the United States, as the *Paris Figaro* notes, it has been necessary for the Washington authorities to forbid postal employes from concentrating their hostility upon members of Congress who would not vote them increased pay. In France the evil is even more serious and in that view the *London Times* coincides.

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AFTER a childless married life of over eight years, Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, who will soon be twenty-nine, gave birth to a daughter in the royal palace at The Hague. William II, it is understood, has consented to act as godfather to

the baby Princess of Orange, whose birth, as the *London News*, an anti-imperialist sheet, observes, extinguishes Berlin's hope that the Dutch crown might eventually pass to the young Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. As the right to inherit the throne is conferred by the fundamental law of the kingdom, which is subject to revision and which, indeed, has been in process of revision by a commission of Dutch statesmen, Dutch organs have insisted that the outside world has been unnecessarily concerned on the subject of the Dutch succession. Should it prove true that William II is to become godfather to the Princess of Orange, the relations between The Hague and Berlin, now a trifle strained, ought, the *London Standard* thinks, to improve. For some time past, it says, "the German authorities have embarked upon a kind of behavior towards Dutch subjects which can hardly be deemed other than rude." The Berlin correspondent of the *Handelsblad* was expelled from Prussia because of his hostility of tone in reporting official proceedings to his paper. This precipitated in Dutch papers something like an anti-German campaign. When Queen Wilhelmina made her last speech from the throne in the States-General, that body was in a state of agitation over the arrest in Germany of one of its former members, leader of the most revolutionary section of the Socialist party in Holland. Public opinion in Holland was agitated for weeks by the episode, which proved, as some Socialist papers said, that Germany treats Holland with contumely as a petty second-rate power. This idea is disseminated exclusively by British sheets like the *London Times*, says the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*. It quotes from the English paper these words as evidence of its purpose to make trouble between the two nations: "German patriots, historians and statesmen have continually declared that Germany requires to have the control of the mouths of the great rivers, now in Dutch or Belgian occupation, which are situated on the North Sea."

AS if to give the lie to calumnies of which he deems himself the victim, the Prince of the Netherlands, who, before his marriage, was Duke of Mecklenburg, has scarcely left his wife for a day during the past two months. It is an open secret, says a writer in the *Paris Temps*, that Queen Wilhelmina herself has been excessively annoyed by reports of the ill treatment to which she is supposed to have been subjected at the hands

of her consort. It is recorded of the Queen that when a mere child she once met her mother's command to go to bed with the threat: "If you send me to bed I shall appeal to my people from the balcony." She is not at all of a disposition to shrink from publicity. Were the Prince of the Netherlands to display too masterful a mood in his management of her, Wilhelmina would resent the treatment openly. The trouble is said to be that she herself is somewhat over-dictatorial. The conflicts between this young Queen and the ministry, growing out of conflicting interpretations of the limits of the royal prerogative, were keen in the first years of her reign. They have not been assuaged with the passage of the years. Keenly conscious of her position as the only Queen regnant in Europe, Wilhelmina is affirmed in the Socialist dailies to tend in the direction of personal dictatorship.

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NOT since the wives and daughters of the merchants of Tabriz were ravished in the public baths by the tribesmen of the Shah, when the long siege of that hapless city began months ago, has the civil war in Persia brought to the combatants on either side horrors more barbaric than those of the pitched battles of the past six weeks. Satar Khan, the intrepid leader of the revolutionists, whose capacity as an organizer of great masses of unkempt, famine-stricken and lawless heathen into the most efficient fighting force ever recruited in Iran renders him, in the opinion of the *Paris Gaulois*, "the first Asiatic genius of the age," will not hear of submission. In the obstinacy of his refusal to lay down arms before the forces of the Shah, he wins not only the admiration but the approval of the *London Times*. "The probability is that a surrender would subject the inhabitants to horrors even more appalling to the imagination than the extremity of hunger. The tribesmen who invest the town are hereditary bandits—the descendants of men who used to sack captive cities and to outrage and massacre captive populations after the fashion of the armies that followed Genghis Khan and Timur." That audience which the Shah, who was last reported in the environs of his capital of Teheran, was to have accorded the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain and Russia about a fortnight ago had to be postponed. The plea of the Shah was illness. The real reason, as the *Paris Temps*



THE WIFE AND MOTHER WHO GAVE HOLLAND AN HEIRESS

Queen Wilhelmina, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, has just caused rejoicing at The Hague by surviving an ordeal that has twice brought her within measurable distance of death.

vetures to infer, was the "poltroonery" of Mohamed Ali. This obese pigmy on the peacock throne is accused of "a gross and barbarous breach of the usages of war" in consenting to an armistice at Tabriz last month and then disregarding it.

FOR two world powers like Russia and Great Britain to stand blankly aside and permit the annihilation, in a carnival of slaughter, outrage and famine, of so vast a population as the Shah has cooped up in Tabriz would be an act of barbarism which the *Paris Temps* pronounces simply impossible. "Non-intervention is an admirable principle, but there are limits to its application, as there are to most principles." As far back as last September the correspondent of the *London Times* predicted that the last resources of



THE ARMIES OF THE SHAH BEFORE TABRIZ

The troops in front of the besieged Persian city are not well disciplined, and they represent for the most part tribesmen attracted by the prospect of plunder when the city fell. To avert wholesale slaughter the Russians sent a detachment of troops last month to protect the Europeans and Americans.

the Caucasian mercenaries, whom he described as "the kernel of Satar Khan's force," would be the sacking of the consulate and the murder of its official tenant. "A threat to have recourse to this criminal measure has now been made and reported to Teheran." The diplomatic representatives of Great Britain and Russia in the Shah's capital at once sent word to Satar Khan that the perpetration of any such act would entail his own destruction. As evidence that the foreign offices at London and St. Petersburg have at last arrived at a mutual policy in Persia, this step is welcome to the *Paris Temps* as the possible final solution of the long and tortuous crisis. Yet neither Great Britain nor Russia can be put in the position of dictating a constitution to the Shah, declares the *Novoye Vremya*. It is all a matter for the subjects of the Persian potentate to settle with the despot now proving himself so elusive and so weak. The last word from his distracted capital, the streets of which are patrolled by Cossacks, revealed him in tears, assuring a deputation, with many invocations of Allah, that a constitution for his country had been the aspiration of his youth and would be the hope of his declining years. In such submission to a necessity he hates, the Shah is more suspected than ever.

ALL that takes place in the Persian war is of vital import to the English, in the opinion of Mr. H. F. B. Lynch. The vehemence of the discussion he recently caused in the Commons confirms that idea. The uneasy Mr. Lynch, who is a recognized authority on Persian politics, beholds in the present civil war the inevitable result of the fact that the land has too long been ruled by an alien and Turkish dynasty bent upon stifling every aspiration of the natives. Not quite three years ago, the reigning Shah, since dead, admitted the need of reforms by granting a constitution. The present Shah, then only heir-apparent to the throne, signed the organic law approved by his late father. Just a year after this, the Anglo-Russian agreement, eliminating rivalry between the signatories in Asia, was ratified. "But in June last," complained Mr. Lynch, "the Persian parliament was bombarded by troops commanded by Russian officers on the active list of the Russian army." All the leaders of the patriotic movement, mostly by this time in exile, and the whole of Persia, in revolt against the extinction of the national legislature, united on one point. The constitution must be restored. This is what Russian and French dailies have been urging ever since the Cossacks scattered the parliament.



A FUSILLADE FROM BEHIND THE TUNNEL WALLS AT TABRIZ

The besieged metropolis of Tabriz, which is for the moment the centre of the civil war in Persia, is famous for its tunnels. These have made ideal places of refuge for the besieged, who, within the shelter thus afforded, pour forth deadly volleys upon the forces of the Shah.

WHEREVER the Persian revolutionists established their ascendancy law and order prevail. Emphasis was laid upon this detail by Mr. Lynch, whose facilities for gaining information from Persia, owing to his connection with high personages there, are unrivalled. The national movement in Italy and the national movement in Persia present many points of analogy to this expert. "What is now a necessity," he proceeded, "is that the Persian people regain the constitution they have framed with so much care and in defence of which they have taken up arms—not a new constitution but that which was granted by the late Shah, which they enjoyed for two years and to which the present Shah has sworn allegiance." Why should not the two governments of Great Britain and Russia press the Shah to restore this constitution? This utterance profoundly impressed public opinion in England, especially when the *Manchester Guardian*, having succeeded in getting a despatch through from its besieged correspondent at Tabriz, insisted that if Russia chose to convince the Shah there was no hope of help from her, he must yield. "The moment Russian officers are withdrawn, the discipline of the forces fighting for the Shah must fail them."

FLATLY contradicting the inference that the Russian officers in Teheran are tacitly controlled from St. Petersburg, the *Novoye*

Vremya tells its readers that they were "loaned" to the Shah to discipline the Persian Cossacks. They were also to provide a sort of bodyguard for the Persian sovereign, and, in case of need, to preserve order in Teheran itself. All this is confirmed by the official statements of Sir Edward Grey, British Minister of Foreign Affairs. There is at present little doubt that in complying with the instructions he received from St. Petersburg, the commander of the Russian force in Teheran exceeded the limits of his prescribed authority. He even went so far as to intimidate the members of the late Persian parliament, who were in a position to offer a far more stubborn resistance to their sovereign than his majesty encountered. The Russian Minister at the Shah's court is also accused of taking a hand in this business. He threatened the intervention of the Czar if the parliament refused to disperse. Yet this version of the recent history of Persia is the subject of such fierce polemic between newspapers in London and newspapers in St. Petersburg that the truth is indistinguishable from the error. As if this confusion needed a worse confounding, Mr. Dillon, the distinguished Home Ruler who sits in the Commons for Donegal, professes to be aware that the *London Times* recalled its correspondent from Teheran because he favored the revolutionists, sending in his place a pliant but skilful journalist who is henceforth to "write up" the Shah.

Persons in the Foreground

THE VICTORIOUS WRIGHTS

ITH the acclaim of all Europe ringing in their ears, the Wright brothers have returned to their native land. They have hobbled so much with royalty that their majesties became, it is surmised, something of a bore. They have been fêted by scientists and gaped at by the populace, and yet they have remained, according to one aeronautical expert, who spoke at the dinner given in their honor by the British Aeronautical Society, "as unspoiled as if they were nobodies." Let us hope that he spoke by the card, and that the brothers have not "gone up in the air" in any but a literal sense.

Two things the adventurous spirits, of the world have tried to do for ages: reach the North Pole and achieve a real conquest of the air. The North Pole remains inaccessible, and when its icy barriers have been surmounted the world will reap but little gain. But the conquest of the air, the thing dreamed of by inventors and sung about by poets and hoped for in their time by many generations, is an accomplished fact. Why shouldn't the nation receive these two men as they received Admiral Dewey on his historic return? They have fought a harder fight, they have run greater risks to life and limb, they have achieved a more signal conquest.

They are rather young men to have achieved such glory. Orville is but thirty-seven and Wilbur but thirty-three. Their achievement, too, is all their own. They had no fortune to squander in experiments, no wealthy patrons to back them up, no scientific associations to help them on toward the goal. They had nothing but pluck and persistence and confidence in their own inventive powers. Their rivals had personal fortunes and scientific coöperation and governmental encouragement. Zeppelin, in Germany, and Santos Dumont, in France, and various others were able to spend thousands of dollars in carrying out their schemes. But these two young Ohioans, the sons of a poor but honored preacher, without technical training or academic education, forced to make a living by keeping a bicycle repair shop, have gone ahead to do what unnumbered thousands of Edisons and Maxims and Langleys have tried

in vain to do from time immemorial. How they must have been laughed at for feather heads and visionaries in the long years of their experimentation. They, forsooth, to realize the dream of the ages by their own unaided powers! What conceit! What a deplorable chasing after rainbows with their pots of gold! How the wiseacres must have wagged their heads in derision out there in Dayton to see these young men neglecting their business and spending money on fantastic dreams! Yet it is quite possible, after all, that the wiseacres knew nothing about it. For the Wright brothers have a splendid talent for keeping their tongues between their teeth, and it is likely that few if any of their fellow townsmen knew what they were up to until they had actually achieved results.

"So much has been written about the Wrights, silent and modest tho they have been about their studies of the air," says a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, "that it is hard to separate the true from the fanciful. One fact, however, stands out in regard to their success: It has been the result of careful scientific investigation, tireless zeal in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, and not the caprice of luck or the outcome of dare-deviltry. The Wrights are students, not adventurers; cautious experimenters, with nothing of recklessness. Their profession, which began as their pastime, has been pursued with serious aim, disregard for heroics and indifference to public clamor for spectacular races and fancy exhibitions. To-day the Governments of the world are clamoring for an opportunity to get their ideas."

Their father was a bishop in the United Brethren church and he had hopes that his sons would follow in his footsteps and enter the ministry. But their taste ran too strongly to mechanics. Ever since he was eleven years old, Wilbur Wright says, he has dreamed of the conquest of the air. The two lads have done most of their dreaming together. Those who know them speak of their perfect accord during all these years. The life of a minister of the Gospel did not appeal to either of them. As young lads they had experimented rather elaborately with kites. Then they began to study aviation more carefully. They read all



THEY FLY

The Wright brothers (Orville on the reader's left, Wilbur on the right) and their sister cannot only fly, as Darius Green could, but, unlike Darius, they know how to light. Miss Wright is said to be the first woman to make an ascent in an aeroplane.

that the books had to say on the subject, and knew what Lilienthal and Langley and Sir Hiram Maxim and others had attempted. Strange to say, the death of Lilienthal in one of his flights instead of daunting them put a keener edge on their desire. For twelve years they studied the problem and then began to make machines. Says the writer in the *Boston Transcript*:

"One must hear the Wrights describe their slow progress in order to realize the hugeness of their task. Between machines, there were months of research and study. They found that nobody had yet formulated properly the action of air currents against surfaces of different shapes, placed at different angles; that the slightest variation of the angles or curves of a flying machine's wing meant new and hitherto undreamed-of complications for the aviator. They tested many times the effect of the wind upon each kind of aeroplane, each size of tail or rudder, each weight of propellers and machinery. They met winds of various force, sailed against and with them, and studied the effect of stray gust and steady blow upon their machines under every conceivable condition. Time and again they discovered that some supposedly established theory of their predecessors must be laid aside as ridiculous. They were, in short, exploring

a region in which every so-called fact had been only half verified, every conclusion largely a guess, and each achievement a basis for erroneous deductions."

By the year 1900 they had a machine that would sail, but it would not carry a man. In 1903 they had one that carried one of the inventors a distance of 900 feet, remaining up about one minute. "This was the first dynamic flying machine that had ever raised itself by its own power, with a man in it." In 1904, their machine flew a mile with one of them in it, and in 1905 it flew successfully a distance of twenty-four miles. The feat had been accomplished. It remained to perfect details and to acquire skill in the art of flying. They did not rush into print. They had avoided observation by conducting their experiments on the deserted sand hills of eastern North Carolina, and even now, when success was won, they kept their own counsel, and proceeded to learn how to manage their flying steed. Says Orville Wright:

"No one who has not navigated the air can appreciate the real difficulty of mechanical flight. To the ordinary person it seems a miracle that a thin solid plane can be driven up into the air by machinery; but for over ten years that miracle



HOBNOBING WITH ROYALTY

King Edward was an interested spectator of some of the flights made by the Wright brothers at Pau. The King of Spain was still more fascinated by their experiments in his country.

has been accomplished. On the other hand, the great problem—the problem of equilibrium—never occurs to anyone who has not actually tried flying. The real question of the flying-machine is how to keep it from turning over.

"The chief trouble is the turmoil of the air. The common impression is that the atmosphere runs in comparatively regular currents which we call winds. No one who has not been thrown about on a gliding aeroplane—rising or falling ten, twenty or even thirty feet in a few seconds—can understand how utterly wrong this idea is. The air along the surface of the earth, as a matter of fact, is continually churning. It is thrown upward from every irregularity, like sea breakers on a coast-line; every hill and tree and building sends up a wave of slanting current. And it moves, not directly back and forth upon its coast-line, like the sea, but in whirling rotary masses. Some of these rise up hundreds of yards. In a fairly strong wind the air near the earth is more disturbed than the whirlpools of Niagara."

The two men are much alike in their temperament, habits, and even personal appearance. Each is tall and rather slender. Their

dress is described as "rather shoppy," their hands are generally roughened and blackened by much handling of greasy machinery. Both are taciturn and businesslike, but not sullen or morose. When they first came to New York City, the officers of the Aero Club were rather put to it to entertain them. They would not indulge in a social drink, they did not care to smoke at the club and they did not wish to dine out. Neither one cared to talk about anything but flying-machines. They have, indeed, seemed to most people like a sort of human flying-machine themselves, calm, unemotional and wholly undemonstrative. But that, of course, is their air among strangers and it may or may not furnish a correct indication of their character. On one occasion, at least, the younger of the brothers has been seen deeply affected. That was when the reports came to him, at Le Mans, France, last September, of the accident to his brother, at Washington, by which young Lieutenant Selfridge came to his deplorable death. Here is the Associated Press account of his reception of the news:

"He listened with tense, drawn features, and it was apparent that he expected the announcement of his brother's death. When told that Orville's injuries probably were not serious, he smiled faintly and said: 'He was lucky to get off so lightly.' Turning quickly to Mr. Berg he exclaimed: 'Now you understand why I always felt that I should be in America with Orville. Two heads are better than one to examine a machine.'

"He was left alone a few minutes, and then a friend entered the shed and found him sitting with his head in his hands. He looked up and said sadly: 'If anything could make me abandon further work in solving the problem of heavier-than-air flight, which has been my dream since I was 11 years old, it would be an accident like this.'

"Then springing up suddenly Mr. Wright declared: 'No, we have solved this problem. With us flying is not an experiment; it is a demonstration. I will wait until I hear from Orville.'

The one fault that has been found with the Wright machines is that they had to be started by mechanical means and were not able to raise themselves from the ground. In the last week of April Wilbur Wright nullified this criticism by making a flight in Rome from a running start without any mechanical adjunct. Even Delagrange, it is reported, who has been their most serious rival, has now abandoned his own plans and ordered an aeroplane of the American model.

THE NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY



UNTIL that day of his first Selamlik a month ago, when he rode from the Court of the Janissaries to the mosque of St. Sophia, Mohammed V—"through the power of Allah, the one true God, of whom Mahomet is the prophet, dominant sovereign in Arabia felix, Iran the blessed, the Grecian isles, invincible and ever victorious, Emperor of Constantinople, distributor of crowns to the great princes of the earth, sovereign master of the two seas and of all the adjacent countries, Protector of the sacred and august cities of Mecca and Medina, and of endless other countries, kingdoms, empires, isles and peoples, Commander of the Faithful"—was known by sight to but the merest fraction of his subjects. The populace, packed so densely in every nook of the great square as to overflow and congest every thoroughfare affording access to the mosque itself, had been reinforced by correspondents and photographers representing every great daily in Europe. The curiosity of these innumerable spectators had its origin not alone in the revolutionary excitements of which this Selamlik was to be the climax but in the mystery with which every personal attribute of the new sovereign has for years been invested. The oldest member of the diplomatic corps in Constantinople had never even seen Mohammed V. There was not a newspaper correspondent in the square who knew him by sight. One of his sisters, waiting with the Europeans outside the mosque, had not beheld him for fifteen years. He had been almost literally buried alive.

In age and in aspect this sudden and unexpected Sultan is in the decline of life. Nearly sixty-five years have come and gone since he was born of the Circassian mother whose distinction of appearance he has obviously inherited. Much is made, in the cabled descriptions of his appearance, of the countless fine lines about his eyes, the deep wrinkles on his brow and the whiteness of his hair. "Notwithstanding these evidences of decrepitude," to follow the account of the Paris *Figaro*, "Mohammed V merits the admiration the world will not withhold from a man both handsome in appearance and distinguished in manner." Though inclining to a Turkish portliness of girth and moving with manifest heaviness, his features remain bold and regular. "There was a loftiness of soul in the characteristic

mournfulness of his countenance and an intellectuality in the earnest eyes—blue like those of his beautiful mother—which won the respect and sympathy of the multitudes gathered to behold one snatched from a living tomb." As he stepped upon the rich red rug leading to the interior of the mosque and halted for the black-robed sheikh to slit the throats of two sacrificial lambs, "the story of a career of profound meditation and of even profounder grief seemed stamped upon every lineament of the spiritual face." The unassuming and unconscious majesty of manner and deportment, "combining unobtrusive dignity with unaffected elegance" proclaimed him, to the correspondent of the *Gaulois*, "a natural aristocrat of Islam." Unfitted though he may be from years of the closest imprisonment to mix in the world as others mix in it, these urbane qualities which were the main-spring of his bearing at his first Selamlik "indicate that his character is enough to render him beloved." The excitement and confusion of his first public appearance among his subjects never for an instant bewildered him. "The joyous sunlight—a stranger to him for years—shone warmly down upon his benignant face as if to welcome him to sovereignty and to the world." When the sacrificial blood had flowed almost to his feet, the austerity which seems the habitual characteristic of the new Sultan's countenance in repose relaxed while he gazed upon the multitudes about. Then he vanished within the mosque, where he remained at prayer for nearly an hour.

Concerning the character, the capacity, the temperament and the traits of him who until the revolution of the past few weeks was known simply as Rechad or Resheed Effendi third son of the former Sultan Abdul-Medjid and brother of the dethroned Abdul-Hamid, Europe has had, during the past fifteen years, but two sources of information. One set of authorities, represented by the paid spies of the fallen Sultan, outline for the world a man far gone in diabetes, ignorant, senile, incapable of initiative, destitute of personality, ruled by a few eunuchs and companioned by Oriental and luxurious wives. Rechad has been accused of an illiteracy so dense that the commentators on the Koran comprised a sealed book to him and a meanness of disposition so abject that his household was ruled by the stout stick that assisted his hobbling

gait. From a quite different set of authorities, deriving their information from that accomplished prince of the house of Othman, Sebah-Ed-din, long a refugee in Paris, the idea has been disseminated that Reshad Effendi—now Mohammed V—is a paragon of all the perfections, profoundly versed in all the lore of Islam, devoting the weary years of his monastic solitude to pious meditation, prayer and the study of the world's wisdom in books. His alleged organic disease has been denounced as a malicious invention and his fits of rage alternating with depression dismissed as the inventions of hireling mercenaries. Thus for a period of nearly twenty years has the world been bewildered on the subject of one of the most mysterious personalities of the age.

The duration and rigor of the restraint in which Rechad had so long to live must, at any rate, be deemed established. The captivity of Mohammed V, according to the Rome *Tribuna*, has lasted thirty years. Nominally, indeed, he has been as free as anyone else in Turkey all the time, but imprisonment is the only applicable term for his relegation to the precincts of the Dolma Bagtche, a gloomily splendid palace beside the Bosphorus. As one draws nigh Yildiz from Galata, having passed the monumental portal that sentinels the ancient palace of the Sultans, a very high wall frowns the length of the thoroughfare. The varying tints at its summit reveal how frequently the height of this old wall has been increased with passing years as the fears of the former Sultan prompted him to make this retreat yet safer. Military patrols were stationed at each angle in the time that has just passed away. Immured within, lived Rechad many a year. "Woe to the traveler," observes a writer in the Roman daily, "who ventured to stop and ask what this high wall, with its alert troops on guard, might signify. He would be at once taken to the sentry box and haled to prison as a suspect, a possible conspirator against Abdul Hamid. The coachmen who drove their vehicles by went cautiously but at a gallop. They knew Rechad Effendi was a prisoner behind those heights of wall, served by domestics who were his reigning brother's spies."

Never a visitor, not authorized by the Sultan at Yildiz, could gain admittance to the captive. Princes and princesses of the house of Othman were prohibited from making inquiry regarding their kinsman in captivity. For fifteen years Rechad never saw sister or brother. It happened once, during the festi-

vals incident to the holy season of Bairam, that Senieh Sultana and Medieh Sultana, sisters of Mohammed V, paid the customary visit prescribed by etiquette to Abdul Hamid at Yildiz Kiosk. In the course of the conversation, Abdul rose from his couch, opened a door that led into a large closet and exclaimed to the amazed Sultanas: "Sisters, let me present you to Rechad." They had not seen him for several years. The princesses gazed at their captive brother without daring to say one word. Tho worn and thin from close confinement, Rechad was in full possession of his mental powers. He stood gazing fixedly out of the closet upon his brother and his two sisters, his tall and meager form supported with the aid of a staff. An illness of months, during the progress of which his attendants feared for his reason, was then in the stage of convalescence, yet Abdul Hamid had not scrupled to lock his brother up for some hours in an unventilated closet. His form, once so majestic, seemed now crooked and misshapen and all his limbs were distorted by suffering. The princesses had not recovered from the emotions inspired by the spectacle before Abdul Hamid shut the door in his brother's face and resumed his conversation as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening. From that day until the accession of Mohammed V to the throne, his sisters, it seems, never once set eyes upon him.

It is not, however, strictly true to affirm, as some European dailies have insisted within the past few weeks, that the captive was never permitted to go beyond the walls of his prison. He was occasionally permitted to visit, under a strong guard, the little country residence at Maslack where he amused himself with gardening and agriculture. These were examples of special grace in Abdul Hamid, who seems to have thought for a time that Rechad was in a fair way to die of some kidney trouble or other. The heir to the throne was invariably bundled into a closed carriage, preceded by a dozen runners on foot and followed by a troop of cavalry. This escort was not prompted, according to the *Tribuna*, by any fear of Rechad's escape, but by a desire to spy upon any who manifested affection or respect for one whom the late Sultan feared and detested without, seemingly, daring to have slain out of hand.

During one of these fugitive trips between the scenes of his long imprisonment, Rechad was encountered by a company of cadets from the military school of Pancaldi. The youthful commander of these lads, as he passed the



THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH IN THE LIFE OF ABDUL HAMID'S CAPTIVE BROTHER

The new Sultan of Turkey, Mohammed V—or, as some dispatches put the name, Mehmet V—is here represented in the carriage that bore him through the streets of Constantinople to the great building in which the War Office is housed. The old man had been hurried into his clothes at dead of night, only twenty-four hours prior to these events, and informed—apparently to his own amazement—that instead of pining in the obscurity of a palatial prison he was henceforth to rule the land.

next in succession to the throne of the Othman, ordered his brigade to salute. He was denounced next day at Yildiz by one of the spies in the Sultan's pay and haled before a court-martial. The accused pleaded that he had merely obeyed the military regulations. "True," replied the judge advocate, "but no military regulation can justify an insult to the commander of the faithful." The prisoner was punished for an infraction of one of the rules of faith. Not long afterwards this same preceptor, out with another class from the military academy, beheld Rechad approaching under the usual strong guard. "In Allah's name, fly!" he cried, turning to the young men. "Don't let yourselves be caught within a mile of that carriage." The whole troop absconded.

Even in the days long past, when his elder brother, Murad, as heir to the throne, was the object of the attentions of all that was best and most influential in Constantinople, Rechad, third son of a Sultan who displayed little interest in him, was quite neglected. During the great days of the reign of his uncle, Abdul-Medjid, Rechad Effendi displayed military and administrative talents which were extinguished by the captivity that set in the moment the esurient Abdul Hamid had seized the supreme power. Abdul Hamid always displayed the profoundest suspicion and distrust of Rechad Effendi. Learning

that he had begun to vary the monotony of his imprisonment by the study of English, the sovereign formally forbade his brother to apply himself to that language. Next it transpired that Rechad had undertaken a course of reading in the modern scientific authors. This was prohibited as contrary to the faith. Thereupon Rechad turned to Persian literature and made progress in the text of Firdausi at a rate that drew down upon him the reproach that the land of Iran was wedded to a heretic sect in Mohammedanism of whose texts he was displaying an impious love. In a word, as the Paris *Gaulois* avers in the course of a recent study, Rechad found himself robbed of one intellectual resource after another until it became evident that his brother was bent upon dooming him to an utter imbecility.

One effect of the aggravations thus heaped upon the head of the captive was to win for him the sympathy of Prince Sebah-ed-din, that most liberal and enlightened of all the scions of the Othman dynasty. Sebah-ed-din, as grandson to the late Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, and as nephew to Abdul Hamid himself, had gone into voluntary exile at Paris the better to establish something like a center of opposition to the theocratic despotism flourishing in Constantinople. For a period of some six years Sebah-ed-din carried on a press campaign in refutation of the stories circulated

from Yildiz Kiosk with reference to Rechad Effendi. Sebah-ed-din saw to it that his imprisoned uncle received not only the latest books from Paris but a goodly supply of literature in the interest of the Young Turk movement. A counter-system of espionage, sustained by the Prince's ample financial resources, outwitted the paid spies of Abdul Hamid again and again. Letters passed between uncle and nephew. It is to the stream of eulogy flowing from the pen of Sebah-ed-din that Europe is indebted for its impression of Mohammed V as a great soul in which the love of pomp and power has no place. "He reflects rather than observes. He studies little and he reads little, but he meditates. His mind has no activity except in the loftiest region of thought. He would be more fit to direct than to execute and would excel much less in action than in counsel." Thus the nephew, Mohammed V, it further appears, is pious without a trace of fanaticism, liberal and tolerant without being indifferent to principle.

The only revelation of himself that can be directly ascribed to Mohammed V occurs in notes of a conversation transmitted by a correspondent of his nephew's and given publicity in several French dailies. Despots of every description, the new Sultan would appear to have observed to a visitor who managed to elude the vigilance of his brother's spies, wish to inspire affection, no matter how unworthy they may be. The despot is soothed by the suspicion of affection for himself in one who serves him. Hence the best basis for influence over such a mind as that of Abdul Hamid is the pretense of love for him. Abdul Hamid, in fact, was always more prone to succumb to this species of dissembling than any despot before him. His creatures at Yildiz Kiosk pretended, therefore, that they were devoted to him unto death. Upon mere fidelity, the dethroned Sultan looked as something rightfully his. Love for himself he affected to deem a recognition of his bounty. Thus it came about that all at Yildiz Kiosk, from the scullions in the kitchen to the eunuchs of the harem, swore to the Sultan, morning, noon and night, that they loved him. His conceit on this score was boundless and his creatures fed it. This is the key to recent Turkish history. Whether this alleged quotation from the table talk of Rechad Effendi was pure invention or whether it be a genuine morsel of character study, its publication did the captive no good. Abdul Hamid seems to have been rendered quite furious by the indis-

cretion and for the past two years his brother's imprisonment had been aggravated by fresh restraints.

In his efforts to baffle the diabetic tendency which progressed so far at one time as to emaciate him beyond recognition, Mohammed V, says the *Figaro*, has become most abstemious in his diet. He avoids even ordinary bread. All farinaceous foods have been eliminated from his fare for many months. He is understood to be addicted to the use of opium in moderate quantities. Alcoholic beverages he never touches, but he is fond of the water pipe, which he smokes every afternoon while sipping coffee. Tea was ordered for him when his malady was at its height, but he could not endure the taste. Now that the severer symptoms of the diabetes are not present, he enlarges the range of his experiments with his digestive powers cautiously but continually. His teeth are false.

What has been said concerning his domestic relations, and particularly the details with reference to his wives, would seem to rest upon the slightest possible basis in fact, according to the *Paris Figaro*, which has always been in close touch with the followers of Sebah-ed-din. Etiquet and the pious attitude of a nephew to an uncle preclude specification regarding the precise number of the wives of Mohammed V. No one could without gross breach of propriety inquire regarding the health of his spouses. Whether he limited himself to the prescribed four or satisfied himself with one, the circumstance has to be ignored officially. In an unofficial and irresponsible way, our French contemporary is in a position to state that the wife of the Sultan's bosom is some years younger than himself and the mother of three children who have attained to maturity. There is a second and even, it seems, a third wife, but they do not sustain to their lord and sovereign what would be called connubial relations. "It is a delicate theme—very," observes the French paper, "but we violate no confidence in affirming that the spirit of the household is monogamous and that the companionship of the head of the Osmanli with the wife of his youth is as tender as it is ideal. Curiosity on this head need not go to lengths of vulgarity." The senior of the wives is the conceded mistress of the palace and in some respects she reigns over the subsequent ones. Hers is a gentle sway, unmarred by any fear of forfeiting the love of her lord, whose constancy has been tried not merely by time but by captivity.

Definite and official, on the other hand, is the assurance, on the authority of the devoted Sebah-ed-din, that Mohammed V contemplates the minions of Abdul Hamid with a lambent blandness, forgiving them their share in the hateful past and making every allowance for the difficulties of neutrals when a fratricidal strife rages in a royal family. Everybody, it seems, is to be forgiven and everything is to be forgotten. We have here, affirms the princely eulogist of the new commander of the faithful, evidence of the character of the man. It is based upon simple piety. His discourse is flavored on nearly every occasion with texts from the Koran, while in his do-

mestic circle the exercises of religion are assiduously practiced. He lacks his brother's sensitiveness to beauty, for he is no artist. He never had his brother's beauty of manner and he can not, therefore, be hailed as the most polished prince of the world of Islam. Neither has he the insinuating and enchanting modes of speech and of hospitality which rendered personal intercourse with Abdul Hamid, as the *Figaro* says, "like an introduction to some god." But where Abdul Hamid would pray and beseech to be allowed to speak the truth and then proceed to speak falsehood, Mohammed V would protest nothing and tell the truth.

MR. WICKERSHAM AND HIS NEW JOB



HERE is gloom in Washington these days. It has settled thick in and around the offices of the newspaper correspondents. Business may be reviving elsewhere, but not for them. The sorrow which fell upon Boston when the immortalized Casey struck out at the bat is no deeper than that which has enshrouded Washington's news factories ever since Mr. Roosevelt entered the swinging doors of the railway station on that blustery March fourth. The whole trouble is that nobody in this administration has the dramatic instinct. President Taft hasn't it, nor his secretary, nor any of his cabinet. Consequently there is nothing to fire the pen of the correspondent. The tariff debate has been a disappointment in a dramatic way. There have been very few heart-throbs in it, very little vivid color. When the women began to rise up in wrath anent gloves and hosiery, there was a gleam of hope in the eyes of many a scribe. But the Senate bill stopped that and the gleam turned again into a baleful glare. For the last seven years, when there was nothing doing elsewhere, something could always be found out about the war between the attorney-general's department and the wicked corporations. That is the last place on earth to hope to find a good story now. In that particular department, indeed, is generated the larger part of the gloom that we have been trying to describe.

To begin with, Mr. George W. Wickersham, the new attorney-general, was born of Quaker ancestry, and everybody knows that the Quakers believe in drab things, not in yellow or red. Mr. Wickersham clothes his body

about as other men clothe their bodies; but his mind is enclosed in drab habiliments, so the newspaper men seem to think. Besides being of Quaker stock, he is a lawyer, and lawyers are notoriously chary about giving away their case until they are good and ready. Moreover he is new to political and administrative life, and is forced to feel his way cautiously. The only political position he ever held, so far as discovered, prior to his present post, was that of president of the twenty-seventh assembly district Republican Club in New York City, and he probably did not work overtime on that job. All of which may help to explain what is called Mr. Wickersham's "impenetrable barrier of reserve." "Look at him carefully," says one of the pen-pushers who has run against this barrier, "and you will see that he remains in constant seclusion in the innermost portion of his abiding-place, issuing forth only at stated intervals, and then merely to wonder why he should be annoyed by people who seek information about public business, and retiring precipitately after uttering twice or thrice the strange cry that marks the species: 'Nothing to say—nothing to say—nothing to say.'" Yet, we are told, there is hope even for Mr. Wickersham; for "there will come a time when he will mingle freely with his visitors, glad-hand the reporters, find out that sometimes—*sometimes*—there is a little politics in the Department of Justice and learn to play it, and take on all the uninteresting attributes of a Cabinet member." In fact, he has already made a "distinct advance." He has evolved a plan for the dissemination of the news of his department: "Whenever any official in the Department of

Justice has anything on his mind he thinks it is proper for the people of the country to know about, which is not often, he is directed to write out the facts and his comment carefully. Then he is to send what he has written to the Attorney-General, and the Attorney-General will decide whether the matter shall be given out. He will edit and prepare the matter submitted and, in the course of a week or two, some few thoughts concerning the subject may trickle out to the public."

Such is Mr. Wickersham from the point of view of the man in search of good newspaper stories. From some other points of view he is not so drab, after all, not so uncompromisingly Quakerish as he might be. His father was colonel of a Union regiment in the Civil War. George W. lost his mother in his infancy and his father while still a boy. He was brought up in the home of his grandfather, a banker and broker of Philadelphia. The home was something of a musical, artistic and literary center, and his taste for things of that sort was developed. He has been, here in New York City, a constant patron of grand opera and of the Philharmonic and Boston Symphony concerts; he has been a collector of fine French engravings and rare old English mezzotints; and he is an avid reader of good poetry, fiction, history and philosophy. He began early on philosophy. It is a sort of family tradition that at seventeen he had read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" from cover to cover. That is not at all unlikely. College boys in that day were reading Herbert Spencer more than a little, partly because he was considered so dangerous a writer.

Young Wickersham had to fumble around a good deal before finding his real direction in life. Being interested in mechanics, he went to Lehigh University to make a civil engineer of himself. Two years of study at that was enough to change his mind. He went back to Philadelphia resolved to train himself for a business career, and for a time pursued his studies with that in mind. By the time he was twenty he had changed his purpose again and entered the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. To this purpose he adhered, graduating in 1880 and beginning practice in Philadelphia a few months later with Charles B. McMichael, now a judge of the court of common pleas. Two years later he came to New York and made connection with the firm of Strong & Cadwalader. That was twenty-six years ago. For twenty of these years he has been a partner in the firm.

He is considered one of the highest authorities in the country on railroad law. That was probably why Mr. Taft enticed him to Washington.

In addition to his law, Mr. Wickersham has been active in philanthropic affairs. He has been for years vice-president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, a trustee of the Institution for the Blind, and active in the work of St. George's Protestant Episcopal church (of which he is a member) in the tenement house sections of the city.

As to his personal habits, a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts in this sketch, has this to say:

"Mr. Wickersham is a lover of horses, and riding is his favorite out-of-door amusement. For ten years he has risen early and every morning, rain or shine, sees him in his saddle in Central Park. He is a member and governor of the Rockaway Hunt Club. He is an enthusiastic golfer, too, and has traveled widely both in this country and abroad. Among his friends and his associates at the bar he is popular and well-liked. He has a keen sense of humor and is a good story teller, altho it is rather difficult to find him in a story-telling mood."

Mr. Wickersham is described as long-bodied and short-legged. "Sitting at a table he appears to be six feet tall; but when he gets up you find he is not much more than five feet six. He has a drooping moustache and prominent, almost staring, eyes." A resemblance is noted by some between his expression, as he peers through his glasses, and that of Mr. Harriman. He is a linguist and is particularly fond of the Latin languages. He is especially well versed in Spanish literature, but his favorite author is Dante, in the original.

In 1883 he married Miss Mildred Wendel, of Washington. Two children have been born to them, a daughter who is now married, and a son who is now a senior in the Harvard law school.

If the Roosevelt policies are to be carried out energetically during the next few years, this is the man upon whom must fall the chief executive responsibility for that task. He is probably fitted for it as few other men in the nation are fitted, in a legal way. Whether any man can succeed in that task without keeping the mind of the American public constantly vigilant and alert and its conscience quickened is a question. That part of the job Mr. Wickersham has to learn, and it will probably be the most difficult work to which he ever applied himself.

A DIABOLISTIC INTERPRETATION OF THE MASTER OF MEXICO

HROUGHOUT the professions of reluctance with which Porfirio Diaz consented to one more election as chief magistrate of the land he has swayed so long, his political foes—never so numerous as now—detect an hypocrisy so sublimated as to be fine art. He has poisoned the ear of mankind, insist those critics, and, in the Socialist press of our own country, they disseminate their view of Diaz after the fashion of Tacitus when he sketches the character of Tiberius. Such deference as the Mexican President manifests for a constitution that makes a mockery of freedom, by the perpetuation of his power, is explicable, insist his enemies, only by knowledge of the nature of the subtlest of tyrants. That knowledge is published to the world through the medium of an arraignment by Carlo de Fornaro entitled "Diaz, Czar of Mexico;" in column after column of exposure in a magazine entitled *The Border*, published at Tucson, in Arizona; not to mention a wealth of detail regarding those champions of freedom whom Diaz incarcerates in noisome dungeons. With such indictments do *The Appeal to Reason*, *The Call* and other organs of Socialism amaze their constituencies.

It is the ravening type of ambition that has made Diaz what he is, so Mr. de Fornaro says with emphasis. In his eyes the master of Mexico is without that noble infirmity which makes the despot identify his own personality with promotion of the public welfare. Porfirio Diaz, we are told, is a hypocrite, whose cold head, colder heart and cowardly soul have coöperated to transform a great republic into a sham as vast as himself. Nor is the power he has made so personal restricted within the limits of what has become as truly his empire as tho he had inherited it. His influence in Washington is declared to be second only to his influence at the seat of his own imperial government. For proof we are referred to what *The Border* calls the "kidnapping" of Manuel Sarabia from the jail at Douglas, Arizona, "by the order of the Mexican consul." The episode caused excitement in southern Arizona. "Public meetings were held," to quote our authority, "telegrams were sent to Washington and finally the Mexican government was forced to release its prey. More than all else has this kidnapping opened

the eyes of Americans to the astonishing power of Porfirio Diaz on this side of the line. Apparently he can open and close the doors of United States jails at will, give orders to United States officials and finally protect his secret service system now operating in this country from being punished for its misdeeds." Yet here, according to *The Mexican Herald*, is an instance of an intemperance of statement which refutes itself. The Socialists interpret labor troubles as if they were political elections and apply to official efforts to maintain law and order a vocabulary borrowed from Robespierre. By way of retort, *The International Socialist Review* refers to what it calls "the private prison of Diaz" at San Juan de Ulua, where editors are confined for criticizing the policy of the administration and for refusing to publish as editorial views sentiments manufactured at the ministry of the Interior in Mexico City. The power behind the throne is made out to be the railroad clique financed from Wall street on funds procured in London.

Then what manner of man is this Porfirio Diaz? The question has been answered in many ways, but never in a mood more Philippic than that of Carlo de Fornaro. "Physically," observes our hostile authority, "this man of destiny has been endowed by nature with a perfection almost superhuman. He has cultivated this gift by a wondrously laborious and strenuous activity. Up to the age of thirty-seven, he fought almost incessantly, thereby steeling his muscles, fortifying his constitution by a vigorous, sober and chaste conduct of life." Blended in him are the savageries of a long line of Indian forebears who gnawed the skulls of their fallen foes, and the nobilities of mien and manner inevitable in one whose veins boast the best blood of Castile. He is compact of conquistador and Pontiac, a union of Spanish grandee and Algonquin brave.

He wears his mask of hypocrisy with Augustan majesty, condescending to be revered by the peons he has enslaved and hymned by the sycophants he has bought. This artful founder of an imperial government—speaking in terms of Mr. de Fornaro's insights—affects an impressiveness of aspect from the motives of an actor. Seeming taller than he is, thanks to a physique that would sustain comparison with that of Jove, Porfirio Diaz

is in reality only of middle stature. True, the hands have magnitude; but they have fineness also, being supple of finger and shapely. The feet, too, are prodigious, but they never shuffle awkwardly nor obtrude themselves upon the attention. The secret is in the characteristic gestures of Diaz, invariably noble, calm, statuesque even. Yet there are details offensive to a sculptural taste in the physiognomy. "The forehead is low, sloping, unintellectual; the eyes beady, piercing, at times kindly and humorous, always observant and suspicious. The nose is deformed by the arched, dilated nares, resembling those of a wide-nostriled, snorting horse after a gallop." A countenance unspiritual, furtive, not to be praised in detail. "The chin is broad, with powerful mandibles, set and massive as a tortilla grinder. The ears are large, ungainly with their elongated lobes, characteristic of long-lived men and races." The venerable touch is imparted by white hair and mustache. The fairness of the skin is marred by hectic red patches suggestive of the great pimples on the face of Tiberius.

A comparison of the Diaz physiognomy today with the countenance he wore when he was thirty-five is to Mr. de Fornaro the whole biography of the tyrant. "The earliest photographs," writes this patriot, whose character sketch has entailed his departure from Mexico, "the earliest photographs or daguerreotypes represent a common, brutal, almost criminal countenance. The shock of black hair, small, drooping mustache and chin whiskers, the swarthy skin, make a composite picture of a well-dressed pelado and a Japanese valet. What with rubbing, scrubbing, shower baths, soap and human food, he has changed from a greasy condottiere into a full blown white Czar, a cross between a low-browed Bismarck and an Aztec Crispi." With the passage of time this countenance, like the despotism of its possessor, has been made respectable. Respectability, Mr. de Fornaro would have the world suppose, is the god of the Mexican despot's idolatry. In that detail, as in so many others, he seems to have taken Caesar Augustus, who, too, found his country a republic and left it an empire, for a model. Of the private life of Diaz we are told that for the last thirty years it has been spotless. "Altho surrounded by all the luxuries, he has led a life simple as a hermit's. In food and drink as abstemious as an Arab, in a country where everybody smokes, he has been an exception. Where alcoholism has been rampant, he only tastes water. Where

everybody goes to bull fights, he stays at home. He does not visit theaters except at official functions, seldom hunts, never plays. Private life, personal hygiene, hard work, physical and intellectual energy, have been concentrated for the prolongation of power through the medium of a perfect body." Interpreting these traits in Diaz precisely as Gibbon conceived the character of Augustus Caesar, Mr. de Fornaro insists that his subject's virtues are artificial, for when he framed the artful system of his imperial authority his moderation was prompted by his terrors. He befools the uninitiated world with his sham liberty, his sham elections, his sham simplicity, his absolute monarchy clothed in the form and etique of a commonwealth.

How Augustan, to sustain the mood of Mr. de Fornaro's analysis, is the affectation of the master of Mexico in living on a level with his own subjects, maintaining with them a downright republican intercourse of visits and social amenities! As the habit, the palace and the table of Augustus Caesar were appropriate only to the situation of an opulent senator, the daily activities of Diaz are compatible with the theatricals of his usurpation. "All his time, even spare moments, are taken up by his special duties. He does not shirk official drudgery and will attend the unveiling of a monument as punctually as he will receive a caller. He will lend a patient ear to petitions, demands, protestations, adulations; will receive foreign officials and visitors, ministers and consuls, governors, political chiefs, and will listen to all, silent, attentive, inscrutable, spare of words, ambiguous in his promises, deliberate in speech and manner." With a keen and instinctive knowledge of men, which Mr. de Fornaro attributes to long experience in office, Diaz has likewise "a wonderful memory for names and faces" that never misleads him. "He is a walking encyclopedia of the people of Mexico." Friend and foe are alike the objects of his espionage, for he maintains the most efficient spy system in the world. He may forget, but his implacable nature is incapable of pardon, of generosity other than the calculated variety, of loftiness in any form. High-minded motives are to Diaz inscrutable mysteries, but his cold and selfish nature detects the self seeker on the instant and turns his mercenary purpose into a fresh basis for the exploitation of an enslaved people.

Persuaded, as was Augustus, that the mass of mankind must be swayed by names, Diaz has all the Roman emperor's love of the



WASHINGTON OR TIBERIUS?

Porfirio Díaz, in consenting to become once more a candidate for the Presidency of the Mexican Republic, gives fresh proof to those who hate him that he has made his country one welter of weeping and woe.

word republic. He has made the Mexicans slaves by telling them again and again that they are free. This, and the shedding of tears on appropriate occasions, are in the number of his most effective devices. Who has not seen Diaz weep can form no true idea of manly emotion. It is not the snivel of some Mark Antony come to bury a Caesar, nor the wail of a Wolsey at having served his king better than he had served his God; but rather, so Mr. de Fornaro, who has witnessed the phenomena, asserts, the contraction of a crocodile into one brow of woe. His fortitude is not proof against the recital of a poem by a pretty girl, an opportunity for the display of his lachrymal aptitude of which Diaz, in the presence of Mr. de Fornaro and a large audience, took every advantage. "When visitors, friends as well as strangers," to quote this critical authority, "gush over his military exploits, his statesmanship and his generosity, then he thaws out and tears surge to his eyes and run over as a frozen pond melts and overflows in springtime." Porfirio Diaz, refusing the petition of an aged father for the life of a son condemned to be shot for a political offence, wept on the parent's bosom, but declined a reprieve. Popular recognition of this tearful propensity is evidenced by the nickname of Porfirio Diaz as "the weeper of Icamole." It should not be inferred that the President cries like a baby or weeps like Niobe all the time. His tears are the more effective through the sense of timeliness prompting Diaz to reserve them for epical occasions when they cause his deep set eyes to sparkle with his soul's fire and to gleam from the depths of their orbits like two diamonds.

His type of old age, again—how Jovian it is! The personal appearance of Diaz is enough to console him for being seventy-nine. Venerable with the venerability of Moses, aged with the noble antiquity of Rip van Winkle, he does not linger dodderingly on the stage of life but walks it staunchly, stoutly, superbly. Thetis, seeking some mortal to love, might have worshipped Diaz.

What amazes even such stern detractors of Diaz as the Socialist organs is the fertility, the suppleness, the discernment of his genius, still bright in old age. Mr. John Murray, Mr. de Fornaro and the men who write about the immortal Mexican in the papers referred to, have known their Diaz at first hand not only in his capital but in his prisons. They profess to speak from personal experience and personal observation. All agree respecting the pervasiveness of Diaz. He it is who in

Mexico regulates provision markets, commands the army, administers the government in the spirit of one who disdains collective wisdom. He arrives at no decisions through a process of consultation with advisers. When speaking to his staff, he is Napoleonic, direct, like a man conscious of power. Even his Socialist foes in this country concede to him a capacity for inspiring awe that makes him unique. The haughtiest society leader in the elect Spanish aristocracy of his capital succumbs as readily as the peon to the imperialism of this personality. "Politically an intruder, and socially an outcast," concludes Mr. de Fornaro, for example, "Porfirio Diaz slowly climbed the ladder by all available means. His marriage to the daughter of Romero Rubio, belonging to one of the best families of Mexico, paved the way for social recognition. He attached to his bodyguard, practically as a valet, the proud and blue-blooded millionaire, Pablo Escandon, and married his own natural daughter to one of the richest Mexicans in the land. And this ex-marauder and political bandit, whose father the popular legend points to as a priest, whose mother was a mixed Indian, whose natural offspring he kindly introduced into society . . . now poses as the arbiter of aristocracy in Mexico and decides who is who among the upper ten." Nor does he seem the upstart in this gilded environment, as the most hostile of detractors concedes. The patrician Caesar did not move among the most polished of the aristocracy of Rome with more unconscious imperialism of deportment than characterizes Porfirio Diaz lording it over the whole world of Mexico. He will tolerate no rival luminary in his sky. Let any statesman ape the mannerisms of his master at Chapultepec, the palace in which Diaz is most himself, and he will be sternly taken to task for such arrogance. Diaz tolerates no other Caesar in his Rome. Yet he had the grim humor—Mr. de Fornaro deems it that—to say to a guest of his wife's at Chapultepec who inquired what had first inspired him to become President: "I just drifted into the position I now hold. I wonder how it ever came about." As a specimen of the wit of Porfirio Diaz, this, to Mr. de Fornaro, is not less precious than the President's remark to that convivial son of his who, arriving at dinner late one night through excessive potation, attributed the fault to a defective automobile. "Haven't you learned, my son," observed Diaz, "that the management of an automobile requires the use of gasoline and not alcohol?"

Literature and Art

A PRINCE OF STORY-TELLERS



IN THE passing of Francis Marion Crawford, America loses her most gifted story-teller. He was not a realist. He did not believe in "purpose novels." He held to the old-fashioned view that the novel is "a pocket theater," the novelist nothing more than "a public amuser;" and within his own limits he was perfectly successful. "Whatever position may be assigned to him now or hereafter in English letters," Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper remarks, in *The Bookman*, "it must be conceded that he is first, last and always a prince of story-tellers, whose title was inborn and not acquired." The sheer fecundity of the man was in itself a kind of genius, recalling the palmy days of Balzac and the romance factory of the elder Dumas in Paris. For a quarter of a century he averaged nearly two novels a year. Once he wrote four in fourteen months.

Mr. Crawford's career as a novelist began in 1882 in a rather curious fashion. He was twenty-six years old at the time, and had nothing to his credit, in a literary way, beyond some desultory correspondence sent from Rome to the *London Daily Telegraph*. In Florence, a year or two before, a Parsee merchant had offered him an appointment at Calcutta University, which, doubtless in an adventurous spirit, he had accepted; and it was while in India that he garnered the materials for his first story. He met there a man named Jacobs, who, acting for an English syndicate, had sold the largest diamond in the world to the Nizam, the native ruler, of Hyderabad. The case afterward went into the English law-courts. It caught Crawford's fancy and suggested the possibilities of an unusual novel. When he saw his uncle, "Sam" Ward, in New York, he told him of the episode and was encouraged to write it out. The result was "Mr. Isaacs."

"Mr. Isaacs" was not at first successful, but it challenged critical attention and in course of time created a sensation. The author found himself hailed as a man of large promise, and he determined to take up literature as a profession. His second novel, however, "Dr. Claudius," was a disappointment. Its hero, a learned Heidelberg Phil.D., sentimental and

yellow-bearded, proved much less attractive than the youthful and pure-blooded Iranian of the first story. It was not until some years later that Mr. Crawford wrote the novels that were destined to bring him wealth and world-wide fame.

In an able survey (in *The Bookman*) of Marion Crawford's total achievement as a writer of fiction, Dr. Cooper names "A Roman Singer" as "notable for that extreme simplicity of style which has since become one of Mr. Crawford's most effective assets;" "Marzio's Crucifix," as "representing a long step forward in the technique of unity of plot;" "Kahled" as "the most effective and artistic of all the author's purely fanciful efforts." But he chooses to single out for more detailed comment "The Three Fates," "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," and the "Saracinesca" trilogy.

"The Three Fates" is not so well known as many of Marion Crawford's other novels, yet it is easily the best of his American stories, Dr. Cooper asserts. He continues:

"The author has sought to show how a young man of a keenly sensitive artistic temperament may in those vital formative years when his life's career is just opening before him, find his ideals of women so subtly and yet so radically modified that in a comparatively brief space he has found himself able to love tenderly and sincerely three different women, and to receive from each in turn a permanent impression, a modification of his character which time will only strengthen. And yet, as the first and second successively withdraw themselves from his life, he knows that there can be no going back, even should they so elect; they have been very dear to him, they have each played the part of one of the Fates in his life, yet there is no resurrection for the emotions which are dead. And at the end of the story the man, sobered by sorrow and toil and hard-won achievement even more than by the sudden and unforeseen responsibility of great wealth, hesitates to put to the test the last of his three Fates. He knows that this time there is no question of a transitory passion, but rather the deep, lasting love of mature manhood; this third woman means so much in his life that even her friendship is a precious thing, which he fears to jeopardize by speaking prematurely. This *dénouement* of 'The Three Fates' is one of the most artistic and felicitous single touches to be found in Mr. Crawford's writings."

It is customary to regard the cycle of Italian novels, beginning with the "Saracinesca" trilogy and continued in "Corleone" and "Tarquisara," as Marion Crawford's strongest and most distinguished work; but Dr. Cooper dissents from this view, and tells us that Mr. Crawford himself never shared it. Indeed, he sometimes expressed a doubt whether, on the whole, his Italian stories had not been more of a detriment to him than a help. The public seemed to expect them of him, he said, and so confined his activity to that particular field when he would much rather have directed it elsewhere. Of the Italian books as a whole Dr. Cooper writes:

"The fact that Mr. Crawford was born in Rome and spent much of his early life there, and that later he deliberately elected to make Italy his permanent home, placed him in a position to write from the standpoint of a native. In fact, he is on firmer ground and writes with a more assured knowledge when the scene is laid in Rome than when the action takes place in Boston or New York. Nevertheless, while they are his most ambitious efforts, even the best of them, even 'Saracinesca' and 'Sant' Ilario,' have not the artistic charm and unity possessed by several slighter works. And the reason is not hard to find. 'Saracinesca' and its sequels belong to the type best defined as the Epic Novel, the type wherein a great social movement, a moral or political revolution drawing to a climax, serves as the background of the story, while the destiny of some special group, some single family, some individual man or woman, closely interwoven with the progress of the general movement, forms the central thread of the plot, the focus of interest. At first sight 'Saracinesca' seems to fulfill the conditions of the Epic Novel. The setting is Rome, on the eve of the downfall of the Pope's temporal power and the achievement of a united Italy; and the central thread concerns itself with the fortunes of a single family, the Saracinesca, proud, conservative, loyal adherents of the Church. Yet when we study the book's construction a little closer we realize that the relation between the general and the specific theme is of the most perfunctory sort. The historical background is admirable as a piece of verbal painting; it shows on the surface the days of careful study which its author acknowledges that he wrought into its construction. But it fails to be, properly speaking, an Epic Novel, because there is no close and necessary connection between the historical movement then going on in Italy and the private drama of the Saracinesca family. Take any one of the big, unmistakably epic novels, whether it be 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or Zola's 'L'Assommoir,' the epic of slavery or of intemperance; you will find the central theme inseparably interwoven with the general—the fate of Uncle Tom sym-

bolic of the slave system, the fate of Gervaise symbolic of the demon of alcohol. In 'Saracinesca' and 'Sant' Ilario' there is no such close connection, no central symbol; nor did Mr. Crawford intend that there should be. For the symbolic novel is next of kin to the purpose novel; it teaches and preaches and does other kindred things which conflict with the creed which Mr. Crawford possessed."

In point of form, Dr. Cooper thinks, Mr. Crawford never did anything more perfect than "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." This idyllic story of an impoverished Russian noble who is compelled to eke out a living by rolling cigarets for a Munich tobacconist, and who is saved from dishonor by the love of a humble working girl, goes deep to the roots of universal human nature. It is in such stories as these that we get the key to Mr. Crawford's perennial hold upon the hearts of his readers. As Dr. Cooper puts it:

"His real strength lies not in his mastery of technique or his originality of plot, but in his ability to picture for us honest gentlemen and noble women, whom we are the better for having known if only through the medium of the printed page. If there is room for choice, his men are better than his women, more finely drawn, with subtler understanding. There is a long list of them whom you cannot forget even if you would—even in 'Saracinesca' alone there are a whole group whom it is a joy to remember. . . . It is doubtful whether any of the novelists who are writing today have given the world so many characters whom the average reader remembers with pleasure and recalls years afterward by name."

Marion Crawford's ultimate place in the literature of our time Dr. Cooper hardly ventures to predict. He writes, in concluding:

"Excepting as a conservative force, it is doubtful whether he has influenced the development of the modern novel in any important degree. Yet few novelists of the present day have been more widely read or have had a more salutary influence in fostering a taste for what is clean and pure and high-minded in literature and in life. He occupies a position somewhat apart from the general trend of fiction, and for that reason is somewhat difficult to class. Almost any comparison that one ventures to make is sure to strike a majority of readers as odd and unjustified. Recently one of the English reviews spoke of him as approaching most nearly to Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, a curious partnership, which the writer wisely did not try to justify. In purpose and ideals, as well as in the uniformly readable quality of his books, he sug-



"HIS MIND TEEMED WITH STORIES"

Marion Crawford said to a friend, so *The Outlook* records, that he lived in an imaginary community of at least two thousand persons, and that if he were to live one hundred years he could not make a complete record of the happenings of this community or a full portraiture of the various characters who were as real to him as living persons.

gests a certain kinship with the late William Black.

"Yet of the two Mr. Crawford is undeniably the finer artist, as well as the better story-teller, with a far better chance of being remembered by a later generation."

The personality of Marion Crawford was notably strong and wholesome. His friend, George P. Brett, president of the Macmillan Company, says that as a young man "he was the envy of most of his circle of intimate friends and acquaintances; tall, straight, formed in perfect physical proportions;" and, in addition, "he had a brain which could grasp giant tasks with ease—tasks which for the rest of us were either impossible or only attainable after months or years of effort." He had a special facility, it seems, for acquiring languages. "He is the only man that I have ever known," Mr. Brett tells us, "who has been taken for a Frenchman in France, for a native of Italy by the Italians, and for a German in Berlin." Mr. Brett continues (in *The Outlook*):

"And the same facility which he had for acquiring languages also extended to other things. He mastered, I remembered, the difficult art of navigation in the course of a short winter season in New York, in spite of the calls of his regular literary work and his many social engagements, so that he was not only enabled to navigate his own yacht—an old New York pilot-boat, partially rebuilt under his direction—across the ocean himself, but he worked out (on a voyage that I made with him afterwards) the sights, day by day, independently of the officers, and afterwards compared them with the ship's records, and the officers came to talk over with him matters of navigation as with one of themselves,

so impressed were they by his mastery of their craft."

Mr. Crawford was insatiably curious and restless. He wandered far over the face of the earth. In the course of his life he saw most countries, and in many of them he lived a considerable time; and "it is for this reason," Mr. Brett remarks, "that we find in one of his novels the best description that we have of Arabian life, and that another gives us the best description that we have of Constantinople, and that in others we find similar pictures of Germany, Russia, and the life of other countries."

Mr. Crawford's home was at Sorrento, but during late years he was accustomed to do much of his writing in an ancient tower on the Calabrian coast, which he discovered on one of his yachting cruises. He seemed the very embodiment of health and vigor, yet when the end came it came swiftly. The manner of his death was classic in its beauty. He was seated in an arm-chair, gazing out of a window. Before him spread the Bay of Naples, into which a blood red sun was sinking. It was one of those rarely beautiful Italian sunsets in which the heavens and the earth combined in a pageant of superb and overwhelming color. His mind was perfectly clear; his body was not racked by pain. One of the family had been reading to him "Plato's Dialog on the Immortality of the Soul." Good Friday was approaching, and he murmured: "I die with Christ." Then as the sun was passing below the horizon, his family heard him sigh: "I enter serenely into eternity." The sun disappeared. Marion Crawford was dead.

NEW LIGHT ON THE STORMY COURTSHIP OF THOMAS CARLYLE



SOME twenty-seven years have passed since the publication of James Anthony Froude's "Life of Thomas Carlyle;" but the controversies it started are still matters of current discussion. In the opinion of many, Mr. Froude was proved guilty not merely of inaccuracy but of wilful distortion. Others feel that his portrait, tho over-colored in places, was substantially correct. Arguments pro and con have darkened the literary atmosphere. It is significant that Alexander Carlyle, a nephew of the great Carlyle, has

thrown his influence strongly against Froude. In giving to the world "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" and "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" he feels that he has done much toward correcting a false and distorted point of view; and now he publishes the "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh,"* with the remark: "The holy of holies having been sacrilegiously forced, desecrated and polluted, and its sacred relics de-

* THE LOVE LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. John Lane Company.

faced, besmirched and held up to ridicule, any further intrusion therein—for the purpose of cleansing and admitting the purifying light and air of heaven—can now be attended, in the long run, by nothing but good results.” But open-minded readers, despite these words, may get from the new correspondence the impression that Froude had justification for his feeling that the marriage of the Carlyles was a mistake. Their personalities were too complex. They stimulated, instead of solacing, one another. The “love” of which they write so constantly was too much of the brain. The length of the letters is in itself a sign of the state of mind of the writers. “Intense passion,” as the London *Spectator* remarks, “is never wordy; and the feelings of the Carlyles spread themselves over sheets and sheets.”

Carlyle's first meeting with Jane Welsh took place in 1821. He was a tutor in Edinburgh, at the time, and went to Haddington, where she lived, with his friend Edward Irving. Carlyle was twenty-six, Jane twenty, and both had been in love before. They were widely separated by birth and station. He was a peasant's son, she a lady of wealth and social position. Carlyle, from the first, was infatuated with her—or thought that he was. She repelled his advances.

For awhile their friendship was dominantly “intellectual.” Jane seemed determined that it should remain so. Carlyle, in his letters, discourses to her of his literary enthusiasms—Goethe, Schiller, Byron and the rest: pays tribute to her “genius,” and even wants to write books with her. She, on her side, freely acknowledges his intellectual gifts, but beseeches him not to love her. She says:

“Once for all, I beg you to understand that I dislike as much as my Mother disapproves your somewhat too ardent expressions of Friendship towards me; and that if you cannot write to me as to a man who feels a deep interest in your welfare, who admires your talents, respects your virtues, and for the sake of these has often—perhaps too often, overlooked your faults—if you cannot write to me as if—as if we were married, you need never waste ink or paper on me more. . . . I will be to you a true, a constant, and devoted Friend—but not a Mistress, a Sister, but not a Wife. Falling in love and marrying like other Misses, is quite out of the question. I have too little romance in my disposition ever to be in love with you or any other man; and too much ever to marry without love.”

Carlyle is evidently chagrined by her attitude, but manfully conceals his disappoint-

ment. “After the view I have obtained of your character,” he declares, “and the honors to which you have admitted me, I should be the dullest of the sons of men if I could degenerate into what they call a friend. Be not displeased, however; I am as far from pretending to be a lover as a friend. That pastime is not for me, at this period of my history, any more than for you. I have had too much experience of the emptiness of all sublunary things; have felt too often and too bitterly how the clay insinuates its low impediments and corrupting deformities into all the lordliest conceptions of the soul, ever to find much enjoyment in the languishings and happy tho weak delusions of boys and girls.” Then she writes, still more emphatically:

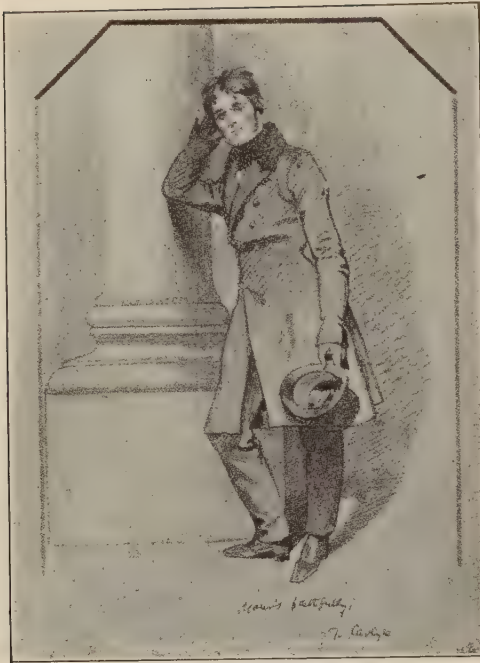
“You misunderstand me. You regard me as no longer a Friend, a Sister, but as one who at some future period may be more to you than both. Is it not so? Is it not true that you believe me, like the bulk of my silly sex, incapable of entertaining a strong affection for a man of my own age without having for its ultimate object our union for life?

“Your Friend I will be, your truest most devoted Friend, while I breathe the breath of life; but your Wife! Never, never! not tho you were as rich as Cæsus, as honored and as renowned as you yet shall be.”

Carlyle will not accept her mood as final. Continually he tries to break down her reserve. “The only thing I know,” he exclaims, “is that you are the most delightful, enthusiastic, contemptuous, affectionate, sarcastic, capricious, warm-hearted, lofty-minded, half-devil, half-angel of a woman that ever ruled over the heart of a man.” In course of time, his lover's impetuosity has its effect. She begins to admit that he is more to her than she had realized. “Indeed I can never wonder enough at your kindness to me in all things,” she says; “it is really very affecting. God grant that some day or other I may deserve it!” In the summer of 1824, she writes even more warmly:

“Thou art indeed my Guardian Spirit! my Good Angel! Forget or separate myself from thee! That I will never, while I retain my senses. Am I not bound to thee by a thousand obligations? Whom have I to direct me but only thee? Woe to me then if I let go thy helping hand; if I hearken to another voice than thine, my Brother, Protector, Friend!”

Even yet, however, the understanding between them is far from being complete. In



From "The Love Letters of Carlyle and Jane Welsh"
THOMAS CARLYLE AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX
(From a drawing by Daniel Maclise.)

1825, in a jesting mood, Miss Welsh writes to Carlyle in London, suggesting that he come up to Scotland and occupy a farm at Craigenputtock. Carlyle, who was thoroly tired of the city, and determined, as he says, "*not to degenerate into the wretched thing which calls itself an author in our capitals, and scribbles for the sake of lucre in the periodicals of the day,*" takes her proposal seriously and writes in reply:

"My Dearest! it is you that must decide: I will endeavor to explain to you what I wish; it must rest with you to say whether it can ever be attained. You tell me, 'You have land which needs improvement; why not work on that?' In one word then: Will you go with me, will you be my own forever; and I embrace the project with my whole heart? Say Yes! And I send my Brother Alick over to rent that Nithsdale Farm for me without delay; I proceed to it, the moment I am freed from my engagements here; I labor in arranging it, and fitting everything for your reception; and the instant it is ready, I take you home to my hearth, and my bosom, never more to part from me whatever fate betides us!

"May God bless you, and direct you, my Dearest! Decide as you will, I am yours forever."

But this did not fit into her plans at all. In her next letter she throws cold water on the whole proposition. To quote her exact words:

"I little thought that my joke about your farming Craigenputtock was to be made the basis of such a serious and extraordinary project. If you had foreseen the state of perplexity which your Letter has thrown me into, you would have practiced any self-denial (I am sure) rather than have written it. . . .

"Your project . . . would involve you and myself in numberless cares and difficulties, and expose me to petty tribulations which I want fortitude to despise, and which, not despised, would embitter the peace of us both. . . .

"And now let me ask you, have you any *certain* livelihood to maintain me in the manner I have been used to live in? any *fixed* place in the rank of society I have been born and bred in? No. You have projects for attaining both, capabilities for attaining both, and much more. But as yet you have not attained them. Use the noble gifts which God has given you. You have prudence—tho, by the way, this last proceeding is no great proof of it. Devise then how you may gain yourself a moderate but *settled* income. Think of some more promising plan than farming the most barren spot in the County of Dumfriesshire. What a thing that would be, to be sure! You and I keeping house at Craigenputtock! I would as soon think of building myself a nest on the Bass rock."

Yet only a few days after the writing of this letter, her spirit undergoes a complete change. "Not many months ago," she admits, "I would have said it was impossible that I should be your Wife; at present, I consider this the most probable destiny for me." She begins, now, to make him her confidant in everything; and confesses, in an agony of self-reproach, that she had deceived him in regard to her attitude toward Edward Irving, that she had loved Irving "*once passionately.*" Carlyle responds: "You ask me to forgive you, you stand humbled and weeping before me. No more of this, for God's sake! Forgiveness! Where is the living man that dare look steadfastly into his 'painted sepulcher' of a heart and say: 'I have lived one year without committing fifty faults of a deeper dye than this?'" And then:

"You feel grateful to me that I have 'forgiven' you? You thank me, and say I treat you generously? Alas, alas! I deserve no gratitude. What have I done? Assured you that my affection is still yours, that you are even dearer to me for this painful circumstance. But do you know the worth of that affection? Have you even seen me and my condition in the naked eye of your reason? You have not: you do not know me. . . . What is my love of you or of anyone? A wild peal through the desolate chambers of my soul, forcing perhaps a bitter tear into my eyes, and then giving place to silence and death? You

know me not; no living mortal knows me—seems to know me. My heart has been steeped in solitary bitterness, till the life of it is gone; the heaven of two confiding souls that live but for each other encircled with glad affection, enlightened by the sun of worldly blessings and suitable activity, is a thing that I contemplate from a far distance, without the hope, sometimes even without the wish, of reaching it. Am I not poor and sick and helpless and estranged from all men?

"I lie upon the thorny couch of pain, my pillow is the iron pillow of despair; I can rest on them in silence, but that is all that I can do. Think of it, Jane! I can never make you happy. Leave me, then! Why should I destroy you? It is but one bold step and it is done. We shall suffer, suffer to the heart; but we shall have obeyed the voice of reason, and time will teach us to endure it. *Verschmerzen werden wir; den was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch?* (We shall endure the smart of it; for what sorrow is there in man that will not finally fret itself to sleep?) No affection is unalterable or eternal; we ourselves with all our passions sink to death, and are speedily consumed."

From this time on, her confidence grows stronger and stronger. When Carlyle, in rhetorical fashion, again offers to "free" her from an alliance that he assumes has become distasteful to her, she replies:

"Surely, surely, Mr. Carlyle, you must know me better than to have supposed it possible I should ever make a new choice. To say nothing of the sentiments I entertain towards you, which would make a marriage with another worse than death, is there no spark of honor, think you, in this heart, that I should not blush at the bare idea of such shame? Give myself to another, after having given myself with such unreservedness to you? Take another to my arms, with your image on my heart, your kisses on my lips! Oh, be honest, and say you knew this could never be—knew I could never sink so low! Let me not have room to suppose that, possessing your love, I am unfortunate enough to be without your respect! For how light must my open fondness have seemed, if you doubted of its being sanctified by a marriage vow—a vow spoken indeed before no minister, but before a presence surely as awful, God and my conscience."

In view of the later developments, this correspondence takes on a strange pathos. The courtship of Thomas Carlyle has been called "one of the saddest courtships in literary history." Mr. Francis Hackett, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, comments:

"The courtship is sad principally, I think, in Carlyle's lack of passion. In the beginning he had a fine literary emotion. In the end he loved



From "The Love Letters of Carlyle and Jane Welsh"

JANE WELSH AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE

(From a miniature by Kenneth Macleay.)

Jane Welsh on principle, but he lacked the human instinct for love, or at least for love with laughter. Love is childlike, spontaneous, not professorial, and Carlyle, except in moments of moral exaltation, was hopelessly, damnably professorial. He called his letters 'lucubrations,' and so they were. Jane Welsh, on the contrary, seemed to grow in love with him tho she feared him."

This correspondence, in the opinion of the *New York Evening Post*, tends to confirm rather than to discredit Froude's characterization of Carlyle. It says:

"If his judgment was highly peccable, he at least had that literary genius which alone could set Carlyle before us as himself a living genius. He understood also the egotism, the magnificent egotism, of Carlyle, which is so essential a part of his power. We may henceforth, out of regard for these letters and the other letters published since Froude's work, believe that the married life of the Carlyles was not so tragic as it was there presented. Twenty years after marriage the wife could write in a letter now in the possession of the editor: 'I have grown to love you, the longer the more, till now you are grown to be the whole Universe, God, everything to me;' but it is still true, and these letters do not detract from such an impression, that Carlyle must have been, to use Froude's version of the phrase, 'gey ill to live with.' Not with impunity shall a woman surrender herself to the keeping of one with the intense, brooding, troubled egotism that made the *fond* of Carlyle's character."

THE GREATEST FRENCH LITERARY CRITIC



ALTHO it is now five years since the centenary of Sainte-Beuve was quietly celebrated, the first English biography of this foremost of French critics has just been published.* A translation of his most important work—"Causeries du Lundi"—in fifteen volumes, is now being issued; but the monumental "Port-Royal" (a history of the Jansenist movement) has never been done into English; and his Life of Proudhon, the Anarchist philosopher, which constitutes Sainte-Beuve's own confession of political faith, lies untouched by radical propaganda. Yet Sainte-Beuve, his American biographer, Prof. George McLean Harper, declares, was not only a pervading force in the intellectual history of his time, with a European influence which has since become world-wide, "he is henceforth to be regarded not merely as the greatest French literary critic, but as one of the world's chief critics in the broad sense—a man who has thrown the light of reason upon all great questions of psychology, morality, religion, politics and art."

Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on December 23rd, 1804. His father, a Republican office-holder, had been a Girondin during the Revolution, and the son's intellectual starting-point, as he himself once said, was at the place where his father left off. For in spite of his life-long moderation and opportunism, his vacillations, real or apparent, Sainte-Beuve was a true son of the Revolution. The elder Sainte-Beuve died before the younger was born, leaving his son a rich inheritance of books and marginal notes; and the boy was brought up by two elderly women, his mother and an aunt; which accounts, says Professor Harper, for the old-womanish fussiness which characterized him throughout life. He was sent to a secular school in Boulogne, and later to Paris, where he studied medicine. And just as one of our most wonderful analytical writers of the present time, H. G. Wells, acknowledges his indebtedness to the study of anatomy under Huxley, so Sainte-Beuve, speaking in the French Senate, in 1868, said of his early medical training: "It is to it that I owe the philosophical spirit, the love of precision and of physiological reality, and whatever good methodical procedure my writings, even my

literary writings, may possess." Professor Harper writes:

"Like those other great literary physicians, Rabelais, Servetus, and Locke, he sharpened his intelligence on the grindstone of observable fact, till he was able to cut through some of the metaphysical growths that encumbered his age. Like Sir Thomas Browne, he enlarged the scope of his imagination—tho his was less vigorous than the English physician's—by doubling the point of view, so that he habitually beheld two worlds. He saw mankind henceforth on the physical, even the physiological, side, as well as on the side of intellect and spirit. His training in observation and exact analysis was the more valuable to him because many years of his literary experience were to be spent in conflict with an influence which exalted vagueness into a virtue, overestimated the poetic and philosophical value of subjective feeling, and attempted to found a new literature on the shifting sand of impressionism. Moreover, as a writer for the daily press, with every temptation to be superficial, he was deeply indebted to the physician's habit of thoro diagnosis."

Professor Harper pictures Sainte-Beuve at the age of nineteen as "a febrile; intense, self-devouring youth, rather lugubrious in appearance, ugly, awkward, shy, with rebellious passions unsubdued by principle or a strong sense of manly honor. On the other hand, he was extremely clever, possessed solid attainments and severe habits of mental discipline, and concealed under a veil of irony an eager yearning for sympathy. He was already an adept in the art of insinuation, but he loved truth. He was consumed with avidity to know, with curiosity to behold, with zeal to act." A portrait engraved some time between boyhood and middle age is described as "the face of a man whose senses and whose soul are alike hungry."

When he was about twenty years old, Sainte-Beuve began to leave his studies for journalism, first associating himself as book reviewer with Paul-François Dubois, founder and editor of a revolutionary periodical—the *Globe*, and with the brilliant group of "intellectuals," including Prosper Mérimée, Guizot, Thiers, and Villemain, which formed a kind of liberal club in the *Globe* office. The purpose of the paper was to sow the seeds of civil and religious liberty, freedom of instruction and freedom of the press. It taught men to regard Napoleon, not as the necessary outcome of the Revolution, but as its enemy. And

*SAINT-BEUVE. By George McLean Harper. J. B. Lipincott Company.

it held fast to the Revolutionary doctrines of political equality, social progress and natural religion, so congenial to the mind of Sainte-Beuve. But the *Globe's* political intention was at first entirely concealed by its literary contents. Under such conditions, Sainte-Beuve served a long apprenticeship, becoming, in spite of his poetical and romantic ambitions, the greatest journalist of his age, perhaps of any age. "By far the larger part of his productions are detached articles," writes Professor Harper, "and most of these were written to meet outside demands, and not according to a general plan. The first one to be reprinted in permanent form by Sainte-Beuve himself was written in 1824, and the series is closed by those he wrote in the year of his death, 1869. It would seem impossible to avoid monotony of style, to preserve freshness of view, to live free from degrading compromises and weak complacency, and withal to interest posterity, under such circumstances on the stretch forty-five years, writing papers of about the same length for the daily and monthly press. Yet Sainte-Beuve, while amply fulfilling all the conditions required by journalism, achieved a monumental work, durable, classic."

In 1827, Sainte-Beuve was selected by his chief to review Victor Hugo's "Odes and Ballades." The task was performed with enthusiasm, yet it remains an "acute diagnosis." Sainte-Beuve could appreciate the weaknesses, as well as the strength, of the young Romantics. His studies of foreign literatures, particularly of Wordsworth, Goethe and Byron, had prepared him to meet them. When he wrote the review of "Odes and Ballades," however (a review which attracted the favorable attention of Goethe), he was entirely free from their personal influence. "I did not know Victor Hugo at all," he wrote in an autobiographical sketch. "Without our being aware of it, we lived near each other in the Rue Vaugirard, he at No. 90 and I at No. 94. He came to thank me for the articles, but did not find me. The next day, or the day after, I went to his house and found him at lunch. . . . My initiation into the Romantic school of the poets began that day. I had been rather unsympathetic until then, because of their royalism and mysticism, which I did not share." "Sainte-Beuve's relation to the Romantic movement has too often been misunderstood," says Professor Harper. "He has been regarded merely as a disciple. His poetical achievement has naturally been overshadowed by that of Hugo and that of Mus-

set; its peculiar quality and aims, however, ought to give it a certain lustre of its own. His value as an advisor of the school has never been sufficiently recognized. Difficulties of a personal nature, the unbridled ardor of those whom he could have helped, and perhaps also some envy and chagrin on his part when he witnessed their amazing success, shortened the period of his intimacy with the Romantic poets; but for some years, the most decisive years, he was, next to Hugo, the most influential member of the group."

But Sainte-Beuve never really surrendered himself to the Romantics or to any other literary school or movement. "I have," he confessed, "gone through many a metamorphosis. I began frankly and crudely with the most extreme phase of eighteenth century thought, with Tracy, Daunou, Lamarck, and physiology; that is my real foundation. Thence I passed through the doctrinaire and psychological school of the *Globe*, tho with reservations and not identifying myself with it. Thence I went over to poetical Romanticism and Victor Hugo's group, and here it looked as if I had lost myself." But that was personal. He was in love with Madame Hugo. Yet the young critic held his own in spite of his emotions and the overpowering egotism of Hugo. Even five or six days before the first night of "Hernani," when Victor Hugo's house, says Professor Harper, was an advertising bureau, and Hugo's other friends were running to and fro in joyful excitement, Sainte-Beuve wrote prophetically to the poet: "When you have attained your end, art will suffer; your heritage will be vacant, and you will have been only a brilliant and sublime episode, astonishing chiefly to your contemporaries."

It is Professor Harper's opinion that Hugo profited by Sainte-Beuve's criticisms, but their personal relations became strained to the breaking point; and when, in 1843, Sainte-Beuve published his "infamous" and "abominable" "Livre d'Amour"—a book of verses recording his passion for Madame Hugo and implicating her—their friendship came to an end. Sainte-Beuve, writes Professor Harper, "was once the 'house-friend,' the heart's brother of Victor Hugo. They broke, with agony of spirit. They came together again and yet again. But suspicion, bitterness, abhorrence, replaced the sweetness of affiance. Both looked back with a sickening sense of disillusion upon the enthusiasm they had shared. Together they had squandered their moral sentiments. Shunning each other, they turned their backs also upon the memory of

their excesses. And Sainte-Beuve, for his part, felt something like disgust for Romanticism, with its collateral associations."

In 1830, the political purpose of the *Globe* was accomplished—the Bourbons were overthrown. Sainte-Beuve, who was visiting a friend in Normandy when the revolution broke out, hastened back to Paris, but arrived there too late to fight behind the barricades with his *Globe* colleagues. One of them had lost his life; others accepted office under the new government of Louis Philippe. Sainte-Beuve was overlooked in the distribution of offices, and remained at his old post on the *Globe*. He quarrelled with Dubois over the reorganization of the paper, and fought a duel with his chief. The day was rainy and Sainte-Beuve appeared armed with a pistol—and an umbrella. "I don't mind being killed," he exclaimed, "but I don't want to get wet."

Dubois left the *Globe* shortly after this editorial exchange of bullets, and the paper was converted into an organ of Saint-Simonism. Its profession of faith was written by Sainte-Beuve. The paper did not long survive its conversion, however, and Sainte-Beuve soon contributed his last article to its pages. He had not surrendered his independence to the Saint-Simonists any more than to the Romantics; but, after his usual fashion, he had been curious, sympathetic, absorbed in analysis, and this is his final word on the subject: "None of those who passed through Saint-Simonism, or who touched even the borders of it, did so without being affected by it. Apart from its economic and industrial tendency, it gave the idea of a religion and a respect for this, the highest of all social forms, to more than one man who lacked anything of the sort before." What the enemies of Sainte-Beuve (and they were many) failed to realize, says Professor Harper, was his almost incredible adaptability. "Beginning as a journalist in search of material, he habitually became interested as a moralist attracted by rare specimens of human nature, and often passed over into a stage of sympathy and acquiescence. He even adopts the tone of mind and the literary style of the subject. Then comes an inevitable cooling off, an inevitable disillusion, a final detachment, and the cry of apostasy is raised by those who fail to realize that with Sainte-Beuve criticism was an instinct and a passion."

Sainte-Beuve saw very little of the world outside of Paris, but that microcosm he knew from student's attic to the most exclusive circles, where he became a tolerated (and tol-

erating) intruder. For him it was all a matter of "copy." Some one who hated him once said that Sainte-Beuve would have scratched the ground with his finger-nails to gather material for his weekly articles. He was poor and dissolute. His mother, when complimented on her son's accomplishments, declared she would rather have given birth to a mason. Yet he held to his self-appointed task week in week out, year in and year out, like a "man grinding corn." Twice he stopped to deliver a course of lectures in Switzerland and in Belgium; he occupied for some time a post in the Mazarine Library; and toward the end of his life he became a Senator; but the journalistic output was not allowed to diminish. In March, 1844, he was elected to the Academy, after Victor Hugo had voted against him, it is said, eleven times. It was Hugo's official duty to deliver the address of welcome, Sainte-Beuve's to eulogize his predecessor. But under cover of perfect courtesy they took the opportunity to voice their mutual antagonism, Hugo lofty and rhetorical, Sainte-Beuve suave and cutting.

The three volumes of "Port-Royal" appeared between 1840-48, and were promptly put on the Index at Rome. Under cover of history—a "picture of austere Christianity"—Sainte-Beuve had introduced his own philosophical ideas. They were not Catholic. In the following year, 1849, appeared the first of his world-famous "Monday Chats."

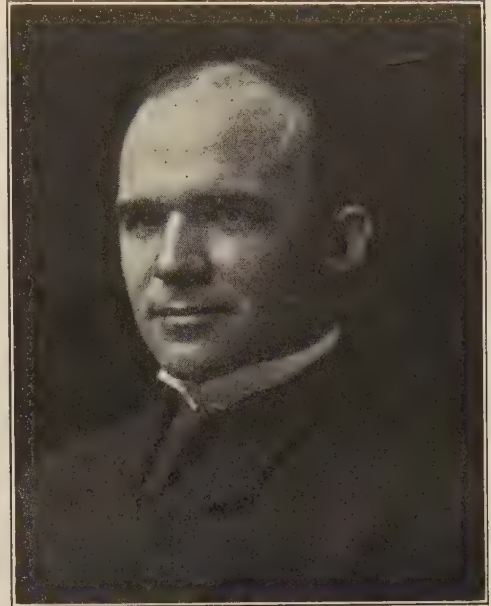
In 1865, Sainte-Beuve was made a senator by Louis Napoleon, whose government he had supported. "Almost at once a remarkable change came over him," writes Professor Harper. "He threw himself into the opposition. In fact, on some questions he was the opposition." He became the black sheep of the Senate; he proclaimed himself a Socialist. For those last four years of his life, he was, unreservedly, the "voice of radical France." Professor Harper continues:

"One of his books, written with his final strength, was an action, and a good action. It recounted with sympathy the life of an unpopular man, a man in civic and private virtues his very opposite . . . This book, a large part of which, it should be observed, was written immediately after his nomination to the Senate, was a bold declaration of political principle. It was a Life of Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, . . . formidable not only on account of the inexorable demand and close-woven logic of his system, but because his character was heroic and his career martyrdom. He is perhaps the political figure in nineteenth century France most worthy to

arouse enthusiasm. The integrity of his person, his humble origin, his long struggle against persecution, the vastness and withal the simplicity of his ideas, the startling accuracy of his prophecies, and finally the dignity of his domestic life, give to Proudhon's name something of antique worth."

This was the last great work of Sainte-Beuve. He died October 13, 1869, after years of physical suffering, and was buried, according to his will, without religious ceremony. Professor Harper writes in conclusion:

"Throughout his whole life there had been only one considerable restriction upon his complete independence, upon the free play of his mind. This, as he so often confessed, was the bondage of fleshly lusts. In every other respect he was his own master; and even taking into account this odious fetter, we may still regard him as the most detached and the most intelligent spirit since Goethe died. Risking the obvious retort that his slackness of moral fibre invalidates his authority in every sphere, I think we may see in him, as nearly as it is permitted us to see in any single human being, the reflection of the course of nineteenth century thought upon a pure intelligence, not only in the field of literary art, and perhaps not especially in this field, but in that of religion and politics. . . . Sainte-Beuve was a critic in the largest sense because he judged his century and foretold the needs of ours. Living in the nineteenth century and sharing its vicissitudes, he reached back



Photograph by Gessford

JESSE SYLVESTER ANDERSON

Mr. Anderson is popularly known as "Vet." He began life as a farmer, served his time as a soldier, and has ended as one of the brightest caricaturists of our time.

to the former age and forward to coming time. And in the exercise of this prophetic power he was more truly than in any other way the poet he aspired to be."

A RISING GENIUS IN AMERICAN CARICATURE

AMERICA has many cartoonists of talent, but very few artists of the higher type who depend upon pure caricature for their results. Fornaro does, but Fornaro is Italian; De Zayas does, but De Zayas is a Spaniard; Jesse Sylvester Anderson ("Vet") does, and Anderson is an American. He is thus on a lonesome eminence of his own, and is considered by many the greatest caricaturist of our day.

The cartoon and the caricature have much in common, but there is an important difference between them. The cartoon hits off a passing event that quickly loses its interest. The caricature hits off types of human nature, and the interest in human nature is perennial. Last year's cartoon is pretty apt to be stale this year; but the caricatures that Daumier made of public men in the epoch of Louis Philippe are still vital even to us of an alien race.

The caricature of a public man is both amusing and illuminating. It may not reveal the real man, but it is certain, if of any worth, to reveal much concerning the public's conception of him. Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, may be very far removed from the sanctimoniousness which is so appallingly conveyed into his features by Mr. Anderson on a following page; but the artist has faithfully hit off the conception of Mr. Rockefeller which, justly or unjustly, is being built up in the public mind.

According to a writer in *Hampton's Magazine*, Anderson was a farmer in Michigan until he was twenty-six, and left the farm to engage in the Spanish-American war. It was the money he earned soldiering that enabled him to make a start in an artistic way. He began drawing for a Detroit paper, then went to Chicago, and not long after was called to New York by the *Herald*, switching over



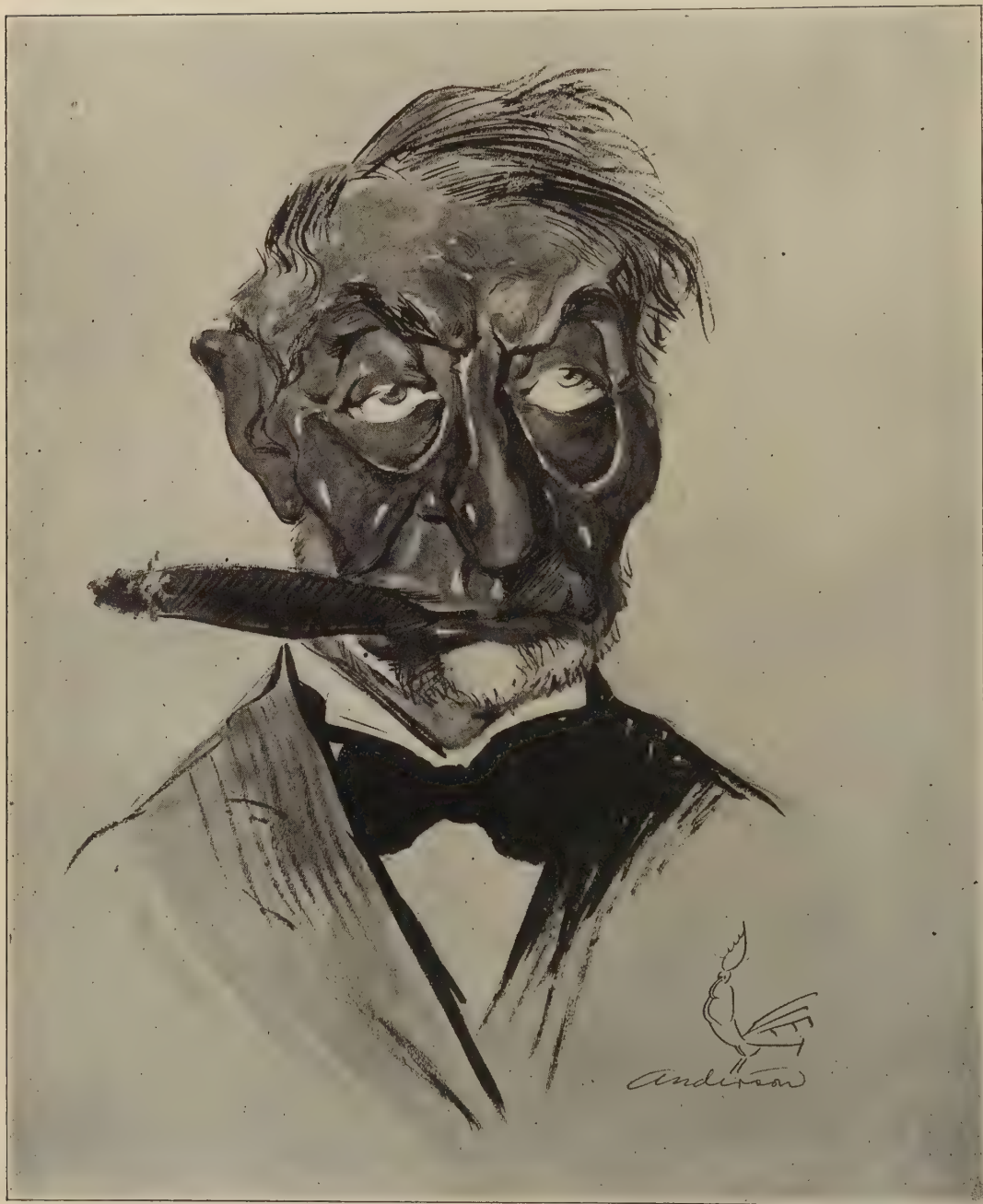
A SLAVONIC SANTA CLAUS

Tolstoy's beard and Mark Twain's hair seem to be equally attractive to the caricaturist.



CLOUD EFFECTS

If a hoary head were always a crown of glory, Mark Twain would have glory enough here to dazzle a world



WHO SAID "INSURGENTS?"

Uncle Joe Cannon can smoke a cigar and use a cuss word at one and the same time. You can see him doing both things here. But it is evident that he doesn't enjoy it.



"DO YOU LOVE THIS OLD MAN?"

This may not be John D. Rockefeller as he is, but it is John D. Rockefeller as he is seen by a considerable section of the American public. Was sanctimoniousness ever made more frightful by pen or brush?



TRYING TO COMPETE WITH TAFT

We can't tell just what makes Mr. Charles Frohman look so happy; but we think he must be trying his best to imitate the President's smile.

later to the *Telegraph* and more recently to *The World*. New York City fascinates him, for, he says, it is itself one great caricature of the average American city. We have *The Phrenological Journal's* word for it that Anderson's "basilar brain, from occiput to the perceptive faculties, is largely developed, which gives him executive ability and enables him to be very rapid in his movements, agile and quick in his conception of ideas; in fact,

his mind seems to act and react like a flash of lightning when he is working up any special idea." His intellect is, we are further assured, "exceedingly perceptive" even "making due allowance for any frontal sinus that may exist on account of his Motive-Mental Temperament." We don't know just what all this means, but it sounds impressive and convincing and helps one to understand clearly what a great caricaturist "Vet" must be!

PRAGMATISM AS A STRANGLER OF LITERATURE



PRAGMATISM continues to be the watch-word of the day, and is coming, more and more, to be accepted both in this country and in Europe as an authentic expression of the typical American spirit. In a recent work* published in Paris and devoted to a consideration of the intellectual bearings of the new philosophy, Prof. Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, pays a remarkable tribute to its strength, while deploring its inroads. There can be no doubt, he thinks, that it already represents the attitude of the *élite* in America. "By *élite*," he explains, "I mean those who make the nation what she is, the kings of industry, the great promoters." He goes on to say:

"It is only necessary to know a little of the history of the great architects of American civilization—not the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Roosevelts, but the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Pierpont Morgans and, sometimes, even the Tweeds and the Crokers—to be assured of this. The latest of these colossi, Harriman, the 'Napoleon of the railroads,' has been admirably characterized by Lefevre, a writer well known in America, in the following terms: 'This man is efficiency mad; he desires results and he obtains results. He considers unproductive labor immoral.' This is the credo of all these men of the *élite*, enterprising, energetic, magnificent, who represent in the entire world the American type. The intellectuals are not different. Very recently the editor of *The American Journal of Sociology*, Prof. A. W. Small, published in his periodical some sincere pages in which he voiced a fear that American thinkers may stray into 'unproductive' researches. . . . Contempt for the contemplative or esthetic life is general."

But what is likely to be the effect of this attitude, Professor Schinz asks, on intellectual aspirations, and especially upon literature? It is bound to do harm, he affirms, for it robs the "intellectuals" for the benefit of the masses, and thus condemns to a dead level of mediocrity the spiritual life of an entire people. Not only, he continues, do this so-called system of philosophy (which in the last analysis is only a device for dispensing with philosophy), and the utilitarian spirit out of which it springs, taint every form of intellectual activity, but they render well-nigh impossible the production of a literature of breadth and depth by imposing trammels alike upon thought and the presentation of thought.

It has frequently been insinuated of late in American newspapers and magazines that a frank and thoroughgoing discussion of vital subjects is becoming increasingly difficult in America by reason of the tyrannical attitude of a narrow public opinion which editors and publishers dare not resist. Professor Schinz proclaims boldly that public opinion in America, being based upon a pragmatic attitude to life, is hopelessly hostile to all writing which does not serve a perfectly definite material or moral end (hence the contemptuous treatment so often meted out to the two most original American authors, Whitman and Poe) and that this uncompromising hostility is responsible for most of the defects and limitations of American literature. It prevents the cultivation of any art "which is not accessible to the masses, which is not reduced to the level of their intelligence," and which does not flatter the pretensions of democracy. It renders impossible a literature of ideas.

The author draws a highly suggestive parallel between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon, and, more specifically, between the French and the American view of the liberty of the author.

*ANTI-PRAGMATISME. Examen des Droits Respectifs de l'Aristocratie Intellectuelle et de la Démocratie Sociale. By Albert Schinz. Paris: Félix Alcan.

"Rhetoric apart," he says, "the Anglo-Saxon argument comes to this: society is established upon certain moral and social principles which assure order; to suggest doubts as to the validity of these principles amounts to overturning the foundations of society, to fomenting disorder and anarchy. The very fact that certain men, thanks to their natural talents, occupy in a way the positions of directors of conscience, augments further their responsibility to society for the opinions they express. Writers, then, should never discuss moral problems in a manner to lead the public astray. . . . The moralists who are disposed to forbid a free discussion of such subjects as are put into dramas or novels by certain writers are preoccupied, first of all, with the future of democracy. They do not really discuss the question of literary art. They aim simply to defend an *égalitaire* society against an art too free and too dangerous for it."

The attitude of the French and the other Latins is just the reverse of this. The *sapere aude* ("dare to know") of Horace (which Professor Schinz has placed on the cover and title-page of his book) he holds to be the true motto. "The Frenchman," says Professor Schinz "seems not to care at all, or in any case, to care very little, for immediate consequences when he defends, in his works of art, theories which are not susceptible of being equitably and justly appreciated by the great public. He writes as if the mediocre-minded masses did not exist or, at any rate, as if these masses had at least sense enough to leave one side that which they cannot comprehend. So it is that a writer, if he has an idea of value to propose and to defend, speaks out with an absolute indifference to results."

It would be a great mistake to think, however (as is sometimes thought today), Professor Schinz continues, that the Latin writers take no interest in social and moral problems. It would even be a great mistake to think that this is the ordinary attitude of French literary artists. All sorts of practical questions are examined by them as in the Anglo-Saxon countries. "The whole difference," he observes, "lies in the spirit in which they are treated. The Anglo-Saxons insist that literature respect absolutely the moral laws governing our societies, point out the value and, perhaps, the beauty of them and encourage the public to observe them. The Latins contend that literature should not be considered bound by obligations of this nature in undertaking the study of moral prob-

lems." From this it follows that "the authors of real value in France, thanks to the liberty they enjoy of being able to treat all subjects, even the most delicate moral questions, possess extraordinary advantages as compared with the authors of certain other countries. American authors, for instance, are badly handicapped by the respect they must show to a highly sensitive public; they are deprived of their liberty by social circumstances."

Professor Schinz remarks that the situation resolves itself into a dilemma. "The Anglo-Saxon point of view is legitimate," he says, "in that it takes account of the social ideal of the present time and false in that it does not take account of art. While the Anglo-Saxon point of view safeguards public morality at the expense of liberty in art and thought, the Latin point of view *vice versa* safeguards liberty of thought and of artistic expression at the expense of public morality in the actual conditions of society. The two points of view are irreducible to the same terms as long at least as their representatives remain consistent with their premises."

While admitting that liberty of expression may do harm to public morality, Professor Schinz points out that this harm, so far as France is concerned, is not as great as it might seem to be at first blush, because thoroughgoing, disturbing works are not read there by the same classes as would read them in America. He explains:

"In France, tradition was strongly established and the triumph of democracy did not come of itself. After the Revolution of 1789, the revolutions of 1830, 1848, of 1871 were necessary in politics; from the social point of view, thanks to the help of the Catholic tradition, a sort of equilibrium was established and the Utopian spirits of the Saint-Simons, the Fouriers, the Cabets, forced the chiefs of the nation to take the masses into account more and more, without however putting them in power. In the intellectual domain especially, a tacit accord was quickly concluded and long maintained (it is not even yet absolutely abandoned) by which it was agreed that those at the top should be free in their speculations and that those below should have popular leaders of pragmatistical tendencies to guide them; a bourgeois art and literature adapted to mediocre intelligence, a popular science, etc., were even formed. A Victor Hugo was the ransom for a Taine or a Renan, an Alexander Dumas was the ransom for a Stendhal or a Barbey d'Aureville, a Coppée for a Lecomte de Lisle or a Guyau, a Jules Verne for a Claude Bernard or a Berthelot. Throughout the nineteenth century the two currents advanced along

parallel lines. It was well and everybody was satisfied; the few were free to develop the faculties which honor man, were free to think; the many received more and more *panem et circenses*, and even, if they had the desire, the *illusion* of thought. There was nothing to prevent profiting by all the advantages of material civilization, the discoveries of science, the simplification of life, etc. A society thus organized was capable of going far; although account was taken of the natural inequalities of men, the passage from one class to another was easy; it could satisfy everybody; it did not render necessary the pragmatic deceit; it did not sacrifice an *élite* to the inferior portion of humanity.

If one compares two such countries as America and France, Professor Schinz says, one will be struck by just this difference—that in France the two publics exist, in America only the one. The argument proceeds:

"It is perfectly true that before the Revolution there was only one public in France also, the cultivated public. The mass of the people could neither read nor write. Since the Revolution, however, conditions have changed; democracy quickly created a public for a popular literature and such a literature was not slow in being invented. But many authors of mark, as soon as this tendency manifested itself, opposed themselves to this system of degrading literature to the level of the social democracy and maintained the ideal of a literature destined for the intellectual aristocracy. The conflict lasted throughout the entire nineteenth century (recall the names of Musset, Vigny; Baudelaire, Barbey d'Aurévilly, Flaubert, Lecomte de Lisle, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, etc.). Even after the democratic ideal had prevailed in political and social life, a strongly organized protest continued to be made against its introduction into literature and into art. . . . These efforts have not been vain, for there are in France today two literatures evolving along parallel lines: the old, traditional, artistic literature, to understand which a solid culture is necessary . . . and a popular literature. Thus French authors are not constrained to maintain themselves in an unfortunate mediocrity in order to find readers (which does not mean that there are not some who do this); but, in general, an author decides at the beginning of his career for the higher or the lower art (*'l'art d'en haut ou l'art d'en bas'*). A considerable literature for the masses exists already—Paul de Kock, Sue, Dumas *père*, Ohnet, etc. As to the writers who approach a subject seriously and treat it with thoroughness, they can count upon another public which will understand them, a more restricted public, of course, the public of the *élite*."

There is no occasion to be surprised, therefore, adds Professor Schinz, at the attitude

adopted by the majority of the moralists of America and even of England toward French literature (of the *élite*) and toward the work of such authors as Pinero and Shaw. "They read our authors," he says, "and judge them bad because they do not find them adapted to their public, to the democratic masses. But in France the intellectual portion of society forms a public apart, which not only supports admirably a treatment of social problems that would be hardly desirable for the masses, but which would have nothing to do with an author who should limit himself to sifting over and over conventional ideas; for them an author who has nothing to say except that which each one knows already had better keep silent."

With regard to the ultimate outcome of pragmatic tendencies, Professor Schinz hesitates to commit himself. He expresses a fear, however, (grounded in his conviction that the pragmatic attitude is destined to go from victory to victory) that the golden age of literature in America is past. He declares:

"There is less liberty of thought today than formerly, for the reason that, in a milieu which seeks in ideas only a means of acting and of acting with a view to success in practical life, certain ideas must not be put into circulation. Conclusion: let thought be muzzled. The great era of the American nation in political power, in social importance, is probably yet to come: we have only seen their preliminary manifestations: tomorrow will eclipse today as today has eclipsed yesterday. But the classic period, from the intellectual, literary and philosophical point of view, may well be behind."

Professor Schinz also fears that France will not be able to conserve forever her present literary advantage in view of the increasing inroads of democracy upon the domain of art, even there. But he sees a ray of hope for both France and America in the development and growth of cosmopolitanism.

"Parallel with the development of democracy, and, for that matter, a direct result of it, appears another current, that of cosmopolitanism: the effects of this current will doubtless be felt in the higher spheres of life as well as elsewhere. The intellectual classes of the different nations, instead of remaining completely isolated from one another, may be able to enter into more intimate relations and affirm their vitality more forcibly by solidarity; in a word, assume better than they do now the moral direction of the world. Certain signs indicate a slow but sure advance in this direction."

SWINBURNE: THE LAST OF THE GIANTS



THE recent death of Swinburne was divested of the element of personal sorrow. He had dwelled, secure of immortality, among the Pines of Putney Hill, with his friend and mentor, Watts-Dunton, in splendid aloofness for so many years that he had somehow outgrown human sympathy and human proportions. His literary stature was gigantic. He was the last of the giants, the latest born and the last survivor of the great romantic poets who have dominated English literature ever since the first songs of Blake rose almost unheard so long ago; and his death, in the words of the London *Times*, marks the close of an heroic age in English poetry, as the death of Tintoret marked the close of an heroic age in Italian art. True, it admits, one of Swinburne's great companions still survives; but, as a poet, Mr. George Meredith is troubled with our later emotional scepticisms, wandering between two worlds, laboring to make an instrument for the expression of ideas still too new to be expressed in terms of beauty. Swinburne belonged altogether to a world of poetry that has died with him. He was the heir of all the ages and the last inheritor of a great tradition.

Swinburne was a classic for more than half his life. It is safe to say, *The Saturday Review* asserts, that his characteristic note, the note to which he owes not only his fame but also his symbolic importance, was struck in the sixties. If he had died after giving "Atalanta in Calydon" and the first series of "Poems and Ballads" to a world shocked and charmed, he would still have ranked with the immortals. The notion persists that Swinburne was a poet of passion, and that he glorified the flesh in his lyric raptures. It is generally admitted to-day by the elect that while his verse possesses the matchless magic of verbal music, his passion is unconvincing, and where it is convincing, unhuman. There is a reflection of Greece in "Atalanta," but in "Poems and Ballads" the medieval spirit prevails. He writes of love and lust not lustily and joyously as a Hellene, but like a monk to whom the Cytherean is a she-devil, not a goddess. "Here," Mr. Francis Hackett observes in the *Friday Literary Review* of the Chicago *Evening Post*, "the poet is to be seen in perhaps his truest aspect as a rebellious and perverse spirit out of the renaissance, that renaissance which John Ruskin and William Morris damned so heartily and of which John Ad-

dington Symonds pointed out that, in seeking to imitate the healthy animalism of the ancients, the period but called into being curious and devilish orgies that no Greek could have understood." Mr. Hackett writes further:

"The objections raised against the poems on the ground of morality may be thrown out of court without further ado. The question is wholly an esthetic one, and the temper of modern art is favorable to the frankest utterances concerning the love-passion. But it is hardly of love in its normal, human aspects that the poet had chosen to speak. Laughter-loving Aphrodite has become

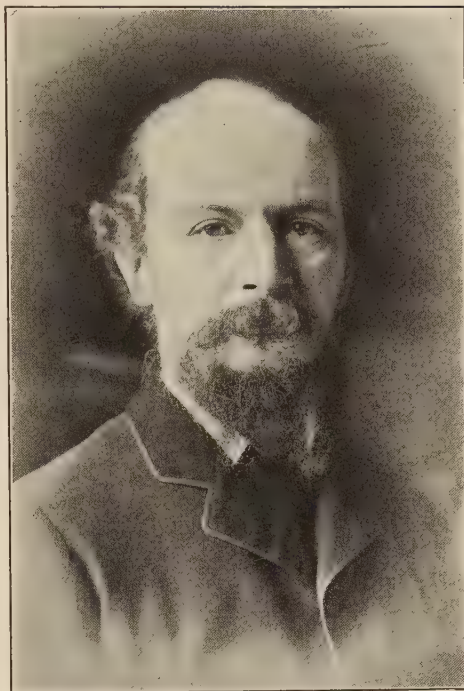
That obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
That thing transformed which was the Cytherean,
With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine
Long since, and face no more called Erycine—
A ghost, a bitter and luxurious god.

"'Poems and Ballads' may be called a monument to a lost opportunity. Swinburne might have anointed with the chrism of poesy the things of the flesh equally with the things of the spirit. Instead, he assured the world, in words curiously like those of some medieval saint, that the love and desire of woman is a thing 'bitter,' 'deadly,' 'shameful.' The things of the flesh he has baptized with blood and ashes, and with an anathema far more terrible than any issued by the petty Anthony Comstocks of prose, has well-nigh succeeded in banishing them from the domain of art. And when they are finally welcomed back it will be not because of but in despite the erotic poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne."

Where, asks a writer in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, is there any joy in Swinburne's presentation of love? There are languors and longings and regrets of passion, which is apparently regarded as a terrible necessity of man's lower nature. "Everywhere," the writer continues, "he threatens, disenchanters, destroys illusions, and reminds the reader of the brevity and deceptions of such pleasures, as the austere ancient prophet warned sinners of the 'burning for beauty' which would be the portion of sensualists. What is Dolores, Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, the 'mystical rose of the mire,' but Jenny expressed in more fleshly terms? The 'graven image of Desire' is 'painted with red blood on a ground of gold.' In the 'Ballad of Burdens,' the refrain, 'This is the end of every man's desire,' tolls like a passing-bell. In such phrases as 'Pain and Pleasure, insatiable Satiety,' and 'the strange loves that suck the breasts of Hate,' he reveals a deep and gloomy

knowledge of the worthlessness of mere passion." Swinburne's passion, it seems, was largely cerebral. His friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, is said to have remarked to Mr. John Butler Yeats, "I am passionate, but he"—pointing to Swinburne, "he has no passion." That is the reason, perhaps, why our first great enthusiasms for Swinburne are, as a rule, of brief duration. There was in him, however, that touch of "curiosity" which Pater characterizes as the essence of romanticism in art. It was this curiosity that led him into alien literatures and into strange by-ways of passion. It was Swinburne, William Marion Reedy reminds us, in the *St. Louis Mirror*, who discovered to the English Gautier and Hugo and Baudelaire. In "Atalanta in Calydon" he was hailed as nearer to the Greeks than any singer since the last man of the Anthology. No man ever gave the world such a savor of what Sappho is supposed to have been, and his "Last Oracle," in its assertion of the glory of Apollo, was as veritable as if it were framed contemporaneously with the work of Philostratus setting up Appolonius of Tyana as a counter-Christ of paganism. "The Garden of Proserpine" gave us the greying glories of a dying creed, and the ode to the queen of the dead, with its echo of Julian's defiant death cry, "Thou has conquered, O pale Galilean," was in its way as authentic as if written for the last of the Caesars. And as his tragic trilogy of "Chastelard," "Bothwell," "Mary Stuart" appeared, the world found in the poet no small echo of the Elizabethans. "Like them," Mr. Reedy affirms, "he was somewhat Italianate in tone, inclined to extravagance, but defeated, as I have always thought, by a repression proceeding from his culture, and, too, by a strongly defined but indescribable suggestion as of impotency of passion, which some might call insatiability."

"It is with a sense of disloyalty to one's golden, warm, generous youth, that one writes these things. They are true, but they are traitorous to the memories of our orgiastic enjoyment of the 'Dedication,' 'Dolores,' 'Anactoria,' 'Faustine,' 'Felise,' and other poems that we recited to girls, some of whom are grandmothers now. We go back to those poems now, to 'Laus Veneris,' to his Arthurian poems and we find them cloying. We read his poem to Landor and we find in it, with all its beauty, something of the meretricious, as of a part with his having his picture taken at the feet of Adah Isaacs Menken. Also as we range through those earlier glories we detect there something—well, psychopathic, abnormal, a scent and color as of Baudelaire's 'Flowers of



A CLASSIC FOR MORE THAN HALF HIS LIFE

Mr. Swinburne's characteristic note, the note to which he owes not only his fame, but also his symbolic importance, was struck nearly fifty years ago.

Evil,' a sinister sense of the morbid that we didn't quite catch when we came first upon his raptures over Gautier's 'golden book of spirit and sense,' 'M'd'llie de Maupin,' 'Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe?' But youth knew and loved Swinburne and will know and love him for all time. He voices as no one has ever voiced youth's own peculiar combination of pessimism and hope, faith and atheism. No one has ever come nearer than he has come to the expression of that phase of love in which love recoils, falls back upon itself defeated in aspiration of complete attainment. None ever made Death more beautiful, more desirable, crowned the grinning skull with lovelier roses. No one ever sang more splendidly of revolution or pleaded with such inimitable pungency for the joy of living in the face of the certainty of doom. His women's names are more beautiful than those of Rossetti's hand-maidens to the 'Blessed Damozel'—'Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores, Felise and Yolande and Juliette.' Their 'limbs are as melodies yet and they move to the music of passion with a lithe and lascivious regret.' Still, steals over us the wistfulness of the 'Forsaken Garden,' which no other has led us to or through, save Boecklin, in his picture 'Villa Sur Mer.' With none other do we so sympathetically drain with Tristan and Iseult the cup of Brangwyn, and never as in the poem 'Anactoria' do we hear the voice of love saying that the fullness of love is still not enough

for love. Nowhere else can we find the thrill of 'love that caught new light from Death's own eyes.' While youth is youth love is love and art is art and the stars and the seas speak to one another in language of infinite mystery, Algernon Charles Swinburne will rank as one of the world's greatest poets."

Swinburne's greatness rests not alone on his verse; he was also one of the great stylists of the age. His style was mannered, over-alliterative and ornate, at times almost to the verge of absurdity; but in spite of its over-elaboration, the poet's meaning was always clear and his music, even in prose, distinct and distinctive. His prose was chiefly critical, but to him the art of criticism was the art of praise. He is the most generous of critics; his laudations of his favorites are almost apotheoses. In controversy, however, he was vituperative and vindictive. His method, Claudius Clear affirms in *The British Weekly* was apparently slow and clumsy. He was like a huge serpent rolling and twisting himself until he got an opportunity to plant his sting. "Put," the writer declares, "he generally managed to plant his sting." To quote:

"Swinburne could be very powerful in prose, especially when he was praising, and in praising he had a noble pleasure. His articles on Rossetti and Arnold are fine pieces of work, and of the Elizabethan dramatists he had an unrivalled knowledge. But no prose style is more dangerous to imitate than his style, and when he was carried away by pique he was as childish, as foolish, and as impertinent as any critic could possibly be. Still, his criticism is by no means to be neglected, though as a critic he cannot be compared to his friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton. Even his Shakespearean papers are of far less value than those of Mr. Watts-Dunton. It was to his honor that he saw the greatness of Emily Brontë before it had been generally recognized. He saw also and told the public in his intemperate way, that George Eliot was not a genius in the same sense as Charlotte Brontë was a genius. He saw at first the greatness of Walt Whitman, but went back upon himself. He saw and praised magnificently the genius of Arnold, but when he found that Arnold detested his work he cooled considerably."

Swinburne's first reviews, the same writer informs us, were published in the London *Spectator*. In the same stately periodical "Faustine," the most daring of all his poems, made its first appearance. To read it, as it then appeared, with the theological articles before it and theological articles behind it, Claudius Clear remarks, is an experience not

easily to be forgotten. Mr. Swinburne never tried his hand successfully at narrative prose. He has only a curious little tale entitled "Dear Love" and a novel, recently published, "Love's Cross Currents" to his credit, or rather to his discredit, if the truth must be told. His chief ambition was to be a writer of plays. But his lyric temperament runs away with his situations. His plays, while rich in music and spiced with noble and sonorous lines, are so long-winded that it is impossible even to read them, and quite impossible to produce them on the stage, except as an experiment in the curious. When the public and the critics declined to take them seriously, he replied that it was so much the worse for the public and the critics, he did not write for them. He did not even write for posterity. When asked for whom he did write, he remarked with scorn, that he wrote for antiquity!

Swinburne was never personally popular. Outside of the Rossetti coterie, and his two friends Meredith and Watts-Dunton, he was cordially disliked. When, at the death of Tennyson, a new Poet Laureate came to be chosen, he was overlooked by the powers that be, partly because of his repeated shocks to British prejudice in his early poems, partly, no doubt, because his personal following was small. He was never popular, and probably always will be a poet's poet. Last year, by way of a tardy recognition, a Nobel prize fell to him. It was understood, the Boston *Transcript* sarcastically remarks, that the consolation prize came at an opportune time, considering the condition of his affairs, in his seventy-second year! Westminster, barred to Byron, is also barred to him. He himself, selected his burial place in a little graveyard overlooking the sea, on the Isle of Wight. He had specifically asked that no religious service should be held over his coffin, but owing to the absence of Watts-Dunton, chained to his bed by an attack of influenza, the poet's wishes were disregarded and the funeral sermon of a faith that to him was a meaningless jumble of words was read at his grave. The few friends who attended the funeral, among these Meredith, were too shocked by this disregard of the dead man's last behest to protest. There is no truth in the rumor that he had joined the Catholic Church.

Of Swinburne's personal life almost nothing is known. He is said to have been, at one time of his career, addicted to hasheesh. Nordau speaks of him as a "higher degenerate," and Gertrude Atherton in a recent book has hinted that his chief inspiration was drink.

and that the moment Mr. Watts-Dunton's friendly care redeemed him from the "Demon Rum," he ceased to be a poet. It was ungracious to publish such a book during the poet's lifetime, but now that he is no more, it assumes importance as a valuable human document. On the other hand, Richard Henry Stoddard vouches for the purity of the poet's life. He finds, so the London *Graphic* assures us, in reviewing the poets that have sung since the days of Christopher Marlowe, few who command respect for what they were as well as for what they wrote, who were men first and poets afterward. In this small group he places the gracious figure of Shakespeare, the stern figure of Milton, the thoughtful figure of Wordsworth, but not that of Burns, nor of Byron, nor yet of Shelley. He does include, however, the scholarly Swinburne. It may be said of him, as of a Latin predecessor of the "fleshly school of poetry": "Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste." The London *Times* says:

"His salient characteristic was his bounding, exuberant vitality. And this vitality, never squandered on external activity or adventure, was all directed—was forced by the dæmon that possessed him—into one channel, the channel of his poetry. Life, love, freedom, the wayward moods, fierce passions, and primal might of the sea, the massive re-creative force of the imperturbable progress of the native country whose true place in man's history he lived long enough to recognize—these are the subjects of which he sings. No matter what his pretext—a hymn to the Queen of Death, 'a new tune on a baby's toes,' a savage imprecation hurled at Church or State, or a frenzied chant of physical passion borrowed from Provence or Greece—he has always one message, Life. He was a golden mouthpiece, through which the eternal force of Life breathed its divine music."

Now that he is dead, anecdotes crop up about him which reveal his infirmities and bring his humanity nearer to us. Claudius Clear, who seems to have known him well, tells us that he was extremely difficult of hearing, and that his deafness, at last almost total, excluded him from general society. Swinburne, we learn from another source, was physically insignificant looking. He was scarcely five feet two inches in height, slight of feature, exceedingly thin and pale. By disposition, he was extremely irascible. On one occasion, after a dinner at the London Arts Club, he could not find his hat and became so enraged that he made an attack on the cloak-room, flung the hats of the other guests out on the floor and danced on them. This led *Punch* to write a

parody of the poet's Greek manner in a comic drama in which the members of the club formed the *dramatis personae*, and policemen called in to stop the row appeared as a chorus. The members of the club at the climax of the affair chanted:

As forests with tempests that wrestle
From the hat-racks our hats are torn down.

CHORUS OF POLICEMEN.

The Englishman's house is his castle,
The Englishman's hat is his crown.

The New York *Evening Post* is sponsor for the story that the poet was seen on the day of a storm pacing swiftly back and forth in a room, mouthing out poetry to the rhythm of the elements and raising his voice in a defiant shout at the rattle of the thunder. On one occasion, when a cabman asked him for more pay, the fellow was deluged with choruses from the Greek tragedians till he drove away as from a madman. Even Parliament was afraid of the poet's temper. In one of his poems Swinburne distinctly apotheosized regicide and poured the vials of his poetic wrath on the Russian Tsar. An inquiry was made by a member of the House of Commons whether he could be indicted for inciting to murder, but the speaker replied that the House had no control over the poet Swinburne. George Meredith in a last tribute to his brother-Victorian, tells the following charming story of how "Laus Veneris," Swinburne's most celebrated poem, came to be written:

"It happened that Swinburne was expected one day on a visit to me, and he being rather late, I went along the road to meet him. At last he appeared waving the white sheets of what seemed to be a pamphlet. He greeted me with a triumphant shout and a stanza new to my ears. It was FitzGerald's 'Omar Khayyam,' and we lay on a heathery knoll beside my cottage reading a stanza alternately, indifferent to the dining bell, until a prolonged summons reminded us of our appetite.

"After the meal we took to the paper-covered treasure again. Suddenly Swinburne ran upstairs and I had my anticipations. He returned with a feather pen, a blue folio sheet, and a dwarf bottle of red ink. In an hour he had finished thirteen stanzas of his 'Laus Veneris,' and rarely can one poet have paid so high a compliment to another as FitzGerald received then."

"Those who follow this great poet to his grave," Mr. Meredith concluded, "may take it to heart that the name of Swinburne is one to shine star-like in English literature, a peer among our noblest."

Religion and Ethics

IS IMMORTALITY DESIRABLE?

T IS symptomatic of the spiritual temper of our age that such a question as the above should be raised at all. To the older Christian thinkers there would have been something impious in questioning either the fact or the desirability of immortality. But G. Lowes Dickinson, who has come to America under the terms of the Ingersoll bequest to deliver this year's lecture at Harvard University on immortality, evidently feels that the problem of man's life after death is far from being settled. His point of view, as revealed in an essay in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is that of a scholar who examines fairly all reasonable theories on the subject, and leaves it with a hope that we may ultimately pursue to a successful issue "the illusive ideal of which we are always in quest."

As he looks out over the modern world, he distinguishes three main attitudes in regard to the question. There are those who do not think about immortality at all; there are those who fear it; and there are those who desire it.

The first class probably comprises the vast majority of people. The normal attitude of men towards death seems to be one of inattention or evasion. They do not trouble about it; they do not want to trouble about it; and they resent its being called to their notice. And this, Mr. Dickinson believes, is as true of those who nominally accept Christianity as of those who reject any form of religion. In this connection he relates a story of Frederic Myers, who in conversation after dinner one evening was pressing on his host the unwelcome question of life after death. After many evasions and much recalcitancy, the reluctant admission was extorted: "Of course, if you press me, I believe that we shall enter into eternal bliss; but I wish you wouldn't talk about such disagreeable subjects." This Mr. Dickinson believes is the normal mood of most men. They don't want to be worried; and tho probably, if the question were pressed, they would object to the idea of extinction, they can hardly be said to desire immortality. It would seem that this attitude persists even to the point of death. Thus Professor Osler bears testimony: "I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied

particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no signs one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting."

But most men in some moods, and some men continually, do reflect on the subject, and have conscious and definite desires about it. Of these, Mr. Dickinson remarks, not all desire immortality; and some are so far from desiring it that they passionately crave extinction, and would receive the news that they survive death, not with exultation, but with despair. The two positions need to be differentiated. On the one hand, a man may simply have had enough of life without having any quarrel with it, and may prefer to the idea of continued existence that of oblivion and repose. Such, according to Metschnikoff, would be the normal attitude of men if they were not habitually cut off before the natural term of life, a term which he puts at well over a hundred years. And such seems, in fact, to be the attitude of some of the finest natures. It finds classic expression in the lines of the poet Landor:

I strove with none, for none was worth my
 strife;
Nature I loved and next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks and I am ready to depart.

On the other hand, there are those who consider life a positive evil, and who not merely acquiesce in, but desire, extinction. These are the pessimists. "They are more numerous," Mr. Dickinson asserts, "than is often believed, and they are apt to be regarded by the plain man with a certain moral reprobation." He writes further:

"That this should be so is an interesting testimony to the instinctive optimism of mankind. But the optimism, it will perhaps be agreed, is commonly less profound than the pessimism. Whatever may be the promise of life, it is, as we know it, to those who look at it fairly and

straight, very terrible, unjust, and cruel. And if any conceivable subsequent life must be of the same character as this, no freer from limitation, no richer in hope, no fuller in achievement, then the pessimist has at any rate a strong *prima facie* case."

The third great class in Mr. Dickinson's category is composed of those whose attitude is neither indifferent nor acquiescent. They have a genuine longing for immortality. Some of these are people who simply do not want to die, and whose desire for immortality is merely the expression of this feeling. Old people, sick people, often cling in this way to life. But theirs is not a particularly noble attitude. Some thinkers have held that life is an "eternal recurrence," that we live it over and over again. Nietzsche—a "remarkable man of genius" in Mr. Dickinson's eyes—welcomed this theory as the great redeeming hope. In one of his rhapsodies he cries:

"Oh! How could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?"

"Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman I love; for I love thee, O eternity!"

"For I love thee, O eternity!"

But can more ordinary and commonplace mortals feel in the same way? Mr. Dickinson leaves the question open.

He passes on to a consideration of the Christian conception of immortality. "Let us take it," he says, "in its simple uncompromising form, the Last Judgment, and then heaven or hell for all eternity. I am aware, of course, that it is not in this form that many or most Christians now conceive the life after death. But the old and simple view is of philosophic as well as historic importance; and it is well worth considering here. Without discussing, at present, the exact nature of heaven and hell, and assuming the orthodox descriptions to be allegorical, let us assume that by heaven we mean all that the noblest men would desire, and by hell all that the basest men would fear; and let us ask, Would any immortality involving both heaven and hell be more desirable than extinction?" Mr. Dickinson continues:

"From the humanitarian point of view, which is now so prevalent, and with which I, at any rate, have no intention of quarreling, I believe most men would reply that extinction would be better. Most good men who might with reason expect heaven would, I suspect, prefer to resign it if they can only have it on condition that

others—no matter though they be the wicked—are enduring hell. This, to my mind, is a notable advance of the morality exhibited in the often-quoted passage of Tertullian. But it must be remembered that spirits much nobler and profounder than he have accepted with solemn and deliberate approbation the doctrine of hell. Remember the astounding words of Dante, written over the gate of his *Inferno*: 'It was justice that moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love.'

"Was Dante, then, less humane than smaller men of to-day? I doubt it; he had a deeper spring of tenderness as well as of sternness. But—and this is the point I want to have considered—he believed in Retribution. That I think is the root of the Christian idea, so far as it does not spring from mere cupidity or cruelty. That the wicked should be punished and the good rewarded; that, it affirms, is, in itself, a positive good far greater than happiness or perfection. The view is by no means extinct; it underlies, I believe, most men's attitude towards punishment, in spite of the superficial prevalence of utilitarianism; it was passionately preached by Carlyle; and I have myself heard a philosopher (need I say he was a Scotchman?) argue that a world containing crime is better than a world free from it, because the punishment of crime is so transcendent a good. I leave it to the reader's reflection to what extent these views may be shared. For my own part, in my deliberate judgment, I regard them with something approaching horror."

It is natural, next, to suggest that the immortality that is desirable would be some kind of heaven not conditioned by the existence of a hell. But this theory appeals to Mr. Dickinson as little as the other. He says:

"If I am not much mistaken, there are few intelligent people who look forward with real satisfaction to the traditional Christian heaven. It has always been extraordinarily difficult to picture a condition of perfect satisfaction and goodness. The *Paradiso* of Dante is indeed, for its superhuman beauty, an achievement one might have thought must be impossible to human genius. Yet do we feel exactly that we wish to enter it? And no one is likely, I think, in such a matter to surpass Dante."

Mr. Dickinson's conclusion is that the object of our desire is "unknown to us," and "unimaginable save in the faintest and most symbolical adumbrations." Does it follow, then, that we have no more use for heaven than for hell? "I do not think so," Mr. Dickinson replies, "but rather that by heaven we really mean the ultimate term of a process in which we are engaged, but of the end of which we can only say that it is good. I say 'we;'

and I say so because I think that there are many people who in this matter agree with me. But at this point it may really be more modest to say 'I,' to tell simply how I feel, and to ask the reader whether he feels the same." The argument proceeds:

"I find then that, to me, in my present experience, the thing that at bottom matters most is the sense I have of something in me making for more life and better. All my pain is at last a feeling of the frustration of this; all my happiness a feeling of its satisfaction. I do not know what this is; I am not prepared to give a coherent account of it; I ought not, very likely, to call it 'it'; and to imply the category of substance. I will abandon, if necessary, under criticism any particular terms in which I may try to describe it; I will abandon anything except *Itself*. For *It* is real. *It* governs all my experience, and determines all my judgments of value. If pleasure hampers it, I do not desire pleasure; if pain further's it I do desire pain. And what I feel in myself, I infer in others. If I may be allowed to use that ambiguous and question-begging word 'soul,' then I agree with the poet Browning that 'little else is worth study save the development of a soul.'

"The distinctions between people that finally matter are not those of wealth or rank, or of what is called success or failure; they are those of growth of soul. This is to me the bottom fact of experience. And no one can go any further with me in my argument who does not find in my words an indication, however imperfect, of something which they know, in their own lives, to be real. What then is it that this which I call 'the soul' seeks? It seeks what is good; but it does not know what is ultimate good. As a seventeenth-century writer has well put it: 'We love we know not what, and therefore everything allures us. As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communication between them, so is there in us a world of Love to somewhat, though we know not what, in the world that should be. There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some great thing?' This 'great thing' it is our business to find out by experience. We do find many good things, but there are always other and better beyond. That is why it is hazardous to fix one's ideal, and say finally, 'This or that would be heaven.' For we may find, as the voyagers did in Browning's 'Paracelsus,' that the real heaven lies always beyond; beyond each good we may attain here; but also, which is my present point, beyond death."

The whole strength of the case for immortality, as a thing to be desired, then, lies in

"the fact that no one in this life attains his ideal." Mr. Dickinson adds:

"The soul, even of the best and most fortunate of us, does not achieve the good of which she feels herself to be capable, and in which alone she can rest. The potentiality is not fully realized. I do not infer from this that life has no value if the Beyond is cut off. That, I think, is contrary to most men's experience. The goods we have here are real goods, and we may find the evil more than compensated by them. But what I do maintain is that life here would have infinitely more value if we knew that beyond death we should pursue, and ultimately to a successful issue, the illusive ideal of which we are always in quest. The conception that death ends all, does not empty life of its worth, but it destroys, in my judgment, its most precious element, that which transfigures all the rest; it obliterates the gleam on the snow, the planet in the east; it shuts off the great adventure, the adventure beyond death.

"Every one almost, I cannot help thinking, who feels at all on such matters, must feel with me on this point, if he could give his feelings full sway unchecked by his denials or his doubts. Every one not immediately in the grip of intolerable evil, but looking back with impassioned contemplation on good and evil alike, must desire, I believe, to voyage on in quest of good, whatever evil he may encounter on the route. Americans at least, I like to suppose, will respond to their own poet when, in the passion of his visionary voyage from east to west, from present to past and future, he calls on his soul to embark for an adventure more hazardous and more alluring:

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns
in my veins!
Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground
long enough?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating
and drinking like mere brutes?
Have we not darkened and dazed ourselves with
books long enough?
Sail forth—steer for the dark waters only,
Reckless O soul exploring, I with thee, and thou
with me;
For we are bound where mariner has not yet
dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas
of God?
O farther, farther sail!

"My contention, then, is that immortality is desirable, if immortality means a fortunate issue of the quest of our souls."

PROFESSOR JAMES'S NEW "PLURALISTIC" PHILOSOPHY

 PHILOSOPHY," says Prof. William James, "is the expression of a man's intimate character;" and in view of this frank avowal he cannot complain if his own work is interpreted in somewhat personal terms. The son of a distinguished father, the brother of one of the most acute of living novelists, the author of widely circulated psychological text-books and of a wonderful book on "The Varieties of Religious Experience," he abandoned his professorship at Harvard two years ago to engage in a free-lance propaganda on his own account. He gave the impression that he was tired of academic life and wanted to impress certain personal viewpoints on the modern world. Philosophy, he had come to feel, is more a matter of "passionate vision" than of logic, and it needs to get into closer touch with "the open air of human nature." The first fruit of the new mood was a course of lectures and a book on pragmatism, which rallied to his support an immense body of opinion both in Europe and in America, and which expressed in masterly fashion an intellectual attitude peculiarly characteristic of our time. Now he has published a second book,* "A Pluralistic Universe," consisting of lectures delivered at Manchester College, England.

It is hardly likely that the new work will be as widely read as its predecessor. Pluralism is not nearly so exciting a subject as pragmatism; it is too speculative, and lacks immediate practical application. But Professor James's views are at once so novel and original, and so sharply antagonistic to tendencies now in the ascendant in the religious world, that they are sure to provoke controversy.

Three kinds of spiritual philosophy, Professor James declares, present themselves to the modern thinker. The first is "dualistic theism," which pictures God and His creation as separate entities. According to this view, God is complete from eternity and sufficient unto Himself; His relation to the world is that of Maker and Magistrate. This, roughly speaking, is the traditional Christian view, held by Roman Catholics and by a multitude of Protestants. In contemplating it, Professor

James finds it entirely alien to his present feeling. "Those of us who are sexagenarians," he remarks, "have witnessed in our own persons one of those gradual mutations of intellectual climate, due to innumerable influences, that make the thought of a past generation seem as foreign to its successor as if it were the expression of a different race of men. The theological machinery that spoke so livingly to our ancestors, with its finite age of the world, its creation out of nothing, its juridical morality and eschatology, its relish for rewards and punishments, its treatment of God as an external contriver, 'an intelligent and moral governor,' sounds as odd to most of us as if it were some outlandish savage religion." The "vaster vistas which scientific evolutionism has opened" and the "rising tide of social democratic ideals" are cited, in particular, as factors undermining dualism and rendering it "obsolete or obsolescent." And what is taking the place of the older views? Professor James answers: Pantheism. More and more God is conceived not as a Being *apart* from nature and from man, but as the intimate soul and reason of the universe, *inherent in it*. The father of this doctrine, in modern times, was Spinoza; but Hegel, so Professor James assures us, "has done more to strengthen idealistic pantheism in thoughtful circles than all other influences put together." In our own day such thinkers as Carlyle and Emerson, Jowett and Thomas Hill Green, have given great impetus to the pantheistic movement. All these, however, have clung to a *monistic* form of pantheism. That is to say, they have imagined God as One, existing in eternal perfection. At the present time, a new school of pantheism is being born, based on *pluralistic* reasoning and the idea that there is no such thing as total "oneness." We are asked to believe that God is finite, not infinite, and that the world is "more like a federal republic than like an empire or a kingdom." To the defence of this thesis Professor James brings all his splendid powers of reasoning.

The pluralistic theory is not as uncouth as at first it may seem. Many readers of "A Pluralistic Universe," it is safe to predict, will find that they have been pluralists without knowing it, just as many students of pragmatism have come into a realization of the fact that they have been acting on pragmatic principles all their lives, tho unconscious of

*A PLURALISTIC UNIVERSE. Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College on the Present Situation in Philosophy. By William James. Longmans, Green & Company.

the fact. Christianity itself is pluralistic, in Professor James's sense of the term. "The God of our popular Christianity," he asserts, "is but one member of a pluralistic system. He and we stand outside of each other, just as the devil, the saints, and the angels stand outside of both of us. I can hardly conceive of anything more different from the Absolute than the God, say, of David or of Isaiah. That God is an essentially finite being in the cosmos, not with the cosmos in Him, and indeed He has a very local habitation there, and very one-sided local and personal attachments." So long as anything exists in the universe apart from God, the scheme is pluralistic, not monistic. Professor James's quarrel, then, is not, at the present juncture, with Christianity, but with the exponents of Monistic Idealism, which postulates One Eternal Reality, the Absolute.

Professor James finds it impossible to believe in such a Reality. It is a beautiful hypothesis, he concedes, and in yielding a certain kind of religious peace it performs an important function; but, from the intellectual point of view, it is "decidedly irrational." It raises more problems than it can solve, and "introduces into the universe all those tremendous irrationalities which a frankly pluralistic scheme escapes." To follow the argument:

"It introduces a speculative 'problem of evil' namely, and leaves us wondering why the perfection of the Absolute should require just such particular hideous forms of life as darken the day for our human imaginations. If they were forced on it by something alien and to 'overcome' them the Absolute had still to keep hold of them, we could understand its feeling of triumph, tho we, so far as we were ourselves among the elements overcome, could acquiesce but sullenly in the resultant situation, and would never just have chosen it as the most rational one conceivable. But the Absolute is represented as a being without environment, upon which nothing alien can be forced, and which has spontaneously chosen from within to give itself the spectacle of all that evil rather than a spectacle with less evil in it. Its perfection is represented as the source of things, and yet the first effect of that perfection is the tremendous imperfection of all finite experience. In whatever sense the word 'rationality' may be taken, it is vain to contend that the impression made on our finite minds by such a way of representing things is altogether rational. Theologians have felt its irrationality acutely, and the 'fall,' the predestination, and the election which the situation involves have given them more trouble than anything else in their attempt

to pantheize Christianity. The whole business remains a puzzle, both intellectually and morally."

This point is reinforced by a practical illustration. "Suppose," says Professor James, "the entire universe to consist of one superb copy of a book fit for the ideal reader. Is that universe improved or deteriorated by having myriads of garbled and misprinted separate leaves and chapters also created, giving false impressions of the book to whoever looks at them? To say the least, the balance of rationality is not obviously in favor of such added mutilations. So this question becomes urgent: Why, the Absolute's own total vision of things being so rational, was it necessary to comminute it into all these coexisting inferior fragmentary visions?"

The defenders of the Absolute have all been conscious of this difficulty, but have never been able to explain it away. Leibnitz in his theodicy represents God as limited by antecedent conditions. There are certain things, according to Leibnitz, that even God cannot do; and so when He surveys in advance all the universes He might create and chooses our actual world, He creates the best of all worlds that are possible, tho not the most abstractly desirable world. But this argument does not impress Professor James. He thinks, with Lotze, that God might much better have remained contented with His choice of the scheme, without following it up by a creative decree. "Why," he reiterates, "should the Absolute ever have lapsed from the perfection of its own integral experience of things, and refracted itself into all our finite experiences?"

Recent English absolutists seem to give up the problem as insoluble. Dr. McTaggart, for example, writes: "Does not our very failure to perceive the perfection of the universe destroy it? . . . In so far as we do not see the perfection of the universe, we are not perfect ourselves. And as we are parts of the universe, that cannot be perfect." And Mr. Joachim stands helplessly before the question: If truth be the universal *fons et origo*, how does error slip in? Both of these gentlemen end by falling back on a faith which cannot be stated in intellectual terms.

But once the absolutist theory is abandoned and pluralism is accepted in its place, the whole matter is straightened out. As Professor James puts it:

"In any pluralistic metaphysic, the problems that evil presents are practical, not speculative.

Not why evil should exist at all, but how we can lessen the actual amount of it, is the sole question we need there consider. 'God,' in the religious life of ordinary men, is the name not of the whole of things, Heaven forbid, but only of the ideal tendency in things, believed in as a superhuman person who calls us to co-operate in His purposes, and who furthers ours if they are worthy. He works in an external environment, has limits, and has enemies. When John Mill said that the notion of God's omnipotence must be given up, if God is to be kept as a religious object, he was surely accurately right; yet so prevalent is the lazy monism that idly haunts the region of God's name, that so simple and truthful a saying was generally treated as a paradox: God, it was said, *could* not be finite. I believe that the only God worthy of the name *must* be finite."

For the most picturesque and vivid part of his argument, Professor James turns to a German thinker, Gustav Theodor Fechner, who died in comparative obscurity in 1887, but who is likely to enjoy a kind of resurrection by reason of the attention now bestowed upon him. The portrait we get of the old savant is most engaging. He was really a poet, a man of "passionate vision," rather than a philosopher, and that is why Professor James appreciates him so highly.

According to Fechner, the human body and its spirit are symbolic of the universe. There are mind and body everywhere, and the vaster orders of mind go with the vaster orders of body. The entire earth on which we live must have, so Fechner thought, its own collective consciousness; this he called the "earth-soul." So must sun, moon and planet have each its soul; so must the whole solar system have its own wider consciousness, in which the consciousness of our earth plays one part. So has the entire starry system as such its consciousness; and if that starry system be not the sum of all that *is*, materially considered, then that whole system, along with whatever may be, is the body of that absolutely totalized consciousness of the universe to which men give the name of God.

Fechner treated the earth as a kind of guardian angel; he thought that humanity might fittingly pray to it. Long ago, the earth was called an animal, but to Fechner it was a higher class of being than either man or animal; not only quantitatively greater, like a vaster and more awkward whale or elephant, but a being whose enormous size requires an altogether different plan of life. Our animal organization, he argued, comes from our inferiority. Our need of moving to and fro, of

stretching our limbs and bending our bodies, shows only our defect. What are our legs but crutches, by means of which, with restless efforts, we go hunting after the things we have not inside of ourselves? But the earth is no such cripple; why should she who already possesses within herself the things we so painfully pursue, have limbs analogous to ours? Shall she mimic a small part of herself? What need has she of a heart when the sun keeps all the showers of rain that fall upon her and all the springs and brooks and rivers that irrigate her, going? What need has she of internal lungs, when her whole sensitive surface is in living commerce with the atmosphere that clings to it? What need has she of arms, with nothing to reach for? of a neck, with no head to carry? of eyes or nose when she finds her way through space without either, and has the millions of eyes of all her animals to guide their movements on her surface, and all their noses to smell the flowers that grow? For, as we are ourselves a part of the earth, so our organs are her organs. She is, as it were, eye and ear over her whole extent—all that we see and hear in separation she sees and hears at once. She brings forth living beings of countless kinds upon her surface, and their multitudinous conscious relations with each other she takes up into her higher and more general conscious life.

Fechner's imagination revelled in the thought of earth's perfections. To carry her precious freight through the hours and seasons, what form could be more excellent than hers—being as it is horse, wheels, and wagon all in one. Think of her beauty, said Fechner,—a shining ball, sky-blue and sun-lit over one half, the other bathed in starry night, reflecting the heavens from all her waters, myriads of lights and shadows in the folds of her mountains and windings of her valleys, she would be a spectacle of rainbow glory, could one only see her from afar as we see parts of her from her own mountain-tops. Every quality of landscape that has a name would then be visible in her at once—all that is delicate or graceful, all that is quiet, or wild, or romantic, or desolate, or cheerful, or luxurious, or fresh. That landscape is her face—a peopled landscape, too, for men's eyes would appear in it like diamonds among the dew-drops. Green would be the dominant color, but the blue atmosphere and the clouds would enfold her as a bride is shrouded in her veil—a veil the vapory transparent folds of which the earth, through her ministers the winds,

never tires of laying and folding about herself anew.

In one of his best pages, Fechner gives us this direct vision:

"On a certain spring morning I went out to walk. The fields were green, the birds sang, the dew glistened, the smoke was rising, here and there a man appeared; a light as of transfiguration lay on all things. It was only a little bit of the earth; it was only one moment of her existence; and yet as my look embraced her more and more it seemed to me not only so beautiful an idea, but so true and clear a fact, that she is an angel, an angel so rich and fresh and flower-like, and yet going her round in the skies so firmly and so at one with herself, turning her whole living face to Heaven, and carrying me along with her into that Heaven, that I asked myself how the opinions of men could ever have so spun themselves away from life so far as to deem the earth only a dry clod, and to seek for angels above it or about it in the emptiness of the sky,—only to find them nowhere. . . . But such an experience as this passes for fantastic. The earth is a globular body, and what more she may be, one can find in mineralogical cabinets."

Now all of this appeals to Professor James not merely as poetry, but as truth. It sets him dreaming himself, along similar lines. Why shouldn't we accept a universe built on this *rich* pattern, he asks, and why isn't there room for a whole hierarchy of beings, as well as for God in His solitude? He writes:

"The analogies with ordinary psychology and with the facts of pathology, with those of psychological research, so called, and with those of religious experience, establish, when taken together, a decidedly *formidable* probability in favor of a general view of the world almost identical with Fechner's. The outlines of the superhuman consciousness thus made probable must remain, however, very vague, and the number of functionally distinct 'selves' it comports and carries has to be left entirely problematic. It may be polytheistically or it may be monotheistically conceived of. Fechner, with his distinct earth-soul functioning as our guardian angel, seems to me clearly polytheistic; but the word 'polytheism' usually gives offence, so perhaps it is better not to use it. Only one thing is certain, and that is the result of our criticism of the Absolute: the only way to escape from the paradoxes and perplexities that a consistently thought-out monistic universe suffers from as from a species of auto-intoxication—the mystery of the 'fall' namely, of reality lapsing into appearance, truth into error, perfection into imperfection; of evil, in short; the mystery of universal determinism, of the block-universe eternal and without a history, etc.;

—the only way of escape, I say, from all this is to be frankly pluralistic and assume that the superhuman consciousness, however vast it may be, has itself an external environment, and consequently is finite."

Professor James appeals, finally, to the two great antagonistic philosophical schools of today—the schools of "rationalism" and "empiricism"—to meet on the common ground provided by this conception of a finite God. "May not," he says, "the godlessness usually but needlessly associated with the philosophy of immediate experience give way to a theism now seen to follow directly from that experience more widely taken? and may not rationalism, satisfied with seeing her *a priori* proofs of God so effectively replaced by empirical evidence, abate something of her absolutist claims? Let God but have the least infinitesimal *other* of any kind beside him, and empiricism and rationalism might strike hands in a lasting treaty of peace. Both might then leave abstract thinness behind them, and seek together, as scientific men seek, by using all the analogies and data within reach, to build up the most probable approximate idea of what divine consciousness concretely may be like." The argument concludes:

"Compromise and mediation are inseparable from the pluralistic philosophy. Only monistic dogmatism can say of any of its hypotheses, 'It is either that or nothing; take it or leave it just as it stands.' The type of monism prevalent at Oxford has kept this steep and brittle attitude, partly through the proverbial academic preference for thin and elegant logical solutions, partly from a mistaken notion that the only solidly grounded basis for religion was along those lines. If Oxford men could be ignorant of anything, it might almost seem that they had remained ignorant of the great empirical movement towards a pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe, into which our own generation has been drawn, and which threatens to short-circuit their methods entirely and become their religious rival unless they are willing to make themselves its allies. Yet, wedded as they seem to be to the logical machinery and technical apparatus of absolutism, I cannot but believe that their fidelity to the religious ideal in general is deeper still. Especially do I find it hard to believe that the more clerical adherents of the school would hold so fast to its particular machinery if only they could be made to think that religion could be secured in some other way. Let empiricism once become associated with religion, as hitherto, through some strange misunderstanding, it has been associated with irreligion, and I believe that a new era of religion as well as of philosophy will be ready to begin."

AN ETHICAL LEADER'S PLANS FOR MAKING OVER THE CHURCH



R. STANTON COIT, an American by birth who for twenty years has been a leader of the ethical culture movement in England, has become the champion of an idea that is likely to penetrate far. He feels that the time has come when the theory of democracy, in its fullest implications, must be carried into the sphere of religion. He preaches "a church of the whole people, by the whole people, for the whole people," and looks to the State for the realization of this ideal. To the development and expansion of his theme he devotes two volumes* remarkable for their lucid style, high poetic feeling and cogent reasoning. As is natural, he writes with an eye primarily on England and its Church Establishment; but the democratic State church of his imagination is something entirely different from the present Anglican Church. His arguments transcend national boundaries, and apply with equal force to any other country. In America they have already found a talented exponent in Prof. Charles Zueblin, of Boston, whose "plea for a State organization of religion" was noticed in these pages last June.

The idea propounded by Dr. Coit is a logical outgrowth of much of the democratic thinking of our day, but few have had consistency enough to embrace it. Even the social democrats, who make a kind of god out of the State, have halted somehow this side of State religion. Dr. Coit explains the inconsistency by saying that social democracy is still so permeated with its very opposite—philosophic Anarchy—that it is not yet half itself. When the thinking of social democrats and of other democrats is straightened out, Dr. Coit assures us, we shall come to see how unreasonable it is to believe in State control of industry, hygiene, education and a hundred other activities, and to balk at State organization of the most important thing of all—religious and ethical forces.

In the presentation of his thesis, Dr. Coit starts with the fundamental question: What is the unit of religious life? Some would say: The individual. But Dr. Coit, as a social thinker, with infinite faith in the collective human consciousness, will not admit that an

individuality can detach itself from the larger currents. The very rebel, he maintains, can only be understood in his relation to the organization from which he rebels. Some would answer: The denomination or the church. But again Dr. Coit finds the classification too narrow. The sect is a segment, and excludes too many. "The real organic unit of religious life, of which any man is a member," Dr. Coit argues, "is always the nation to which he belongs. This view makes the church the unit of religious life; but it identifies the church with each nation as a society believing in and applying certain standards of civilization and culture, of duty and responsibility, of right and liberty."

The germ of this idea may be found in some of the greatest minds of the past century. A hundred years ago, Samuel Taylor Coleridge defended the doctrine that every nation—including all persons who have caught a vision of the ideal—is a church. Sir John Seeley, in his monumental work on "Natural Religion," identified churches with nations quite irrespective of the special doctrines current throughout a nation. Matthew Arnold defined the Church of England as "a national society for the promotion of goodness," and Dr. James Martineau wrote of the idealism in a nation as constituting the essential church. Even John Stuart Mill took much the same view.

But the idea of a "national church," in the sense conceived by these thinkers and more fully developed by Stanton Coit, should not be confused with that of existing State churches. Quite conceivably a national church could exist where there is no State church. There might be but one religious organization throughout a nation, and that a purely voluntary one. On the other hand, there may be a State church, highly organized, centralized and powerful, and yet it may not be a national church. The State church may even be one of the chief causes preventing the growth of a truly national church. Such, indeed, Dr. Coit contends, is the present situation in England. "The State Church," he declares, "is not national. There is a national church (because there is a nation), but it is wholly rudimentary. The reason why the national church is in such a backward stage of development is chiefly because at present the State Church retards the process of uni-

*NATIONAL IDEALISM AND A STATE CHURCH. NATIONAL IDEALISM AND THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By Stanton Coit, Ph.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

fication of religious life throughout the nation." This condition of affairs, he thinks, can be denied by no one. Those who believe in the existing establishment deplore that it has not been able to unify the nation, offending one-third and never touching another third.

The theory that a nation, in so far as it reverences ideals, is a church, does not in the least overlook the fact that there may be violent party strife between various religious groups. Nor does it even involve a disparagement or condemnation of such strife. "A nation," according to Dr. Coit's idea, "does not lose its unity in religion because of theological controversies, any more than it ceases to be a unit in civil life because of the antagonisms of various political parties." On the contrary, "the true idea of a nation as a church, instead of favoring the suppression of religious differences and their discussion and of the organizing of new groups to advance new ideas, recognizes that ultimate harmony and real uniformity of belief and deep inward identity of insight and aspiration can never arise throughout any nation except as the result of the freest, boldest, and most organized expression and propaganda of every fresh sentiment."

Our minds have been so befogged by incessant talk of the conflict between church and State that it is at first difficult even to grasp Dr. Coit's conception. The national church that he advocates is simply the expression of the will of the people, inspired by the moral impulse of collective effort in the State. It would represent, so to speak, the common denominator of religious and ethical feeling—that faith which *all* hold, irrespective of personal creeds and affiliations. The democratic principle would be its test and touch-stone. There would be no tyranny or monopoly. Each would be free to think or to worship as he or she might choose. But the only church supported by *all* would be the State church, and the tendency would be toward a greater and greater unity.

When it comes to a formulation of the details of this gigantic scheme, Dr. Coit says:

"The State could so reorganize the church that in every geographical area the governing body of each local church could be elected by manhood and womanhood suffrage. It could delegate to such governing bodies the power to appoint and dismiss preachers and priests, exactly as power was given to School Boards to appoint and dismiss teachers. The civil government could,

if it wished, decentralize the national church so that within limits there should be local control. It could, if it wished, organize all the local governing bodies of the church into some sort of a central council, to which, within limits, it could delegate authority over the national organization of the church. This central council could appoint a special committee to act as an ecclesiastical Cabinet, with powers analogous to those of the Cabinet of the House of Commons. The civic government could further organize all the preachers and teachers of the church into some sort of union of religious experts, which, within certain limits, should have rights and powers and authority, and could stand in definite relation with the administrators of the church."

When once the idea of the nation as the organic unit of religious life became prevalent, sectarian aloofness would disappear. Sects would cease to be sects. Each one of them would be a recognized group among the many within the national church. They would meet as Liberals, Conservatives, Socialists and Irish Home-Rulers meet in the British Parliament; or as Republicans and Democrats meet on the floor of Congress.

Not merely the administrative but the doctrinal, side of the national church would be subject to the popular will. "I anticipate," says Dr. Coit, "an epoch generations long in which religious controversy will dominate. Now will begin an era when the leaders of the historic organizations will themselves invite the fullest and freest expression of the most original opinions. Doubt will become an instrument of faith. Authority will be dethroned, and in its place the private judgment set. For it will be seen that the private judgment must in the end become one with universal reason." It is in this sense that the idea of a State church comes into harmony with the social-democratic principle. Says Dr. Coit:

"Social-democracy in religion means the moral idealism of the nation subjected to incessant debate; it means the corrections arising from debate; it means a continual reorganization of the church by the authority of Parliament. It means in religion just what it means in industry—ownership and control by the living community: the ownership of the powers in man and nature that make for righteousness. It means the ownership and control of the instruments of disciplining character, of fostering virtue, of opening the eyes of reason, of training the moral judgment by bringing the attention of every man and woman and every child to bear upon the great issues and ends of life. Social-democracy in religion means that the nation itself shall guide the way which

shall not only be salvation to the individual but health, long life and innocent gladness to the nation itself and to all other peoples of the world. Social-democracy in religion means a church of the whole people by the whole people for the whole people—women and men alike."

Inherent in Dr. Coit's whole argument is the "idealistic humanism" which he hopes will dominate the national church of the future. His own faith has much in common with that of Auguste Comte, the Positivist. He renounces the "supernatural" God, and the "individualistic occultism" which teaches that "the source of spiritual vitality is some inward, mysterious, non-social center of eruptive psychic powers." For him, "the most sublime Reality, the supreme spiritual Power, is the living principle of social righteousness, the ideal will of a community of human beings." He develops this idea:

"Whoever surrenders himself to the good of the community and to the cause of the good in the world as it is, organizing, guiding and inspiring the lives of a group of brave men and women, knows that he is experiencing that which is the Absolute Reality for the rational will of every finite soul. As he reads the account of devout and religious men of every creed, however supernaturalistic, he sees that what they are describing as God is the reality which he himself has found and by which he lives. In terms of psychology and sociology he may describe it simply as the spirit of humanity or the general will of the community; but, however tamely and pedantically he thus designates it, he knows it and loves it as the Consoler, the Inspirer, the Savior."

In page after page of eloquent writing, Dr. Coit expounds and defends his belief. So confident is he of its final truth that he thinks the whole world will come round to his point of view, and that Bibles and creeds and all the manuals of prayer and service will have to be re-interpreted and, in some cases, re-written in its terms.

A humanitarian glow and passion in Dr. Coit's pages will appeal to many who do not accept all his views. He names as the pillars of his church the seers and the singers, the poets and the artists, of all ages. David and Isaiah, Dante and Shakespeare, Goethe and Milton, each has his place. Blake will be needed for a certain spiritual intuition; Walter Pater will contribute his enthusiasm for pure beauty; Nietzsche will teach us the will to power; Felix Adler will carry on the heritage of the Hebrew prophets whose desire for righteousness was as a consuming fire.

The Bible is to be read side by side with the *Dhammapada*. The liturgies of the future will proudly include Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," Browning's "Paracelsus," Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise." The congregations will chant anthems from the modern democratic scriptures—"Leaves of Grass" and "Towards Democracy." To America Dr. Coit turns for much of his inspiration. Emerson and Walt Whitman he cites not once but many times, and Markham's "Man With the Hoe" he wants to incorporate in the Book of Common Prayer. Of Chesterton and Bernard Shaw he writes, with real insight:

"The two men of our time preëminently suited, in taste, temperament, ability and enthusiasm, to become servants of the Church-that-is-to-be are Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw. Yet their lives thus far have been worse than lost to this special work for which nature pre-ordained them. It is pathetic to hear Mr. Chesterton again and again setting up a plea for ritual and yet know that his power to compose native liturgies for England, in the place of her borrowed Jewish and Romish forms, lies dormant and must by disuse become atrophied. Like all 'sensitives,' Mr. Chesterton feels further than he can see. He feels rightly, intuitively, the nation's need of ritual; but, never having been summoned to provide a new one, he harks back to the Middle Ages. His book on 'Heretics' would justify the church in offering him an annuity of £1000 for the rest of his life and giving him a free hand to do his best towards providing a ritual English in spirit, English in form, English in origin and human in sympathy. His 'Heretics' reveals a delicacy of ethical discrimination, a sanity of judgment and a penetration into the character of men and of the nation, which promise the church a greater return for such an offer than she has received from any of her bishops through a thousand years.

"And what shall we do with Mr. Shaw? What but recognize him, the humanitarian, as sensitive as St. Francis himself to the sufferings of the poor and of dumb brutes, as chivalrous as any knight of the Round Table, as candid as truth itself, and yet, more than all the other saints of the church, possessing the supreme grace of humor and that practical skill of stage-craft which is indispensable to the deviser of rituals? Why should this great gift of dramatic presentation not be utilized as the principles of moral pedagogy require, for the storming of the senses of the people in the interests of the soul of the nation?"

All this betokens a freshness of vision rare indeed in religious writing. The "national church" of Stanton Coit's imagination may never be realized, but he has made the world his debtor by submitting his ground-plans.

"BLASTING AT THE ROCK OF AGES"



UNDER the above sensational title, Mr. Harold Bolce, a writer in the May *Cosmopolitan*, publishes an article to show that the Christian code of morals is being undermined in the American colleges to-day by subversive professorial teaching. His method is superficial and at times actually misleading, but after due allowance has been made for all elements of sensationalism and exaggeration, a sub-stratum of truth remains, calculated to impress every candid reader. Mr. Bolce is not alone in feeling that a dynamic movement is upheaving ancient foundations. His revelations are symptomatic of the whole moral unrest of our times—that moral unrest which led Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Outlook*, to declare lately that "we face the greatest demoralization of moral ideals and standards since the beginning of the Christian era." It is a dull ear that does not hear the mutterings of the coming storm.

Mr. Bolce, it seems, undertook an itinerary of class-rooms from Cambridge to California, in order to "discover," as he says, "the scope and daring of college teaching in the United States to-day." Some of the institutions he entered as a special student. In others he attended lectures as a visitor, or interviewed members of the faculty, or consulted the type-written or printed records of what they teach. What he discovered in the teachings of these universities, together with what he obtained additionally from presidents, deans and professors, constituted, he declares, "a profound surprise—a series, in fact, of increasing surprises—absorbing and sensational." He heard all the old religious standards put through merciless processes of examination, as if they had been fossils, chemical elements, or chimeras. As he puts it:

"There is scholarly repudiation of all solemn authority. The decalog is no more sacred than a syllabus. Everything is subjected to searching analysis. The past has lost its grip on the professor. The ancient prophet is less potent than the new political economy. Nothing is accepted on the ipse dixit of tradition. Olympus and Mount Sinai are twin peaks beautified but not made sacred by mythology. From the college standpoint there are no God-established covenants. What happens at the primaries is more to the point than what took place in Palestine. Time is a laboratory wherein reactions are eternally producing new phases of civilization having changing forms and hues."

The two attitudes among the professors that impressed Mr. Bolce most profoundly were those bearing on the questions of morality and the marriage institution. He found both the moral law and the family regarded as in a state of flux, not as finalities. Prof. Frank W. Blackmar, for instance, of the University of Kansas, teaches that "standards of right perpetually change in social life, these varying standards being found not only in different races but in the same race from age to age;" and Prof. Edwin L. Earp, of Syracuse University, takes the view that standards of right and wrong are the product of experience, not heaven-sent laws. When Mr. Bolce asked Professor Earp if he believed that Moses got the ten commandments in the way the Scriptures tell, the professor smiled. "I do not," he replied; "it is unscientific and absurd to imagine that God ever turned stone-mason and chiseled commandments on a rock."

Prof. William James, late of Harvard University, is held responsible for much of the rationalistic thinking in American colleges. He holds that it is possible "to spoil the merit of a teaching by mixing with it that dogmatic temper which by unconditional thou-shalt-nots changes a growing, elastic, and continuous life into a system of relics and dry bones." Indeed, his whole "pragmatic" philosophy rests on this assumption. Prof. William Graham Sumner, of Yale, holds, similarly, that moral standards are created by collective thinking, and that a thing *becomes* right if enough people believe that it is right. "The notion," he says, "that there is anything fundamentally correct implies the existence of a standard outside and above usage, and no such standard exists." Religion and philosophy are created by custom and usage, and are not, as is popularly believed, "the sources and regulators of conduct." His teaching is that after a community has established its habits "it creates the philosophy and religion to grace or justify its acts." In this view Prof. James Quale Dealey, of Brown University, concurs. "Race morality and individual morality," he says, "are both exclusively human attributes, having their strict analogs in the animal world." It is all a matter of evolution.

Mr. Bolce goes on to show that the institution of the home does not command, among college professors, the reverence accorded to it in Christian circles. Professor Earp and Prof. Simon N. Patten, of the University of

Pennsylvania, both treat the home, in its present stage, as something transient. Professor Patten thinks that society is reaching the stage when a change is inevitable from the present home to a more modern economic unit in which municipal or cooperative efficiency will supplant family incompetence and poverty. He claims that society has a right to insist upon some domestic innovation, as he believes that the present family system menaces the life and continuity of the race. There should be adequate nutrition, leisure, and hygiene in the home, and these the modern industrial family cannot supply. Prof. Frank A. Fetter, of Cornell, indicts the home from a different point of view. "In barbaric times," he teaches, "the stronger and swifter conquered and survived; and the early social institutions of polygamy, patriarchal concubinage, war, and the capture of women favored the survival of ability. But to-day intellectual and economic power contributes not to offspring but to sterilized scholarship, barren selfishness, and social display."

The most radical utterances quoted, however, are those of Prof. Charles Zueblin, late of the University of Chicago, and of Prof. Franklin Giddings, of Columbia. Both were evoked at the time of the Gorky scandal three years ago. On that occasion Professor Zueblin said: "There can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than within it;" and Professor Giddings wrote an article for *The Independent* endorsing the belief of those who insist that "it is not right to set up a technical legal relationship, an economic convenience, or a circumstance of social conventionality as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of a man and woman who know, and whose friends know, that they love each other." Professor Giddings wrote further:

"The whole or a part of this doctrine has been held and taught by some of the best men and women that have yet lived. Dante foretold it in his 'Vita Nuova.' Petrarch proclaimed it in his fidelity to Laura. John Milton, the sanest, as he was the greatest, of Puritans, iterated and reiterated it in his famous tract on divorce, which no ecclesiastic with a self-respecting regard for his own intellectual reputation has ever dared try to answer. Shelley and Goethe preached it in both their words and deeds. Richard Wagner stood for it unflinchingly throughout life, and gave it expression in the imperishable music of 'Tristan and Isolde.' John Stuart Mill, a calm-minded philosopher, held fast to it through his relations with Mrs. Taylor, when his cherished

friends cut him dead because of it. George Eliot proclaimed her loyalty to it by a life of very quiet but effective defiance of Mrs. Grundy and all her British matrons. And Herbert Spencer carefully formulated it in his autobiography."

Such, in effect, are the really authentic portions of Mr. Bolce's disclosure. To deny their significance would be futile. They represent a sceptical spirit undoubtedly in the ascendant. Some of the religious papers treat the article as valueless because of its inaccuracies; but the New York Roman Catholic weekly, *The Freeman's Journal*, finds in it "plain, unvarnished truth." John Temple Graves, of the New York *American*, declares: "What Mr. Bolce has here set down is astounding to the general reader, and to the orthodox alarming in the highest degree. No statement so sensational has startled the civilization of the decade." He continues:

"I am no mossback of religion, and I would not unloose the bloodhounds of orthodoxy on any honest thought. But I tremble before the flippant and irreverent spirit of the time.

"There are institutions too great and creeds too holy to be approached without reverence, or to be condemned without far-reaching investigation.

"For eighteen hundred years men have been saying the Church of Christ was waning and would die.

"It lives on.

"The heathen massacred its defenders and pillaged its temples, but it lived on. Herod persecuted its innocents and Pilate crucified its Lord, but history has pilloried Herod, and the infamy of Pilate will be linked forever to the glory of the Cross.

"Nero and Caligula drenched its flickering life in blood, but it lived on.

"Tom Paine and Voltaire deluged it with infidel ink and assailed it with transcendent wit, but the scornful shafts fell harmless from its shield, and its beautiful garments washed whiter than snow.

"Bloody Bill Cunningham plunged his sword into its Scottish body, but the blood of the martyrs made the seed of the Church.

"It has survived the shock of all its ancient foes. Be sure it will not perish before its modern enemies."

All of which gives point to the statement recently reported in the daily papers as made by President King, of Oberlin University, to the effect that the next field for the muck-raker is our colleges and universities, and strongly intimating that the sooner he gets to work there the better.

RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP IN THE COLLEGES



HE "question of our age," Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has lately declared, is the problem of securing effective leadership in the colleges of the country. He compares it with that of securing effective political leadership. "Now and then," he observes, "a leader will arise outside of the parties, but in the long run the betterment of political ideals rests on the education of the parties themselves, on the growing qualities of their leadership." From this follows his belief that the religious leadership of the future is most likely to be drawn from the Christian denominations, and that "the first work to be done is the conversion of the churches themselves to a new estimation of the relative importance of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, obscured now by many centuries of discussion and of tradition, and to make clear to religious organizations the absolute necessity of adopting in their selection of preachers standards which look rather to leadership than to doctrinal or denominational expertness."

But while Dr. Pritchett feels this need of a new sense of the simple Christian message and of a correct attitude toward religious leadership as the immediate necessity, he also calls attention to two other points that he thinks are in danger of being neglected: First, the difference between promotion and leadership; secondly, the opportunity and the duty of the religious man outside of organization. He writes (in *The Independent*):

"Our age and our nation are under the spell of the promoter. In politics, in education, in religion, there is a constant tendency to the substitution of promotion for leadership. There is a vast difference. Mark Hanna was a successful political promoter; Charles E. Hughes has shown successful political leadership. No human being is more quick than the college student to differentiate between the religious promoter and the religious leader."

In regard to the second point, the opportunity and duty of the religious man outside the organization, Dr. Pritchett says:

"Church membership is no test as to whether a man is a religious man or not; nor is it any criterion by which religious men may be chosen. The constant use of this criterion has served to impose upon young men both in and out of col-

lege the idea that the obligations of the religious life are binding only on those who have assumed membership in religious organizations. No more unhappy impression could have been created. The obligations of the religious life are the same upon every human being. The idea that he can escape the working out of the great laws which the Maker of the Universe has set up by declining to belong to a human organization is a grotesque one, and yet this is an idea common among young men. I believe, therefore, that the man of sincere religious life, outside any formal organization, has a notable opportunity today for religious leadership in college, and that he escapes some of the limitations which lie in the way of his brother who is part of a definite religious organization. No man has the right to evade the duties of leadership or of service by reason of his belonging to, or of his not belonging to a religious organization. To advance such a claim is like insisting that a man is not an American, unless he belongs to the Republican or the Democratic party."

It was partly owing to the limitations of the churches, Dr. Pritchett thinks, that the Young Men's Christian Association was instituted; and along its own lines it has done much good. But what the youth of the land need more than all else, he argues, is new and vivid presentation of the true image of Christ, and new emphasis on fellowship, rather than on belief. "Whether a man believe in the miracles of Jesus Christ or not is of comparatively small moment, if he take Christ as his exemplar in human service. He who seeks to enter into the college as a religious leader must come as Christ came, with love and friendship, one who sat down and ate and drank with those whom he sought to lead. Fellowship is the one path to college leadership of the highest type."

Dr. Pritchett faces the future with optimism. "There was never a time," he says, "when college boys were more ready to respond to true leadership, or to think seriously over the great questions of our life and our destiny." He concludes:

"Outside the Greek Church at Jerusalem on an Easter morning stands a great company of worshippers with unlit torches, awaiting the lighting of that altar fire whose flames shall be communicated from one to another until the cloud of worshippers becomes a constellation.

"Around every college altar stands a group of youthful spirits ready to turn into joyful worshippers, if only the unlit torch in each human breast catch but a spark from the flame of a leadership brave, truthful, religious."

Music and the Drama

A WOMAN'S WAY—A NEW PLAYWRIGHT'S CHARMING COMEDY OF MANNERS



HIS season has ushered in a number of young playwrights hitherto unknown to fame. Among these, Mr. Frank Worthing, author of a delightful comedy of American manners, is one of the most promising. He has handled a difficult subject tactfully and at the same time furnished Miss Grace George with a charming vehicle for her winning art in the character of the heroine, Marion Stanton. Perhaps the theme is not entirely new. It is reminiscent at times of Barrie's play for Maude Adams, "What Every Woman Knows," and of some older plays; but there is a deftness and a lightness in Mr. Worthing's touch that is all his own. If he lacks the heavy guns, dramatically speaking, of Eugene Walter, and if, technically, Thomas, Klein and Fitch are far beyond him, he may at least claim to have introduced into his play an element almost unknown to our native playwrights, a certain sparkle that the French call *esprit*. Being an actor himself he ably assists Miss Grace George in interpreting his play, in the part of Howard Stanton, the prodigal husband.

The first act introduces us to the library in Howard Stanton's house, on upper Fifth Avenue, New York. Howard Stanton is discovered. His right arm is in a sling. He is evidently in trouble. Newspapers are constantly ringing him up, driving him into despair. It seems that he has met with an accident while automobiling with a lady not his wife, and the newspapers are already full of sensational forecasts of divorce and scandal. His brother-in-law, Edward Morris, a lawyer, overwhelms him with reproach, but at the same time offers his help. Stanton asks him to see one of the reporters for him and issue some sort of a denial. Harry Lynch, smooth-faced, shrewd and cynical, is shown in, while Stanton hides in an adjoining room.

MORRIS. (*Assuming great geniality.*) Well, then, Mr. Lynch, of the City News, what can I do for you?

LYNCH. You know the story, Mr. Morris. Is it true?

MORRIS. I know certain facts, Mr. Lynch. I

must confess that I do not keep abreast of the romances in our yellow journals. When I undertake fiction I choose a more entertaining kind.

LYNCH. The story is that a wrecked automobile was found in a ditch beside the road just outside New Haven, Connecticut. When the car passed through New Haven it had in it a young man who answers the description of Mr. Stanton and a young woman who does *not* answer the descriptions of Mrs. Stanton. They were found with the wrecked car unconscious and carried away by persons in another automobile. It is rumored that the woman is desperately injured and the man fatally hurt. The car belonged to Mr. Howard Stanton and Dr. Bull was here at this house last night—and a young woman who *does* answer the description of Mrs. Stanton arrived in great haste last night.

MORRIS. I cannot say really, Mr. Lynch, whether that story is true or not.

LYNCH. You don't care to make a statement?

MORRIS. Oh yes, I'll make a statement.

LYNCH. Well?

MORRIS. This car of which you speak may or may not be Mr. Stanton's—I cannot say. The man in the car, however, was certainly not Mr. Stanton and the woman was most certainly not Mrs. Stanton. I wish to say that positively.

LYNCH. Oh, we were quite sure it was not Mrs. Stanton. Wouldn't have been much of a story if it had been.

MORRIS. (*Sharply.*) Is there anything else, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH. Where is Mr. Stanton?

MORRIS. Um—he left two days ago for a trip to North Carolina. I have wired him and expect to be in communication with him shortly. When he returns I am sure he will instruct me to take decisive action with regard to these shameful and libelous innuendoes.

LYNCH. And Mrs. Stanton?

MORRIS. She is here and I am making this statement at her earnest solicitation to put an end to this annoyance.

LYNCH. Then there is not to be a divorce?

MORRIS. (*In amazement.*) Divorce? Mr. Lynch, if the papers were more conversant with the lives of the people about whom they busy themselves impertinently and unnecessarily, the stupidity of such a question would be obvious. I think that is all, Mr. Lynch.

LYNCH. (*Rising.*) Thank you very much for your statement, Mr. Morris. But will you tell me who was in Mr. Stanton's automobile?

MORRIS. (*Shrugging his shoulders, speaking in*

a voice raised so it comes to Stanton.) Some irresponsible drunken chauffeur on a joy ride. I suppose with his sweetheart, a manicure or a milliner probably.

LYNCH. (*Pausing on way to the door.*) Forgive one more question. The doctor's visit?

MORRIS. Certainly. He came to see Mrs. Stanton.

LYNCH. I believe that covers everything.

MORRIS. I hope so.

LYNCH. Good day, sir.

MORRIS. Good day, Mr. Lynch. (*Lynch gets to door when Morris coughs consciously; Lynch turns, suppressing a smile, and looks at him questioningly.*) Mr. Edward Rowland Morris, you know.

LYNCH. Oh, I have it correctly. Good day. (*Exit.*)

(*As soon as he has gone, Stanton emerges hastily from the adjoining room.*)

STANTON. (*Angrily.*) What the devil do you mean by calling me a drunken chauffeur?

MORRIS. (*Offended.*) What would you have me tell him—the truth? I will if you wish.

LYNCH. (*Reappearing at door.*) I beg your pardon, but I forgot my gloves. (*Evidently takes in everything, but his face is kept straight. Morris turns toward table.*) Don't worry—I see them (*Moves to table, picks up gloves.*) Awfully awkward, but you know I frequently forget my gloves when I interview people. (*To Morris.*) The name is Edward Rowland Morris, isn't it?

MORRIS. (*Embarrassed.*) Yes.

LYNCH. (*Affably.*) I wanted to give you full credit for your frank statement and when a name is not well known I am always particularly careful to get it right. Thank you. (*Turns to Stanton.*) Would you care to discuss motoring—in North Carolina, Mr. Stanton?

STANTON. I don't care to discuss anything.

LYNCH. Will you say who was the lady with you in the car?

STANTON. (*Angrily.*) No.

LYNCH. Will you affirm or deny the report that Mrs. Stanton is about to file suit for divorce?

STANTON. Such a question is too impertinent to answer.

LYNCH. May I see Mrs. Stanton?

STANTON. Certainly not.

MORRIS. I gave you a statement from Mrs. Stanton—

STANTON. Mrs. Stanton is not here at present. (*At this moment Marion Stanton enters. She is a wholesome looking and extremely young woman in her early twenties. Tho her face shows character and decision, a sense of humor rather is the predominating characteristic. She is more clever than her husband. She comes on thoughtfully, but her face lights at seeing Ned Morris. She comes to him, holding out both hands.*)

MARION. Why, Ned? When did you get back? You've been neglecting me. I haven't seen you for an age. (*Takes both his hands.*)

MORRIS. Been busy, Marion. (*She looks up*

for the first time and sees Lynch. *An awkward pause with no introduction.*)

LYNCH. Mrs. Stanton, I am Mr. Lynch of the City News.

STANTON. Mrs. Stanton has nothing to say to Mr. Lynch.

MARION. (*Quickly with decision.*) Perhaps I have, Howard. What is it, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH. How about the divorce?

MARION. (*Laughing.*) Divorce—I? Did you hear that, Howard? (*With sudden seriousness.*) I think the fact that I am here in Mr. Stanton's house is sufficient answer to such a silly story. (*Morris and Stanton are visibly relieved.*)

LYNCH. Have you heard the story of Mr. Stanton's accident?

MARION. Yes, indeed. How we have laughed over it. Haven't we, Howard?

STANTON. Yes, I should say we have.

MORRIS. Most amusing.

MARION. I suppose it is so unusual for a man to go motoring these days with his own wife that the papers naturally jumped to the conclusion it must be another woman. It's really too amusing.

LYNCH. Then you were the lady in the car?

MARION. Of course I was.

LYNCH. Then allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Stanton, on your splendid recovery. The lady in the car broke her leg—good day. (*Exit. The three left stare at one another.*)

MARION. (*In queer tone.*) Broke her leg! (*She drops into a chair and buries her face on her arm. Morris looks at her sympathetically then steps out with elaborate care. Stanton comes over beside Marion, stands looking like a fool.*)

STANTON. Don't take on so, Marion. Please don't. (*No answer, long pause, Stanton more serious and embarrassed than ever.*) She didn't really break her leg. He was only bluffing. (*The shaking of Marion's figure continues. She seems convulsed.*) Come, Marion!

MARION. (*Looks up, her face convulsed with laughter. With affected anxiety.*) Didn't she really break her leg?

STANTON. (*Shocked.*) Marion! You're laughing?

MARION. (*Going off into fresh peal of laughter.*) Am I? I believe I am. But you see, as I haven't the honor of the lady's acquaintance, you can't expect me to be so very sympathetic.

STANTON. (*Terribly shocked that she takes the situation in this unconventional fashion.*) Marion I'm ashamed of—

MARION. Most self-respecting men would be.

STANTON. (*Haughty, angry and completely nonplussed.*) I don't, I cannot explain—I— (*He is thinking only of her attitude, but she purposely misunderstands.*)

MARION. (*Sweetly.*) Don't apologize for her coming out safely, Howard. You know I wouldn't have minded— (*With involuntary intensity.*) if she had broken her neck.

STANTON. (*Shocked and angry.*) That is not a womanly speech.

MARION. Oh, yes, it is. You just don't know. (*Stanton turns from her angrily. When his back is turned, she makes an involuntary and affectionate gesture toward him, while her face shows pain and love.*)

The newspaper notoriety brings, one after the other, all the members of the two families to the house: Mrs. Livingston, the wife's mother; Bob, Marion's brother, and Sallie, his newly-wed wife; Mrs. Stanton, the husband's mother; Mrs. Morris, Stanton's sister. "Family Conference," the newspapers already announce, when the wife's father, General Livingston, enters, terribly wrought up, carrying a copy of *The Journal* with headlines spelling "Scandal" in his hands. Marion hurries toward him.

LIVINGSTON. (*Taking her in his arms.*) Marion, my little girl. (*Kisses her.*)

MARION. (*Taking paper from him.*) Oh, Dad, did you bring another of those horrible things into this house. (*Opens paper, reads headline.*) "Family Conference!" How Absurd! (*Throws paper aside.*)

LIVINGSTON. Marion, I have come to take you home.

MARION. (*With simple dignity.*) I am at home, father.

STANTON. This is Marion's home, General.

LIVINGSTON. I am Marion's father and I do not recognize your right, sir, to decide this matter.

STANTON. (*Going to him.*) I am Marion's husband and, whether you recognize it or not, I have the right.

MARION. (*Going between them. She is smiling pleasantly, but in her voice there is a ring of determination.*) And they both guessed wrong the very first time. (*Becoming serious.*) Father, Howard, you are both dear and you are both acting exactly as you should. But, dear men, that day when you grandly decided and women meekly submitted has gone by. Father, I owe you respect. I owe Howard allegiance—so long as he deserves it. And no one can decide for me anything that is going to affect my whole life. I will decide it myself for myself—when and how I please. For the present—(*Wilson appears at door. Marion sees him, her face lights.*) my decision is that we all go to lunch. Ned, will you take Mother? Father, take Mrs. Stanton. (*All exeunt.*) One moment, Howard—(*Stanton pauses.*)

STANTON. (*After pause.*) Well, what are you going to do? I will abide by your decision.

MARION. Who is she?

STANTON. I told you, Marion, she is innocent of anything wrong.

MARION. I promise you not to use her name if I sue.

STANTON. (*Doubtfully.*) Um—

MARION. Now, who is she?

STANTON. (*Rather ashamed.*) Mrs. Blakemore.

MARION. Mrs.—the rich widow from the South?

STANTON. Yes.

MARION. Do you love her?

(*Stanton does not answer. Marion repeats more insistently, Do you?*)

STANTON. (*With sudden determination.*) Hang it, Marion, you've been frank. I'll be as frank as I can be—I'm damned if I know.

MARION. See here, Howard, you and I are sensible people. A man goes to the woman who offers the most to his nature. I am a woman. She is a woman. If I cannot hold you against all women I don't want you. We will invite Mrs. Blakemore here and put it to the test.

STANTON. (*Amazed and shocked.*) Marion!

MARION. (*Triumphantly.*) That is my decision.

The second act takes place on the night of the party. Mrs. Blakemore realizes that the invitation is a challenge, and is prepared for the fray. The young wife, however, has laid her mines carefully. One of the guests is Oliver Whitney, who is something of a cynic and a rake, but is devoted to her. She asks him for his allegiance, which he promises faithfully, altho he, like many others, has not always, in the past, resisted the ravishments of the widow. The two are alone before the rest of the party arrive, Stanton and Mrs. Blakemore being out in the conservatory.

MARION. Will you be very nice to me tonight?

WHITNEY. Well, will I? (*In tone that implies amusement with undercurrent of seriousness.*) You just watch.

MARION. I mean when my husband is looking? (*Whitney is amused, but he is also touched.*)

WHITNEY. (*After a strict pause with sincere feeling.*) You know, some thing seems to tell me that I'm going to be the belle of this party. Do you love him, Marion?

MARION. What is this, Oliver, a cross-examination?

WHITNEY. May I answer truthfully?

MARION. Of course.

WHITNEY. It is a proposal of marriage.

MARION. Oliver Whitney, are you serious?

WHITNEY. Now, Marion, forget you are a woman and be sane.

MARION. Had we not both better try to be sane?

WHITNEY. (*Becoming serious.*) I am sane. That is why I have spoken, because I have the right to speak.

MARION. The right, Oliver?

WHITNEY. Yes. An uninterrupted honorable love of eight years has rights. It has the right to

come to you when you are in perplexity, in distress, to let you know that it is at your service, ready, waiting, eager to be used in any way that you may see fit, my dear. Child, everybody who knows us both knows that I love you—and I would not have you break the littlest of our silly conventions for my sake. Therefore, I am here, ready to do the smallest service or receive the greatest honor. Do you love him?

MARION. (*With sincere feeling.*) Yes, I love him, Oliver.

WHITNEY. (*Looks away a moment, then turns to her with a smile.*) Then we must show Mrs. Blakemore up.

MARION. (*With determination.*) I mean to—(*Falters a little.*) But, Oliver, don't laugh at me. (*Breaks a little.*) I'm afraid—

WHITNEY. Afraid?

MARION. Yes. She isn't the least bit like what I expected.

WHITNEY. (*Amused in spite of himself.*) What did you expect?

MARION. Oh you know the sort—(*With gesture indicating marcelled hair and exaggerated costume and very superior air.*) You can see them in certain restaurants and on some first nights, and no matter how well they are dressed, anything honest makes them seem cheap.

WHITNEY. (*Gently amused and reproving.*) Your modesty doesn't do you credit. Did you think Howard would fall for one of the gold purse brigade?

MARION. I did think she would be that kind. I knew he couldn't really care for that sort. I did not want to be jealous, hysterical and lose him. I wanted to be different, I determined to invite her here, meaning to show him how foolish he was. (*Bitterly.*) I thought it would be obvious and it turns out the only obvious thing is that I was a fool.

WHITNEY. (*Rises.*) And now you are losing your nerve?

MARION. (*With sudden decision.*) No! I'm not. She must be that way at heart—even if it doesn't show on the surface. I'll—(*Stops short, thinking piteously.*) I—I just couldn't stand losing Oliver. (*Brushes her hand over her eyes. She smiles tenderly with understanding, sympathy and encouragement.*) I—love—him—

Stanton returns at this moment and jealously remonstrates with his wife. A little later Mrs. Livingston arrives and Marion has a heart-to-heart talk with her. "Mother," she cries, "everything is going beautifully."

MRS. LIVINGSTON. What is going?

MARION. My plan. Didn't you see how furious he was? (*Joyously.*) He loves me! It's a wonderful thing to have your husband love you.

MRS. LIVINGSTON. (*Sniffing.*) It's a novelty, anyhow. But this—what I saw?

MARION. Yes, mother, (*Pause. Then with*

ecstatic happiness.) If you just hadn't come in, he'd have slapped me!

MRS. LIVINGSTON. Marion, are you crazy?

MARION. Yes, mother, crazy—crazy with happiness. When was the last time father slapped you, mother?

MRS. LIVINGSTON. (*In horror.*) Marion!

MARION. Why? Didn't he ever slap you, mother—almost, even? (*The two look at each other, then the look of horror dies out of Mrs. Livingston's face. She softens, blushes, finally smiles with reminiscent tenderness. Marion shakes finger at her.*) Almost, mother?

MRS. LIVINGSTON. (*Hesitating.*) He did, almost, once. (*Hastily.*) But that was a long time ago.

MARION. Mother! (*The two throw themselves into each other's arms.*)

MRS. LIVINGSTON. (*After a long embrace broken by little gurgling sounds of joy on both sides, releasing herself and wiping away a suspicion of tears.*) Your mother is an old fool, child, and don't you dare tell your father. (*Mr. and Mrs. Bob Livingston enter unannounced. Bob Livingston is a very tall, broad, perfectly conventional New Yorker of twenty-six. He is absurdly fond of his little wife and she takes the greatest delight in bossing him.*)

WILSON. (*The butler.*) Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston.

MARION. Welcome to the bride and groom.

SALLIE. (*Kissing Marion.*) We are old married people, aren't we, Robert?

BOB LIVINGSTON. (*Agreeing eagerly.*) I should say so.

SALLIE. Don't say so that way. You are worse than Marion.

BOB LIVINGSTON. (*Meekly.*) Yes, dear.

MARION. (*To Mrs. Livingston.*) That's right, jump through the hoop, Bobby.

BOBBY. Forget it, Marion.

SALLIE. As I was saying, Marion, you know I don't want to criticize, but, as I told you, if you only started out right! Now Bobby and I will never have any trouble in our family, will we, Bobby? (*Moves over to Bobby affectionately, then suddenly pauses.*) Is that a thread or a hair on your shoulder? (*Quickly grabs at shoulder, jealously, then relieved.*) Oh, a thread.

BOB. Yes, dear.

WILSON. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Morris.

MARION. (*Coming to meet them.*) Ned, dear, you look handsome enough to kiss.

MORRIS. (*As he shakes hands.*) Cross my heart I won't fight.

MARION. I'll send it to you by Belle. (*Kisses Belle.*)

MRS. BELLE MORRIS. Don't make Ned any more conceited, Marion. He firmly believes now all the women are running after him. I tell him if he can hold one he's lucky. That's all the Lord provided for one man.

MARION. Be careful, dear. There's a great tendency nowadays to help the Lord out. (*Calls to Robert.*) Bobby,

BOB. Yes.

MARION. (*Whispering.*) Someone here tonight will interest you, Bobby. Thought I would let you know in advance.

BOB. Yes?

MARION. Mrs. Blakemore.

BOB. (*Aghast.*) Puss! Here?

MARION. "Puss?" How appropriate.

BOB. Marion! How could you let her be invited?

MARION. Do you think she would tell Sallie of that romantic near drowning and your affair last year at Palm Beach?

BOB. (*Under his breath.*) If Sallie should find out what will happen?

MARION. I don't know, Bobby.

MORRIS. (*Coming to them.*) What's the conspiracy?

MARION. Oh, I was just speaking to Bobby of a guest I invited you to meet. She's so attractive she's carried off both Oliver Whitney and Howard.

MORRIS. Well, any woman who can interest that old rake Whitney is worth knowing. Who is she?

MARION. Mrs. Blakemore.

MORRIS. Wha—wha—what? Who—not Eliz—

MARION. (*Very distinctly.*) Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore—Puss!

MORRIS. (*With startled exclamation.*) Eh—aw!

MARION. She is your puss, too?

MORRIS. Er—aw, isn't that the lady, Bobby, you introduced me to?

BOBBY. Never heard of her before in my life.

MARION. Then you introduce him, Ned.

(*Enter General Livingston.*)

MARION. (*Meeting him.*) So glad you've come.

MORRIS. (*Aside, to Robert.*) You liar!

BOB. Come on, call me that in front of your wife, and let me explain.

MARION. Dad!

GENERAL. My little girl! (*Kisses her fondly.*)

(*Mrs. Blakemore, with Stanton on one side and Whitney on the other, enters gaily and loudly enough to draw attention of all.*)

MARION. Ah, here are the truants.

MRS. BLAKEMORE. I hope we did not keep you waiting?

MARION. Oh, no. Mrs. Stanton, may I present Mrs. Blakemore. Mrs. Blakemore, my father, General Livingston. (*At name Livingston, Mrs. Blakemore starts slightly.*) My mother, Mrs. Blakemore; Mrs. Edward Morris, Mrs. Robert Livingston—you know my brother, and—

MRS. BLAKEMORE. Oh, yes, I've had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Morris and Mr. Livingston. (*Morris and Bob, still linked arm in arm, have been standing petrified during the introductions. Mrs. Blakemore comes to them with both hands outstretched.*) My dear old friends. (*Mr. Morris and Bob move forward; holds out a hand to each, so that she gets one left and one*

right hand, the three making a little ring.) Isn't this delightful?

MORRIS AND BOB. How do you do? Delightful!

WHITNEY. I always said, Marion, you were a wonder at getting up interesting and congenial parties. What is your little game?

MARION. Game? I'm having the time of my life—playing "Puss in the corner."

The curtain rises again, an hour later, the same evening. It is after the dinner. Both Bob and Morris, being afraid of their wives, are terribly flustered by the presence of Mrs. Blakemore, and Marion cleverly urges them to tell her husband the reason why they should not like to meet the widow again at the house. Still, things are not going quite her way, and she makes a last desperate appeal to Whitney to carry out her strategic device. "Oliver," she cries, "you must make him jealous. If he is jealous, I'll know he still cares." She lays her hand on his hand affectionately as Stanton's shadow appears at the door.

MARION. (*Passionately.*) Oliver—don't urge me, dear. Remember I am still married. Don't press me too hard. (*Very low.*) Take my hand, you idiot, you're not pressing anything yet. (*Stanton is beginning to get wild with jealousy, but the presence of Mrs. Blakemore restrains him. Mrs. Blakemore is also decidedly curious and doesn't know just what to make of it. Stanton and Mrs. Blakemore appear at conservatory door.*) Oliver, Oliver, Oliver, here take this one. (*Giving hand to Oliver.*) Remember, I am still married.

WHITNEY. Look! look! Can you doubt your eyes?

STANTON. (*Low.*) I won't stand this

MRS. BLAKEMORE. Sh! (*Places hand on his arm to restrain him.*) Look!

WHITNEY. How soon can the divorce be secured, dearest?

STANTON. I tell you I'm going to break his neck. Talking that way to my wife!

MRS. BLAKEMORE. It's splendid, dear. Listen!

STANTON. Splendid nothing! (*Tries to get up, she stops him.*)

MARION. If it had not been for that automobile accident I might have drifted on to the end of my days and never found out what I really thought. Oh, that blessed automobile accident! (*Draws to him; low.*) You are so good, Oliver.

STANTON. (*Storming down to bench.*) Oh, this disgraceful exhibition has gone on long enough. (*Marion and Whitney jump up, apparently much confused.*)

WHITNEY. (*In tone of man caught with the goods, but determined to brazen it out. Haughtily.*) Stanton!

MARION. (*Confused.*) Oh! Howard, were you out there; I didn't know.

STANTON. (*Bitterly.*) I have been here since the beginning of this disgraceful scene. At least, I hope it was since the beginning?

WHITNEY. (*Confused.*) Why a—a—why, we thought you were with Mrs. Blakemore.

MARION. Yes.

STANTON. (*Turns on Whitney.*) Whitney, how dare you make love to my wife?

WHITNEY. (*Angry.*) Stanton! Your wife! Our wife! (*They confront each other.*) You can't have 'em all, you know.

MARION. At least allow Oliver the discard, Howard.

STANTON. You—Marion, my wife—you can say that? I can't understand it. I stood there. I could not credit my ears in my house—you—my wife! Forgetting yourself! Answering the love of such a man! Bringing him into this house! Such disgrace! Have you no shame? (*Turns to Whitney.*) And you, Whitney—you—my friend, How have you repaid me? (*When his head is turned, Marion shows every sign of happiness, realizing his jealousy is a proof of his love.*) My friend and my wife in my own house. I brought you here, I welcomed you, I trusted you, and this is how you have repaid my trust, my friendship! Have you no manhood? What would you think if I—

MARION. Did you hear that?

STANTON. (*Fiercely.*) Did I hear what?

MARION. I thought I heard some one throw a brick through a glass house!

This scene of marital jealousy is interrupted by the entrance of Bob, who confesses to Stanton the truth about Mrs. Blakemore. Before Stanton has time to express his resentment, Morris enters, somewhat embarrassed.

MORRIS. Well, Howard, it's one on me. I'll have to confess, confidentially, of course, because I need your help.

STANTON. (*Suspiciously.*) What is it?

MORRIS. I did not think I'd ever be caught with the goods! And after all my lectures to you, too.

STANTON. Caught with the goods? What do you mean? (*Angrily.*) Why can't you speak out? You lawyers get so in the habit of beating about the bush. Caught with the goods! What goods?

MORRIS. (*Smiling in asinine fashion.*) Er—ah—very charming goods. You'll admit that Mrs. Blakemore.

STANTON. My God!

MORRIS. It is bad, I'll admit. But you can understand after your experience with the mysterious lady in the automobile, can't you, eh?

STANTON. Yes, I'm beginning to understand.

MORRIS. (*With huge relief.*) That's the best for having a damned rake for a brother-in-law. When you get in trouble yourself you can come to him.

STANTON. (*Losing his temper as it sweeps over him what a fool he has been, and, mingled with that feeling, the pain of his wounded self-love; he lets his voice raise gradually to tone of vibrant anger.*) Yes, a damned rake for a brother-in-law! That's what I have.

MORRIS. (*Making desperate but vain gestures to quiet him.*) Sh! Howard! Please! (*The other two come over hurriedly.*)

STANTON. Why should I shield you? Yes, a damned rake. How dare you, you, the husband of my innocent sister!

MORRIS. My God, man, you won't tell Belle. She'd leave me in a minute.

STANTON. Why shouldn't she?

MORRIS. But it's all passed. Lose her for what's past!

STANTON. Lose her fortune, you mean?

MORRIS. (*Angrily.*) Stanton!

BOB. (*Warningly.*) Howard!

STANTON. (*Whirling on Bob.*) You, too, Livingston, you are no better. How dare you protest to me. (*To Morris.*) He just finished telling me the same.

BOB AND MORRIS. (*Turning to each other, exclaim simultaneously, with wounded pride and amazement.*) You, too! (*Both nod.*)

BOB. (*With amazement and involuntary anger.*) I introduced you. You took my place.

MORRIS. (*Angry in turn.*) Somebody had to take it.

BOB. Well, I'll be damned.

STANTON. (*Between the two with bitter contempt.*) You both ought to be. (*Indicates Morris and Bob.*) Married ten years! Married one month! The same! Two modern moral gentlemen. A nice state of affairs. A pretty state of affairs. A pleasant situation!

WHITNEY. (*Whistles; puts his hand to his ear and stands listening intently. The three turn and stare at him.*)

STANTON. What's the matter with you, Whitney?

WHITNEY. Oh, nothing, I thought I heard another brick go through that glass house. You are right tho, Stanton, it is a pretty situation. Now if we only had the name of the lady in your automobile accident it might be perfect.

STANTON. (*Suddenly brought to earth.*) Huh! (*Stands with jaw dropped looking at Whitney. General Livingston re-enters.*)

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. I managed to have two chairs placed in the box, Whitney. Suppose we take Mrs. Blakemore up with us. I tell you she's a charming woman—makes me feel young again.

STANTON. (*Aside.*) Next!

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. What's that, Stanton? Don't you think she's charming?

STANTON. (*Completely unstrung, with elaborate effort at self-control.*) Yes, I think she's charming. Everybody seems to think she's charming.

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. (*Surprised and puzzled.*) Of course. Why if I were young—

(Nods his head after the fashion of an old man who has had his conquests.)

STANTON. (*Losing all control.*) Oh, there's no age limit! I suppose soon you'll be like the rest—calling her Puss, and begging me to help you out.

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. Sir! How dare you! What do you mean?

STANTON. Mean? (*Wildly.*) I mean—nothing—ask them!

Stanton rushes out of the room. Before there is time for a general explanation, a note from Mr. Lynch, the reporter, is sent in, stating that the name of the Other Woman had been discovered, and would be published within a half an hour unless Stanton is able to prove that the report is erroneous. The note is opened by Livingston and the angry general asks the reporter to be shown in.

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. I represent Mr. Stanton, and I tell you sir, I do not propose to have him hounded in this damnable fashion any longer. I shall hold you personally responsible.

LYNCH. General, you're the fifth man who's said that to me since three o'clock.

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. (*Sharp.*) What!

LYNCH. And if you do physically assault me, General, I shall certainly land you in the night court, and collect space on the story—spread on the front page, sure—"Famous old soldier fined for brutally assaulting innocent young newspaper man." (*General Livingston stands completely dumbfounded, his hands twitching, quivering with rage.*)

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. (*Gasps almost tearfully.*) Have you newspaper men no sense of personal decency, personal dignity?

LYNCH. Don't be too hard on us, General. During business hours, our associations are very bad.

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. What do you mean?

LYNCH. We have the name of the lady who was with Mr. Stanton in his car at the time of his accident. We have learned all about the trip and we have the woman's name. So I have come to give Mr. Stanton a—

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. (*Interrupting.*) Would the papers print that?

LYNCH. Would they print it? Well—(*Smiles significantly.*)

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. Then I shall say nothing, but our lawyers will take action.

LYNCH. They'd better take it quick. You'll have fifty reporters up here by tomorrow night. If Mr. Stanton refuses to say anything, we will simply send out the story that the woman in the car with him at the time of his automobile accident was—(*Pauses, then with dramatic emphasis.*) Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore.

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. (*Starting back in amazement.*) Good gracious!!



WHEN THE STORM BREAKS LOOSE

The methods of the yellow press are amusingly demonstrated in one of the season's authentic successes, Mr. Frank Worthing's maiden effort as a writer of plays.

BOB AND MORRIS. (*Turn, face each other, absolute amazement showing on their faces, speak together.*) Well, what do you think of that? (*Whitney alone is not surprised. The situation is held a moment, then Stanton enters. He does not see Lynch at first.*)

STANTON. (*As he comes on.*) General, I wish to apologize—(*Stops short, seeing Lynch.*)

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. (*Whirling on Stanton.*) Apologize! Apologize! How dare you sir! (*Losing his self-control.*) My great grandfather killed his man for just such an insult—

Marion enters to save the situation. The reporter withdraws for a moment, while the general informs her that Mrs. Blakemore must leave the house at once. Marion demurs.

MARION. Father, I told you once what concerns my own life I must settle my own way. I don't want to appear disrespectful, but you cannot coerce me in my own house. (*Walks past him to the door and opens it.*) Good evening Mr. Lynch.

LYNCH. (*Sincere tone.*) I hope you will believe me, Mrs. Stanton, when I tell you it is not a pleasure to me to have to come on this errand.

MARION. Thank you, Mr. Lynch.

LYNCH. I'd rather talk to Mr. Stanton.

MARION. Sorry, but— (*Her manner is pleasant and friendly, but firm. Lynch evidently likes her and with a shrug he accepts situation.*)

LYNCH. Then please understand my position, and how I regret personally the questions that, as a newspaper man, I must put. (*Marion bows.*) Bluntly, Mrs. Stanton, we have the name of that woman.

MARION. Yes.

LYNCH. And we are going to publish it unless it can be proven wrong.

MARION. I'd expect that. Who is she?

LYNCH. Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore. (*Lynch pronounces the name regretfully. Marion stares at him a moment in amazement, then throws back her head and gives way to a peal of laughter. The men on the stage stare at Marion amazed.*)

MARION. Oh, this is too good! Too good! Forgive me, Mr. Lynch. (*Goes off into another peal of laughter, turns to the men.*) Howard, Dad, all of you, did you hear that? What a splendid joke! (*The men try awkwardly to back her up.*)

GENERAL LIVINGSTON. Splendid! Haw! Haw!

BOB. Fine, he, he!

MORRIS. (*At head of table.*) Ho, ho. I never knew anything like it.

WHITNEY. I told Mr. Lynch he was on a cold trail.

LYNCH. (*Grimly.*) You can't laugh me off.

MARION. (*Struggling for self-control.*) Of course not. But you must forgive my having my laugh first. I'll offer more substantial proof. (*Opens door, letting in immediately the sound of women's talking and laughter which stop short as tho the women had looked around at the opening of the door. Calling in her most dulcet tone.*) Elizabeth!

MRS. BLAKEMORE. (*Her voice heard off stage.*) Yes, Marion, dear. (*An amazed gasp from the men. Mrs. Blakemore appears at the door.*)

MARION. Come in! (*Mrs. Blakemore enters, looks about quickly, almost fearfully. Marion slips her arm about Mrs. Blakemore's waist in reassuring fashion, laughing, but at the same time giving Mrs. Blakemore a warning pressure with her arm.*) Don't say a word, dear. The greatest joke, you ever heard! Come! (*Mrs. Blakemore, following suit, slips her arm about Marion. They come down stage to Lynch, their arms about each other's waist most affectionately. The men are staring at them dumb-founded. Marion and Mrs. Blakemore stop opposite Lynch. Marion speaks gaily.*) Mr. Lynch, of the City News, may I present Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore?

LYNCH. (*In amazement.*) Mrs. Blakemore!

MRS. BLAKEMORE. (*Bowing pleasantly.*) Glad to meet you, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH. (*Repeating, dazed.*) Mrs. Blakemore!

MARION. (*Gaily.*) And you see she's not

lame a bit from her broken leg.

MRS. BLAKEMORE. What's the joke?

MARION. (*Taunting.*) You would not expect, Mr. Lynch, to find plaintiff and correspondent so friendly.

MRS. BLAKEMORE. (*Gasping.*) Plaintiff! Correspondent!

MARION. Yes, dear. Mr. Lynch came all the way up from down town to tell me that I am going to bring a divorce suit against Howard, naming you as correspondent. Now wasn't that sweet of him? (*She keeps her warning pressure about Mrs. Blakemore's waist.*)

MRS. BLAKEMORE. (*Taking the cue.*) This is awful! Horrible!

MARION. Now, dear, don't lose your sense of humor. (*To Lynch.*) Are you satisfied, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH. Forgive me, Mrs. Stanton, but you are so confounded clever you might run in a "ringer." (*Reaches in his pocket, brings out a picture, holds it up and compares the picture with Mrs. Blakemore. Finally looks up.*) Guess you win, Mrs. Stanton.

MARION. Thanks. (*Bows satirically.*)

LYNCH. Yes, you must be right. I don't believe even you could put your arm about the other woman. (*A suppressed, gasping exclamation from the men.*)

MARION. That observation hardly requires an answer, Mr. Lynch.

LYNCH. Sorry to have disturbed you. Good night!

ALL. (*With relief.*) Good night.

The flabbergasted reporter withdraws, but Marion still keeps her arm about Mrs. Blakemore. When he re-opens the door, as if he had forgotten something, he finds the picture undisturbed. Mrs. Blakemore thanks Marion for her generosity, and goes out, followed by the others. "Good night, my friend," the widow remarks, "you'll get all that is coming to you." Stanton calls back Marion who has also deserted the room.

STANTON. Marion! Marion!

MARION. (*Enters.*) Has she gone?

STANTON. Who?

MARION. Puss?

STANTON. Oh, she's not my Puss.

MARION. Not your Puss, Howard? Then who's Puss is she?

STANTON. God knows—maybe. Marion. I've loved you all the time. I've been a fool, a weak, dazzled fool. I love you. Won't you forgive me and take me back?

MARION. Take you back? Why, I've never even given you up. Do you think I could stand for that cat—Puss, I mean—in this house and me off to Reno?

CURTAIN.



THE WIFE WHO DIDN'T GIVE UP

Miss Grace George, in "A Woman's Way," wins back through clever maneuvering the heart of the prodigal husband.

A NEW NAPOLEONIC DRAMA BY CATULLE MENDÈS

THE "wickedest and cleverest man in Paris," the late Catulle Mendès, furnished France with a posthumous sensation when Madame Réjane produced at her theater in the French capital his play of Napoleon in Elba, entitled "L'Imperatrice." The play has attracted widespread attention, and if we may believe M. Jean Thonvenin, writing in *Les Annales Politiques and Littéraires*, to whom we are chiefly indebted for information, Catulle Mendès, dead but a few weeks, has already grown considerably in literary stature.

The scene of the play is laid at Elba, where the man who had so long swayed the rod of empire and dictated humiliating terms to the most powerful rulers was now reduced to being the pigmy king of a pigmy realm. With a morbid, feverish activity he plunges into all kinds of work which may distract his mind: making roads, erecting buildings, preparing various homes for himself, establishing a theatre, revising the laws, regulating the revenue, arranging the ceremonial of his petty court. It was the one opera bouffe period of his career, and he himself must have recognized its irritating absurdity.

He is daily expecting the arrival of the Empress Marie-Louise and the little King of Rome. She has promised to come to him, and he awaits her with an anxiety which has become his strongest passion. A ship approaches the island, and Napoleon, looking through a telescope, believes that he can distinguish on the deck Marie-Louise and the child. He makes instant preparations for their reception, attending to the most minute details. No circumstance of ceremony is to be omitted. In this scene the author, with a few touches of clever realism, succeeds in indicating the rudeness which was too apt to characterize Napoleon's intercourse with women. He asks one of the ladies of his court whether she uses brick-dust in making up her face, and hopes that she may be less miserably dressed when she pays her respects to the Empress. He advises another lady to hide her feet, reminding her that Marie-Louise's feet are like those of a little bird.

Sir Neil Campbell, the English envoy, fearing that Napoleon may be subjected to a public disappointment, which would injure him in the eyes of the Elban people, earnestly warns him against placing too much confidence in the hope which he has so eagerly embraced. Napo-

leon assumes that these expostulations proceed from a fear that the arrival of his family may reawaken his ambition and he replies by assuring the envoy that there is nothing to be feared upon that score. He says to Campbell:

"Do you not rejoice with me? I expected no less of you! Is it not natural and just that a wife should rejoin her husband, that a son should be restored to his father? Can it be possible that England, so full of happy homes, should begrudge me my domestic happiness? Still, it seems to me that your face does not express a lively satisfaction. What, Colonel! Is it possible that you fancy that the advent of an empress who is no longer a real empress, and of a king who has in truth ceased to be a king, can have power to arouse once more my fallen pride? Ah, no. You know the truth too well. You know how strongly I am knit to this island. I have taken root where I have been transplanted. My sole ambition is to live here in peace, like a quiet, charitable burgher. My officers dream of no other conquests save those of the daughters of the island. They wed them, they establish themselves here, like me, content with their exile. Besides, I am growing fat and stupid, and I am not well. I have my infirmities. After four hours in the saddle I am weary. Come, come! Be not alarmed. The imperial Don Quixote of Wagram and Austerlitz, of Leipsic and Borodino, is no more. He has been transformed into the peaceable Sancho Panza in the Isle of Barataria—that honest Sancho, whose only desire is to lead a tranquil family life!"

After all, it is not Marie-Louise who is on the ship, but the Polish Countess Marie-Ange Walewska, who has learned that her adored lover is alone and wretched, and who has come to cheer and comfort him, bringing with her their child, a lovely boy. At first Napoleon is inclined to repulse them; but he is touched by this devotion, which has lasted throughout so many years and which has endured the strain of such cruel hardships. He decides to receive them. All the old memories of his Russian campaign throng about him, and he is well pleased to live once more in the past. The season of tranquility, however, is not to be of long duration. He soon begins to suspect that the Countess has some scheme to compromise him. Perhaps she means to draw him into a marriage. She is now a widow, and the Church has never ratified his marriage with Marie-Louise. These gloomy thoughts prey upon his mind until, on a stormy evening, when his nerves

have been overwrought, he cruelly drives away the mother and child. Marie-Ange goes submissively, since it is her idol's will. She embarks at once in the midst of a furious storm. She has scarcely gone before Napoleon relents and hastens to save her from the peril which threatens her; but he is too late. Upon the beach he finds the sailors' wives kneeling, praying for their husbands. He kneels beside them and also prays. He flings his sword into the sea, in the hope of quieting the angry waves. When at last the ocean is once more calm, he determines to confide his fortunes to it, and again sets sail for France.

The success of "L'Imperatrice" appears to be largely due to the number of affecting historical pictures which it presents. The acting of Madame Réjane as the heroine is said to be full of grace and sensibility, and M. de Max is said to personate Napoleon with much poetic enthusiasm. Despite all criticism, the glamor of Napoleon is perennial. He is the one incarnation of the Superman known to the Modern World. Say what we may, we come back again and again to Mrs. Browning's summing up, and repeat her swinging words:

" . . . his knee unbent,
His head unclean, his aspiration pent
Within a sword-sweep—pshaw! but since he
had
The genius to be loved, why, let him have
The justice to be honored in his grave."



HOW MODJESKA LOOKED AT THE TIME OF HER FIRST APPEARANCE

It is difficult to recognize in this frail slip of a girl the celebrated tragedienne, Modjeska. "Our Lady," as she was called by her compatriots, had already at that time achieved histrionic distinction in Poland.

HOW MADAME MODJESKA'S CAREER WAS SAVED BY ZAGLOBA



WHEN the great Polish tragedienne, Madame Helene Modjeska, who has so lately made her exit from the stage of life, first came to America, she had already won histrionic distinction in Poland and the Poles hailed her advent with high anticipations. Years ago, we of this country came to regard her as one of the world's most illustrious actresses and to claim her for our own. Yet we learn from a Polish writer that she came very near being lost forever to the American stage, and that it was only the intervention of one Captain Piotrowski, said to be the original of the most famous of Sienkiewicz's characters, the redoubtable old pot-house broiler Captain Zagloba, that her career in this country was saved. The story is told by a Polish

American, Zbigniew Brodowski, who was at one time American consul at Breslau. He saw Modjeska's first performance in San Francisco four decades ago, and tells about it in his memoirs, written in Polish.

The coming of Madame Modjeska (or Modrzejewska to use the Polish spelling) caused a feeling of great joy among the Poles of San Francisco, each of whom had the highest admiration for "our lady," as the actress was called by them. With her came to San Francisco a small Polish colony that had lived on an orange farm near Los Angeles, including Sienkiewicz, the distinguished novelist, who, as is well known, spent nine years of his life in this country; and including also Piotrowski. Sienkiewicz was at that time a man of thirty, with melancholy features, but

with keen eyes so lighted by intelligence that he attracted notice immediately. He was at that time writing under the pseudonym of "Litwos." Madame Modjeska, so the tale runs in Brodowski's memoirs, passed half a year in studying the English tongue in order that she might use it on the American stage. When she announced that she was ready for appearance, a bustling began in the Polish colony. The director of the Grand Opera House, then the most important theater in San Francisco, consented to a trial.

"All of us went to this trial sure of ourselves and prepared to stone everyone that should doubt the genius of 'our lady.' She went upon the stage and commenced to speak. But a few minutes had passed when the director called out: 'She's no good!' That idiot did not comprehend Modrzejewska's heavenly accent, with which millions were charmed later on, and in his narrow-mindedness he regarded it as hopeless!

"At such a decision by the director, 'our lady' rushed behind the scenes in tears. 'Gentlemen, to what have you exposed me!' were the sole words that fell from her lips amid her sobs. We stood as if petrified, as if sentenced to be beheaded. Only Captain Piotrowski muttered under his nose: 'Ah, the good-for-nothing!' General Krzyzanowski was the first to recover from the disagreeable impression, and he exclaimed in a jocular tone: 'But he's an ass, my good woman! It's not for that ninny to judge such an artist!'

"In spite of this, Modrzejewska was thoroly disheartened by this humiliation, as she designated it. Of a new trial, preparations for which had already been made by Salomon, she would not even hear. Thus, through the ignorance of this hapless director, we had almost lost the glory with which the Polish name began to resound throughout the whole world immediately after the first appearance of Mrs. Modrzejewska. It would have been entirely lost had it not been for old Captain Piotrowski, who was full of artifices like a true Ulysses. 'Well, my ladyship,' said he to Modrzejewska, 'if one such dummy has been able to terrify you, you surely cannot be a Polish woman!' With these words, Piotrowski touched the most sensitive side of 'our lady.' To be a Pole in the full sense and beauty of that term had always been her ambition, and of that she had given proofs throughout her life by her illimitable love for her country, and by her truly royal generosity in behalf of public causes and in wiping away the tear of poverty. She extended her hand to Captain Piotrowski and said: 'Do with me then what you want, my friends.'

The manager of the California Theater at that time was John McCullough, an old man of seventy years, and an actor famous in his

day. He consented to another trial of Modjeska, but required that she perform a part in the Polish tongue. Again a small handful of her countrymen went to the trial, this time with oppressed hearts. She selected the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and as she came out on the stage, "every inch a queen," there flowed from her lips "an inexpressibly beautiful stream of words" in the Polish tongue.

"To hear Polish words there, on the shores of the Pacific, from the American stage, made the moment so affecting for us, that the eyes of all of us peared with tears. General Krzyzanowski feigned that something had fallen into his eye. Captain Piotrowski began to hawk so indecorously that Sienkiewicz, who sat beside him, whispered some remark into his ear. Suddenly McCullough, with his silver hair falling down his shoulders, ran up from behind the scenes and, bending his knee before Madame Helena with youthful suppleness, cried: 'Madam, you are the greatest artist I have seen, and I foretell unprecedented triumphs for you on our stage!' He did not allow her to leave the theater until she had made a provisional contract for a certain number of appearances."

Two or three weeks later came the first public appearance. On the bill was Adrienne Lecouvreur. That evening was one of positive triumph. On the following day the entire first page of the local dailies was filled with praise of her genius. "I know not how others felt," says Brodowski, "but to me it seemed when the word 'Modjeska' continually resounded in my ear almost as if the talk were about me myself, and I undoubtedly carried my head a few inches higher in those days. With each appearance, the fame of our artist increased, and when she appeared in Polish in San Francisco, in the rôle of Ophelia, the Polish Jews arranged a royal ovation for her, covering the entire stage with flowers."

But the East with its new laurels lured "our lady" from her Californian friends. Her brilliant success never eclipsed her gratitude to her compatriots and to California, the scene of her early triumphs; and it was there that she died. Before her departure, she presented Captain Piotrowski with her carefully chosen library consisting of more than four hundred volumes, with the stipulation that after his death it was to pass into the possession of "The Society of Poles in America." The doughty Captain, however, conveyed the library to the society at once, "that nobody should lie in wait for his death."

THE THEATRICAL MUCK-RAKER ANSWERED

IN A severe indictment of the American stage of today, Mr. Walter P. Eaton has painted certain of the theatrical managers as devils luring our sons and daughters to perdition with distinctly Mephistophelean leers. His article, quoted at length in our preceding issue, has been followed by something like an avalanche of similar indictments in a large number of publications. The American theater, however, has not remained without its defenders at this juncture, and defenders, too, whose words will carry weight with a large section of the American public. Thus Miss Jane Addams, the well-known social reformer of Chicago, extols the American dramatist for his eagerness to attack serious problems on which the press and the church are silent. "At least a dozen plays," she remarks, "are now on the stage whose titles might easily be translated into a proper heading for a sociological lecture or a sermon." "The Battle" might be called "The Need for Model Tenements"; Zangwill's "Melting Pot" might be called "The Value of Immigration"; "The Easiest Way," "The Entrenchment of a Social Evil"; "The Strong People," "A Strike and Its Unfair Suppression"; "The Man of the Hour," "An Effort to Combat Municipal Corruption"; "The Third Degree," "The Sweating in Police Courts Resulting in False Confessions"; "Salvation Nell" has been called rightly or wrongly "The Divine Comedy of the Poor"; "The Writing on the Wall," Olga Nethersole's new production, might be announced by "An Exposition of the Methods of Trinity Church in Administering Its Property"; "Samson," "The Result of Frenzied Finance"; "The Flag Station," "Accidents Resulting from Long Hours of Labor"; "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Ruthless Methods of Big Business"; and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Optimism as a Rectifier of Social Wrongs." The sociological purpose is sacrificed in some of the plays here enumerated to the exigencies of the drama. Many times, Miss Addams goes on to say, "the perplexed hero reminds one of Emerson's description of Margaret Fuller—I don't know where I am going; follow me—but nevertheless the stage is dealing with the moral themes in which the public is most interested." The readers of CURRENT LITERATURE are not unaware of the ethical note so strongly sounded in the American drama and so persistently ignored by its critics. Five of the plays

cited by Miss Addams have, at various times, appeared in these pages; two more will shortly be added. The theatrical managers, as a rule, it may safely be affirmed, prefer clean plays to prurient plays. Mr. Marc Klaw, one of the heads of the so-called Theatrical Trust, regrets that we cannot have a "pure food law" for drama that will label every play "good" or "bad." "Incidentally," he adds (in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*): "I should not want to be the Dr. Wiley of this task. Those performances which are clearly catering to pernicious tastes," he continues, "should be frowned upon. Speaking for the Syndicate, we will not book such plays in the theaters we own, control or represent. Plays and actors continue to be good or bad, as they have been and always will be. It is true that some of the members of the Syndicate are play-producers; but they are individually responsible for the merits and demerits of their productions, just as other managers are." Thus the Theatrical Trust, as a corporation, clears itself of Mr. Eaton's indictment, which was aimed for the most part, it will be remembered, at the musical comedies of the last year or two, rather than at the drama proper. It even appears that Mr. Erlanger, head of the Trust, at one time gave Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" at a loss of more than \$60,000 for the idle purpose, apparently, of showing the public how a classic should be produced. It was a foregone conclusion, asserts *The Morning Telegraph*, to which we are indebted for this information, that the enterprise would wind up with a loss. When Charles Frohman produced "Ulysses," a friend remarked to him: "You will lose at least \$50,000 on that play." "No, I shall lose \$70,000," Mr. Frohman responded. "And why are you going into it?" "Just for the pleasure of producing a classical drama." Mr. Lee Shubert, the bolting member of the Syndicate, devotes his energy largely to the New Theater, an enterprise of idealistic intention; he also washes his hands of immoral productions. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, Mr. Henry Miller and Mr. David Belasco have never soiled their hands with theatrical smut. Mr. Belasco affirms (and Mr. Eaton is careful to admit) that Mr. Eugene Walter's much-discussed "The Easiest Way" has a function unmistakably moral. There still remains a residue of frankly obnoxious plays. They present a troublesome problem; and the establishment of a censor has been seriously suggested in

this connection. This, says Miss Jeanette Gilder in *Putnam's Monthly*, is all nonsense. "We do not want any such official. They have one in England, and what has he done for the stage over there? He has stopped 'Monna Vanna' and permitted 'Zaza.' A censorship is a futile officer. Public Opinion should be our censor, and usually is. . . . It needs only a little reflection on the part of the public. We can generally trust the American public to do the decent thing. We don't even want Mr. Anthony Comstock to interfere," she adds, "because we have no respect for Mr. Comstock's judgment." Mr. Charles Ferguson, in the *New York American*, suggests another solution. Certain public-spirited citizens, it seems, with no sour-mindedness or Round-head intolerance of gay things, but rather with a desire to make the most of the shows, for the possible good that lies in them, have taken in hand a remarkable project for putting the cheap-theater business on a solid human basis. "It is the main purpose of the writing now under your eyes," Mr. Ferguson earnestly asserts, "to call your attention to this remarkable project—worthy of imitation the world over—and, indeed, to its practically assured success."

"If you walk along Fourteenth street nowadays you will notice that the dime theaters advertise on big placards that their shows are warranted to be pure goods, with the union label of the city censorship.

"And what is the nature of this censorship? The answer is that the public oversight that actually counts has nothing to do with formal laws backed by policeman's billies. The working censorship in this case is of a peculiar and nearly unprecedented kind. *It is a free co-operative understanding between the show men and an association of painstaking citizens of good taste and good sense—admitted to be fairly representative of the community.*

"The movement for the creation of this neighborly and democratic censorship began with the People's Institute, and easily got itself established with the help of other civic societies.

"It was found that the people who managed the shows were devoid of hoofs and horns, and perfectly amenable to human reason.

"The system is tentative, and is no doubt susceptible of great improvement through experience. But the principle of it is as sound as the gospel of democracy."

There still remains, however, the possibility of a disagreement between the "show men" and their self-instituted municipal censors. The merits of many plays dealing with erotic problems are hotly debated. Thus Miss Gilder un-

hesitatingly condemns "Zaza," while others, among them Mrs. Leslie Carter, defend the presentation of Sardou's *Scarlet Woman* and similar characters on the stage. In a remarkable paper on "Morality in Relation to the Drama and the Press," Mrs. Carter boldly faces the Muckraker. "As an emotional actress," she remarks in *The Red Book*, "it has been my purpose to select plays of strong emotional character. Necessarily most of the plays have dealt with women who are placed in moral jeopardy during the play for the purpose of dramatic effect." Some of her heroines, Mrs. Carter admits, are women described as "bad." "But," she asserts, "the *Scarlet Woman* has been so glorified by the arts of the world that it is difficult to efface her significance either in painting, in sculpture, or in the drama."

"Of course," Mrs. Carter adds with delightful irony, "I realize that the dramatic critics approach their work with different standards of responsibility. The art critic does not assume that his duty involves the guardianship of the public he addresses, and this, of course, allows him greater reserve in his opinion. Nevertheless," the actress-manager adds, "I should like to see the standards of dramatic criticism in the American press arrive at the same degree of reserve as the art critic has shown." An audience, she claims, goes into a theater and takes its morals with it, and when it leaves the theater, it takes its morals away with it, and the two or three hours of amusement have no bearing upon the private characters of its component parts. The dramatic critic, Mrs. Carter thinks, can help the theater, not by questioning the morals of a play, nor yet by ignoring them, "but rather by considering first of all the one great dramatic purpose of the drama, which is to visualize the conflicts of the human soul, and to establish the ultimate triumph of the ideals which it has pictured."

"The American press, with the facility of Falstaffian philosophy, has told us repeatedly how very wonderful, how very great in emotional value, is the *Scarlet Woman* of the stage. Occasionally, as happened recently, with equal facility for self-contradiction, the American press becomes suddenly excited about the morals of the stage.

"It is a big subject, isn't it?"

"While in one column of the newspaper appears an interview with some celebrated 'star' of the church, in which the public is warned against the danger of certain plays in the theater, in another column, on the same page, the newspaper gives its readers a blood-curdling and hideous picture of

some actual drama in real life that would be quite impossible of representation on any stage because of its moral ugliness. I don't mean to say that this may not be in accord with the province of the newspaper, but when it comes to dramatic criticism, there should be an equally broad standard of artistic conception.

"In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City there were recently exhibited a number of pictures painted by the new school impres-

sionists of Germany. In dramatic fancifulness and daring, nothing like the subjects of these pictures have been shown on the American stage. The art critics, however, did not discuss the moral danger of these pictures, nor was the public shocked by the boldness with which the artists' ideas were interpreted. Good for the art critic, I say, who had a sufficient sense of loyalty to the real art motive in these pictures to ignore their morals."

CAUSES OF AMERICA'S MUSICAL INFERIORITY



ANY explanations have been offered to account for the fact that no American composer so far, with the possible exception of MacDowell, has struck that dominating note of supreme mastership which compels universal recognition. In painting and sculpture, in poetry and general literature, Americans have won an entrance into the inner shrine of fame; in music alone they are felt to have fallen below the highest standards.

Reginald de Koven, the well-known composer and critic, rehearses at some length, in *The North American Review*, the familiar charges so often brought against our national temperament. We are too "commercial" and "nervous," he says, and the development of music in this country has had to contend with a decided and widespread inclination among our solid men to consider the study of music as an art both trivial and unworthy.

The chief cause of our musical inferiority, however, as Mr. de Koven sees it, is our lack of national cohesion. Numberless currents have met here. In addition to the European immigrants, there have been the aboriginal Indians, and negroes, and Creoles; and each nationality has had its smattering of music. MacDowell and Dvorak, the great Polish composer who lived for awhile in America, tried to utilize the negro and Indian music, as Grieg has used the Norwegian folk-songs. But their efforts were largely futile. The "Indian Suite" and the "New World" symphony do not appeal to Americans as representatively national, for the reason that they seem exotic and not indigenous. "Music, to be great and universally recognized as such," Mr. de Koven declares, "must in a sense be national."

Further than this, Mr. de Koven contends, until the national feeling is generated by the slow process of national assimilation and progress, we can hardly hope for that distinc-

tive school of music which is the prime essential of our national musical development. He adds:

"Whoever it was that said, 'Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws,' enunciated a truth having to do with the effect of distinctively national music upon a nation or people, whose importance can hardly be overlooked. The popular airs of a nation might well be called the almost unconscious soul utterances of the people. They grow, they develop—how, one hardly knows; for, as some one aptly remarked, 'Really popular melodies compose themselves.' Their very existence in many instances is due to some great national crisis, to some wave of national feeling or emotion. At times they emerge from the fiery crucible of a nation's anguish; at other times the irrepressible outburst of a nation's joy gives them birth. As an evidence of the non-productive effect, from a musical standpoint, of a divided national feeling, it may be said that the agitated passions and emotions of the Civil War brought into existence a number of melodies and popular songs which, from their melodic contents, might well rank with many of the most characteristic folk-songs and popular airs of foreign nations; and yet none of these songs were taken permanently to the hearts of the people, and almost all have disappeared with the memories of that great conflict. Possibly some other great national crisis is needed to weld the American people into a nation upon which a united national feeling could be indelibly stamped, and thus become productive of lasting musical result."

Mr. de Koven, some may feel, is too pessimistic in his reading of the facts. Judged from the strictly classical point of view, our music, it is true, makes a poor showing. But when it comes to popular music, music that penetrates the streets and the marts and touches the hearts of all, America is doing its full share. Our national songs and our negro ballads; the stirring marches of Sousa; the tuneful ditties of Victor Herbert, may not be great music, but they are distinctive and they have gone around the world.

Science and Discovery

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLODE THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION



IF THE theory of evolution be put through the crucible of test in accordance with the methods of the science of medicine, says Dr. Judson D. Burns, nothing will be left of the Darwinian idea at all. "In medicine," to quote the words of the doctor, whose attempt to explode the theory of evolution takes the form of an ambitious volume, "theory always goes before practice unless it be a wholly empiric practice, and if the results we get, by following the theory on which the practice is based, confirm the predictions that the theory has made, the theory may then be accepted as expressing a mode of procedure and possibly a truth." If, on the other hand, the results we get are wholly at variance with what the theory predicted, then the theory is considered overthrown.

From this empirical standpoint, taking the scientific medical method of proving what he argues, Dr. Burns pronounces the evolutionary doctrine untenable. Doctor Burns has devoted many years to a study of the facts of evolution and he has written much on medical topics for various medical publications, besides taking an active part in congresses of physicians. It is as a medical man and not as a biologist that he puts forth his refutation of what he deems the fundamental scientific superstition of the age.

Taking an inventory, he says in the work* referred to, of the results of one hundred million years, during which time evolution is said to have been in operation, and in that time to have produced the animal world as it exists today, as claimed by evolutionists, we find, no doubt, that the animal world is here. But how did it come into being? Did evolution produce it?

"If it came by evolution, as enunciated by Darwin, viz.: by ordinary descent, besides the well-marked genera which characterize the animal world to-day, there should be now, or there should have been at some time in the past, an 'innumerable host of intermediate, transitional forms of life on this earth,' according to Dar-

win's own statement. Where is this host of intermediate, transitional forms of life? They are not here now and geology says there never were any of those forms of life on this earth. But, on the contrary, geology demonstrates that there were well-marked genera as far back as the Cambrian period. Now, these are wholly different results from those predicted by the theory of evolution. Considering, then, that an essential part of the theory has failed to materialize, but rather contrary results have been obtained from those expected, the theory must be faulty, at least."

If the animal world had been produced by or in accordance with the theory of evolution, there could have been no genera to begin with and there could be no such thing now as genera. Instead, there would be now, as well as in the past, a motley mass of nondescripts, consisting of all manner of forms of life imaginable, all capable of amalgamation without reserve and procreating a progeny of still more motley and grotesque personality and appearance to infinity. It would be an entirely different world if it had been produced according to the theory of evolution as announced by Darwin. The facts, he insists, are all against it.

"If there ever was a time in the past when the animal kingdom consisted of such a chaotic mass of intermediate, transitional forms of life as the theory of evolution calls for, how could the order that now exists have been established? Inasmuch as there is no other power invoked or mentioned, save this one of evolution, declared to have produced the convergence, **it must** have worked both ways at once.

"Since science has declared that 'evolution is neither a controlling law nor a producing cause, we are compelled to find that evolution is utterly impotent, can not produce anything. Its function is merely and solely to describe the phenomenal order of things. The theory of evolution, then, as having produced the animal world, is an entire misconception, a gigantic joke, a picturesque canard. It merely represents Man trying his hand at creation and recording a dismal failure.

"Allowing that there was an adequate causation acting when the animal world was brought forth, but which evolutionists ignore or deny,

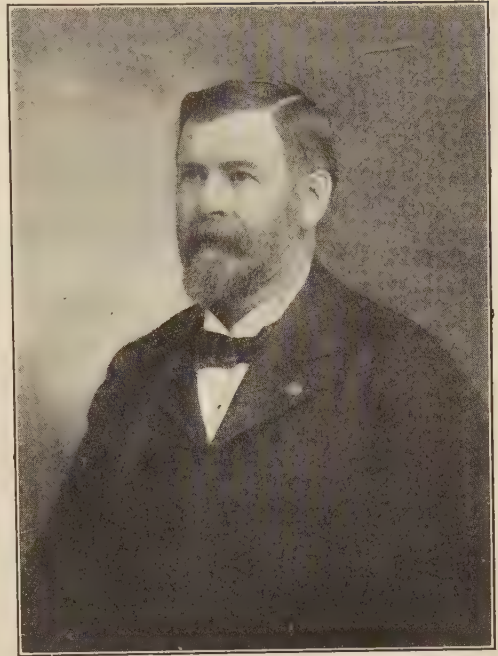
*WHAT IS MAN? By Judson D. Burns, M. D. Cochrane Publishing Company.

and that evolution was the *modus operandi* employed in the development of the species, why is it not operating now? When was the law of selection abrogated and the evolution stopped and another law enacted in its place, binding the genera to reproduce of its kind only, at the same time making the genera incapable of amalgamation? But even that mild way of putting it contains an impossibility. If evolution was the *modus operandi*, it would then be a controlling law, which science has declared it is not. So that evolution and selection can have no place in the production of the species. Therefore, the theory which makes evolution by selection account for the production of the animal world is not to be accepted, but condemned, because it has failed at every turn to prove itself.

"If the laws of procreation would allow of the amalgamation of the genera, that would be a step in favor of miscellaneous development, and it might advance or it might not, but it is not so, and therefore we have the genera today practically as they came from the hands of the Creator."

From these tests of the theory of evolution it does not emerge in good shape, reiterates Doctor Burns. We derive results wholly different from what the theory requires. It is to be borne in mind, he notes, that evolution is in no sense a cause, nor is evolution plus selection a cause. Evolution is one of the cogs in the wheel of dynamics and deals only with the changes as they occur by recording the phenomenal order after the efficient cause has acted. Evolution never caused anything—much less a complex organic being. Take, for instance, the development of the oak from the acorn:

"The oak was latently, potentially, in the acorn in all its varied possibilities. When the conditions were right, the oak began to develop from the acorn not because evolution caused the oak or forced it to develop, but the oak developed from the acorn by virtue of the vital principle deposited in the acorn—which vital principle was the endowment of the acorn by the parent tree from which the acorn fell. This endowment is the sole cause of the development of the oak, being stimulated by its environment. This endowment is perfect and binding. An acorn can not produce a beech or a maple tree, because the vital principle contained in the acorn is that of the oak; and so, if the acorn ever germinates and develops to maturity, an oak will result, just as surely as it grows. Evolution, standing by, merely describes the phenomenal order of the changes as they occur while the oak is growing from the acorn to the stately oak. But evolution is not yet done with the oak. For centuries, perhaps, the stately oak will weather the storms, withstand all the vicissitudes of nature, luxur-



THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST RECENT ATTACK
ON THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

Dr. Judson D. Burns defies the followers of Darwin to prove the existence on this planet in any period of those transitional forms without which man could not have evolved but must have been created in the beginning as he is now.

iate abundantly, but sooner or later decay will set in and continue until the once stately oak has crumbled to dust and is no more. This is the process of rolling up the product of the life principle while attended by the unrolling of nature. This is de-evolution or devolution. Evolution has now the work of describing the phenomenal order marking the changes that come by decay as it did the changes that came by growth and accretion. Thus evolution is not only a witness of advancement but just as much a witness of retrogression."

In the writings of evolutionists we see evolution used on one page as a cause and on the next page, perhaps, as the effect. It is neither the cause nor effect at any time. In the study of animate nature, we find four characteristics that mark the processes of changes in the organism, namely, generation, development, death and decay. It is a cycle composed of those four quadrants, repeating itself in every animate integer—animal or vegetable:

Generation, by the fusing of the two vital elements, the male and the female, into a vital principle, under suitable environment.

Development, by the action of the vital principle on the nutrient elements of nature in

appropriating to its use these elements and with them constructing and repairing the tenement used for its indwelling.

Death, by the vital principle ceasing to act in the tenement it has already built.

Decay, by the dissolution of the body from the action of the elements, according to the laws of nature.

Thus we see, says Doctor Burns, that this life force, vital force, life element or physical entity, as it is variously called, is the only constructive force in nature. Where did it come from? All other forces of nature, *per se*, are destructive forces:

"This vital principle is similar in the animal and the vegetable kingdoms in that it causes life and development in each case. They may, as is claimed by some, be parts of the same ego. In each case it is perpetuated in the same manner, namely, by transmission from the parent to the progeny, through the endowment of the vital elements of both the male and the female. Now, the parent can transmit to its progeny only that which it has to transmit—that which it received from its parents. And so on, back to the beginning. Every individuality transmits its own likeness to its progeny—no other. Not physical likeness necessarily but likeness in vital principle. Each genus has a life force peculiar to itself, and the life force of one genus can not produce a specimen of another genus. Neither will the life elements of one genus fuse with the life elements of another genus.

"This is not speculation but it is a statement of the actual facts in nature that anybody can verify. This being an incontrovertible fact, it shows positively that there can be no such thing as transition by descent of one genus or species into another genus, no matter how many or how few intermediate forms there may be held to be. Hence, Darwinian evolution is an utter impossibility.

"In proof of the proposition that each genus has a vital principle peculiar to itself, permit this illustration.

"Here are a goose, a sheep and a cow, side by side and all eating grass. The nutrient elements in the grass eaten by the goose are assimilated and from them the glands in the skin of the goose grow feathers. The grass which the sheep eats is also digested and the nutrient elements assimilated and from those nutrient elements the vital principle of the sheep causes the glands in the skin to grow wool. The cow goes through the same process of eating, digesting and assimilating the nutrient elements of the grass, but the glands in the skin of the cow will grow neither feathers nor wool, but instead thereof, they must grow hair. Here are three distinct and different products made from the same nutrient elements simply as a result of having been run through three separate machines. The difference must

certainly be in the machinery. And so the glands in the skin of the cow continue to grow hair; the glands in the skin of the goose continue to grow feathers; and the sheep is covered with wool—just as has been the case through all the ages notwithstanding the fact that there have been numerous variations of each species under domestication. Such has been the case since, by God's fiat, the cow, the sheep and the goose came into being. There may have been great improvement in each, but let them alone for a few generations and see them revert to their original type. It is a well-known fact that in all domesticated species there is an inevitable tendency to revert to the original stock when left to themselves."

If the theory of evolution were true, adds Doctor Burns, there ought not to be this tendency to reversion, but, on the contrary, when an advanced position has been reached, the type should be permanent and reproduce the perfect specimen. According to the evolutionist's dictum, all organic beings tend to inevitable perfection of the organism. Is it possible, then, that what we call an improved variety is in reality a degeneration?

It seems to be a law of nature that reversion should follow advancement. And this is in perfect consonance with all other laws, if the position here outlined regarding the life principle be correct. All variations that come to the individuality after its birth or during the developmental stage, as from environment, which includes accidents, luxury, famine, pestilence and the like, are not permanent in the variety or species and so are not transmitted to the progeny because they were not included in the endowment originally. The child was not born with them. They are additional and not inherent properties of the vital principle. When the conditions are removed which produced the additional properties, the original, inherent form is resumed. This is in strict accord with heredity. This being so, what becomes of "those favored few ones that shoot ahead of their fellows?" Would or could they inaugurate a new advanced species? Not at all, according to Doctor Burns.

"These four stages follow each other in varieties of species, races of men, peoples and nations. They are born, they develop, they die, they disintegrate—a symbolical crumbling to dust. Ancient Egypt and Babylon were born, they developed luxuriantly and reveled in excesses, they died and crumbled to dust. The ancient Greeks had their birth, their development, becoming the most refined civilization then known among the nations of the earth. They died and disintegrated and now are only a memory of

what they were. Rome also had her birth, developed exceedingly. She also died and disintegration removed her ruins. Many other nations, peoples and races have passed through or are now passing through the same four stages attendant upon all organic forms. Of all the destructive forces that have had to do with the debauchery and death of men, races, peoples and nations, luxury stands at the head as a primary, causative factor. While a strenuous life is a blessing in disguise, luxurious revelry exhausts the vital forces by inducing and initiating habits of life which are incompatible with sturdy development and long perpetuity. The exhausted vital principle is incapable of endowing the vital elements sufficiently to produce a potential vital principle in the progeny and so they dwindle and

with away, die and are removed by disintegration, perchance to give way to a more virile vital principle. Now, evolution had a hand in all this—but how? It was the secretary who marked the phenomenal order of the generation, rise, fall and disintegration of each. But it was not a causative factor at any time."

This, however, seems exactly like the doctrine of evolution as presented by evolutionists themselves. True, replies our authority, but mark the difference. In evolution as here outlined, an efficient cause has brought about the evolution. In the Darwinian theory of evolution, evolution itself is set up as the cause of the changes.

HUMAN VISION THROUGH THE CORNEA OF A RABBIT'S EYE

THE transplantation of the cornea of a rabbit to the human eye, with retention of the transparency, seems to be feasible if the results of an operation by Dr. Henry R. Lesser, as reported in *The Medical World*, be conclusive. The patient was a young man of twenty-four, blinded through measles at the age of nine. The right eye is entirely useless. The left eye presented a dense leucoma or whiteness covering almost the entire cornea, but densest in the centre. There was no vision. There was, however, perception of light. Projection was good.

When the patient applied for relief, Dr. Lesser placed him on one grain of mercury with chalk three times a day for two days prior to the operation, and bandaged the eye with bichloride dressing the night before. The rabbit used was eight months old.

The eye having been irrigated and cocaineized, a specially devised surgical instrument called a trephine was adjusted and an incision made down to that membrane known as Descemet's. The disk was then carefully dissected off. For this purpose Dr. Lesser used a curved iris forceps and an angular keratome or instrument for cutting the clear cornea covering the front of the eye. The membrane of Descemet was found to be transparent.

The trephine was then applied to the rabbit's eye and a disk removed from the cornea, including Descemet's membrane. This was swiftly carried to the patient's eye and inserted in proper position by a delicate glass rod passed through the tube of the trephine.

When the graft was nicely fitted, the lids were closed and a pressure bandage adjusted. This was allowed to remain for forty-eight hours, when the eye was opened and the graft found to be solidly in place and slightly hazy. Doctor Lesser then inserted a glass "conform" between the lids and the eyeball, preventing undue pressure and minimizing the danger of disturbing the graft when separating the lids subsequently.

This was removed on the sixth day. It was found that there were two small blood vessels extending over the cornea and graft. These subsequently disappeared of their own accord, and to-day, some four months after the operation, the graft is in perfect position. More wonderful than anything else is the fact that vision is present. The patient can count the fingers of both hands at twelve paces, distinguish objects well enough to get around with little or no trouble, and is actually learning to distinguish colors.

The graft is only slightly hazy, and seems gradually to be clearing. Whether this will retain its comparative transparency or gradually become opaque remains to be seen. Even if it lasts only a few months, it will, from the patient's point of view, have been worth while. From the results of this one case, the operation has, to say the least, our authority says, interesting possibilities. It may be that a whole class of accidents to the human eye will be rendered less serious if not altogether deprived of their former tragical consequences. It seems to be largely a matter of technique and promptness.

THE TRIUMPHS OF VIVISECTION OVER ANTI-VIVISECTION



ALL that has so far been accomplished by the anti-vivisectionist movement, according to one of America's most eminent surgeon's, Dr. W. W. Keen, is the obstruction of progress. "Not a single human life has been saved by their efforts," he writes in *Harper's Magazine*, "not a single household made happy. Not a single disease has had its ravages abated or abolished." The victims of the sincere but misguided zeal of the foes of vivisection, insists Dr. Keen furthermore, are women, men and little children. "Even the lower animals may cry, Save us from our friends." On the other hand, this eminent authority invites attention to the triumphs of vivisection. The friends of vivisection have done fifteen definite services to the human race:

"(1) They have discovered antiseptic surgery, and so made possible the wonderful results of modern surgery. To complete his beneficent work, Lord Lister was compelled to go to France by reason of the stringency of the English anti-vivisection laws.

"(2) They have made possible practically all modern abdominal surgery, including operations on the stomach, intestines, liver, gall bladder, pancreas, spleen, kidneys, etc.

"(3) They have made possible all the modern surgery of the brain.

"(4) They have demonstrated how lockjaw spreads from the wound; how sometimes it can be arrested and cured; and, still better, how it can be prevented, so that practically tetanus has been banished from surgical operations.

"(5) They have reduced the death rate in compound fractures from sixty-five per cent. to less than one per cent.

"(6) They have reduced the mortality of ovariectomy from two out of three to two or three out of one hundred.

"(7) They have abolished yellow fever.

"(8) They have made possible the cure of nearly all cases of hydrophobia.

"(9) They have cut down the mortality of diphtheria in New York City alone from 158 deaths per 100,000 in 1894 to 38 per 100,000 in 1905, and practically the same story is told all over the world.

"(10) By the use of the serum recently discovered by Flexner at the Rockefeller Institute they have changed the mortality in cerebro-spinal meningitis from seventy-five per cent. and even ninety per cent. to thirty per cent. or less.

"(11) They have shown the cause of acute tetany after operation for goiter, so that it now

can be prevented beyond all peradventure.

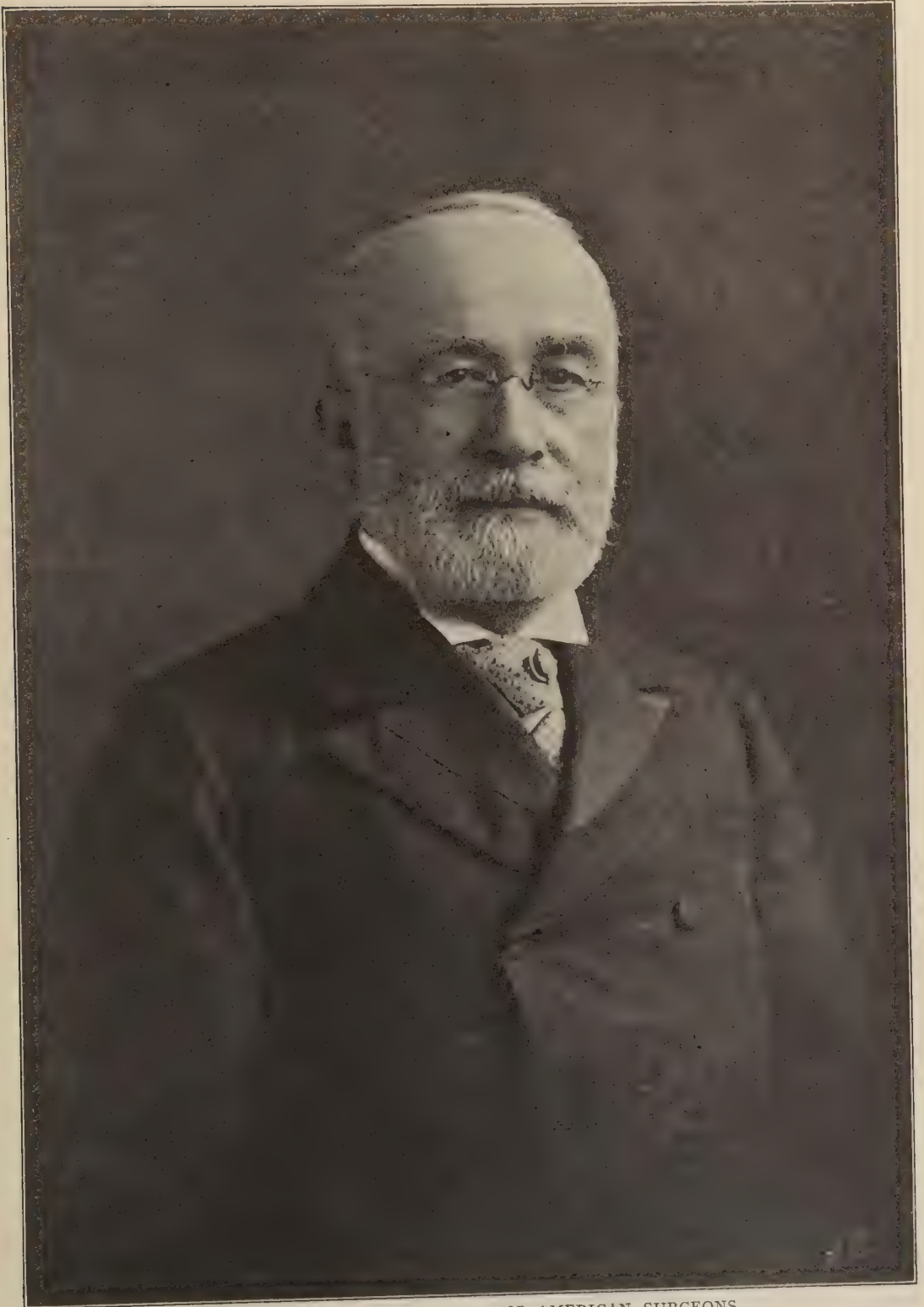
"(12) They have almost completely abolished the dangers of maternity, reducing its death rate from ten or more mothers out of every hundred to less than one in every hundred.

"(13) They have shown the cause and the method of propagation and of prevention of the deadly malaria which devastates whole regions and armies. Its extinction is only a matter of time.

"(14) They have reduced the mortality of tuberculosis by from thirty to fifty per cent., for Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus is the foundation stone of all modern progress in the treatment of tuberculosis.

"(15) They have enormously benefited animals by discovering the causes and the dangers of tuberculosis, Texas fever, anthrax, glanders, hog cholera, and other infectious diseases of animals, thus enabling us to combat them more successfully or even to prevent them."

In a good many operations when chloroform and even sometimes when ether is given, the patient suddenly passes into collapse, the heart ceases to beat, the respiration stops a few minutes afterward and death quickly follows. Thus Doctor Keen. Whether the pulsation of the heart could be re-established was first examined some thirty-five years ago. In animals, by means of rhythmic compressions of the heart by the hand, it was found possible to start the heart beating. Space forbids mention of the experiments whereby, in a considerable number of animals and through various devices, cardiac beats were restored. The most extraordinary experiments, however, were made by Kuliabko in 1902 on hearts which had been removed from the body. The prior experiments had been made on hearts remaining in the body of the animal. Kuliabko showed that after the heart had been removed from an animal and kept in ice for twenty-four or even forty-four hours, by filling the heart with certain fluids pulsation was re-established and continued for over three hours. He was able also to take the hearts from rabbits that had died a natural death instead of being killed and on even the second, third and fourth day after death—after filling them with this fluid—the isolated heart was started in its pulsation and continued to beat for several hours. He also tried the experiment in a number of instances in which the human heart was removed after death and temporary pulsation could be produced.



THE MOST EMINENT OF LIVING AMERICAN SURGEONS

Dr. William Williams Keen, of Philadelphia, has introduced in the practice and theory of modern surgery more practically therapeutical ideas than those introduced by any other physician since the death of Hunter.

"Very naturally such experiments aroused the hope that some similar result might be reached in man. It was tried in desperate cases of sudden death, especially from chloroform. Ricketts has collected thirty-nine cases, of which twelve recovered! In other cases the circulation has been re-established for a number of hours, so that the surgeons were justified in expecting the recovery of the patients; but after a time the pulse and respiration failed, and recovery did not follow.

"All this is so new, as can easily be seen, that it is impossible at present definitely to fix on the best method of reaching the heart, whether (as in cases of wounds of the heart) by making a trap-door over it in the wall of the chest, or by quickly opening the abdomen and reaching the heart through the diaphragm, or by other means which are too technical for me to describe. The report of the thirty-nine cases alluded to gives a recovery rate of thirty-one per cent. That this will be increased in time there is no doubt.

"The most recent researches in the surgery of the heart are efforts to determine whether it is possible not only to expose the heart and operate on its exterior, but deliberately to open its cavities and operate on the valves. The results so far seem to show that it is no dream of a surgical Utopia, but that before long 'valvular disease of the heart,' hitherto an absolutely incurable disease, may be dealt with surgically and with the possibility of success. Happy the surgeon who, after suitable experiments upon animals have taught him exactly how to do it, may be able to cure such a hopeless malady!"

From the heart, observes Doctor Keen next, we "naturally pass to the arteries" which conduct the blood from the heart to all parts of the body. Wounds of the arteries by gunshot, by stabs, by accidents, are not at all uncommon. Until very lately when a large artery or a large vein was wounded our only remedy was to cut down upon the blood vessel and tie it above and below the wound. If it were an artery leading to the arm and still more if it were one leading to the leg, as the principal supply of blood was cut off gangrene was a very common result. In cases of aneurysm—a disease in which the walls of the artery become weakened at a certain point, bulge and finally rupture, producing death—until recently, as in the case of a wound, our only resource was to cut down upon the artery and tie it. Here, again the chief danger was gangrene. In the treatment of aneurysm, Matas of New Orleans has made the greatest improvement from the days of John Hunter, over a century ago. Instead of tying the artery above the aneurysm and arresting the current of blood in the artery, he opens the sac (that is, the dilated portion of the artery or

aneurysm) and sews the wall of the sac together on the inside, leaving, however, a small tunnel through which the circulation is continued. Up to last June eighty-five operations of this kind have been done, with seventy-eight recoveries. This method of operation obviates almost entirely the danger of gangrene. Thus far, apparently, European surgeons have neglected it, only two operations having been done in Italy and four in Spain, while seventy-nine operations have been done in America. But it is cases of wounds of arteries and veins that perhaps the most remarkable progress has been made.

"In 1894 Dr. Robert Abbe, of New York, made a number of remarkable experiments upon animals, among them two which are especially noteworthy. Opening the abdomen of a cat, he cut across the aorta (the great blood vessel passing directly from the heart to the lower limbs) and inserted a thin sterile glass tube, tying the aorta over flanges made at the two ends. After four months the cat was shown at the New York Academy of Medicine, 'fat and strong, with the glass tube still in his aorta.' Again, he almost amputated a dog's foreleg, leaving the limb attached to the body by nothing but the artery and vein. He then wired the two ends of the bone together, sewed muscle to muscle, nerve to nerve, etc., and after dressing the limb, encased it in plaster. After four months this almost amputated limb was perfectly united, and Dr. Abbe drew the inference that a completely amputated limb might be successfully grafted."

This inference, based upon the triumphs of vivisection, has proved a sound one. In the case of a man who had a stiff knee joint bent at an angle and immovably fixed by firm bony union, Dr. Lexer of Königsberg removed the bones forming the knee joint and took from an amputated leg a corresponding healthy knee joint and put it in place of the bone that he had removed from the stiff knee. The transplanted bones both above and below united firmly with the bones of the patient and the strange knee joint from the amputated leg served a perfectly normal function. In another case, the Doctor removed the upper end of the shin bone, taking away, therefore, the lower half of the knee joint (a much more difficult and dangerous operation, as it opened the knee joint) and replaced this with a similar portion of bone from an amputated leg with entire success. The latest achievements of this type of surgery are even more wonderful. Most readers are familiar with the fact that when a patient, through disease or accident, has lost his nose a new one can be made for him.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AS THE SOURCE OF LIFE ON THE EARTH

ABLY as that renowned Swedish physicist, Arrhenius, has argued that the initial germ of life may have been borne through space to our planet, his hypothesis has not yet been found workable by scientists generally. The very latest theory of the origin of life on the globe defines it in terms of a purely chemical phenomenon, a combination of the indispensable elements; and this combination can have been brought about only by volcanic eruption. The noted physicist and student of evolution, Professor Carl Snyder, advances the theory in *Science Progress*. The experimenter in a chemical laboratory, he says, in effect, may be repeating, altho unconsciously, those combinations of elements, of acids, of temperatures, which, on an infinitely more tremendous scale, precipitated the first volcanic eruptions on our planet from which life resulted. There are many facts which conflict with the idea, concedes Professor Snyder, but these facts, so far from being insuperable, will be found upon closer scrutiny to offer no obstacle at all. There are other facts yet to be established, but the trend of physics and chemistry is favorable so far to the hypothesis.

Within three or four years, says Professor Snyder, further, our ideas of volcanic chemism have been very radically enlarged. For very obvious reasons our knowledge is yet tentative. But it seems now clear that the part played by volcanic action in earthly affairs is vastly more vital and dominating than has previously been supposed. It is not only the chief source of carbon dioxide, and therefore possibly the regulator of terrestrial temperature, but likewise the chief producer of ammonia or nitrogen compounds, which is a second condition of the continuance of terrestrial life, is the chief source of the chlorination of the sea and also probably the chief source of phosphoric acid.

"It was long assumed, from the enormous cloud-formation and the heavy downpour of rain that usually follows, that the chief eruptive constituent was steam. This, however, has lately been called into question by Brun, who has shown that in some eruptions of water vapor may be completely absent. It is, however, well established that in an eruption there are often quantities of hydrogen. This, with the other eruptive gases, carbon dioxide, ammonia, hydrochlorides,

etc., would be driven into the air with explosive force, together with the usual scorix and volcanic dust. On this dust the water vapor of the atmosphere condenses, while the hydrogen burns, uniting with the atmospheric oxygen to form more water, so that, whether steam is part of the eruption or not, heavy rainfall is a familiar if not invariable characteristic.

"We should have, then, in the upper levels of an eruption, a concentrated mixture of carbon dioxide, water vapor, deoxidized air, free hydrogen, and various hydrogen, chlorine and sulphur compounds, with, in all probability, large quantities of ammonia. This latter, uniting with the hydrochloric acid, gives rise to sal-ammoniac, which is a familiar volcanic product.

"Yet another characteristic of an eruption is an incessant play of lightning. This may be due to the condensation of the atmospheric water vapor, as in the ordinary formation of thunderclouds, or to gaseous friction from the explosive force with which the gases are driven into the air, as in an Armstrong hydro-electric engine. In any event the electrical potential is there, and in the presence of water vapor it is probable that it would be manifested in the form of the silent discharge, as well as in the more violent bolts of lightning.

"In an eruption, therefore, conditions apparently exist practically identical with those under which Berthelot, Loeb and others have realized their syntheses. The volcanic formation of formaldehyde and its congeners seems readily conceivable. We know of ammonia in abundance, and the formation of prussic acid, especially in a primeval atmosphere devoid of free oxygen, seems more than probable. One or the other of these substances, or both, are present to unite with the nascent carbohydrates, under the action of the silent discharge."

Whether the formation of amino acids—one condition precedent to the evolution of life—in volcanic eruptions may ever be experimentally established seems for the time being doubtful. Nevertheless, the waters of the Mediterranean at some miles from the shore contain organic substances, including amino acids, in small tho measurable quantity, a fact which has led to the conception of the sea as an immense (tho very dilute) organic solution. These organic substances are perhaps due to the functional activities of the lowest marine organisms, the algae and their like. Still it may be noted that the organic products of vital activity are in general poisonous (ptomaines and the like) and that in at least one instance, the bed of the Black Sea,

decomposition products have in the absence of destructive bacterial activity made this "the world's most perfect desert." On the other hand, we know of organic products of inorganic origin—as some petroleum and probably asphalt. In the light of our new knowledge of volcanic chemism, there seems no great reason to deny the possibility of inorganic carbohydrates and even nitrogenous compounds as amino acids and the like. If, for example, it could be shown that the sea waters in the vicinity of volcanoes contain a much higher percentage of organic substances than the sea generally, this view would receive considerable support.

Again it is known that the Mediterranean, especially in the vicinity of Naples, is rich in marine forms, which fact led to the establishment there of the first marine biological laboratory. It is now known that the quantity of life in the sea is dependent on temperature and varies inversely with the temperature, contrary to popular ideas. If it could be shown that waters in the neighborhood of active volcanoes are much richer in animal life than other sea waters at the same temperature, or if it could be shown that waters in volcanic areas show a marked increase in the quantity of animal life in the years following a volcanic eruption, we should have here further collateral evidence. Nearly conclusive evidence would be gained if, following an eruption, these organic compounds were found in isolated pools formed in the downpour following the eruption, and free from any great quantity of synthetic bacteria.

"If, however, we conceive, with Spencer, that the organic chemist in his syntheses is merely repeating, unconsciously, the processes by which these same substances have been built up in nature, and if, further, we are able to effect these syntheses in the laboratory under conditions which closely reproduce volcanic chemism, so far as our knowledge extends, we establish at least a working probability that such was the origin of these substances in nature. If now the present state of our geological knowledge warrants us in the conclusion that these conditions are impossible of realization anywhere else, and that this was true throughout all geological time, this hypothesis gains as much strength as may be derived from the fact that any other mode of beginnings is inconceivable.

"All geological evidence leads us to believe that volcanic activity has been prevalent back to the earliest times (Geikie). We have evidence, moreover, that volcanic activity was at some periods far more general and violent than at the present time, as in the vast lava flows of the

Snake River and the Columbia in North America, and more notably still in the Deccan, in India, where an area of over 200,000 square miles has been covered to a thickness sometimes exceeding 6,000 feet."

Possibly we have in the recent eruptions in the Bogaslov Islands a dim suggestion of primeval conditions. The anciently volcanic area in Yellowstone Park known as Hell's half acre, with its boiling springs, its geysers, its gas vents and the varied mineralization of its waters, may offer us a faint picture of an ancient day when a similar area, perhaps of much greater extent, was thrust up out of the Archean ocean.

"We may readily conceive the formation of pools or even large lakes by such an upheaval. The temperature of these pools and lakes, in contact with the hot volcanic masses which formed them, might be high (cf. Observations made by revenue cutter *McCulloch*, 1907-8), so that by rapid evaporation the saline concentration might be raised far above that of the surrounding waters. Through the action of superheated steam on the rocks, this concentration, especially in metallic salts like those of magnesium, iron, etc., might be still further increased, and especially might we suppose, under action of carbon dioxide on phosphatic rocks like apatite, a considerable concentration of phosphoric acid.

"Conceive now that these lakes or pools lay in the vicinity of volcanoes in prolonged activity, such as, for example, our present-day Stromboli. Even were the formation of organic substances and amino acids through the activity of the volcanoes extremely slight, this might, through continuous precipitation into these lakes, likewise acquire a considerable concentration, even to the point of forming a coagulum. This would cool in time, and might then, under ordinary atmospheric precipitation, acquire any desired degree of dilution. It might readily undergo a whole series of alternating coagulations and re-solutions, so that it might repeat on a large scale very much the same series of reactions as are now employed for the analysis and synthesis of these substances in the laboratory."

Following this conception of primeval conditions, we have then merely to suppose that the colloid particles, amino acids and their like, precipitated into a concentrated solution containing metal salts like magnesium, formed with the latter precisely such metallo-organic compounds as our organic ferments have been shown to be. Under the influence of the sun, or at a sufficient temperature and in a sufficient concentration, these primitive ferments would then begin what we may perhaps regard as the initial work of life.

THE WORLD'S LATEST OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA

HAT epidemic of cholera which, during the last few months has caused such grave anxiety in Europe originated in a manner which the London *Lancet* styles "most mysterious." In past epidemics the source of the disease has more often than not been traced to Moslem pilgrims returning from their holy city. In the present instance there is nothing to prove or even to justify a suspicion that the disease was brought to the confines of civilization by this means. No case of cholera was seen among the pilgrims during their recent gathering in the consecrated regions of Asia. Some vibrios resembling in a few respects those of cholera were isolated from the dejecta of a few pilgrims as in past years, but even if it be assumed that these were true vibrios of cholera in a latent or modified form, nothing has as yet been adduced to connect them in any way with the first cases of the disease in Russia.

In view of the possible spread of cholera elsewhere, an absolute preventive of infection vouched for by Dr. J. Cavendish Molson, who has studied the disease at close range, has begun to attract attention in the medical press. Take a piece of pure copper, about the size of a silver half dollar and about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Perforate it near the edge so that the disk may be suspended by means of a silk thread or cord from the neck, and let it lie in immediate contact with the abdomen, about two inches above the navel. The attrition of the disk between the skin and the garments will insure the absorption by the skin of sufficient copper to render the wearer immune from attack. During an epidemic the disk may be worn continually. This piece of copper is not a charm or a fetish, but a scientific prophylactic and is recommended on the ground that cholera is absolutely unknown among the workers in copper mines. The illustrious Hahnemann says that metallic copper, together with good and moderate diet and proper attention to cleanliness, is the most certain preventive and protective remedy. It has been found that in all epidemics those who wear a plate of copper are exempt from infection. Such, at any rate, is the assertion of the scientist already named. In 1894 he visited St. Petersburg during an epidemic of cholera and wore his copper disk. He did not contract the disease. The eminent Baron Fredericks used the same means with like immunity in more than one

severe epidemic. "Even if these and similar individual experiences be disregarded as merely coincidence, the hard and indisputable fact of the copper workers' exemption from this scourge remains."

The fact that mankind is reduced to dependence upon such unfathomable means of evading the scourge emphasizes to the London *Lancet* the mysterious elusiveness investing this scourge. It is true that the direct cause of the disease itself—"which has cost humanity more lives than all the wars in the world"—is now generally admitted to be the spirillum cholerae or comma bacillus discovered by Koch. This organism is constantly found in the discharges from the bowels of those suffering from the disease, and tho animals are not subject to the scourge, and it is therefore difficult to show that the organisms, if swallowed, are capable of producing cholera, nevertheless several instances have occurred of persons working with cultures of the bacteria and accidentally poisoned by them who have developed an attack of cholera. These accidents have proved that the organism, or some poison produced by it, is the direct cause of cholera. Says *The Lancet*:

"But even when this is proved, it is insufficient to explain the intense tendency of cholera to spread widely at some times more than at others. It is stated that a high temperature favors the development of the bacillus, and consequently the spread of cholera. In general this is true, but it is by no means invariably the case, as some of the severest epidemics rage with greatest fury in winter. With regard to locality, it appears that the disease has generally been found to prevail more extensively and with greater virulence in low lying districts than in more elevated situations. In connection with this the relation of the character of the soil to the propagation of cholera has been studied. Scientists now ascribe a powerful influence to the ground water—shallow, porous soils affording special facilities for the reception, increase and distribution of cholera germs."

It is now an accepted fact that cholera is carried only by human beings, clothes or materials coming from infected regions. It is not air-borne, as was once believed. While a few puzzling cases have been cited, there is no evidence to show that it can appear spontaneously. As a rule it follows well-defined routes, either from India to Egypt by sea and then through the Mediterranean, or overland through Afghanistan, Persia, Central Asia and Russia. The present epidemic is of the land route type.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TIDES OF THE EARTH



HE earth twice every day experiences general undulations corresponding to the tides of the ocean, announces that eminent astronomer, Camille Flammarion, in a communication published by the *Revue Scientifique*. This discovery would seem to be due to observations made at the Potsdam Observatory by the eminent astronomer, Professor Hecker, who, by means of special instruments, has ascertained that our seemingly solid earth is subject to daily oscillations analogous to the tides. These oscillations cause the crust of the earth to rise and fall twice in every twenty-four hours to the extent of some eight inches. These movements are not noticeable any more than is the action of the tides to anyone aboard an ocean liner at sea. Earthquakes from time to time attract attention to the instability of the crust of our planet, but the idea that between these upheavals the earth's crust remains firm must be discarded, according to the account of Flammarion's views we are here transcribing. The species of tidal oscillation described is continuous.

It may be interjected here that confidently as Flammarion affirms his inference as fact, supporting it by the authority of Professor Hecker, it is vehemently disputed by some scientific organs, including writers in *Nature*. Some ten years ago, Sir George Darwin and Mr. Horace Darwin together made an elaborate series of experiments with a view to computing the yield, if any, of the surface of the earth to tidal force. They concluded that almost all the movements of their very delicate pendulum which they could measure were due to extraneous causes, such as minute earthquakes and effects of temperature and pressure. Many other experimenters have also attempted the problem and while they have often claimed success they have produced little evidence in support of their claims. The effect to be measured was so difficult to trace that the measurements would have had to be of incredible accuracy. The only physicist who has so far been in any way able to show valid evidence in favor of his having actually measured the earth's tidal movements is the late Doctor von Rebeur-Paschwitz, who made use of a horizontal pendulum. In his case, however, he afterward made a searching analysis of his results and was subsequently rather doubtful as to whether

he had actually measured earth tides or not. The problem, our contemporary says, is altogether an extremely difficult one. Sir George Darwin has pointed out that the constant tidal heaping of the oceans against the shore must produce a considerable earth movement which might very well be mistaken for an actual earth tide. Consequently, Professor Hecker's figures have been criticized by scientific papers, which urge that it will be well to receive Camille Flammarion's statements with reserve.

So much skepticism regarding a discovery which he insists has actually been made and which he deems of transcendent importance has stirred M. Flammarion to spirited reiterations of that he said and announced at first. He admits the incredibility, in appearance, of what is "discovered." To quote, however, from what he has asserted in London:

"Yet, if one examines the methods used to obtain these results, if one takes into consideration the minute care with which the observations have been made, it becomes impossible to doubt the reality of the movement just discovered.

"As everyone is aware, the ocean tides are due to the attraction of the moon and the sun; their amplitude is known; their height in each harbor is calculated together with the corresponding hours, and it is shown that the observation always agrees with the calculation.

"Now, for a long time astronomers have been wondering whether this double attraction of the sun and the moon had not an influence on the terrestrial globe itself, and they have also been trying to discover the periodical movements which might result from it.

"The fact can only be discovered by deviations from the vertical. Already in 1837 Antoine d'Abbadie experimented for this purpose, using spirit levels, but failed to notice anything but variations due to the temperature. In 1872 Zöllner, the astronomer, constructed in Prague a horizontal pendulum, by means of which, he declared, one would be able to appreciate deviations from the vertical of 1-1,000 of a second of an arc. But the results were somewhat confused. In 1874 M. Bouquet de la Grye, at the time of the observation of the transit of Venus, used on Campbell Island and for the same purpose a pendulum with amplifying scales.

"In 1878 Lord Kelvin used a long pendulum and a small galvanometer mirror. This apparatus was improved the following year, at Cambridge University, by Messrs. G. and H. Darwin, who placed it in water in order to save it from the perturbing influence of the variations of temperature. The sensibility was such that at five yards distance an observer could produce a de-

viation of the image by merely throwing the weight of his body from one leg to the other. In 1883, in the cellars of the Paris Observatory, M. Wolf repeated the experiences of M. d'Abbadie.

"All these researches, carefully made, only succeeded in revealing variations from the vertical due to the diurnal heating of the sun, the effect of which, by the way, is fifty times greater than that of the attraction of the moon.

"When, at the last sitting of the Astronomical Society of France, M. C. Lallemant, a member of the Bureau des Longitudes and director of the General Survey of France, explained at my request and with great skill all the experiments made on the matter, he confessed that for the past twenty years everyone had despaired on discovering nothing and had abandoned the subject; but that one scientist, enthusiastic and indefatigable, Professor Hecker, of the Prussian Geodetical Institute, had energetically set to work, first for twenty-nine months—December 1, 1902, to the end of April 1905—then again from April 1905 to July 1907, and established at eighty feet above the ground an apparatus of extreme precision made of two horizontal pendulums in a room where the temperature (11.7 deg. C.) and the moisture were strictly the same all the year round.

"I should state the deviations which have to be measured do not as a rule exceed 1-100 of a second of an arc. At the extremity of a pendulum one metre in length they produce movements which measure only a few hundredths of thousandths of a millimetre!

"In other words, they are imperceptible. How could one amplify them to make them visible? By the mode of suspension of the pendulum, by mirrors reflecting in the distance one luminous point and recording photographically the image on a cylinder. Never was the inventiveness of scientists more subtly taxed."

It is thus that waves were recorded twice a day like those of the ocean tides. These waves have been examined hour by hour and eventually those were recognized which were due to solar attraction and those caused by lunar attraction. The curves are neat and precise and their amplitude is so small that it is indeed wonderful how they were ever discovered. The results of these concordant comparisons prove to M. Flammarion that the terrestrial globe possesses a certain elasticity—about the same as that of steel. Lord Kelvin seems to have come to the same conclusion in his calculation of the precession of the equinoxes.

If the globe were liquid—fluid—these tides, says Flammarion, would be three times stronger. But however small, these earth tides produce on the surface of the globe a real

undulation which Flammarion deems "astounding," for calculations show that it reaches nearly eight inches. In other words, twice a day the ground rises to that amount. Since the tide is double and manifests itself at the same time at the antipodes, the diameter of the globe increases some sixteen inches under that influence.

"That wave is constantly turning, and constantly alters the form of the ball on which we live, and which is apparently immovable.

"How is it that we do not notice it?

"Because this continual and slow oscillation is effected on the whole surface of the globe. To places which are close to each other nothing varies, and since our judgments can only be formed by comparison it becomes impossible for us to notice the slightest variation.

"But the fact remains that all ground moves, and ceaselessly. The ground is not homogeneous, and yet it is impossible to find any connection between these earth-tides and earthquakes.

"If we are able to observe the ocean-tide, it is because of the shores. At sea it is impossible to notice the tide, because there is no point of comparison. But by the seaside we see the ocean rise and withdraw.

"The ocean-tide moves fifty centimetres in the open sea, and were our globe entirely covered with water and peopled with sailors the existence of the tides would have remained unknown.

"Besides, do we notice the movement of the diurnal rotation of the earth, which makes all points of the equator run at a speed of almost 500 yards per second?

"Do we notice the annual movement of the earth, which carries us away into space at a speed of some eighteen miles per second? We run, we fly on a celestial automobile at a fantastic rate. Who realizes it?

"Do we notice that our vessel travels in the infinite more rapidly in December and January and less so in June and July?

"Fortunately, everything is built in such a way in *pondere et mensura* (in weight and measure) that we live quietly on a ground which seems fixed, solid, stable to us, and entirely worthy of confidence. We breathe without thinking of it. Our heart beats, our blood travels. That heart has been wound up to give about 100,000 pulsations per day, or 33½ millions per year, or 1,825 millions in fifty years. It is to beat one, two, or three thousand millions of times and then stop. Around us everything is in motion, and in ourselves also.

"In men, in animals, in plants, in minerals, even, the atoms are constantly quivering. And the stars, atoms of the firmament, are carried away, like our sun and like ourselves, at such speeds that several of them travel at the rate of 190 and even 250 miles per second! The law of work is the supreme law."

Recent Poetry

DURING the last few weeks, Great Britain has lost three of her foremost poets. Swinburne has died, John Davidson seems to have committed suicide, and Arthur Symonds, it is reported, has entered an asylum with a hopelessly clouded mind. Swinburne's death, of course, came in the natural course of events, but it is more difficult to reconcile ourselves to the untimely loss of the other two men. "Ninety-ninths of my time," Davidson recently wrote (in an epilog to "The Triumph of Mammon"), "and that which is more precious have been wasted in the endeavor to earn a livelihood. In a world of my own making, I should have been writing only what should be written." So he thought and so every writer, forced by necessity to do work not of his own choice, is apt to think. "His blood is upon us," says William Watson bitterly, "as surely as if we had slain him with our own hands." As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether Davidson, had he been lifted up out of the daily grind in which ninety-nine out of one hundred of us are condemned to toil and suffer, would ever have done as vital work as he has done. The necessity of earning a living is not, *per se*, a bad thing for any of us, least of all, perhaps, for our poets, who are naturally prone to soar too far away into the clouds and to spend their efforts upon mere dilettantism and preciosity. It is more probable that Davidson's insurrection against life was due to chronic illness, which is good neither for poets nor for anybody else. The British Government not long ago placed him on the civil list with a pension of \$500 a year, and the British public is not as unappreciative of its bards in other ways as our American public is of its bards. The poetic Muse has had to play the rôle of Cinderella for many a century, and there is not much excuse for any poet who expects anything more than a bleak and bare subsistence from his poetical work. He is fortunate if he gets even that much out of it.

Shortly after Mr. Davidson's disappearance *The Westminster Gazette* published the following stanzas, which furnish no indication of a mind embittered by its lot or tired of existence:

RAIN IN THE NEW FOREST

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

*By Emery Down to Minstead
In the rain on a lenten day—
About the Forest to Minstead,
And back by the Cadnam Way.*

It was afternoon when the rain came down,
Compact, precipitate, icy cold,—

None of your showers that drain them dry
Before the hurricane clears the sky,—
Lean showers, themselves afraid of the wet,
That sprinkle the forest and spray the town,
But only harden the shrivelled mold,
And leave the dust-clouds waltzing yet!
In the afternoon real rain began,—

Vaporous phalanxes enrolled,
A pluvial ban and arrière ban
Arrayed, deployed, ordained and set
To drench and saturate garth and wold,
And liquidate nature's vernal debt;
For when the herbage begins to grow
The rain is due tho the dust may blow.

But the birds considered it nothing at all:
In nest and nest a clutch of hopes
Would soon be hungry and musical;
So sparrow and starling, finch and wren
In thicket and clump and sprouting copse
Chuckled and chirped and whistled again:
No bird considers the heaviest rain
When nests are warm and a mystery broods
In the heart of the world and the heart of the
woods.

And as for the merle,
'Twas a thing to be heard,
How he sang at his peril—
So valiant a bird!—

In open woodland and fenced demesne
The swarthy thickets with stripes and studs
And knops and clusters of evergreen
Were brindled and pied; the unbudged
With a blushing promise of summer glowed
On the crimson birch; and the garnered rain
Emptied in torrents its glistening load
On the purple background and sanguine stain
Of the birch-lit forest,—a wash of rain
Like a glistening, silvery lacquer flowed
On the purple woods where the birch-buds
glowed

On the swarthy ground like a crimson stain.

Rooks fell on a ruddy field with a rush
And gobbled the worms like dainty sops.
Against the music of blackbird and thrush
Amorous doves in the fir-tree tops,—
To the flute and oboe of blackbird and thrush,
And the eager larks like a soaring flush
Of newly embodied chromatic scales—
Doves, in the lofty fir-tree tops
Rumbled their drums at intervals.
A nut-brown brook in love with the rain,
Telling its chaplet of pebbles, turned
Under a bridge with a hushed refrain,
The muted murmur of earth's desire
For the falling, mingling, bounteous rain.
Lamps of gold in the dark gorse burned,
Golden blossoms all spiced with fire,—
Tawny gold and honey and fire;

Shade and shine their tissue wove,
 Pearl and umber and snowy white,
 Silver and olive-green and gray,—
 Shadow and shine their draperies wove
 And hung the forest with changing light;
 Drift of moorland and gloomy grove
 Haunted the open winding way,
 And falling heavy and dense the rain
 Enriched and freshened the world again.

A number of the poems which Charles Buxton Going has now published in a volume entitled "Star-Glow and Song" (Harpers), have already appeared in this department. He is one of the surest of our magazine poets, and once in a while he startles us with a flash of radiance that almost dazzles. The best thing in his book, to our mind, is this:

DAYBREAK

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

As the faint dawn crept upward, gray and dim,
 He saw her move across the past to him—

Her eyes as they had looked in long-gone years,
 Tender with love, and soft with thoughts of
 tears,

Her hands, outstretched as if in wonderment,
 Nestled in his, and rested there, content.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "what glad dream
 is this?"

I feel your clasp—your long-remembered kiss

"Touches my lips, as when you used to creep
 In to my heart; and yet, this is not sleep—

"Is it some vision, that with night will fly?"
 "Nay, dear," she answered; "it is really I."

"Now little sweetheart, it is you, I know!
 But I knew not the dead could meet us so,

"Bodied as we are—see, how like we stand!"
 "Like," she replied, "in form, and face, and
 hand."

Silent awhile, he held her to his breast
 As if afraid to try the further test—

Then, speaking quickly: "Must you go away?"
 "Dearest," she murmured, "neither night nor
 day!"

Close on her bosom, then, she drew his head,
 Trembling. "I do not understand," he said;

"I thought the spirit world was far apart . . ."
 "Nay!" she replied; "it is not now, dear heart!"

"Quick, let me close your eyes with kisses . . .
 so . . .
 Cling to me, dear! . . . 'tis but a step to go!"

The white-faced watchers rose, beside his bed;
 "Shut out the day," they sighed; "our friend is
 dead."

Mrs. Wharton has also joined the ranks of the poets, and her new volume, "Artemis and Actæon" (Scribners), contains work of high seriousness and fine quality. It lacks—as her novels lack—the heart-appeal and it will find little appreciation in any but the most esoteric circles of culture. The strongest of her poems, "Life," has already been reprinted by us. It is a notable piece of work. The following poem is less so, but it has point and pith of its own:

A GRAVE

BY EDITH WHARTON

Tho life should come
 With all its marshaled honors, trump and drum
 To proffer you the captaincy of some
 Resounding exploit, that shall fill
 Man's pulses with commemorative thrill,
 And be a banner to far battle days
 For truths unrisen upon untrod ways,
 What would your answer be,
 O heart once brave?
*Seek otherwhere; for me,
 I watch beside a grave.*

Tho to some shining festival of thought
 The sages call you from steep citadel
 Of bastioned argument, whose rampart gained
 Yields the pure vision passionately sought,
 In dreams known well,
 But never yet in wakefulness attained,
 How should you answer to their summons, save:
I watch beside a grave?

Tho Beauty, from her fane within the soul
 Of fire-tongued seers descending,
 Or from the dream-lit temples of the past
 With feet immortal wending,
 Illuminate grief's antre swart and vast
 With half-veiled face that promises the whole
 To him who holds her fast,
 What answer could you give?
*Sight of one face I crave,
 One only while I live;
 Woo elsewhere; for I watch beside a grave.*

Tho love of the one heart that loves you best,
 A storm-tossed messenger,
 Should beat its wings for shelter in your breast,
 Where clung its last year's nest,
 The nest you built together and made fast
 Lest envious winds should stir,
 And winged each delicate thought to minister
 With sweetness far-amassed
 To the young dreams within—
 What answer could it win?
*The nest was whelmed in sorrow's rising wave,
 Nor could I reach one drowning dream to save;
 I watch beside a grave.*

The Contemporary Review, in its *Literary Supplement*, devotes seven pages to a poem by a comparatively unknown author, giving him the place of honor in the front of the supplement. The poem is too long, but it is splendidly sustained and is conceived on a high plane. We reprint the first stanza and two of those in the latter half of the poem:

WIND

BY GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

Wind of the morning, wind of the gloaming,
 wind of the night,
 What is it that you whisper to the moor
 All the day long and every day and year;
 Resting and whispering, rustling and whisper-
 ing, hastening and whispering
 Around, across, beneath
 The tufts and hollows of the listening heath:
 Seized of a busy fury to reveal
 The fulness of your burthen to each grey
 And sun-bleached tussock, every purple sheath
 And wan, black interval of peat and mere;
 What is it that you sing?
 No lonely moss-hag but must feel
 The stir of chilly utterance;
 The white hairs of the flax, the harsh, dry reed
 Are twisted to give heed
 To every shiver of your secret way;
 The very burn
 Checks for a moment in its spluttering dance
 To wait you on the brown lip of the fall,
 While the precipitate spray-wreaths pause and
 turn
 To hang upon the shrillness of your flight.

Is it a tale of cities and of men,
 Wind, you are always crying
 On the old moor and up the haggard glen;
 Tales of the little wars, the little schemes,
 The sorry jesting and the foolish sighing,
 The poet's or the painter's idle dreams,
 The folly that you hustle in the road,
 The folly that you puff about the hall,
 The puppet praise or blame,
 The heart that breaks beneath its self-built load;
 The irony of pomp that spreads its train
 With death about its path, yet when death comes
 Falls in amaze, and dying
 Clamors "injustice," while once more the vain
 Procession shuffles on, again to greet
 Its unremembered ending with new wail,
 And so for ever; and ever it loves to call
 These brittle moments "majesty" or "fame"?

Wind from the stars, wind from the infinite,
 You reach us from the shoreless realms of space
 And vanish in illimitable years;

One golden moment's grace
 Your voice is sweet with far, strange happiness,
 Your breath is quickening with unknown life;
 The very storms that dress
 Your passage with the panoply of sorrow
 Seem like a mother's tears
 Who weeps a little anguish with her child
 And smiles to think 'twill all be gone to-morrow.
 From pole to pole you pass
 Tossing our childish griefs on wings of laughter,
 Breathing dream-fancies on our tear-dimmed
 glass;
 Sighing and listening, smiling and whispering,
 Even as you chant of death and dust and strife,
 Gusts of unbidden hope leap echoing after:
 Wind from the silence, wind from the sunless
 sleep,
 What have you seen within the rayless deep?
 What have you heard beyond the forms of time?

The beatification of Jeanne d'Arc could hardly have passed by without stirring to action some of our bards. The poem below is taken from *The Pall Mall Magazine*, but it is by an American poet. If Canada disputes our claim we shall fall back upon the larger meaning of the word American.

THE MAID

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
 Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-
 shod;
 The White Maid and the white horse and the
 flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding
 for fame;
 The Maid who rides for France, and the King
 who rides for shame—
 Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's
 high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered
 are lance and bow.
 Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust the ban-
 ner of snow.
 The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted
 the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor; forgotten
 the captain's skill;
 Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed
 hands raised to kill;
 Forgotten the shields that clashed and the ar-
 rows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of
 long ago;
 Shadows the poor French king and the might of
 his English foe;
 Shadows the charging nobles and the archers
 kneeling a-row,—

But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid
with her banner of snow!

Several fine poems have been published of late, anonymously, in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. Our inquiry develops the fact that the author's name is Everard Jack Appleton. We reprint one of the poems:

THE FIGHTING FAILURE

BY EVERARD JACK APPLETON

He has come the way of the fighting men and
fought by the rules of the Game.
And out of Life he has gathered—what? A living—and little fame.
Ever and ever the Goal looms near—seeming
each time worth while,
But ever it proves a mirage fair—ever the grim
gods smile.
And so, with lips hard set and white, he buries
the hope that is gone—
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and
yet he is fighting on.

Out of the smoke of the battle-line, watching
men win their way
And cheering with those who cheer success, he
enters again the fray,
Licking the blood and dust from his lips, wiping
the sweat from his eyes,
He does the work he is set to do, and—"therein
honor lies."
Brave they were, those men he cheered, theirs
is the winners' thrill;
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and
yet he is fighting still.

And those who have won have rest and peace;
and those who have died have more;
But weary and spent, he can not stop, seeking
the ultimate score.
Courage was theirs for a little time—but what
of the man who sees
That lose he must, yet will not beg, for mercy,
upon his knees?
Side by side with grim Defeat, he struggles at
dusk or dawn;
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and
yet, he is fighting on.

Praise for the warriors who succeed, and tears
for the vanquished dead,
The world will hold them close to Her heart,
wreathing each honored head;
But there in the ranks, soul-sick, time-tried, he
battles against the odds,
Sans hope, but true to his colors torn, the play-
thing of the gods!
Uncover when he goes by at last! Held to his
task by *will*—
The fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and
yet he is fighting still!

The St. Louis *Mirror* publishes a beautiful tribute to Swinburne by a lady whose poetic work we have had occasion to refer to more than once before.

ON THE DEATH OF SWINBURNE

BY SARA TEASDALE

He trod the earth but yesterday,
And now he treads the stars.
He left us in the April-time
He praised so often in his rhyme;
He left the singing and the lyre and went his way.

He drew new music from our tongue,
A music subtly wrought,
And molded words to his desire
As wind doth mold a wave of fire;
From strangely fashioned harps slow, golden
tones he wrung.

I think the singing understands
That he who sang is still,
And Iseult cries that he is dead,—
Does not Dolores bow her head
And Fragoletta weep and wring her little hands?

New singing now the singer hears
To lyre and lute and harp.
Catullus waits to welcome him,
And through the twilight sweet and dim
Sappho's forgotten songs are falling on his ears.

In a recent poem of remarkable power, Mr. Viereck arraigns the old New England Sabbath. The power of the poem is indisputable; the justice and historical accuracy of it are other and very disputable things. Three stanzas of the poem, as it appears in *The Bang*, we omit:

A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

He saw the drab and dreary town
Upon the mirthless Sabbath day.
All pleasant things had crept away
Like serfs before the master's frown;
The very trees their heads hung down
Upon the mirthless Sabbath day.

Through joy-deserted streets He trod,
The church bells tolling mournfully.
There was no sound of childish glee;
No peal of laughter praising God
Hailed Him that loved the little ones
From Judah unto Galilee.

And buzzing like a swarm of bees
Around the church's open door,
In long frock coats and tall silk hats,

The sleek, the oily pharisees
 With the complacent smile of yore—
 Dear God, how He remembered these!

Upon a cross of ebony
 He saw His image painted bleak
 With pallid lips that seemed to speak:
"My God, thou hast forsaken me!"
 Such was the symbol of their faith—
 Not like a godhead, like a wraith
 Convulsed with futile agony,
 Wherefrom no man might solace seek.

There was no incense in the air,
 Never a sweet-faced acolyte,
 No priest in sacrificial dress
 Trailing with colors strange and bright;
 No organ sounded peans there,
 No candalabrum shed its light.
 No gleam of hope . . . of loveliness,
 Of awe . . . or beauty anywhere.

Beside the tabernacle stood,
 Choked with things hateful that destroy,
 A weazened parson cursing Joy,
 And in his veins there flowed no blood.
 Upon his tongue were words of grace,
 Yet every time he spake afresh
 He drove a nail into His flesh,
 And praying . . . spat . . . into His face!

And when his curses poured like showers
 Upon all things that men hold fair,
 The pearls, the satin and the flowers,
 Life's graces, perfumed, debonair,
 With voice of thunder spake the Master:
"Hold, parson! Cease your blasphemy!"
"Who are you, stranger?" "I am He
Who suffered her of Magdala
With the smooth satin of her hair
To dry His wander-weary feet,
And break for Him the alabaster
That held the spikenard rare and sweet."

The weazened parson, deaf and blind,
 Proceeded of God's wrath to tell,
 And of a lad, of one who fell
 Through his hot blood and fates unkind,
 Whom to the terrors of God's Hell,
 And to His vengeance he consigned.
 Again the voice rose threateningly:
"Hold, parson! Cease your blasphemy!"
"Who are you, stranger?" "I am He
Who in the wilderness forsaken,
There having felt temptation's spur,
Forgave one in adultery taken
And bade you throw no stone at her!"

And still the parson cursed and whined,
 And thus he spake to womankind:

"Vileness and sin of every shape
 Lures in the ferment of the grape.
 Seize by the root the fruit malign
 That turns all good men into swine!"
"Impious parson, on your knee!
How dare you judge your Maker? He
I am who at His mother's sign
And for her glory, turned the water
In the six water-pots to wine!
"I am who through the bigot's pride
Of righteous fools is crucified.
All lovely things, if these be slain,
Then were My sacrifice in vain!
For man is not the devil's booty,
Not Mine the scorpion and the rod,
Not sorrow is your heavy duty,
And they that worship Him in beauty
And gladness . . . are most dear to God.

"Men of the New World, heed me, bliss
And all God's good gifts are your gain!
From Old World nightmares cleanse your
brain—
Columbus has not crossed the main
To open new worlds up to Pain!
But he and they who tell you this,
Good folk, betray you with a prayer
As they betrayed Me with a kiss!"

And like mysterious music died
 His accents on the shivering air,
 And through the heavens opening wide
 He vanished where no man might follow.
 Roses for thorns were in His hair,
 And on his visage, dwelling there,
 They who beheld Him saw enticed
 The awful beauty of Apollo,
 The loving kindness which is Christ—
 While choked with visions that destroy,
 Still by the cross the parson stood,
 A gibbering madman . . . cursing Joy.

In *The Nautilus* we find another slight but
 winsome contribution from Mr. Markham:

THE PILGRIMAGE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

I made a pilgrimage to find the God:
 I listened for his voice at holy tombs,
 Searched for the print of his immortal feet
 In dust of broken altars; yet turned back
 With empty heart. But on the homeward road,
 A great light came upon me, and I heard
 The God's voice singing in a nesting lark;
 Felt his sweet wonder in a swaying rose;
 Received his blessing from a wayside well;
 Looked on his beauty in a lover's face;
 Saw his bright hand send signal from the sun.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HERE is an atmosphere of solidity about Judge Grant and his books. It is on every page. It makes you feel that a good deal of respectability and of honest work has gone into the making of them. He lacks style and brilliance. Subtlety is beyond his ken. There

is no lightness of touch, but heavy deliberation that is almost elephantine. Even in bulk the Judge's books give the impression of weight. His latest work* covers over six hundred pages. But there is a certain impressiveness about it all. Critics are crushed by the sheer massiveness of the thing—in spite of themselves. They may revolt against it, but they cannot escape its influence, and they are puzzled. They don't know just how to place the author and how to regard his achievement. Says H. W. Boynton, in *The Bookman* (New York): "The Chippendales," like other novels by Judge Grant, leaves one a little uncertain as to how its author should be taken: as an ingenuous and rather garrulous chronicler of the commonplaces of contemporary modern American life or as a subtle tho circumstantial commentator thereupon—a satirist who chooses the mask of simplicity. By simplicity," Mr. Boynton goes on to say, "I do not mean directness. This writer circumnavigates every situation, every phase of every situation, with much verbal troubling of the waters, a continual and rather clumsy flap and splash of words in the raw. It is as hard for him to be done with a scene or an episode as it is for Mr. James; and yet he has no finesse of style. On the contrary he expresses himself often with a crudity almost rustic." The same critic admits, however, that the story as a whole has "a kind of solidity and effectiveness"—the very words that suggested themselves to us. Mr. Boynton does not try to explain this effect. He merely tells us to what it is not due. There is, in his opinion, neither novelty of plot nor felicity of style. The action is extremely slow, and all the things that happen are perfectly obvious. "In fact," he remarks, "the book is hardly as much a novel as a story of Boston in the last two decades." The New York Evening Post indorses this verdict. Judge Grant, it tells us, in choosing to celebrate the Boston of the eighties and nineties, has arrived "the day after the fair, or rather between the fairs. The period is hardly remote enough to stand in picturesque perspective, hardly near enough to supply the best material for the social satirist. It was a time of marked change in the social and moral aspects

of the city—whether of decadence or of transition seems to be the question which chiefly interests Judge Grant."

The interest of the story gathers around the titular heroes, The Chippendales, against whose "solid front of principle and prejudice," New England conscience and sense of caste, have long dashed in vain the forces of vulgar progress, which are typified in their arch-adversary, Hugh Blaisdell, a "person born in Maine," educated in a "fresh water college," and reared in perfect irreverence of the traditions which rule within the sacro-sanct precincts of the State House and of Harvard. In New York, the reviewer remarks, he would have found himself one of the many cheerful, clever, unscrupulous apostles of progress as embodied in dollars and cents. In Boston he is the general of an industrial army, swallowing in the end all the Chippendales, with the exception of Henry Chippendale Sumner, the one invincible champion of past traditions, who stands for "all that is best and much that is most absurd in Boston." Several battles between the Chippendales and Blaisdell are recorded, with varying fortunes of war. The Chippendales win in the fight over "The Bacchante," and Charles Sumner Chippendale crosses Blaisdell in love. But Blaisdell, on the other hand, transforms Old Boston; he introduces rapid transit underground, and rapidly grows in importance and power.

Mr. Grant's theme, remarks Mr. Francis Hackett, in the bright new literary supplement of the *Chicago Evening Post*, is really Property, the basis of all conservatism, and his book shows in detail the attempt of the Brahmins to withstand the Goths and Huns of the stock market; fiat, intrigue, battle royal and ignoble compromise between patrician and overbearing philistine are the items in this philosophic chronicle of Boston, old and new. The Philistine, Mr. Hackett goes on to say, is acutely observed by Judge Grant. His portraiture of Blaisdell is perfect. Mr. Grant does not make him a cynic, but endows him with a nose for success like a pig for truffles. But the author is less successful because less sympathetic in his portraiture of the idealist. His attitude toward Henry Chippendale Sumner, Mr. Hackett insists, is illustrative of the author's confident mediocrity. To quote:

"Mr. Grant's estimates throughout are respectability's estimates, and I predict a sober success for this novel on the ground that, while its observation is first rate, its thinking is second rate and its art third rate. The book is supposed to be philosophic. It is supposed to possess that Wisdom of Emerson's definition which 'does not seek a literal rectitude, but an useful, that is, a conditioned one, such a one as the faculties of man and the constitution of things will warrant.'

*THE CHIPPENDALES. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons.

On this score, the score of sacred fact versus adolescent idealism, Henry Sumner is gently ridiculed, in the manner of the smiling-superior philosopher—that indulgent smile so popular with the duly sophisticated."

Judge Grant sometimes laughs at the wrong thing. He laughs at conscience when he should laugh at self-righteousness. He is amused by Sumner Chippendale's reverence for the exact truth. That, the reviewer thinks, is dangerous. The youth who is a prig, an "animal that is overfed for its size," is fair game for the clever novelist. So is the man of middle age who takes himself too seriously. But the "reverence for the exact truth" is just as much a thing to be funny about as the sorrow of Gethsemane or the innocence of childhood. "It is eminently safe and sane, of course, not to be caught in rhapsody; but the best way to avoid stupidity on this score is to keep off psychology that requires finesse and confine oneself to the Blaisdells, who want nothing more subtle than victory in bonds and a house in Commonwealth avenue. While Judge Grant's estimates in the book are never surprising," Mr. Hackett exclaims, "his insensibility to the beauty in life, visual, sensuous beauty, is worth remarking upon." He goes on to say:

"His theme, indeed, has its restrictions, but with 'magnificence of nature' any tale might expand and glow. It is, perhaps, unfair to comment on this deficiency, and yet it is profoundly characteristic of the author's absorption in the prime issue of property. Mr. Grant has not one moment's release from the consideration of main chances. If it rained, his muse would not consider the visual world. She would consider overshoes, a cravenette coat and an umbrella. . . .

"These preoccupations qualify Mr. Grant to observe acutely. 'The Chippendales' is a handbook to social Boston. On the other side, a writer so disposed could have no literary charm. There is in this lengthy novel, 'A conscientious reluctance to leave anything to the imagination.' For that reason Mr. Grant will be complimented on his lack of affectation, but will he be complimented, as he has been, on his style? It is a careless style, to say the

least. One personage is 'afraid of letting the milk of human kindness have full sway.' To another 'it seemed impossible that her clear-cut personality had been snuffed out like a candle.' We are asked to observe the heroine, 'her graceful yet abundant figure glowing with health and luscious energy.' Energy is seldom 'luscious,' but Mr. Grant conjures more curious figures than that. 'Magnificently as he held out to his dead wife the promise of social leadership,' the dead wife could not conveniently take it.

"There is no golden rule for the length of a novel. The novel should go on so long as energy and inspiration go on. In the present instance, however, the inspiration comes like a gleam from a revolving lighthouse while the energy persists like the darkness; yes, like the Prince of Darkness. Judge Grant has written 600 pages about Brahmin Boston. Length has its charms, as Aubrey Beardsley might have said. But it is not for its length that 'The Chippendales' is to be chosen. Especially as much of it is similar to the following: 'On Saturdays and Sundays admission to the Art Museum is free; on the other days an entrance fee is charged, except to the holders of season tickets—the certificate of an annual subscription of \$10.' Remitted by check, postal order or cash.

"As a proof of endurance 'The Chippendales' compels admiration, but the book is to be regarded chiefly on account of its representative character. It is destined to be a solid success among the sober reading public. It will stand careful scrutiny because of its assurance, its circumstance and its respectability.

"Mediocre novelists, like mediocre book reviewers, have to exist. It is part of the Too-Much scheme of things. Yet if Mr. Grant must be held diffuse and complacent in his chronicle of Boston, in extenuation it may be said that he understands the Chippendale types, and his skill in affixing them is commendable. Because it is spiritually tepid 'The Chippendales' is inconsequential, but because of its assiduity and its confidence in its own importance it puts down much average knowledge of life from the average point of view. And, among honest people who feel that to be properly democratic they must be resolutely average, this is not to be despised."



WE ARE not at all sure about Mr. Kipling's latest work, a story of aerial navigation.* Or, rather, we are quite sure about it. We don't like it. It seems to us to lack the high imaginative quality called for in a tale of this sort and to be dull reading! Unlike Judge

Grant's book, it is certainly not impressive in bulk, being barely nine to ten thousand words in length. In fact, it is merely a book reprint of a short story padded out by the

publisher with heavy paper and by the author with useless and uninspired addenda. These consist in the main of Notes, Letters to the Editors, Answers to Correspondents, Advertising pages, etc., of a magazine about the year 2000, in which the story is supposed to be written. "Just recall," exclaims the Brooklyn *Eagle* with enthusiasm, "the sort of 'ads' you read in to-day's pages relative to business or pleasure crafts, their crews, fillings, etc., and try to fancy the same sort of thing relating to the dirigible balloon. Then see how cleverly Mr. Kipling has caught the style and spirit." We find Mr. Kipling's advertising pages make excessively dreary reading. We are afraid that in the United States, at least, Mr.

*WITH THE NIGHT MAIL. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Kipling would have no luck as a writer of Advertisements. The "ads" he gets up are dry-as-dust, and might have been written by a person with no imagination at all. Still we may be under-rating Mr. Kipling's story, for *The Eagle* thinks it is "decidedly quaint, imaginative, fanciful, and Kiplingish," and the editor of *The Bookman* speaks of the tale as "marked by remarkable imagination and coloring." "Perhaps," he says, "Kipling has nowhere ever surpassed the paragraph in this story in which he describes how passengers on the Night Mail see, far below, the outlines of the hospital airship, carrying its load of tuberculosis patients, northward to a sanitarium near the Pole, and hear, blown to their ears by the wind, the quavering voices uplifted in the morning hymn. 'She was cloaked by a skein of ravelled fluff beneath us, and we caught the chant before she rose into the sunlight. 'Oh, ye Winds of God,' sang the unseen voices: 'Bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.'"

This is effective but hardly extraordinary. One wonders what would have been the reception of the story if it had borne the name of a lesser writer? For tho Kipling is no longer the dominant figure of ten years ago, there is still magic in his name and it is a far cry from the position that he holds today to any suspicion of enforced obscurity. Says *The Bookman*:

"Even those who are most outspoken in their preference for the old Kipling to the less robust tho perhaps more fastidious artist of today have hesitated to charge him with waning talent. That his audience has dwindled seems to be due in a large measure to his own inclination. It is really the old Kipling, after all, for now, as in the days when he was the Man from Nowhere, he is writing just what pleases him without any regard to the wishes of the world at large. Now, as then, he seems always to be saying: 'Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser*. I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone—always alone.' He never seems to have lost faith in that last line of the *Envoi* of 'The Story of the Gadsbys.' 'He travels the fastest who travels alone.'"

Judged along purely commercial lines, the Kipling popularity in this country was at its low ebb about two years ago. During the last twelve or eighteen months there has been a revival of interest in his work, an appreciable demand for his books old and new.

The supposed narrator of this story obtains a permit from the London postal authorities to board the mail dirigible that traverses the distance between London and Quebec in a night. Departure is made somewhere about nine o'clock of a stormy night in the winter season. The car, "Postal Packet, No. 162," at once soars to an altitude of several thousand feet. Under the regulations of the "Board of Control," a mysterious international body regulating such matters, the upper levels are reserved for the swift

mail packets. The aerial ocean is as replete with perils to the craft that soars through it as ever was the watery ocean beneath. Some of these dangers confront Packet No. 162, and they are described with much elaboration of detail. No. 162 encounters a derelict and aids in the rescue. It also encounters a fierce hurricane and the text is full of terms such as no sailor of the seas of today would understand. The lighthouses stand on the earth and send their beams thousands of feet upward into the air. The "Board of Control" regulates everything relative to transit. We learn that the aerial ocean is as thronged with traffic as ever were the Seven Seas; also, incidentally, that war is eliminated, because the nations of the earth have discovered that it is profitable no longer.

The *Springfield Republican* calls attention editorially to the direct opposition between the ideals of a literary artist and those of a publisher, as exemplified in this story. "If," it says, "any writer stands for conciseness and brevity it is Rudyard Kipling. He has never yet managed a novel successfully, but some of his best short tales would in other hands have been stretched out into a book. He gets for his work the highest market price; he can afford to concentrate. He puts into a paragraph what a thriftier writer might without reprobation develop into a chapter and he stops when he has done. It is his prime purpose to make 10,000 words do the work of 100,000. And no less is it the painful duty of his publishers to reverse the process and make 10,000 words look like and sell like 100,000." This, the writer thinks, seems to be the only practical way in which a celebrity can be cashed at his proper enhanced market value. "There have been," he goes on to say, "proposals to charge for the books according to their intrinsic value, and the notion is not so ridiculous as it may appear." To quote further from the same article:

"Why should we buy the work of a distinguished writer at the same price as an inept work by a tyro? The cost of 'manufacture' may be the same in either case, but it is only the skill of the author that makes the book worth manufacturing at all. Logically there is some reason why books by famous writers should bring a special price: the practical objection is simply that at a special price people would not buy. There are few enough now who will pay for a good novel half what they pay as a matter of course for a theater ticket; it would be harder still to persuade customers to pay a dollar or so extra for a book simply on the ground that it was worth a bushel of those offered at the regular price. Paying for hand-made paper or humanistic type or half-morocco bindings they can understand, but paying for 'literary merit' is another guess matter. So the only way in which a premium can be put on celebrity is by reducing the number of obligatory words and increasing the watered stock of blank paper. For people really will not buy a meager dollar's worth of words by a nobody."



HERE is something of Dickens in Mr. Brennan's story of theatrical life. Humor and pathos strangely sweetly blend in his book,* which has not received half the attention it deserves at the hands of serious critics. Mr. Brennan's hero is an old-school manager, who has passed through many

BILL TRUETELL vvicissitudes of fortune. Two decades of failure have made deep furrows in his forehead, "every one representing a show venture that had been taken out on the road by him loaded with rosy hopes, only to be wound up by unfeeling sheriffs loaded with fatal writs of attachment." Theatrical shipwrecks are his specialty. Yet, we are told, in the days when "shoe-string" management flourished, Bill Truetell was a king among his brethren. In that day, a manager possessed of a surplus over the amount of money required to move his attractions to the first stand was regarded with distrust by the fraternity. Of such distrust, we are assured, Bill was never the object. Mr. Brennan, being a manager himself, has seen the heights and depths of the actor's profession and has charmingly crystallized in his book the spirit of a period which, thanks to the Theatrical Syndicate, whatever may be its sins, has now vanished forever. The opening chapter finds Bill engaged in tying his necktie and in the still more difficult task of discovering a way, without "counting the ties," of getting "The Gay Gothamites," alluringly announced as "A Merry Melange of Mirth and Melody" from New York to Branton, Connecticut, a distance of twenty-five miles. The financial difficulties attendant upon the company in various rustic communities "exhaust," to quote one review, "the gamut in the history of impecuniosity." At one town the male performers of the unfortunate manager strike, and he resorts to the ingenious device of employing as substitutes the various landlords whose bills he has left unpaid and whom the fascinations of the chorus girls and the distant prospect of payment have tempted to accompany the troupe from town to town. In this manner, Bill acquires more than a sufficiency of tenors and is finally compelled to send this telegram to his advance agent: "Hereafter book company in hotels where landlords sing bass. We have tenors to burn." One of the grotesque features of the book is the engagement of Mr. Steelson, the heavy tragedian, with a Shakespearean repertoire. Mr. Steelson was of medium height and middle age. His face was smooth, sallow and classically featured. He wore a tall, shabby silk hat, and a long, shabby ulster, the collar and cuffs of which were trimmed with a furry material that had been intended primarily to adorn the garment but had long ceased to carry out its end of the contract. A glossy black wig extended to his shoulders in a

succession of waves. There could be no mistake in guessing his profession: one-night stands were written all over him from head to toe.

The town tour ends, of course, with a complete fiasco, and at last Bill's spirit is broken. He is "down and out," and is about to commit suicide when salvation comes to him in a shape of a sweet-natured girl who had been his leading lady. But, to quote the *Philadelphia Item*, this conventional happy ending seems a bit more natural than is usual.

The book is frank in tone, yet there is nothing offensive. There is, remarks John Vance Cheney, in the *Chicago Examiner*, a deal of talk about the questionable morals of the stage, but it would seem that people who have such a time of it to get along, to keep body and soul together, cannot have so much leisure for mischief as falls to the lot of a goodly number of their censors. "Again, such frailties as do appear now and then are precisely the weaknesses everywhere exposed, with this difference, however, that in the case of the stage there is a coloring of charity and kindness which goes far toward disarming hostile criticism. All those traits usually lumped together in the term 'human' appear conspicuously in Mr. Brennan's book. Courageous, sympathetic, generous Bill Truetell can say and do much as he pleases and we will not only forgive him but often applaud him."

Mr. Brennan, remarks the *Rochester Post-Express*, has a strong sense of the ridiculous. There is an abundance of caricature, tho scarcely more than we find in the "Sketches by Boz" and in Pecksniff. Still, it adds, the misfortunes of Bill Truetell, altho treated by their chronicler as ludicrous vvicissitudes, very closely approach the really tragic. The humorous note, however, preponderates throughout. In the opinion of the *Pittsburg Post* the book stamps the author as "a humorist of the first magnitude." Mr. William Marion Reedy, always appreciative of the fresh and new, assays the literary value of Mr. Brennan's book. "It is always," he says, "a pleasure to pass on a pleasure." He goes on to say:

"The story is told in easy colloquial fashion, with free use of slang, with an easy acceptance of human nature at its best and at its worst, finest and meanest, and with culminations of absurd situations that would bring a smile to the face of Medusa. It is good, wholesome fun all the way through, and it gives an insight into theatrical life that one is not likely to find elsewhere. 'Bill Truetell' isn't literature any more than were the 'Billy Baxter Letters,' but it is a racy excerpt from life and a rattling exposition of character in which goodness is not incompatibly conjoined with a gumption occasionally not falling quite short of dishonesty and with a splendid tolerance of some facts and conditions that are faintly hinted at in all their ugliness underneath the rollicking fun. Who reads it on my recommendation will thank me for two score or more of laughs that will loosen up the spirits and dispel the grumps and grouches."

*BILL TRUETELL. By George H. Brennan, A. C. McClurg and Company.

THE VASE OF CLAY—A STORY

The author of this dainty tale, Jean Aicard, is a newly elected member of the French Academy—"the Immortals." He is a native of Provence, and, like most of the Provençals, loves dogs, flowers and simple folk. His forty years of literary labor have produced a dozen volumes of verse, about the same number of romances, and several plays, the best known of which is "*Père Lebonnard*," produced in this country by Novelli. The following tale has been translated for us from the French by Edward Tuckerman Mason. It appeared first, a few weeks ago, in the literary supplement of *Le Petit Parisien*.

I.



JEAN had inherited from his father a little field close beside the sea. Round this field the branches of the pine trees murmured a response to the plashing of the waves. Beneath the pines the soil was red, and the crimson shade of the earth mingling with the blue waves of the bay gave them a pensive violet hue, most of all in the quiet evening hours dear to reveries and dreams.

In this field grew roses and raspberries. The pretty girls of the neighborhood came to Jean's home to buy these fruits and flowers, so like their own lips and cheeks. The roses, the lips; and the berries had all the same youth, had all the same beauty.

Jean lived happily beside the sea, at the foot of the hills, beneath an olive tree planted near his door, which in all seasons threw a lace-like blue shadow upon his white wall.

Near the olive tree was a well, the water of which was so cold and pure that the girls of the region with their cheeks like roses and their lips like raspberries, came thither night and morning with their jugs. Upon their heads, covered with pads, they carried their jugs, round and slender as themselves, supporting them with their beautiful bare arms, raised aloft like living handles.

Jean observed all these things, and admired them, and blessed his life. As he was only twenty years old he fondly loved one of the charming girls who drew water from his well, who ate his raspberries and breathed the fragrance of his roses. He told this young girl that she was as pure and fresh as the water, as delicious as the raspberries and as sweet as the roses. Then the young girl smiled.

He told it her again, and she made a face at him. He sang her the same song, and she married a sailor who carried her far away beyond the sea.

Jean wept bitterly, but he still admired beautiful things, and still blessed his life. Sometimes he thought that the frailty of what is beautiful and the brevity of what is good adds value to the beauty and goodness of all things.

II.

One day he learned by chance that the red earth of his field was an excellent clay. He took a little of it in his hand, moistened it with

water from his well, and fashioned a simple vase, while he thought of those beautiful girls who are like the ancient Greek jars, at once round and slender.

The earth in his field was, indeed, excellent clay.

He built himself a potter's wheel. With his own hands, and with his clay, he built a furnace against the wall of his house, and he set himself to making little pots to hold raspberries. He became skillful at this work, and all the gardeners round about came to him to provide themselves with these light, porous pots, of a beautiful red hue, round and slender, wherein the raspberries could be heaped without crushing them, and where they slept under the shelter of a green leaf.

The leaf, the pot, the raspberries, these enchanted everybody by their form and color; and the buyers in the city market would have no berries save those which were sold in Jean the potter's round and slender pots.

Now more than ever the beautiful girls visited Jean's field. Now they brought baskets of woven reeds in which they piled the empty pots, red and fresh. But now Jean observed them without desire. His heart was forevermore far away beyond the sea.

Still, as he deepened and broadened the ditch in his field, from which he took the clay, he saw that his pots to hold the raspberries were variously colored, tinted sometimes with rose, sometimes with blue or violet, sometimes with black or green. And these shades of the clay reminded him of the loveliest things which had gladdened his eyes: plants, flowers, ocean, sky. Then he set himself to choose, in making his vases, shades of clay, which he mingled delicately. And these colors, produced by centuries of alternating lights and shadows, obeyed his will, changed in a moment according to his desire.

Each day he modelled hundreds of these raspberry pots, moulding them upon the wheel which turned like a sun beneath the pressure of his agile foot. The mass of shapeless clay, turning on the center of the disk, under the touch of his finger, suddenly raised itself like the petals of a lily, lengthened, broadened, swelled or shrank, submissive to his will. The creative potter loved the clay.

III.

As he still dreamed of the things which he had most admired, his thought, his remem-

brance, his will, descended into his fingers, where—without his knowing how—they communicated to the clay that mysterious principle of life which the wisest man is unable to define. The humble works of Jean the potter had marvellous graces. In such a curve, in such a tint, he put some memory of youth, or of an opening blossom, or the very color of the weather, and of joy or sorrow.

In his hours of repose he walked with his eyes fixed upon the ground, studying the variations in the color of the soil on the cliffs, on the plains, on the sides of the hills.

And the wish came to him to model a unique vase, a marvellous vase, in which should live through all eternity something of all the fragile beauties which his eyes had gazed upon; something even of all the brief joys which his heart had known, and even a little of his divine sorrows of hope, regret and love.

He was then in the full strength and vigor of manhood; and yet, that he might the better meditate upon his desire, he forsook the well-paid work, which, it is true, had allowed him to lay aside a little hoard. No longer, as of old, his wheel turned from morning until night. He permitted other potters to manufacture raspberry pots by the thousand. The merchants forgot the way to Jean's field. The young girls still came there for pleasure, because of the cold water, the roses, and the raspberries; but the ill-cultivated raspberries perished, the rose-vines ran wild, climbed to the tops of the high walls, and offered their dusty blossoms to the travellers on the road. The water in the well alone remained the same, cold and plenteous, and that sufficed to draw about Jean eternal youth and eternal gaiety.

Only youth had grown mocking for Jean. For him gaiety had now become scoffing.

"Ah, Master Jean! Does not your furnace burn any more? Your wheel, Master Jean, does it scarcely ever turn? When shall we see your amazing pot which will be as beautiful as everything which is beautiful, blooming like the rose, beaded like the raspberry, and speaking—if we must believe what you say about it—like our lips?"

Now Jean is aging; Jean is old. He sits upon his stone seat beside the well, under the lace-like shade of the olive tree, in front of his empty field, all the soil of which is good clay but which no longer produces either raspberries or roses.

Jean said formerly: "There are three things: roses, raspberries, lips." All the three have forsaken him. The lips of the young girls and even those of the children have become scoffing.

"Ah, Father Jean! Do you live like the grasshoppers? Nobody ever sees you eat, Father Jean! Father Jean lives on cold water. The man who grows old becomes a child again! What will you put into your beautiful vase, if you ever make it, silly old fellow? It will not hold even a drop of water from your well. Go and paint the hen-coops and make water-jugs!"

Jean silently shakes his head, and only replies to all these raileries by a kindly smile. He is good to animals, and he shares his dry bread with the poor. It is true that he eats scarcely anything, but he does not suffer in consequence. He is very thin, but his flesh is all the more sound and wholesome. Under the arch of his eyebrows his old eyes, heedful of the world, continue to sparkle with the clearness of the spring which reflects the light.

IV.

One bright morning, upon his wheel, which turns to the rhythmic motion of his foot, Jean sets himself to model a vase, the vase which he has long seen with his mind's eye. The horizontal wheel turns like a sun to the rhythmic beating of his foot. The wheel turns. The clay vase rises, falls, swells, becomes crushed into a shapeless mass, to be born again under Jean's hand. At last, with one single burst, it springs forth like an unlooked-for flower from an invisible stem. It blooms triumphantly, and the old man bears it in his trembling hands to the carefully prepared furnace where fire must add to its beauty of form the illusive, decisive beauty of color.

All through the night Jean has kept up and carefully regulated the furnace-fire, that artisan of delicate gradations of color. At dawn the work must be finished.

And the potter, old and dying, in his deserted field, raises toward the light of the rising sun the dainty form, born of himself, in which he longs to find, in perfect harmony, the dream of his long life. In the form and the tint of the frail little vase he has wished to fix for all time the ephemeral forms and colors of all the most beautiful things.

Oh, god of day! The miracle is accomplished. The sun lights the round and slender curves, the colorations infinitely refined, which blend harmoniously, and bring back to the soul of the aged man, by the pathway of his eyes, the sweetest joys of his youth, the skies of daybreak and the mournful violet waves of the sea beneath the setting sun.

Oh, miracle of art, in which life is thus epitomized to make joy eternal!

The humble artist raises toward the sun his fragile masterpiece, the flower of his simple heart; he raises it in his trembling hands as tho to offer it to the unknown divinities who created primeval beauty.

But his hands, too weak and trembling, let it escape from them suddenly, even as his tottering body lets his soul escape—and the potter's dream, fallen with him to the ground, breaks and scatters into fragments.

Where is it now, the form of that vase brought to the light for an instant, and seen only by the sun and the humble artist? Surely, it must be somewhere, that pure and happy form of the divine dream, made real for an instant!

THE DEPARTURE—BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

This is not verse, yet it is poetry. It is one of a series of little sketches entitled "Cameos," by Mrs. Wilcox, appearing in *Lippincott's*. It is artistic in a high degree.



HE had heard no echo of a foot-step down the hall, no opening or closing of a door, no sound of a vehicle on the gravel driveway.

Yet she became suddenly conscious that a departure had taken place.

It was after she had risen from her perfumed bath, and, swathed in filmy, rose-colored draperies, passed between the mirrors which lined her boudoir on either side, that she paused, struck with the sudden sense of desolation.

How could this thing have happened so silently, and with no warning?

Why had no one told her that it was so soon to occur? Did others of her household know of the departure, and had she alone been kept in ignorance of the fact?

The thought was intolerable.

She swept across the spacious dressing-room, and knocked imperiously upon the door which led into the apartment of Love.

"I will ask him," she said, "and he must tell me if he knew of this departure, and when it took place."

But Love swung wide the portal, and met her with smiling eyes. "You have slept well," he said. "You are radiant as the dawn." And he kissed her full upon the mouth.

"He does not know," she whispered to her heart; "not yet. But he will know it soon, too soon."

Still, the vastness of her desolation seemed lessened by Love's smile and kiss.

While the maid arranged her beautiful hair, and selected the pretty frock from a bewildering array of delicate garments, she secretly watched the girl's face to see if any consciousness of the departure could be surprised thereon.

"Madame will choose the pink bows for her hair this morning? They suit her fine color so well."

It was at once a question and a decision, as the light hands held the velvet knots against the shell-tinted cheeks.

"Fanchette does not know," she said to her heart again. "But she will know soon; all the world will know. It cannot be hidden."

Her own knowledge of the departure bore more

and more heavily on her mind as the day passed.

Friends came, with pleasant words and sweet flatteries; she drove in the afternoon, and met throngs who craned their necks to see her pass in her carriage; at High Tea she heard many compliments; and she dined with admiring friends, and spent a gay evening afterward, but always she kept the thought of the departure uppermost in her consciousness. And always she was saying to herself: "They do not know yet, for they would not dare laugh and jest in face of my despair if they knew; but by and by——"

It was a long day; and she was glad when at last she was again in her boudoir.

Divested by deft hands of all her finery, her maid dismissed, she stood alone before the long triple mirrors turning on a blaze of pitiless light.

Yes, it was quite true; that which she had discovered in the early morning for the first time was painfully evident now.

The perfect curve of her exquisite chin was broken; and between her brows the elusive line which had come and gone always like a passing shadow, indicating her changing moods, was clearly discernible now. It was permanent.

Youth—radiant, fearless, adorable, first youth—had taken its departure.

But while she stood with her face hidden in both hands, overwhelmed with the magnitude of despair, there was a quick step, a light knock on the door, and Love entered with outstretched arms.

"Why, my darling one, my beautiful one," he said, "what is the matter? Has any one hurt you or grieved you?" And he kissed her once, twice, thrice, and a score of times, on her hair, and brow, and cheeks, and throat, and mouth.

Then she flung her arms about his neck and buried her face on his breast.

"Oh, it does not matter, it does not matter, after all!" she cried. And she laughed and sobbed all in one as she clung to him.

But when he questioned her about the cause of her tears, and asked her why she wept, she answered only:

"Just because."

For tho she knew the departure had taken place, she would not be the first to mention it to Love, so wise was she, remembering Love is blind.

Humor of Life

AFRICA'S LATEST CASE OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

[This bit of pleasantry was perpetrated anonymously in the *New York Times*. Our inquiry elicits the information that the author is Thomas R. Ybarra, the humoristic poet.]

 R. LYMAN ABBOTT was sitting in the sanctum of *The Outbreak*, trying to figure out where Theodore Roosevelt left off and he began, and wondering whether the paper's new motto, "Tell me who you are and I'll tell you you're a liar," was not rather mild and non-committal, when an armored office boy rushed into the room and handed to Dr. Abbott a letter from Africa.

Dr. Abbott smiled.

The letter was from Kermit. It read thus:

HOTEL DAM, ASSOUAN, June —, 1910.

Dear Dr. Abbott: Everybody works but father. For several weeks a strange, mysterious change has been coming over him. The first symptom was when, in a sudden fury, he emptied his revolver into his alarm clock, making it, to say the least, unreliable.

Then he voted hunting a bore, and kept to his tent for days at a time. Once, when the horizon was literally black with a herd of assorted lions, tigers, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, &c., he dropped suddenly to the ground with the words, "Call me next Thursday," and went to sleep.

Being unwilling to let that herd go without a souvenir from us, I approached and shot at a large, evil looking lion. Father woke up, wild with anger, strictly forbade any one in the expedition to shoot another shot, and, his eyes flashing with fury, turned over and slept for three days. Oh, we might just as well be in Oyster Bay.

Finally he voted Africa the noisiest continent on earth, and started homeward long before the time originally scheduled. On the journey down the Nile he objected to all conversation that was not expressed in the form of a lullaby, and remarked openly that his favorite character in fiction was Rip Van Winkle. He also said, on several different occasions that when he got into his stride as editor of *The Outbreak* he would make the *New York Tribune* look like the Empire State Express. What can he mean? I am mystified. We sail for home to-morrow.

KERMIT.

For about five minutes after reading that letter Dr. Abbott's face was far and away the most pathetic thing on Fourth Avenue. Then he grabbed his hat and rushed downtown. As people saw the venerable figure leaping from sidewalk to sidewalk they showed no signs of surprise.

"Getting into trim. Teddy's coming." That's all they said.

Dr. Abbott did not stop until he reached the Custom House. There he was ushered at once into the office of William Loeb, Collector of the Port of New York. At sight of Dr. Abbott, Loeb stopped collecting the port and asked eagerly for news from the cyclone belt.

Without a word Dr. Abbott showed him Kermit's letter. Loeb read it, and at once burst into tears.

"Just my luck!" he wailed. "Why didn't this happen when I was in Washington—when he was wearing me out with his blamed strenuous life? Why, to the best of my recollection, he was only asleep nine times during his two terms! Ah, me! I was born under a peach of a star, all right! Boy—another glass!"

And he and Dr. Abbott silently collected some of the Port of New York. Then Loeb spake, saying:

"It's the *Sleeping Sickness*!"

He was right. Theodore Roosevelt, the nearest human approach to perpetual motion, had fallen a victim to the dread African disease, which presents all the advantages of the grave without the expense of a tombstone.

But still, in spite of that letter from Kermit, Dr. Abbott could scarcely believe that Col. Roosevelt had more than a mere passing attack of the disease.

"The sea air will cure him," he mused. "He will arrive in New York as rambunctious as ever."

And cheered by the thought he continued to make preparations for the 10,000,000 subscribers confidently expected by *The Outbreak* editors.

Well, to cut a fairly long story reasonably short, several weeks elapsed. Teddy arrived. From the pier to *The Outbreak* sanctum the police had cleared the way, so that the strenuous editor could have an uninterrupted Marathon from the gangplank to his desk. And his sanctum had been tastefully decorated with all sorts of things calculated to bring rejoicing to the Rooseveltian heart.

On the door was this:

OFFICE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN.

And disposed about the desk where the redoubtable editor was to sit were little signs like these:

"STEP LIVELY COMING IN; I'LL ATTEND TO YOU GOING OUT!"

"BE BRIEF; I'LL BE BRIEFER."

"HOME, STRAIGHT HOME!"

On the walls was this sort of thing, in pretty frames:

A LIE IN THE TEETH IS WORTH TWO IN THE MAIL.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE-FAKING TAKES THE WHOLE WORLD IN.

MY KINGDOM FOR A SHORTER AND UGLIER WORD.

Oh, it was delightfully White House like. There was in it the very breath of Roosevelt's second Administration.

As the Colonel entered *The Outbreak* office, it became at once equal parts of bustle and confusion. Office boys scampered hither and thither and back hither again. Stenographers, with tense faces, sat with pencils poised, hanging on the new editor's lips. Dr. Abbott, emitting a war whoop which he had been practicing for months, started racing through his morning mail.

Col. Roosevelt yawned.

"Bring me a divan," he said sleepily, "and see

that it is supplied with the fattest brand of cushions. Then close the door of my office and don't disturb me until Christmas. Less noise, please. Doctor, dignity!"

And he fell asleep across his desk murmuring:

"Oh, sleep it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

That night beggared description.

Nature fakers paraded openly in every city and town of the Union. Picture postal cards of dogs with five legs and horses with feathery wings were brazenly hawked about the streets.

The Amalgamated Union of Complicated Spellers, which had been in hiding for weeks, immediately published its new edition of Hamlet, in which occurred the speech: "Too bee orr knott too bee."

Bellamy Storer rushed headlong into the diplomatic service.

E. H. Harriman collared every railroad in the country.

And in the midst of the mad turmoil might be heard a small, still voice murmuring:

"Less noise, please."

CLOTHES WANTED

We're asked to give, to clothe the very poor;

Yet when one sees society's display

At opera or social rout, one's sure

The very rich need clothes far more than they!

—Lippincott's.

SHE KNEW HER RIGHTS

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a-goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country——"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."—*Everybody's*.

SAID WILLIE TO NAT

In a speech before the Wellesley Club recently, Augustus Thomas told this story about Nat Goodwin:

"Say, Nat," said Willie Collier to Mr. Goodwin, as they were coming out of the Lamb's Club shortly after the latter's marriage to Miss Goodrich, "invite me to one of your weddings some time, won't you?"—*Everybody's*.

EASILY RECOGNIZED

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement-ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they! Six of them recognized it at once."—*Exchange*.



1. MARINER (unavoidably detained on desert island)—"Ah, something white coming in. Heaven grant that it is something in the food line!"



2. RAVING MANIAC—"Porterhouse steak, spring lamb and green peas, roast Long Island duckling, potatoes au gratin, coffee, ice-cream, and Camembert cheese—ow! ow!! ow!!!"—*Judge*.

ONE ON THE PROFESSOR

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy.

"No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields, "not if the pictures of her are authentic."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

TIT FOR TAT

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking when a woman came, and, sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again:

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if ye wuz me wife I'd take it."—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE UTILITY OF ART

They met in a Fleet Street chop-house.

"Halloa, Algy! Doing much poetry now?"

"Only enough to keep the wolf from the door," answered the very minor poet.

"Great Scot!" cried his friend, "the wolf can't read poetry, can he?"—*London Tit-Bits*.

DO YOU KNOW WHY—

Nobody ever starves in Kentucky? Because they have more feud down there than they can handle.

The Chicago man is always wide awake? Because the Illinois keeps him from sleeping.

The Kaiser wears his moustachios turned up? Because he doesn't want to get down in the mouth.

The Czar of Russia hates to be scolded? Because he has a constitutional dislike of being blown up.

The Bulgarians prefer freedom to Turkey and Austria? Because they believe that a Ferdinand is worth two in the bush.—*Lippincott's*



LENTEN SACRIFICES.

Father's gave up bil-liards

(Since he lamed his wrist).

Sister's gave up dancing,

Mother's gave up whist.

Folks with no bad habits

Still may have some hope.

They can get in line like me,

I have gave up soap.

—*Bertha Youngs in The Circle*.

THE FAIR TOURIST

VISITOR.—"And so you're leaving Paris. Of course you've been to the Louvre?"

FAIR AMERICAN.—"Yes, I bought this collarette there."

VISITOR.—"Ah, no. I mean the pictures, y' know."

FAIR AMERICAN.—"There, Mommer! I said there was a gallery by that name!"—*Punch*.

THE RETURN OF HUBBY

A husband and wife ran a freak show in a certain provincial town, but unfortunately they quarrelled, and the exhibits were equally divided between them. The wife decided to continue business as an exhibitor at the old address, but the husband went on tour.

After some years' wandering the prodigal returned, and a reconciliation took place, as the result of which they became business partners once more. A few mornings afterwards the people of the neighborhood were sent into fits of laughter on reading the following notice in the papers:

"By the return of my husband, my stock of freaks has been permanently increased.—*London Tit-Bits*.

SURELY NOT

JIMMIE (aged five).—"I'm goin' to have a birthday party to-morrow, at six o'clock, 'cause I was born at six on the first of May. When were you born, Bobbie?"

BOBBIE (aged six).—"I was born at eleven o'clock on—"

JIMMIE (interrupting).—"O-oh, Bobbie! You know your mother wouldn't let you sit up *that* late!"—*Lippincott's*.

WHAT DID IT

BANKS.—"I had a new experience while I was at Brighton last week, one you might call unaccountable. I ate a hearty dinner, finishing up with a Welsh rabbit, a mince pie, and some lobster à la Newburg. Then I went to a place of amusement. I had hardly entered the building before everything swam before me."

BINKS.—"The Welsh rabbit did it."

BONKS.—"No, it was the lobster."

BUNKS.—"I think it was the mince pie."

BANKS.—"No; I have a simpler explanation than that. I never felt better in my life; I was at the Aquarium."—*Exchange*.

A NEW EXEGESIS

An eight-year-old youngster recently came to her father after church service one Sunday and astonished him by asking:

"Daddy, have I any children?"

The old man dropped his newspaper and regarded her in amazement.

"What?" he demanded.

"Have I any children?" doggedly repeated the child.

"Well, I should hope not," replied the father. "May I ask the reason of this startling question?"

"Why, in church this morning," explained the youngster, "the minister preached about children's children, and I wondered if I had any."—*Lippincott's*.

WHERE WASHINGTON RESTED

A small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case in the historical museum created especial interest among the visitors.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked a girl, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE BRUTE

HOSTESS.—"Why didn't you bring Capt. Splasher with you?"

CAPT. BOLSON.—"Duty, Mrs Clutterbuck. We couldn't both get away, so we tossed up for it."

HOSTESS.—"And you won?"

CAPT. BOLSON.—"No—I lost!"—*Bystander*.

WHAT KATY DID

There once was a young girl named Kate,
Who dined with her beau at 8.08.

I would grieve to relate
What that greedy girl Kate
With her tête-à-tête ate at 8.08.

—*Gunter's*.

LOOKING FOR AN EXPLOSION

There is a man in a Midland town whose name is Burst. It is a misfortune that would not have attracted much attention if he had not called his two children Annie May and Ernest Will.—*Exchange*.

COULDN'T SMELL IT

A well known judge at present on circuit once complained that he could not hear in a certain court, and said to one of the responsible officials: "The acoustics are execrable."

"Really, my lord," was the reply, "you surprise me. I can't smell anything!"—*Exchange*.

A ROMANCE

A school teacher of one of the towns in the Kaslo-Slocan sends this composition as a product of a recent competition between the little girls of a primary grade. The composition is entitled "A Romance."

"Once there was a poor young man who was in love with a rich girl, whose mother had a large candy store. The poor young man wanted to marry the candy lady's daughter, but he was too poor to buy furniture. One day a bad man offered him \$25 to become a drunkard. The poor young man was dreadfully tempted because he wanted to be rich enough to marry the candy lady's daughter. But when he got to the saloon door with the bad man he said, 'I will not break my pledge, even to be rich. Get thee behind me, Satan!' So he went home, and on his way home found a pocket-book with \$100,000,000 in it. So he went and told the candy lady's daughter and they were married. They had a lovely wedding, and the next day they had twins. Thus we see that virtue is its own reward."—*Kaslo Kootenain*.



"Well, I've been watchin' that sign fur nigh onto ten hours an' I ain't seen no change yit."—*The Circle*.

JUST A FEW SUGGESTIONS

To the Brooklyn man who ate too much duck and suffered indigestion thereby, we suggest that he consult a quack doctor.

The man who marries a grass widow must not expect necessarily to live in clover.

Even if you are an Englishman, don't think that 'ugging is 'armless. It's 'armful.

Says a poet, "If misfortune overtakes you, smile." Very good advice, but suppose that misfortune overtakes you in a strictly Prohibition town.

Never carry your civic pride too far, like the Minneapolis congregation which rose and left the church one Sunday because the minister took his text from St. Paul.—*Bohemian Magazine*.

AN UNRELIABLE DOG

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."—*Success Magazine*.

WOMAN

Oh, woman, you are charming,

And poets long have sung

Their sweetest verses to you

In every written tongue;

But none of them has ever

Told why it is that you

Will always leave a street car

.ot dne gnorW

—*Success Magazine*.



THE ROBINSONS' EASTER TRIP TO PARIS

"Hold on, M'ria! Before you go right off, tell me the French for *Sal Volatile*."

—Punch.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

A Southern planter, on his return from a European trip, was met at the railroad station by his old darky servant.

"Well, John," said the planter during the drive to his home, "what's happened since I've been away?"

"Jes' can't think o' nuthin', Boss," replied the darky, after slowly scratching his head, "'ceptin' dat de dog's daid."

"That's not very startling; tho I'm sorry, of course. But he was getting quite old. By the way, John, what did he die of?"

"I doan know, Boss, for pos'tive, but I's 'an idea dat he done eat too much roas' hoss flesh."

"Indeed! And where did he get the roast horse flesh?"

"Well, you see, Boss, de ole gray mare done got roasted to death."

"You don't say so, John! How did that happen?"

"Well, Boss, she war in de barn when de barn burned down."

"You don't mean to tell me that my barn has burned down? How did it catch fire?"

"Doan know, Boss, 'zac'ly, but we sort o' specks it ketched fire from de house when de house burned down."

"Oh, that's awful news! How in the world did the house catch fire?"

"Why, Boss, dat's a myst'ry; 'deed 't is. But I do heah 'em say as how some candles upset from

roun' de corpse an' set fire to de house."

"Corpse, did you say, John? Whose corpse? Has anybody died?"

"'Deed dey has, sah; yo' mudder-in-law has done died."

"Oh, this is terrible! What did she die of?"

"Well, Boss, we couldn't see dat dere was anything de matter, but I did heah 'em say dat she died o' shock."

"Died of shock? For heaven's sake, man, what could have shocked her?"

"Why, Boss, I speck 'twas o' 'count yo' wife runnin' away wid de coachman."—Lippincott's.

STOPPED HIM JUST IN TIME

"It is time," said the speaker, "that we had a moral awakening in this town. Let us arise in our might. Let us gird up our loins. Let us take off our coats. Let us bare our arms. Let us——"

"Hold on now," screamed an angular lady, who was seated near the platform; "if this is to be a moral awakening don't you dare to propose to take off another thing."—London *Tit Bits*.

HE WAS PERFECTLY FRANK WITH HER

"I will never marry a man," said a haughty young woman, "whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it."

"Take me," replied her admirer, a young lawyer. "Mine is all ciphers."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

